

Jonathan Kearns  
Rare Books  
&  
Curiosities

New Acquisitions  
&  
Highlights

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1. **Anon. A Collection of 35 Manuscript Pamphlets** [A collection dealing with History, Extracts from Works on Herbalism, Metallurgy, Foreign Affairs and diverse other subjects].  
Mid to Late 18th Century.  
Ranging from 4 pp. to 40pp. in length, plain paper, some stitched, the majority pinned (remarkably without any oxidisation), one bound in pale blue printers waste. Whether originally intended as research, some sort of schoolwork, easily portable reference pieces (perhaps for a voyage) or simply a manuscript exercise in curiosity, this gathering of material, in the same, neat, minute but eminently legible hand, is a joyous thing. A bewildering array of subject matter, from herbalism and botany (including extracts from Pomet), the family history of the Dukes of Modena, The Bourbons, the Boroughs, Shires and Counties of Great Britain, a small piece on the fish, seafood and natural resources of various parts of Britain, the Character of the French, Metals, Fossils, Sea Verdigris (or "The Mountain", a green substance found in the mountains of Hungary and chiefly used in the production of pigment), various types of Treacle, notes on a New Account of the East Indies, A Succinct Description of Antient Britain and an account of the Several Forms of Government in England to the Norman Conquest, "Part of a Play, called, The Bold Stroke for a Wife", an Abstract of the Quadruple Alliance (with a tipped in folding chart of the Mediterranean, history of Prussia, ancient sacred history and numerous other subjects covering a wide range (including a personal favourite; a description of the Sea unicorn, and a History of Seeds). Some pamphlets are undoubtedly digests of published source works, Pomet was hard to miss, and there are labels for other (mainly early 18th C. works) but rather than giving the impression of academic drudgery, there is a diversity of subject matter and a verve of composition that hints toward a more zealous appetite for information. Whatever the original motivation, they are a delightful and informative collection.  
[Ref: 761] £1,750



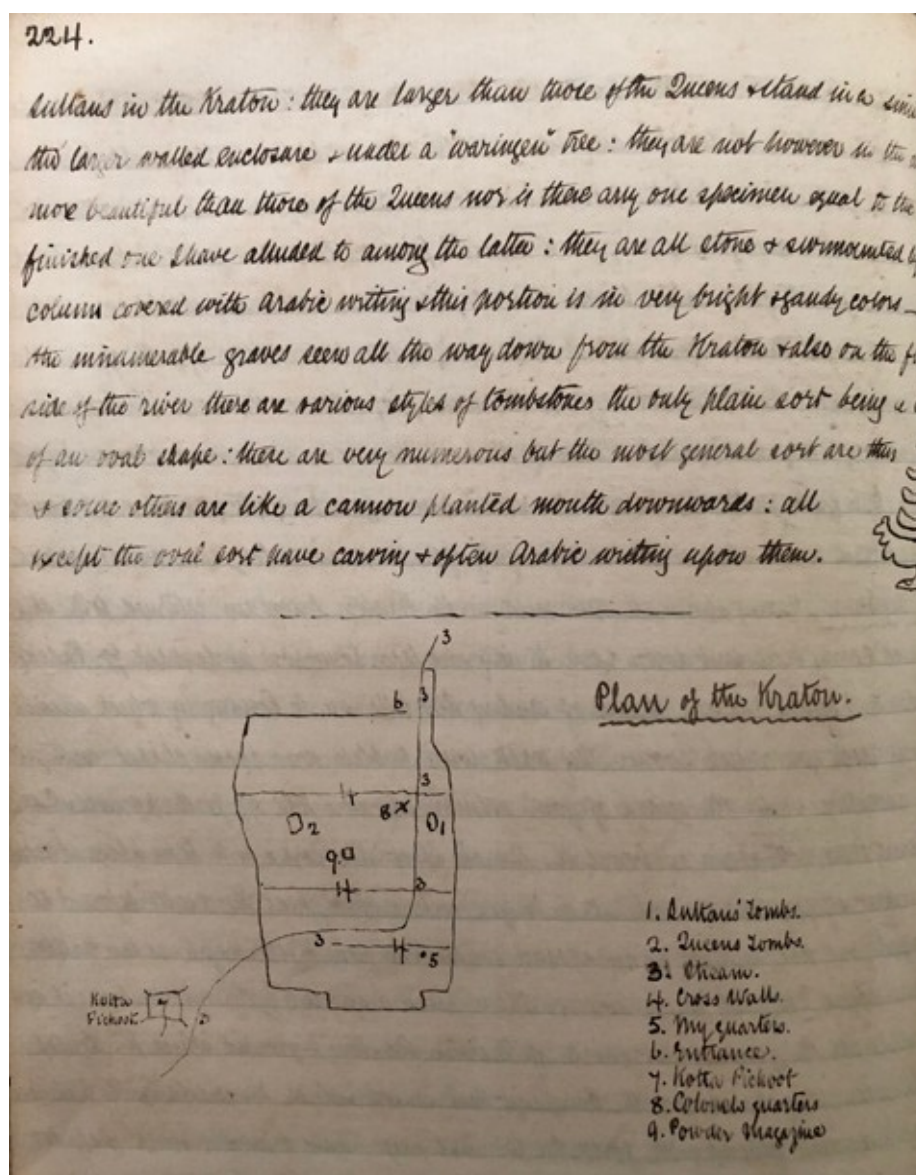
2. **Bacon, Walter C. [Manuscript] Extensive Notes of Travels in Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, West Indies, Central America, and the United States..**

