

JONATHAN KEARNS
RARE BOOKS

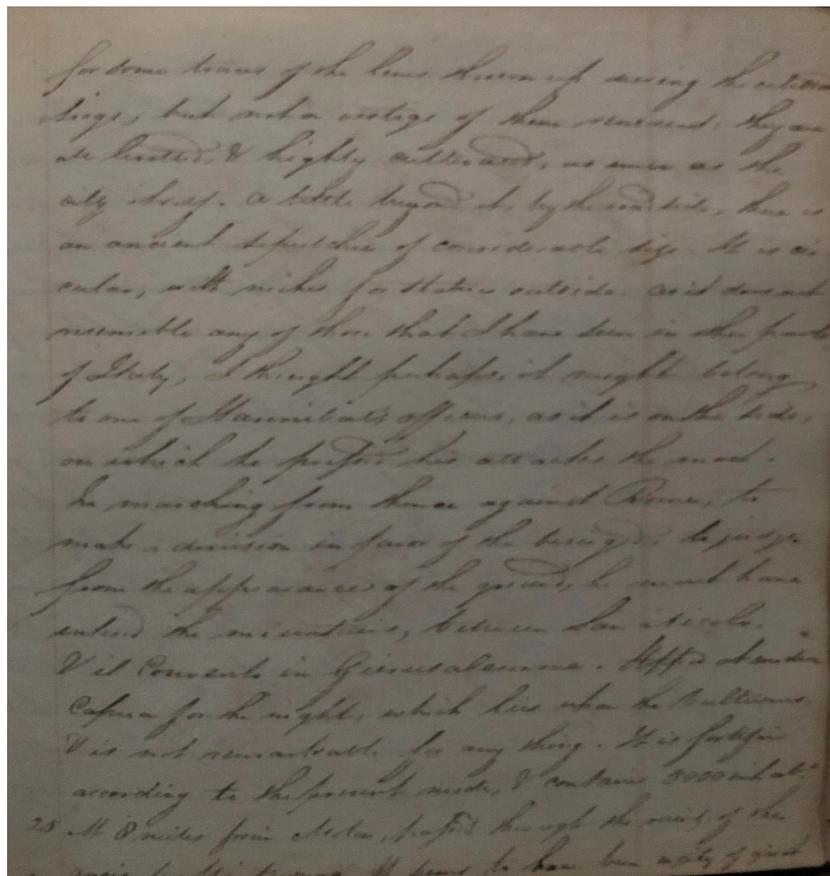
OCTOBER MISCELLANY



1. **[MS] Journal of a Tour through France and Italy, by an Officer stationed with Wellington's Army of Occupation at St. Pol, Pas de Calais, 1817.**

1817.

8vo. 144pp. Bound in Full contemporary vellum. Somewhat soiled and scuffed, but solid and handsome. Edges marbled; in an eminently legible if small hand. The author embarking on his post war Grand Tour, clearly a long cherished desire, displays the preoccupations of many of his contemporaries; a fetishisation of the bygone classical age still residually represented in many French and Italian towns, a tendency to be transported to lengthy quotation by striking views, an obsession with dirty streets, and a positive mania for commenting on how much everything costs. The hallmarks of a half pay British officer in the midst of a rather hopeless feeling peace.



Clearly an admirer of classical architecture, he makes careful note of remaining classical elements in towns like Avignon and Lyon ("The town of Lyon is by no means handsome. The houses are much crowded and the streets narrow, and dirtier if possible than those of Paris"), and appears very much more affectionate towards what was there, rather than what is. He is nevertheless much struck by the wonders of Florence as he travels towards what his conspicuous classical education clearly regards as the ultimate destination; the city of Rome. In a rather pleasing exhibition of mingled scholarship and military professionalism he spends a lot of time discussing the historical strategic qualities and shortfalls of many of his stopping points. Erudite, vigorous and detailed.

[Ref: 796] £1,250

2. **A Superb Album of 48 Photographs depicting London, Life, especially along the River Thames, in 1914..**

1914.

Tall 8vo, cloth bound album, strong and handsome, entitled "Photographs" in gilt to front board. All images in excellent condition, captioned in a tiny hand to the borders of the images. Containing a variety of subjects, expertly shot and resulting in some breath takingly high quality images of Mudlarks on the Thames foreshore, Graham White's biplane at Hendon, the lost subculture of London sailing barges and their crews, docks, cargoes etc., the bustling commerce of the River Thames, its bridges and dockside architecture, breakers yards, wharves, tugboats and a smattering of more standard tourist attractions, all delivered crisply and in vivid detail, a number of the waterborne images must have been taken from other watercraft, producing some striking photographs. Quite splendid, and depicting much that is now gone and forgotten.

[Ref: 847] £575



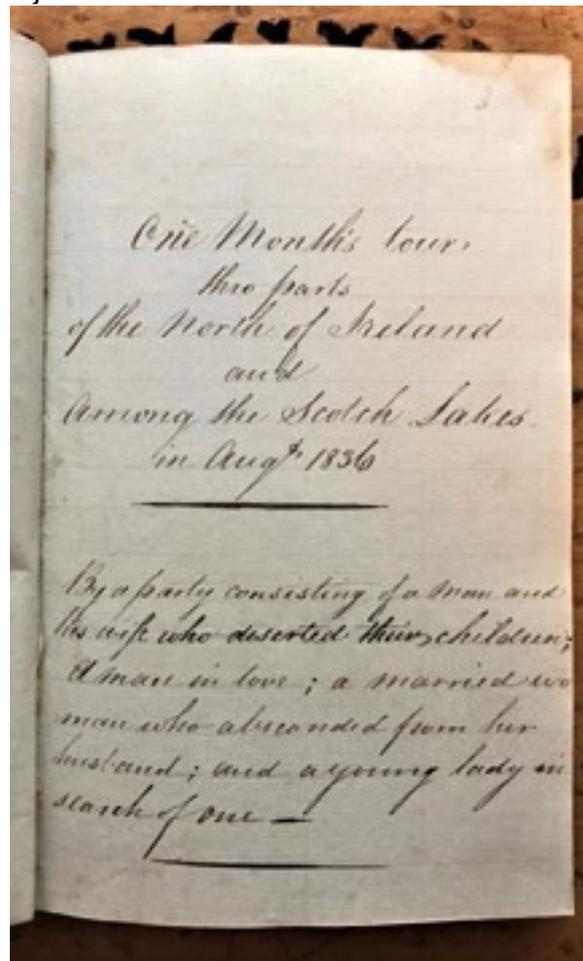


3. [Anon]. [Manuscript] **One Month's Tour thro Parts of The North of Ireland and Among the Scotch lakes in Aug.t 1836** By a Party consisting of a Man and His Wife who deserted their Children; A man in Love; A married woman who absconded from the Husband, and a Young Lady in search of one..
1836.

