

# SCISSOR & PASTE BIBLIOGRAPHIES

Biographical Sketch of  
Frederick Hankey (1821-1882)

EXTRACTED FROM

*Ce n'est pas mon genre de livres lestes... Lettres inédites [de Frederick Hankey] à Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton (1857–1865). Édition établie, présentée et annotée par Jacques Duprilot et Jean-Paul Goujon. Se trouve chez Miss Jenkins et dans toutes les mauvaises maisons de Londres, 2012.*

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION & NOTES

BY

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SANTA ROSA, CA  
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# TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Anyone remotely interested in the history and bibliography of erotic literature will, sooner or later, come across the name of Frederick Hankey, the bibliomaniac/sadist who so disturbed the Goncourt brothers, and features memorably in their *Journal*, for April 7<sup>th</sup> 1862, the entry beginning:

Today I visited a madman, a monster, one of those men who live on the edge of the abyss. Through him, as through a torn veil, I had a glimpse of an appalling aspect, a terrible side to a wealthy, blasé aristocracy – the English aristocracy – who bring ferocious cruelty to love and whose licentiousness can only be aroused by the woman's sufferings.<sup>1</sup>

Hankey was a pivotal character in the erotic world of the 19th century, but relatively little is known about him other than the names of the other collectors and bibliographers who were his friends, and the few 'rarissime' titles we know for certain were in his library; I myself have seen just one 'in the flesh,' the magnificently bound *l'Anti-Justine* (1798) by Rétif de la Bretonne's in Cambridge University Library, the only copy known outside the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The few biographical details we have of Hankey are often wrong, these apparently originating from his friend Henry Spencer Ashbee who states that Hankey's father was "governor of the Ionian islands" and that Hankey Jr. retired from military service with the rank of 'captain in the Guards.' Neither asser-

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<sup>1</sup> *Journal des Goncourt*, tom. 2 (Paris: Charpentier, 1887) pp. 26-29. This entry was heavily expurgated by the publishers, and although Hankey had been dead for 5 years in 1887, his name is not included. The complete entry is restored in the edition of the *Journal* published by Les Éditions de l'Imprimerie nationale de Monaco in 1958, tom. V, pp. 89-93, in which Hankey's name is given, but misspelled 'Henkey.'

tion is true; Hankey's father was secretary to the governor, Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Maitland, and his rank on leaving the military in December 1846 was that of Lieutenant.

Ignoring the inconvenient question of why I'd not done so earlier, but recognising Hankey's importance, I decided late in 2015 to do some investigating and gather some new information about him, should it exist.

Frederick Hankey Sr., as the alleged governor of the Ionian island during the British protectorate, suggested a good starting point, and I quickly learned his true role as secretary to the governor. His family background was also easy to trace, including his marriage at Fetcham, Surrey, in July 1796 to his first cousin, Charlotte Hankey. Two children resulted from this union, Emma (1798-1864) and Frederica (1816-1872). The birth of Frederica and the death of Charlotte in the same year prompts the suspicion that the latter might have died in childbirth.

Most sources cavalierly refer to Hankey's second wife as "a Greek lady" or words to that effect, without naming her, and indeed finding her name proved the first serious challenge. At length I discovered she was actually a native of Corfu, named variously Catterina (or Catherine) Valarmo, Vaslamo or Varlamo depending on which records are consulted. Catherine was apparently widowed or divorced as she is described as 'Mrs.' in a reference to the marriage that was published in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* – edited by Sir Walter Scott – in 1819. The same reference states that the ceremony took place at the Palace of Corfu in late January of that year. Catherine died in 26th May 1835, after presenting her husband with two additional children, Thomasina-Ionia (born 1819) and the object of this essay, Frederick, who was born in 1821.

Information about Hankey Jr. proved less easy to run down, since almost all records relating to his life are deposited in foreign archives. However, Sheryl Perry, a friend and fine researcher, knowing of my work, managed to find a mention of him in the 1841 British Census where, at the age of 19 and employed in the Civil Service, he was living at 14 Lower Berkeley

Street,<sup>2</sup> Marylebone, with his father, his two half-sisters, Frederica and Emma, and Eliza Hankey, his step-aunt.