1868-1875.

4to. 3 volumes. Approx. 1000pp altogether. Bound in contemporary dark brown morocco, titled in slightly dulled gilt to spines, ruled and decorated in blind to heavy bevelled boards. Some light wear to extremities, traces of repairs to spine ends, professionally and conservatively done. Strong, solid and handsome, eminently legible throughout, some diagrams and small maps, very good indeed. Internally clean, marbled endpapers, bookplates of W.C. Bacon and Charles Benson to front pastedown. A simply mammoth exploit, clearly transcribed and bound up from letters and notes with an eye to posterity, stemming in the words of its author from somewhat modest beginnings: "Messina, 31 Dec. 1868: In an idle hour after dinner I sit down to jot you a few notes upon my not very remarkable travels so far + and will fill up the pages with occasional insertions until such time as there may be enough as a mass to concentrate into a small essence of interest." It strikes me that Mr. Bacon is too modest. His travels over the 7 year period spanned by the three volumes encompass several tours of the US including Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Yosemite Valley and Sacramento amongst other locations, in order to give a sense of chronology, the last tour of the US takes place a little before the death of Wild Bill Hickok, the West was still significantly wild, the Little Big Horn wasn't until 1876, the 'Indian Wars' were still very much a thing. Our intrepid chronicler similarly visits India, China, Honolulu, New Zealand, Australia, The Middle East (the journals begin on a trip to Cairo), Siam, Java, Japan, Mexico and South America...Mr. Bacon (the notice of whose death in 1883 in London is laid in at the front of the first volume) certainly got around. He was not only an accomplished traveller of obvious wealth, but also a keen embracer of the cultures through which he voyaged: "Friday 29th Jun. I spent a couple of hours in the morning grinding up Arabic in fact, I usually devote my time till 11 am to this occupation + have another hour before dinner which is 6:30 + often another hour at night. This language is a regular stumper and as yet I have not been able to find any grammar..." He goes on to comment that "the only method appears to be to learn the dictionary by heart." He camps with the Bedouin, commenting on their cooking flatbread in the ashes "This bread which is plain flour + water + salt is very much to my liking + is I imagine what the Australians call damper except that I have understood there they make a much thicker and consequently a tougher cake."