8vo. 228pp. Contemporary brown diced calf, gilt to spine, twin brown title labels from which the gilt has either worn completely or was never actually present (oddly may have been titled in blind, which is a bold choice). Minor scuffing and edgewear, rubbed to front board and extremities, strong and durable, retaining a certain roguish charm. Marbled endpapers with Benson label to front pastedown, internally clean, sharp and in a legible hand. Clearly a tongue in cheek, rather picaresque exploit if the title is anything to go by, not to mention the opening passages: "The misfortunes and disappointments of some folk often contribute to the benefit or amusement others, however unintentional it may be on their part to draw their pleasures from such a source; an illustration of which I am now about to give, commenced in a disappointed love and ending in an agreeable tour to the Giant's Causeway and the Scotch Lakes..."

It starts with doomed love and ends with basaltic expanses of natural wonder. I am in, and awaiting eagerly the movie with Colin Firth. The tone of the narrative is fairly rollicking, with a good deal of detail regarding the natives of various places visited, including the perils of travelling by Post coach in Donegal "In addition to the whips, we derived considerable benefit from the alternate assistance of the Post Office Inspector and guard, who belaboured the unfortunate horses from the ground with a stick to keep them from backing at the least

ascent, and more than once saved us from an upset." The perils in this case mostly being visited upon the poor horses. Chapters (the volume was clearly written with an eye to posterity and future entertainment) are headed with locations "Giant's Causeway", "Glasgow" etc. and beyond the pastoral observations there's also some early 19th century industrial archaeology with a visit to a steam powered manufactory for tamboured muslins and cotton products which holds our intrepid travellers (possibly not the young lady in search of a husband) in rapt admiration: "One is at a loss which to admire most, the precision of the various machineries and their adaptation to the work they are designed for, or the mighty power of steam which puts them in operation. If they give the means of support to hundreds, it must be remembered they do the work of thousands."



This submersion into the dark, satanic mills is followed by a refreshing visit to Cooke's Equestrian Exhibition and a musing on the fact that Glasgow has apparently grown more rapidly and successfully than any other city in the British Empire (capitals our author's own) in recent years. Many of the anecdotes are informed and factually detailed, whilst also being somewhat comic in their delivery, or at least light-hearted. A rather choreographed, rollicking piece of memoir, somewhat distant from the usual tone and displaying an apparently vibrant and flourishing part of Britain to good effect.

[Ref: 717] £1,500

5. **Bruce, Helen. Journal, 1840, during a tour of Continental Spas [Netherlands and Germany]..**

1840.

8vo. Leather bound journal with wraparound flap, strong and solid, although scuffed and worn to extremities, with integral note wallets to front and rear boards. 244pp. approx. Marbled endpapers with Benson bookplate to pastedown. The travel journal of Helen Balfour Bruce (daughter of Alexander Bruce of Kennet, East India Company nabob, and scion of a somewhat diminished Jacobite noble house), accompanying her ailing sister Margaret on a tour of European spa towns and health resorts, which has an element of peak 19th century lady about it. Spa towns formed an important part of the continental "circuit" for a select portion of the British population, being a bizarre and rather rarified mixture of fashionable hang out, social hunting ground, and refuge for the more faded aristocrat and well to do member of the Ton put out to pasture. In addition they were excellent examples of the boom/bust economic aspect of providing the rich with what they think they want; whole towns founded around warm springs or sulphurous pools would flourish and then diminish just as rapidly after the wealthy visitors, the snake oil merchants, and the standard crop of society predators had moved in and subsequently moved on to the next fashionable locale. Helen Bruce however, although clearly an enthusiast of the social circuit, is more energetic tourist than vapor inhaling invalid, her journal is packed with gossip (which she seems to refer to as "Carlsbad chat") referencing those who are taking the cures in various locales, a very spirited account of a near miss train accident that nearly (apparently) claimed the lives of numerous high society acquaintances in March of 1840 "which gave us no small cause to bless God for his goodness in sparing their lives and saving them from any injury whatsoever.."

Her keen eye extends across the glories and shortcomings of art, architecture and scenery, as might be expected, but also takes note of the Champagne harvest, for instance, the manners and modes of both her companions and the civilians they cross paths with. She's an energetic

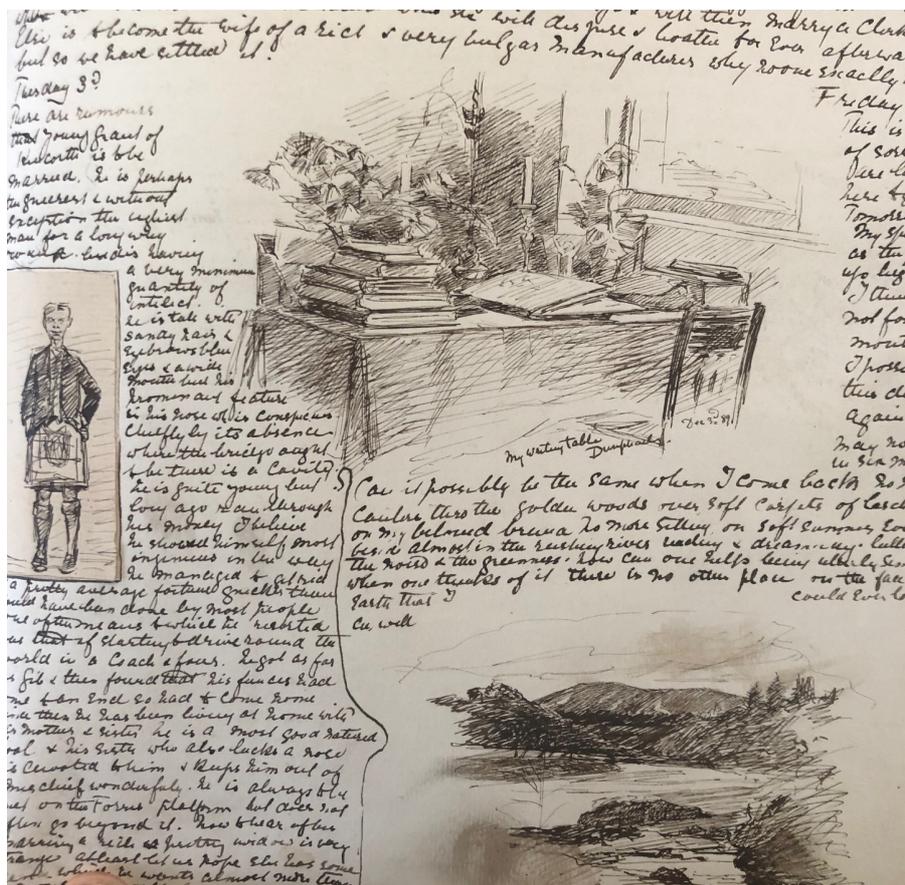
woman whose grasp of social nicety is equalled by her tendency to pull no punches: [upon encountering the widow of Napoleon at a spa in Austria] “Marie Louise we see every morning walking to the bath, accompanied by two ladies and her Doctor, followed by 3 dogs & two ill-dressed, cockhatted footmen, one carrying striped green cloak, the other her parasol. She has no remains of her reputed beauty but seems affable in manner to those who walk with her & graciously acknowledges all those who show her deference...” A dense and rather tonally perfect journal.

[Ref: 809] £1,750

6. **Cumming Bruce, Mary. Her Diary, Illustrated, 1889-90.**

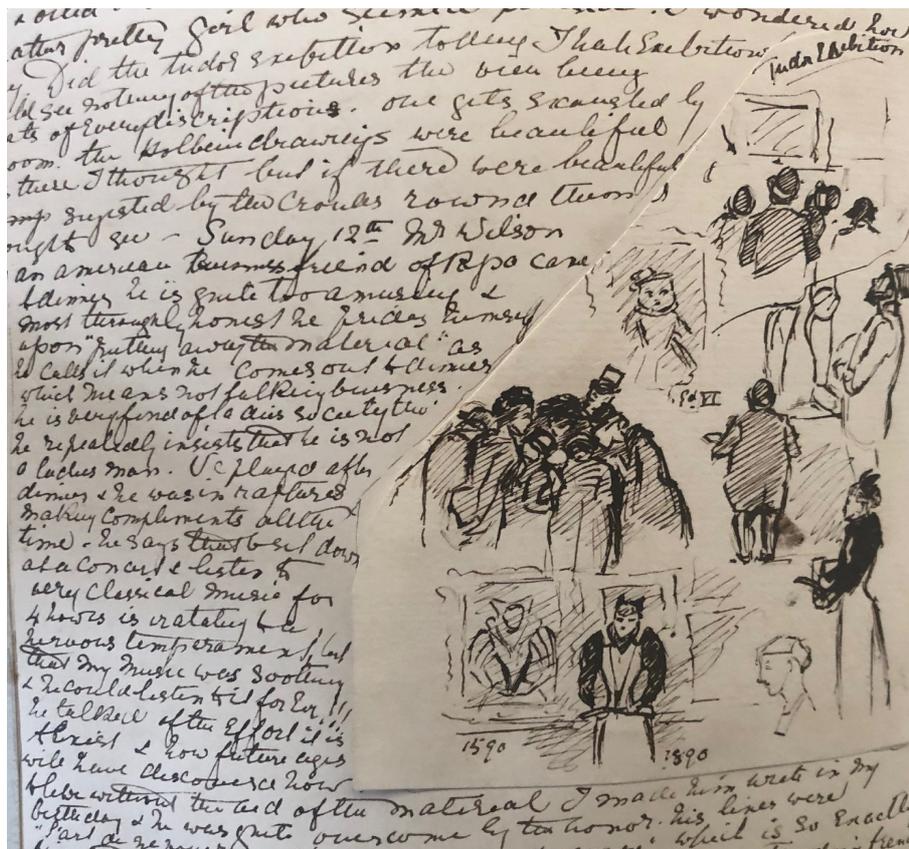
Scotland; Dunphail, Cawdor, Forres etc., 1889-90.

Large 4to album bound in contemporary brown full morocco with gilt ruling to spine and boards. All edges gilt. Minor scuffing and edgewear, light bumping to corners. A very good, handsome and solid object. Marbled endpapers, Benson exlibris to front pastedown. Approx 40 pages of text and numerous drawings and sketches in ink, wash, and pencil. A glorious diary, Mary Cumming Bruce was clearly quite an accomplished artist with a good eye for detail, and the illustrations accompanying her account of her family gathering at their estates in Dunphail are charming.



Scottish dancing, gentlemen hunting in highland dress, the rugged Highland landscape surrounding the Cumming-Bruce estates, and her candid sketches of local characters, guests and other family members, many of whom I am sure have no physical representation outside the pages of this album, bring the whole affair to life. At the time of the album, Mary would have been 18, tragically only four years before her death. She seems to have possessed a lively sense of humour, an ear for dialogue and a canny eye for detail, poking fun at young Sigurd’s

obsession with his new top hat, or Mr. Macpherson's new wife and her impossibly corseted waist "which cannot be more than 17 inches", and the behaviour of the local children at Forres School.