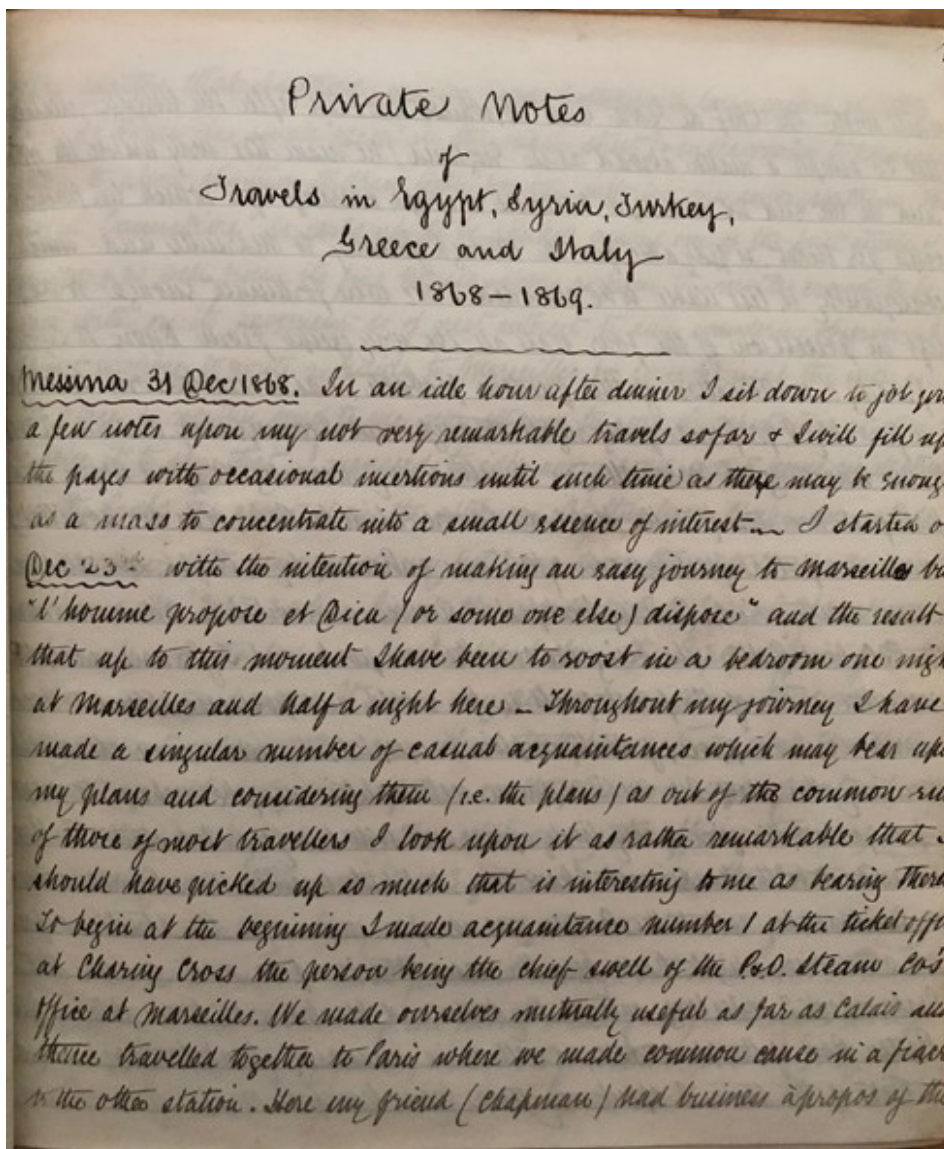


Bacon, who seems to have been quite the tycoon in the early chemicals industry (he owned W.C. Bacon & Co. of West Ham, London, a large and prosperous chemical works that flourished until World War One), and clearly wealthy enough to indulge his apparent obsession with going where few before him had been, learning the languages and eating the same foods (on one occasion during a storm, he invites his Arab guide to share his tent with him, lamenting that he has no spare room for the muleteers), and attempting to slake his seemingly insatiable desire to travel.



There are a significant number of other, more mundane trips, he is impressed with the Coliseum in Rome (who isn't), but his accounts of well travelled routes smack somewhat of bullet points, it takes the exotic jungles of Siam and Java (the volcanic island of Batjan apparently nearly erupting as he steamed past it) to really engage his interest. He wouldn't be a Victorian businessman on the grandest of Grand Tours without holding at least some negative opinions, and Indonesia is one of those areas that bears the weight of his disapproval: "I certainly think the Dutch out here have degraded considerably by assimilating to native habits + customs and tho' they allege the climate I cannot admit the excuse as all convenience in dress might be found in decent costume + naked feet are neither as clean nor as cool as those that are stockinged: in fine they eat abominably, the ship is a pandemonium

for besides 11 children [Mr. Bacon does not approve of children] we have nearly 200 parrots and cockatoos as well as monkeys, a cassowari + and about a dozen dogs who fight once an hour and are always in everybody's way. I have entered a protest against the children + kicked the dogs off the quarter deck + this has had a good effect to a certain extent but appears only to astonish other people..." An avuncular figure he is not. His adventures in Cuba railing against bureaucracy and fighting a monkey off his luggage with a leather strap have to be read to be believed. His observation of the export businesses and various tobacco related opportunities is also keen, and his depiction of Cuba is very much that of a thriving hub with easy connections to New Orleans and Baltimore.