All of these observations are accompanied by tiny sketches in the text, or the narrative is arranged around a drawing of whatever caught Mary's inquisitive eye. A lot of the anecdote is what would be expected of an extremely well brought up young lady with her noble family in the late 19th century; who was wearing what, who has married whom, how handsome Cousin Robert looked, but the whole, with its more egalitarian local detail, and Mary's sympathetic and sensitive for interesting compositions, it gives a very clear, enjoyable and rather three dimensional impression of the last 2 or three months of 1889 in Forres and Dunphail, with the occasional trip to sketch Cawdor Castle or a take a train journey.



Mary is nothing if not a romantic. Of particular interest is her account of one of the guest's relationship with Sir John Ruskin in a long, rich recounting:

"Mrs. Kelly has told me the story of their lives which, tho one feels they must have been in some way remarkable is more remarkable than I could have imagined and wish I could write it down just as she told it to me 'Long ago, she said, Ruskin was one of my oldest and dearest friends. There has come a breach between us now, a misunderstanding perhaps, which has now estraged us for many years.' He loved Mr. Kelly and fancied he saw in him qualities which would enable him to take up his work and insure the future of all his favourite schemes and efforts after his death..."

It's quite the tale, continuing onwards to recount the Kellys' history with Ruskin, their estrangement and the reasons behind it, in all likelihood an insight into the artist's life that appears nowhere else.



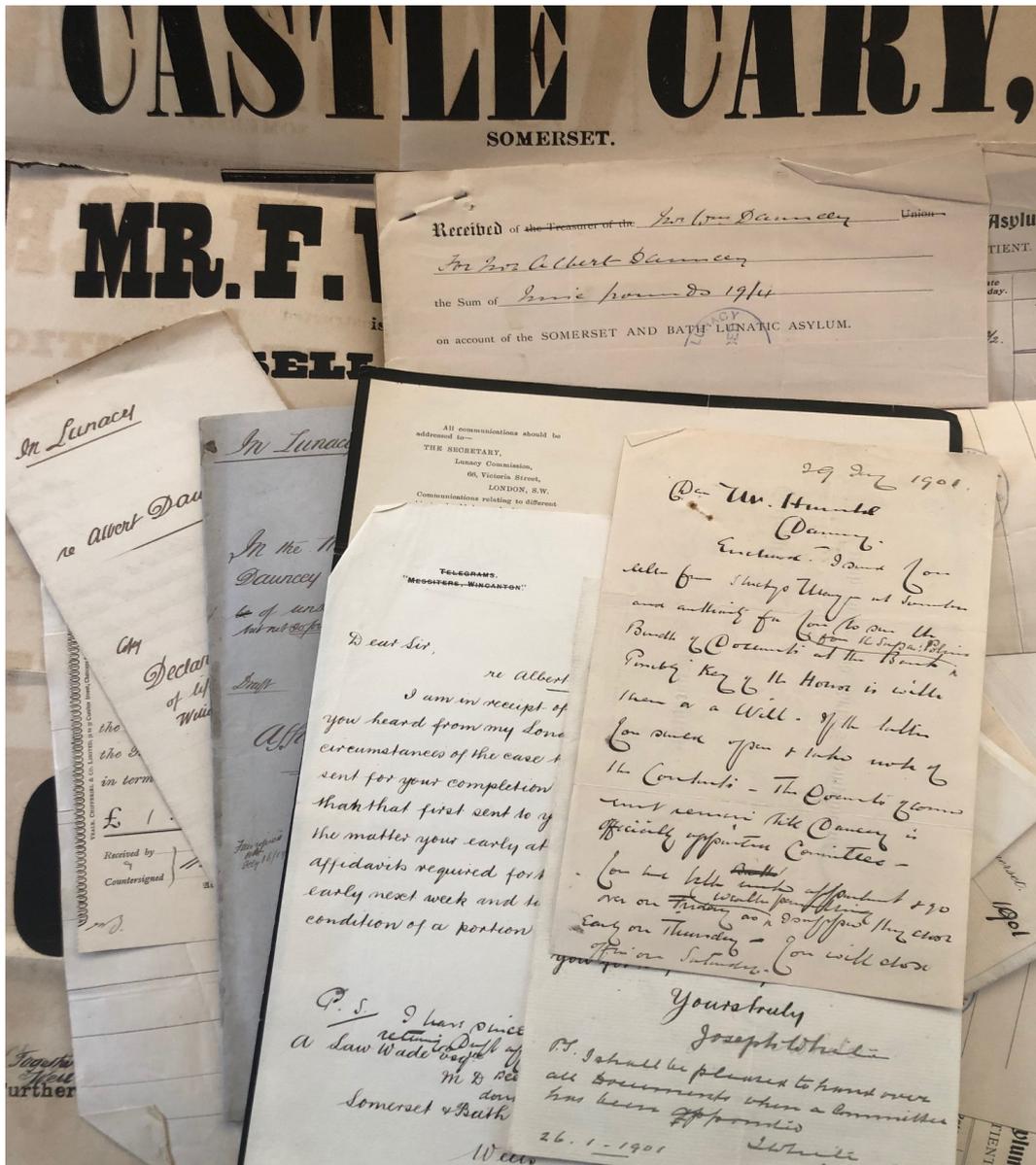
I'm a staunch fan of jumbled diaries and scratchy piles of anecdote, sometimes they are crisp and sure and linear and provide one with fact after fact, sometimes they are a random bag of objects that one has to piece together painstakingly; Mary's diary is more like a quilt, it has boundaries and structure, but also random variations and there's always some new pattern or colour to catch one's eye. It's through this kind of object that history's enormous catalogue of brief yet luminous lives get to carry on being of purpose.

[Ref: 924] £1,250

7. **Diverse Hands. An Archive of Documents and Letters Relating to Albert Dauncey; A "Criminal Lunatic".**

Bath, 1900-1905.

An archive dated 1900-1905 dealing with the case of Albert Dauncey, confined for criminal insanity at the Somerset and Bath Lunatic Asylum in Wells. Dauncey was convicted of an assault in 1899 whilst under the paranoid delusion that his local vicar was leading a conspiracy against him. The collection includes letters, affidavits, and contributions from clergy, police, solicitors, members of the family etc.



The various documents are listed chronologically where possible, except for the first letter, dated 1901 but dealing with the most pertinent earlier events in Dauncey's sad case:

A report by Dr. Arthur Law Wade with annotations ("Will Dr. Wade kindly supply facts") and several corrections and details to the report in another hand, significant additions are initialled.

"In the matter of Albert Dauncey, a person of...unsound mind not so found by Inquisition, I

Arthur Law Wade, Doctor of Medicine in Somerset and Bath Lunatic Asylum make oat, and say as follows...the above named Arthur Dauncey was was admitted as a criminal lunatic with the said asylum on the 10th day of May 1900 & and has since the expiration been detained as a pauper lunatic..." Dr. Wade notes that Dauncey "is in my judgement and opinion decidedly of unsound mind & unfit for the manahement of himself and his affairs...the unsoundness of the said Albert Dauncey is rendered manifest by delusions under which he labours such as that there has been an organised plot against him amongst the Lydford people in which the vicar took a leading part, that he was followed about from place to place by enemies, that the patients & others here are constantly talking about him and throwing up things in his past life to him, and that in prison detention drugs were administered to him in order to injure his health...in the same unsound mind above described & from my observation of him I am of the opinion that there is no ground for supposing that he will ever be in a sound state of mind and understanding...Thus is Albert Dauncey's period of detention extended from its original twelve months, to an indefinite period."

Copy Order of Justice for continual detention of Lunatic

Under the Criminal Lunatics Act of 1884, the copy gives the "Registered No. of Criminal Lunatic", his name, the offence committed and the date it occurred, the court, sentence ("12 Cal. mos. Impt. with hard labour") etc. The document goes on to outline the case in accordance with the abovementioned act and is signed and dated 18 October 1900.

Letter from Somerton Police Station, January 1901: "I request that you will be good enough to allow Mr. John O. Cash of Wincanton, Solicitor for William Dauncey who is applying for an order to manage the estate..."

Signed Letter on headed notepaper "Somerset & Bath Lunatic Asylum", from A. Law Wade to J.O. Cash (solicitor) regarding copies of documents, dated 19th Jan 1901

Sgd. ALS "Somerset & Bath Lunatic Asylum", from John Coates (Clerk of Asylum) to J. O. Cash regarding documentation.

Copy letter from the Secretary of The Lunacy Commission concerning property owned by Albert Dauncey

Letter headed "Stuckey's Banking Company, Limited." dated 24th Jan. 1901 concerning deeds

Signed letter on headed notepaper from A. Law Wade to J. O. Cash regarding affidavits. 15th Feb, 1901

Signed letter to A. Law Wade containing further discussion of affidavits 16th Feb 1901

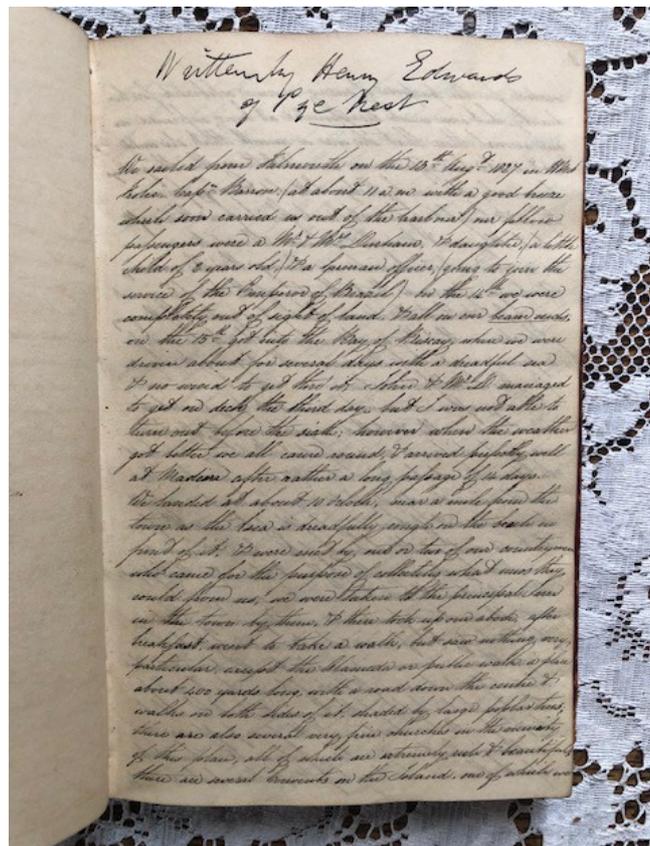
And so on, the archive or case history containing 50 items in all, including correspondence with the poor Albert Dauncey's brother, William, regarding Albert's quite sizeable properties and estate, payments and banking records providing for Albert's continued care, correspondence from Mr. Shadwell of the lunacy commission detailing the correct procedure for Albert's 'sectioning' under the Lunacy Act, copies of Affidavits, a letter of support for Albert from the Vicar he, in his delusional state, believed to be his persecutor etc.

In short a collection covering every discrete stage and detail in the process of committing a man to lifelong detention in a lunatic asylum, from his initial assault through diagnosis, the adherence to legal procedures and the disposal and dissemination of his estate and possessions. Normally, I'm a flippant and frivolous sort of fellow, but historical material of this nature is, for all its procedural dryness, is emotionally very affecting; a man's journey through mental illness from being an independent human being with property and standing in the community, to being basically a prisoner with no hope of release, bereft of freedom, autonomy, agency, and property, within the space of a handful of years. Sobering in its completeness.