There's an interesting side tour when he reaches San Francisco that involves an episode with a tame and slightly predatory seal on the verandah of the famous Cliff House. Bacon keeps records of mileage travelled, is an avid observer of shipboard habits and has a businessman's eye for things being done either very well or, in his opinion, very badly. The sense of the world being enormous, exotic and exciting, and gradually throughout the latter part of the 19th century, getting 'smaller' is strong throughout this rather epic travel memoir, the proliferation of steam packets and organised guides, the beginnings of modern tourism at war already with the old, isolate world gives a clear indication that the colonial and industrial revolution that he helped build is in fact joint enabler of and anathema to his urge to explore and

understand. There's no ethical consumption under capitalism, dude. A deep, fascinating and entertaining epic travel memoir, kind of like if a music hall villain had entered the chemical business. Just gorgeous.

[Ref: 713] £7,500

3. **Barnard, Edward and Vernon. *Journal of Excursions Made Between 1846 and 1851 in Scotland, The Lake District, The Isle of Whyte, Carlisle, Newcastle, Belgium and the Rhine.***

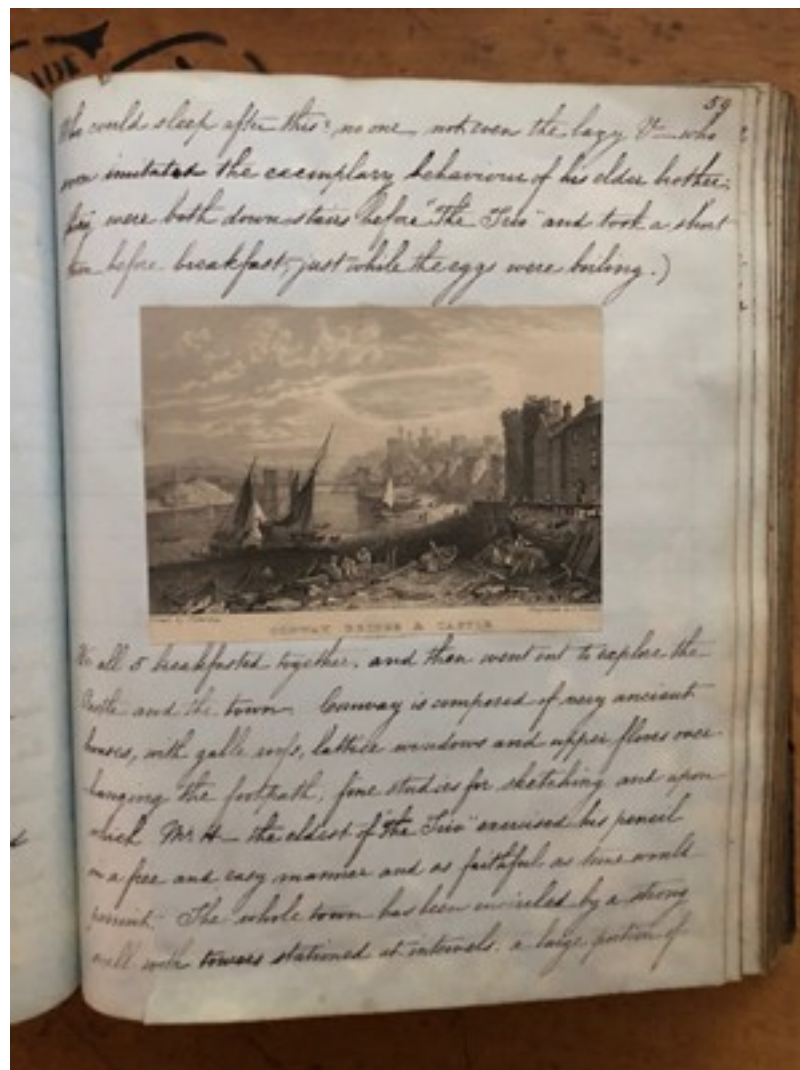
1846-51.

Two Volumes. 4to. Over 750 pp. Bound in contemporary black half calf over marbled boards, no titles, diced to spine, edgewear and scuffing to boards and extremities, strong and handsome. Internally clean, some offsetting from the horde of inserted engravings and ephemera, clean and in an elegant and eminently legible hand (which makes a nice change, handwriting gets progressively worse the closer one gets to the 20th century, climaxing in the "inebriated doctor's prescription pad style" of which my own handwriting is a prime example). A mammoth and clearly very diligently kept journal of travels and adventures, some sections inserted and independently paginated (presumably from somewhat more handy travel journals than these two massive tomes), covering five years of gentlemanly exploration, primarily in the North of England and the Low Countries. The overall atmosphere is that of an early rendition of *Three Men In A Boat* (or at least, two men in a variety of trains and steamships). The style is quirky, written in the third person (plural) and packed with both detail, rather overdone sound effects, and *joie de vivre*.