[Ref: 922] £650

8. Edwards, Henry, of Pye Nest, York.. [MS] **Travels to South America. 1827-1830** [approx]..

8vo. 70pp. Approximately 20,250 words in an eminently legible miniscule hand. Bound in scuffed red straight grain morocco, worn to spine and extremities, nevertheless strong and tight. Marbled endpapers, Benson bookplate to front pastedown. Internally clean. Text occupies just over one third of the notebook. An occasionally charming, often informative account of a journey in 1827 from Falmouth aboard the HMS Frolic to Rio via Madeira, St. Vincent and what is now Salvador, before the journey continues to Montevideo via Buenos Aires (HMS Hope), then Santiago, Valparaiso, La Paz and Lima, rather a gruelling and inclusive series of voyages, ferry, coach and horseback journeys across early 19th century South America. All the more surprising is the fact that at the time of writing, Henry was 15 years of age, and had never left home before, (the volume has been written up from notes later, it's very...assured, and large sections of time are dispensed with very summarily) and travelling in the company of his elder brother John, who would have been 22 at the time. Whilst it is true that still taking your laundry home from a college 10 miles distant is a fairly modern pastime, the idea of embarking on a voyage of many months, if not years, at sea and overland at the age of 15 would probably give many of us pause.



Not Henry though, he is ostensibly touring the family estates (including 12,000 head of cattle at Estancia in Brazil, where Henry encountered Gauchos “The most Contented and Hardest men in the World...” and was present for the overthrow by military coup of Bolivar follower Manuel Dorrego, and includes an account of Dorrego's escape into the countryside with his brother before his eventual capture and execution...Dorrego's fall from grace was engendered at least partly by acceding to British diplomatic control of the region.), inspecting commercial ventures, observing the techniques of bolas hunting, getting kicked by a horse, losing a chunk of his cheek and several teeth in the process, encountering a beautiful lady in an inn in Valparaiso who had cut her husbands throat, and was on the lam to Santiago, and inviting her

to share “a pretty strong glass of brandy and water.” (I want HER diaries). Henry is quite taken with her, and this is a recurring theme with our narrator as he rampages across South America. His first order of business upon arrival anywhere is to seek out the “company of young ladies”, apparently before he has eaten or washed; in Buenos Aires he makes note of heading down to the Mole to “look at the fair sex”, he goes to dances and recounts “Very pleasant days with those sweet little creatures.”, spies on women bathing in the sea (Bruh) and recounts that he has several times experienced “good fun getting unperceived amongst young damsels” at their bathing. On another occasion he rather excitedly recounts cutting open the dress and stays of a lady who has fainted at a ball. Henry needs to check his privilege. Despite being something of a late Georgian frat bro where women are concerned; from a historical perspective Henry puts in the hours during his 20,000 words, he recounts the Brazilian blockade of Buenos Aires (and its affect upon business), the Dorrego affair, the experience of getting smallpox in Bolivia, being cheated in La Paz and encounters with the dignitaries, greater and lesser of the various regions he visits, there is also a noticeable amount of shipping information, which vessels plied which routes under which flags. Eventually Henry became a Baronet, a notable Member of Parliament and settled down with a Churchill; there's no doubt though, that Henry Edwards was once possessed of youth, and travelled South America looking for a place to mispend it. Fascinating, amusing and confounding by turns, occasionally puts one in mind of Harry Flashman on a very dangerous school trip.

[Ref: 742] £1,500

9. **Lucas, James. A Tour To Paris.**

1816.

8vo. 93pp. Bound in contemporary full calf, extra gilt to spine, red title label. Some wear and scuffing to extremities, the spine has a read leather onlay piece that has cracked slightly at the head. Strong, solid and handsome. Benson ex libris to front pastedown. Marbled endpapers, internally clean, an eminently clear and legible ink hand. The verso of the front flyleaf states: “Copied from J.L.’s memorandum and presented to him by his cousin, Charles Lucas...1816” There is a date present in the inscription a very 19th century format (duplicated throughout) which states February 26th thus: 2nd mo:26. It is a journal of exceptional clarity and fluency, Charles should be complimented for his penmanship if not for his unparalleled ability to construct a single sentence two pages long, and James upon his emotive recollections. “At 8 o’clock in the evening, about 20 of us took our stations in a boat at Brighton, and after near an hour’s row, got safely shipped on board the Prince Regent, bound to Dieppe; the night was beautifully starlight [sic], which induced me with some others of the company to remain on deck, where we stayed til nearly 12 o’clock...”

Aside from the usual preoccupation with how much cleaner and more comfortable England is (“Dieppe is a large town, the houses generally from 5 to 7 stories high, and mostly built of stone, they have apparently been untouched by the hand of repair from the time of their erection...the pavement of the streets is bad, a gutter runs through the middle of every street which smells very offensive”), James is much struck with the beauty and architectural magnificence of France in general, and Paris in particular. He has a rather gothic preoccupation with dungeons, corpses and The Catacombs, which have their own devoted section, including what sounds like the aftermath of a most entertaining subterranean party, as does the dungeon of Vincennes, and the Conservatoire amongst a host of other Grand Tour bucket list locations. A detailed, often amusing and very informative study of a young man abroad in the company of other young men.

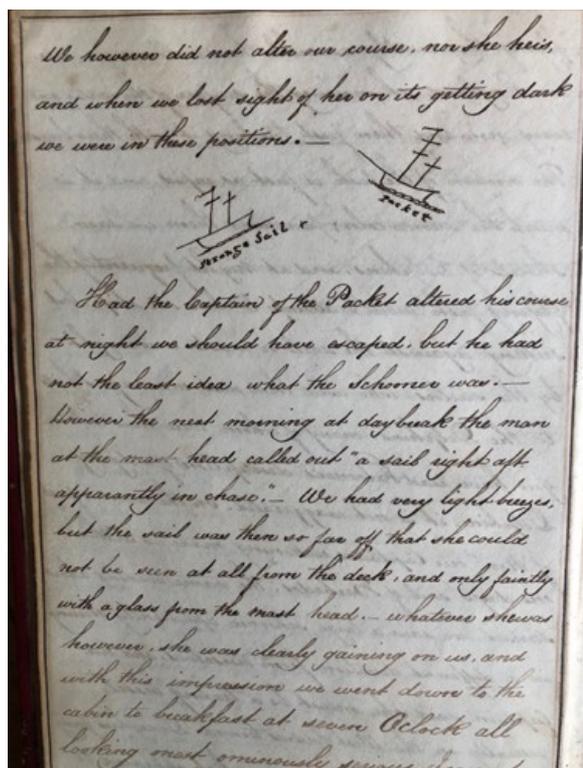
[Ref: 800] £1,000

10. **Senior, Henry. [Manuscript][Letter Book of Henry Senior, transcribed Correspondence with His Mother; Mary Senior, and his Brother; Nassau Senior, from Kingston Jamaica 1815-1816..**

Jamaica, 1815.

8vo. 112 manuscript pages, a few blanks at rear. Bound in red straight grain morocco, worn to spine and extremities, somewhat shaken in its case, nevertheless durable. Section of loss to head of spine. Internally clean, marbled endpapers, front inner hinge cracked. Over 100 pages of preternaturally legible and aesthetically pleasing manuscript, each page rather meticulously ruled in ink, with the occasional little sketch by way of elucidation. Occasionally when faced with item like this, it's a little difficult to figure out where to start:

Do we begin with the opening letter to Mary Senior (who was born in Barbados in 1769), charmingly addressed "Jamaica - 1815- Chester Coffee Estate, 1/2 or rather 3/4 of the way up the Blue Mountains, from the side of a large fire therein; 58 and a half, the Mountain winds blowing almost a hurricane and the rain descending in true Equinoctial torrents. 1815 - 15th October, forenoon." whilst the author is recovering from a bout of fever: "I was in so weak and low-spirited a state, after my escape from the Yellow Fever, when the last packet sailed, that I could only write to Nassau, whom I begged to give you all my news. I had indeed a narrow escape; and I fancy my medical attendants have hardly yet forgiven me for recovering after they had told everyone that my case was hopeless, that mortification had taken place, and that I could not live twelve hours, which opinion, by the by, I overheard..."? That seems like a logical place to start, after pointing out that Henry Senior was the younger brother of Nassau Senior, major economist and legal big wig, part time confidante of famous Opera singers (he was the legal advisor to Jenny Lind, and drew up the contract that secured her services to P.T. Barnum) and the man who rather problematically said of the Irish Potato Famine: It "would not kill more than one million people, and that would scarcely be enough to do any good" (perhaps as a mitigation to that out of context quote it should be considered that his preoccupation was entirely with the exercise of and distribution of profit, it has been said of him that his problem was with "poverty, and not the Irish." Not sure that actually helps to be honest...).



Nassau's younger brother, ex-ADC to an unnamed General resident in Kingston, apparently at some point wounded in military service (possibly with the 65th Foot in the Peninsular), and a man who considered himself a "Jamaican", was a regular correspondent and features quite regularly in the commentaries of enslavement in the West Indies with his lack of enthusiasm for the existing system "*The more I see the more I am convinced that every vice and every depravity must exist in a country where slavery is tolerated.*" Obviously such an opinion isn't the worst that one can hold, but it was most likely written whilst he was recuperating at Chester Vale Estate, a coffee plantation that in 1815 was the workplace of over 200 enslaved peoples. He would eventually become an author of fiction ("Charles Vernon: A Transatlantic Tale.") and Governor of Antigua. In the meantime, Henry, 21 years old at the time of writing gives blisteringly vivid accounts of the destruction of Chester main house by hurricane in November of 1815: "...my letter was interrupted at twelve by a call to luncheon, in the midst of which we were suddenly alarmed by seeing one of the fine Mangau trees before our window torn up by the roots, whirled into the air, and carried up out of sight. This made us apprehend what soon succeeded, a most violent equinoctial hurricane...the wind continued raging with tremendous force and next, we were terrified beyond description by the whole wing of that part of the house we had just quitted, walls and all, giving way, tho' a most substantial stone building." Eventually, in the midst of the plantation house and all its environs being laid waste (including the enslaved people's quarters), Henry and his companions, all hurt (mostly Scottish emigres, a large number of the plantations in that region being owned by absentee Scottish families) crawl on their hands and knees into the kitchen, which subsequently collapses "injuring us all more or less" and take refuge in a cellar "knees deep in water" together with "Mr. Atkinson, Dr. McNaughton, the overseer, book keeper, five black men, four black women and their children"; the house falls in above them "...with a tremendous crash...and the the scream of the poor women and children, the, as they supposed it, dying prayers of the men, was horrible beyond any thing I can imagine - I rose up, from sitting on an empty barrell hoping the beams might strike my head first and end at once my sense of misery for myself and my companions: for death, if they were falling, was inevitable." (which gives some odd insight, along with some later episodes, as to how these people ended up occupying more than half the world...Henry is habitually more worried about being afraid than he is of being dead). Henry survives, going on to describe the mishaps that he has so far survived in the space of a year "in May nearly blown up by Gunpowder in the fire that destroyed Port Royal, third the Alligator, fourth the Yellow Fever, fifth nearly drowned on my return from the mountains, my house and all being carried away by the current of a river swelled by the rains, my servant calling out 'Massa dead!! Massa drowned!!' till I was stopped by an Island in the middle - I only want an earthquake." he ends rather philosophically "I am quite recovered from the fever, and the hurricane has cooled the air."