"The following description of a 3 week holiday has been written to keep in mind the pleasure that E&V enjoyed during that time in the North. While travelling they kept a jotting book in which put down in as few words as possible [800 pages chaps...brevity is not your collective

thing!] every thing which struck them as new, & little incidents which occurred. Having obtained possession of "The Needful" the day previous to starting, they set off with a determination to extract pleasure even from disagreeable things & to be jolly like Mark Tapley." That last being a reference to the cheery chap in Martin Chuzzlewit. The more narrative stretches are interspersed not only with culled engravings and ephemera from their travels (views of Edinburgh and all points, railway timetables, maps etc. many of which are in startlingly attractive condition) but also with sections headed "Original Memoranda" which are apparently transcriptions of the jotting books before their expansion into full journal entries, which is a rather fascinating insight into the approved manner of constructing one's gargantuan journey memoir: "Fate of Eau-De-Cologne bottle. Glasgow Rail. Soaking wet. Glasgow busy and smoky like London. Race after steamer on Bromielaw. Steam to Dumbarton. Tug steamer with four barges attached to it...Scramble for Omnibus." and so on, those wishing to learn the fate of the bottle of cologne will have to read further.



There's a fair amount of discreet Victorian noting of pretty faces and flushed cheeks from the bro's on tour, a notable day in Tynemouth, visits to ruins and priories, a spot of rather sub Byronic verse, some breathless accounts of the natural wonders of the Northumberland coast and the prospect of Windermere all delivered in a pacy, enthusiastic fashion that makes it easy to slip into the steamer benches next to these two rather likeable brothers, join them in Mrs. Reid's Tea Room, and travel with them across the Lakes...I also developed a strong urge to sample "Potted Trout, highly seasoned with Cayenne...which we sampled at every

opportunity.” and have to freely admit that until the Barnard brothers mentioned it, I had never thought of Ambleside as a haven of culinary invention. The kind of eye witness history where you learn more from the frivolity and pace than you would from a more sedate account, and where the roving eye picks up a little more than the one that concentrates solely on historical landmarks, the structure of church spires and the lateness of supper. Outstanding, joyful and absolutely the closest you will get to time travel, which is really the point of all this: to give the ordinary ghosts their say.

[Ref: 735] £2,500

4. **Dallas, C. R. Rev. *Correspondence of Lord Byron With A Friend*.** Including his letters to His Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, And The Shores of The Mediterranean in 1809, 1810, and 1811..

Paris: A. and W. Galignani, 1825.

Three vols in one. 8vo. Bound in contemporary marbled boards with a later respine. Some wear to extremities, including a shallow tear to the marbled paper on the front board, essentially a neat and handsome little volume. Very good. Titled and ruled in gilt to spine. Marbled endpapers. Internally clean, some slight spotting and toning, primarily due to Galignani never having met a corner he didn't want to cut. There's a shallow water stain to the upper right hand corner of the 10 or 15 pages. Also included are Dallas's recollections of the poet. Essentially the first available edition of this, as the 1824 British edition was suppressed at the behest of Byron's lawyers. Galignani's rather enjoyably piratical eye for the main chance resulted in this fancied up edition (published posthumously by the author's son, Alexander) that was, predictably enough, quite popular. Byron's relationship with Dallas was initially cordial, but the Reverend repeatedly took it upon himself to advise Byron how to write poetry; giving Byron advice on any subject was an exploit right up there with invading Russia in the winter, and Byron dropped him. Having said that, any compilation of Byron correspondence is going to be delightful (and today is his birthday!), his abilities were undeniable, his hunger for experience insatiable, his methods questionable, and his title of "Most Conspicuous Set of Walking, Lyrically-Gifted Genitalia in Europe 1816-1824" remains rightly unchallenged.

[Ref: 756] £200



5. De Bekker, Jay. **Gutter Gang.**

New York: Beacon Publications, 1954.

First edition. 8vo. A fine copy in publisher's card wraps, bright, sharp and clean. Simply lovely. An absolute classic of the Juvenile Delinquents Will Destroy America! genre, packed to the gills with no good girls with "nice gams", drifting hoodlums with names like "Sogger" and apparently somewhere in there is a "Naked, Shocking story of Teen-Age Lust, Dope and Prostitution!", notable more for the hysterical, fever pitch of induced, comfortable middle class paranoia than anything else. One person's urban underclass based angst is another's delightful kitsch.

[Ref: 759] £30



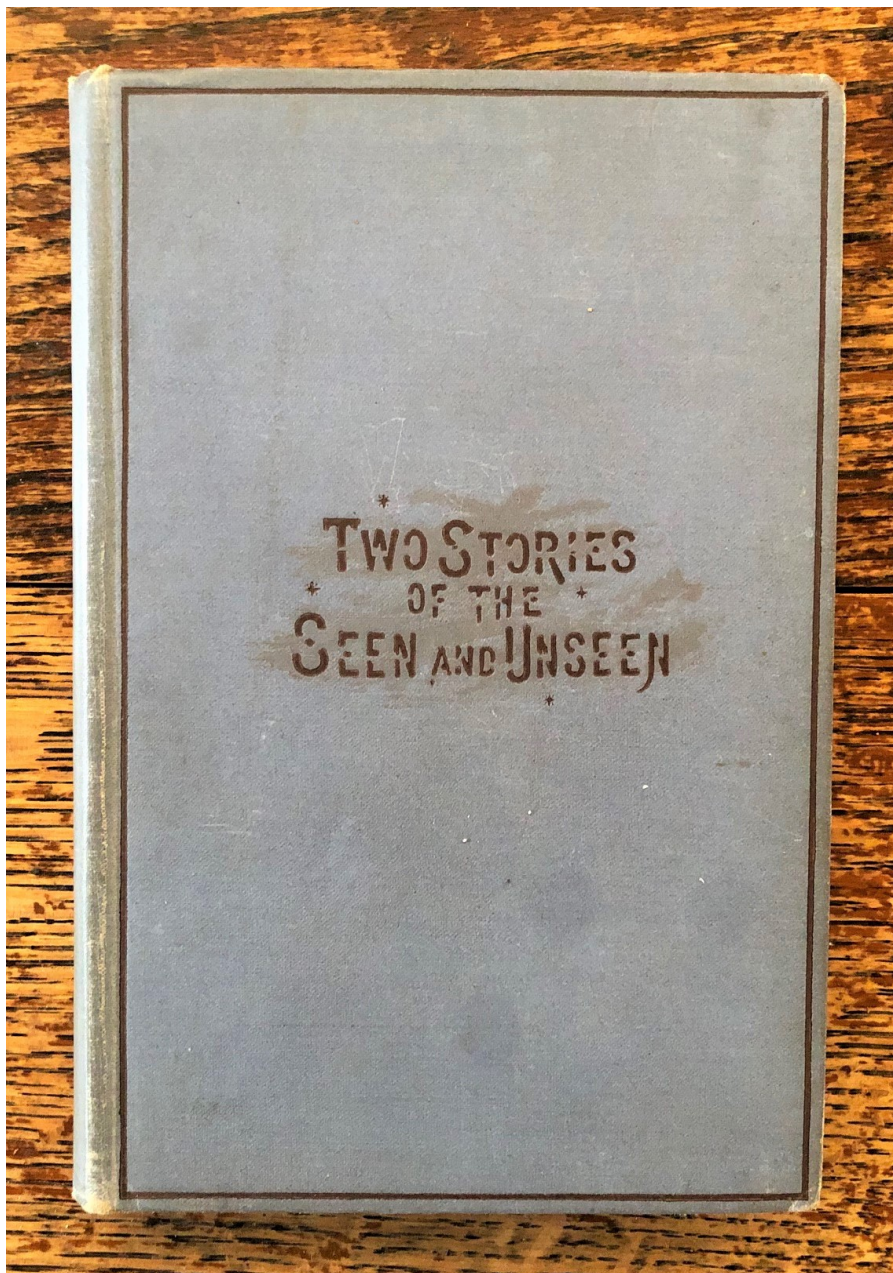
6. Mrs. Oliphant [Wilson, Margaret Oliphant]. **Two Stories of The Seen and Unseen.**