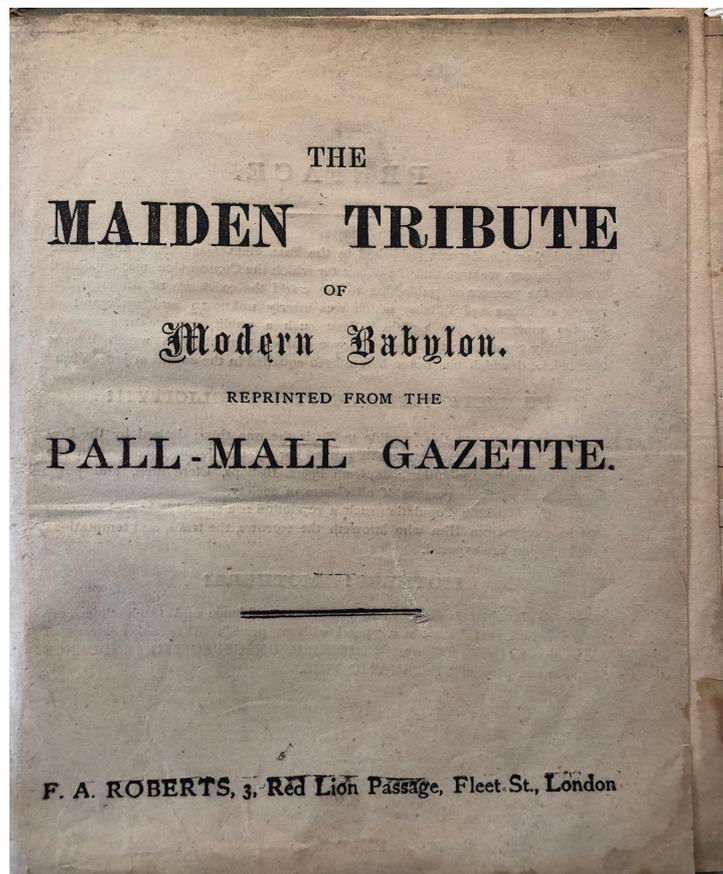
Odd as it may sound, after 10 pages of vivid near death experiences, this just gets better. My personal high point is the 30 page account of an attack upon Henry's ship by American privateers in which he is armed by the captain, put in charge of the ship's boys, and kills a boarder with a musket. PIRATES!!! (ahem, sorry...) You know, as you do. An outstanding, and actually downright thrilling letter book. Also present is some laid in correspondence between Amy St. Loe Strachey (of those Strachey's) and a previous owner of the MS, discussing her upcoming biography of Nassau Senior (her grandfather), and her comparing of the events of the letter book with some family documents in her possession.

[Ref: 727] £1,750

11. **Stead, William Thomas. *The Maiden Tribute of The Modern Babylon*, Reprinted from the Pall Mall Gazette..**

London: F.A. Roberts, Fleet St., [circa 1885].

4to. 31pp. printed in two columns on low grade newsprint, some edges a tad frayed, loosely inserted into old boards, worn but strong for such an ephemeral, wispy thing. A controversial and extremely important piece of investigative journalism. In 1885, whilst editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, Stead set out to expose child prostitution in London, detail the extent of this repulsive trade (often with very inflammatory and flamboyant headlines: "The Violation of Virgins", "How Girls Were Bought and Ruined") and encourage the raising of the age of consent, (it was 13 at the time), Stead's work, amongst that of others, was directly instrumental in raising it to 16, one piece of collateral damage being the recriminalisation of homosexual acts. This pamphlet is one of the earliest examples of journalism setting out not just to report on a situation, but to actively, aggressively work towards a change of political policy, and has been described as "The death knell of responsible journalism." Sadly it did not ring the death knell for crimes against children, nor did it name or share information on any of the men and women identified in the trade during the course of the investigation, preferring instead to lump them all together in the form of the symbolic Bogeyman "The Minotaur of London."



Although supported and encouraged by many contemporary social reformers (including the Catholic Church), non-conformist clergy and the majority of London's expanding feminist groups, the more established Press, probably with encouragement, descended upon him in typical fashion and crucified him as a peddler of pornography. It transpired that getting hold of the information to research and write *The Maiden Tribute* had technically required several transgressions of the existing law and Stead was tried and sentenced to three months in jail. Never known for being shy or retiring, Stead subsequently used to turn up to events wearing his convict uniform. Perhaps in keeping with a dramatic life spent fighting unpleasant

realities, he eventually died aboard the RMS Titanic. A bizarrely robust survival, and an interesting example of what can happen, for both good and evil when journalism moves from reporting news to creating news. Nothing changes, everything is awful.

[Ref: 850] £350

12. **Various. [Album] An album of photographs of experimental Hydro-Aeroplanes (seaplanes), the Coastal Defence strategies of the Royal Naval Air Service, Crash Scenes, Aircraft Testing &c. During the First World War.**

UK, 1915.

Single volume album, bolt bound, folio, brown quarter morocco over green cloth boards. Minor rubbing and edgewear, strong, sharp and solid. 176 high quality images, many of them full page.(8" x 10" or thereabouts) depicting a wide array of military aviation subjects; the majority being R.N.A.S. Subjects, primarily aeroplane types, crash scenes, dirigible and balloon testing, salvaging of German aviation equipment, a multitude of scenes showing the assembly, flying and inspection of a variety of seaplane types including the insanely imposing Curtiss Wanamaker triplane, a flock of Sopwith Camels, Short Dover bombers (being put through their paces at the RNAS base in Malta, crashing frequently and occasionally soaring majestically through the clouds), images of officers and men at Felixstowe Seaplane Experimental Station (although for the duration of WW1 seaplanes were referred to as "hydro-aeroplanes"), on base at Malta, torpedo testing at Calshot (Southampton) and where I believe to be Coudekerque in France, one of several French staging posts for the RNAS (both the RNAS and the better known army air wing the Royal Flying Corps were incorporated into what became The Royal Air Force in 1918).



Also several images that I believe to be of the RNAS base at Long Island in the Gulf of Smyrna, including the aftermath of shelling by Turkish artillery. Clearly several of the more experimental approaches are intended to improve the range of fighter escorts for larger aircraft, several images show a Curtiss seaplane (A "Porte Baby" in RNAS parlance), with a Bristol Scout fighter secured to the upper wing as an attempt at "parasite" fighter cover, also depicted are several of the ill fated attempts to launch fighter planes by dropping them from airships and balloons, which on at least two occasions resulting in the deaths of the pilots. A unique and extremely professionally presented insight into the complex, occasionally ridiculous and tragic, yet hugely dedicated fashion in which Britain prepared itself for a modern, world encompassing conflict.

An extended description/images available upon request.

[Ref: 413] £8,750