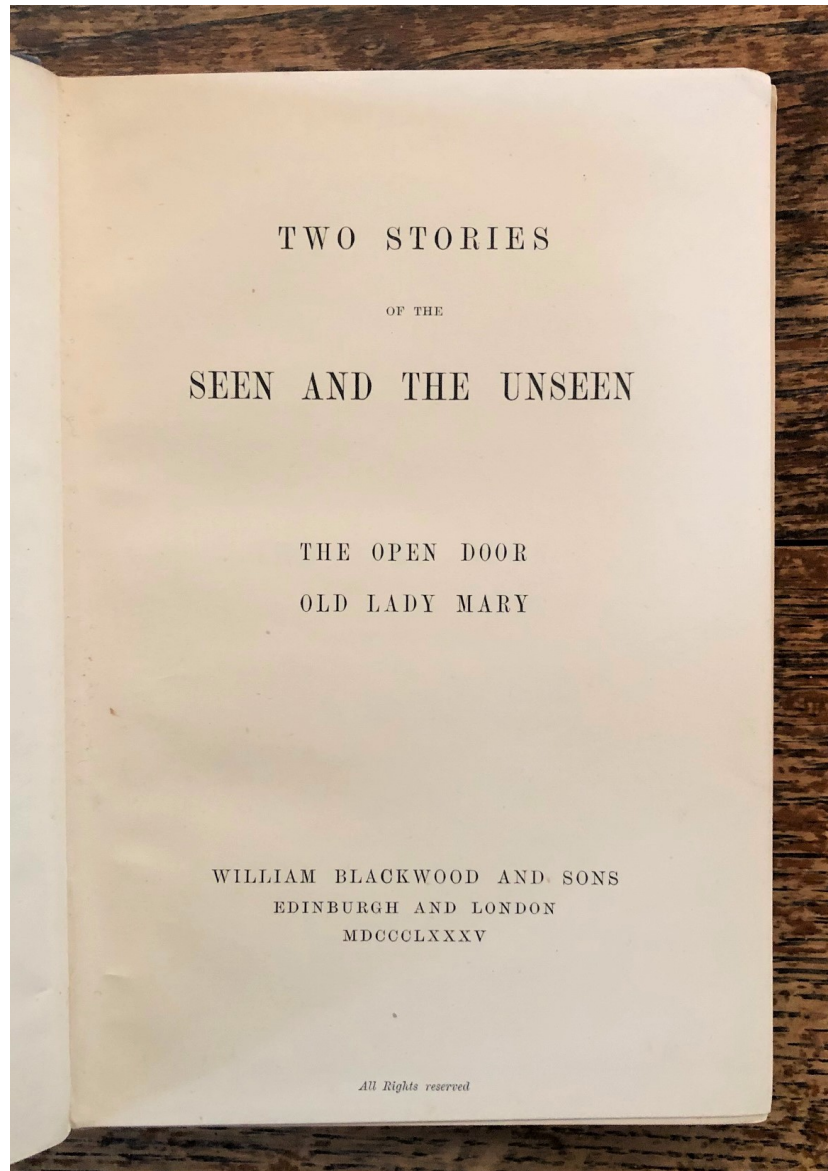
London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1885.

8vo. 212pp. Publisher's light blue glazed cloth, titled and ruled in brown to spine and front board. Minor rubbing and wear to extremities, a little scuffing here and there, very good indeed, a smart copy. Internally clean, black endpapers, bookplate of Amy Smart to front

pastedown. A pair of quite excellent supernatural tales from an author who received praise from many sources for the quality of her writing, including M.R. James who expressed the opinion that in her field the "Open Door" was one of those "really good ghost stories I know wherein the elements of beauty and pity dominate terror." and also: "the religious ghost story, as it may be called, was never done better than by Mrs. Oliphant in "The Open Door" and A Beleaguered City" which is quite high praise from the chap who wrote "The Mezzotint." Far more a harbinger of the unsettling existential fears of Hodgson's "The Night Land" and Chambers' "The King In Yellow" than being part of the jump scare, headless monk school of supernatural fiction, and with more than 60 odd novels to her name and a treasure trove of short stories and articles, it's a wonder that Mrs. Oliphant isn't a household name and a profitable resource of costume dramas. Go forth. Rare.

[Ref: 212] £375





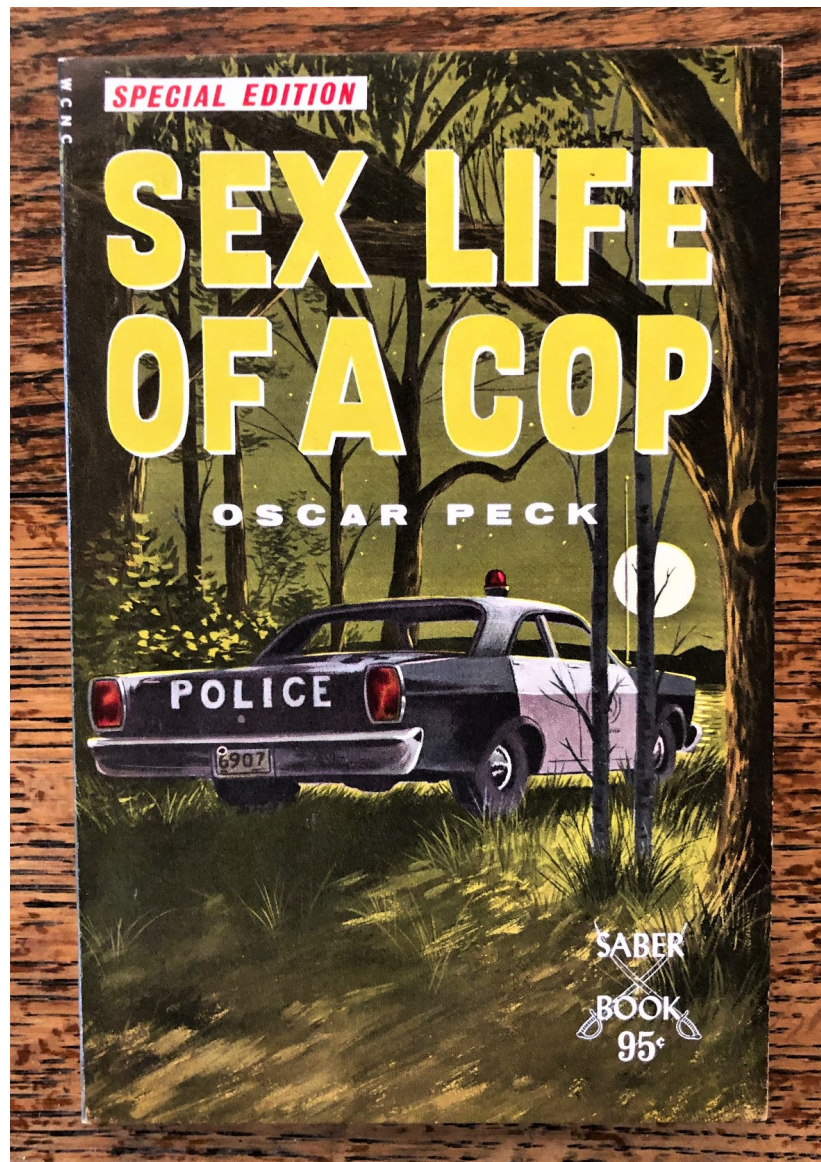
7. **Peck, Oscar. *Sex Life of A Cop*.**

[Fresno]: Saber Books, 1967.

Later reprint ("Special Edition" with an anti censorship foreword by Stanley Fleishman, the first was published in 1959). 8vo. 153pp. Oddly, considering its pulpy heritage, a truly fine copy, not a mark on it except for a tinge of toning the verso of the card wraps. Gorgeous. It's a fairly grotty bit of sleazepulp, originally posited as a "true" story of a corrupt, grifter policeman attempting to cop-off with everything that moves by its publisher, the rather revolutionary Sanford Aday. Aday was virulently anti-censorship and took upon himself the role of purveyor all things sleazy, queer, taboo, and otherwise frowned upon at the time, under his three pulp imprints: Saber, Vega, and Fabian (which now sound like kind of names Mumford and Sons might give their children). Aday is a joy basically, getting himself into delirious amounts of trouble everywhere from Fresno ("You, me, and Fresno Bob, you know what they did to Bob, huh?") to the Hawaiian Islands, in his personal crusade against use of the word "obscene" when applied to published fiction. *Sex Life of A Cop* is the book that got him into the deepest hot water though, resulting in an almost complete seizure of his empire, a \$25000 fine and...wait for it...a 25 year prison sentence (later overturned). A cracker of a book, written with the kind of shameless, gross out, awkwardness that most of us can only

dream of: “Oh, Darling! Give it to me quick! You CAN go deep-sea fishing!” and other deft, neat idioms that comprise a language of sex that no human has spoken, ever. Delightful.

[Ref: 757] £75



8. Williams, Charles. **River Girl.**

New York: Fawcett Publications., 1951.

First edition, with this title, there was a previous publication under the gorgeous title of “The Catfish Triangle”. 8vo. A near fine copy in publisher’s illustrated card wraps, slight wear to the fore-edge, and some very light chipping to the base of the spine. An oft-referenced classic of small town corruption, forbidden love, and swampy, desperate lust. Actually rather a beautifully written, dark, claustrophobic bit of Bayou Noir.

[Ref: 760] £25



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