It rather looks as though “Frederick Hankey, Gent.” left the civil service position he held in June 1841 (the month of the census for that year) and purchased the rank of Cornet in July 1841 in the 6th Dragoon Guards from Cornet E. Warriner who was promoted to Lieutenant. In March 1843, Hankey purchased the rank of Lieutenant from a retiring officer named Cocksedge and in April 1845, he was replaced by Lieutenant Henry Dawson of the 67th Foot, and appointed to the Scots Fusilier Guards. Following some further changes, he retired on half-pay in December 1846, but a final reference in the *London Gazette*, from where this information on his military career was found, he makes a cryptic appearance in 1848:

75th Foot, Lieutenant Frederick Hankey, from half-pay 63rd Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Tyler, appointed to the Royal Newfoundland Company.<sup>3</sup>

It is clear from this that Hankey never acquired the rank of Captain, but I found an odd reference in *The Economist* for Saturday, Jan. 3rd 1846, headlined “Address of the British subjects in Paris to the King of the French”:

A numerous meeting of British subjects took place on Wednesday in the great room of Lawson’s Bedford Hotel, in the Rue St Honore, to vote a congratulatory address to King Louis-Philippe on his late providential escape from assassination. Amongst the gentlemen present were... Captain Hankey, &c.<sup>4</sup>

Was Hankey posing as a Captain, which seems unlikely, or was this an unrelated person with same name? We have no

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<sup>2</sup> Lower Berkeley Street was renamed Fitzhardinge Street sometime after 1926. It’s a short street running west from Manchester Square to the north side of Portman Square. No. 14 is today the home of the British Heart Foundation, assuming the numbering has remained the same.

<sup>3</sup> *London Gazette* 16 June 1848, issue: 20868, Page: 2266.

<sup>4</sup> *The Economist, Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers’ Gazette & Railway Monitor*, Saturday April 25 1846, vol. 14, no. 139, p. 539. Louis-Philippe managed to survive no less than seven attempts on his life.

way of knowing.

I found a more positive sighting in the *Bulletin des lois de l'Empire Française*,<sup>5</sup> where one of the 'propriétaires' of the Compagnie d'Assurances sur la vie Impérial is 'M. Frédérick Hankey' whose address, 2 rue Laffitte, is conveniently provided. This was interesting as it tended to support a theory I had that Hankey received, because of his life-style, little or no money from his father's estate, and because of it needed to make a living on his own account. The origin of this possibility was a copy of Hankey Sr's will, dated March 30<sup>th</sup> 1855, the year of his death, that I was able to acquire from the Public Records Office at Kew for a small sum. My excitement at receiving it was somewhat diminished when I found it in effect unreadable because of the illegibility of the handwriting and its antiquated legalese. Fortunately, an acquaintance named Rowan Gibbs, who has some expertise in these matters, generously volunteered to take a look at the document and was able to partially decipher those parts treating of Hankey's son which are reproduced here, with some slight changes to assist in its readability:

...and direct my son Frederick Hankey immediately after my decease to deliver up to my Executors hereinafter named One hundred and forty nine obligations videlicet [=viz.] sixty-nine of the Railway de Paris a Lyon, twenty-five of the Railway de Rouen and fifty-five of the Railway de l'Ouest belonging to me and now in the possession care[?] or custody of my said son for my use[?] and in case my said son shall so do or shall have delivered the same up to me in my lifetime then I direct my Executors out of my general personal estate to raise and pay unto this my said son for his own use and benefit the sum of four thousand pounds of lawful money, but that if my said son shall not have delivered up the said obligations to me in my life time, or shall not peaceably and without suit deliver up the said obligations or the value thereof or such part thereof as my Executors may in their discretion think fit to receive in full of the said obligations under the power to compromise hereinafter [indecipherable]tained to my Executors within

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<sup>5</sup> *Bulletin des lois de l'Empire française*, XI<sup>e</sup> série, premier semestre de 1869, partie supplémentaire. Tome XXXIII, no. 1501, p. 1150.

six Calendar months next[?] after my decease then the said Four thousand [pounds] is not nor is any part thereof to be raised or paid to my said son and I expressly direct[?] that it shall not be incumbent upon my Executors to take any legal or other proceedings for the recovery of the said Obligations of any of them if my said son should [indecipherable] or refuse to deliver up the same to them but this [indecipherable] is not and is not to be [indecipherable] into a discharge to my said son in any manner [indecipherable]. And I give to my Executors the fullest possible [indecipherable] and discretion to sue or not to sue for the said obligations or any or either[?] of them and to get in or not to get in the same or any of them of any part thereof as part of my personal estate and the fullest powers to compromise for less than the [indecipherable] amount or value of the said obligations and exonerate my Executors from all liability or responsibility to my residuary or other legatees in case of a compromise or in case my Executors from family feeling or any other reason cause or instinct[?] shall not think fit to take proceedings against my said son or any other person or persons for the recovery of the said obligations or any of them or any part thereof.

From this it would seem that a bequest of £4,000, a considerable sum in 1855, was contingent on Hankey Jr fulfilling an obligation of some sort involving railway shares. Whether he actually carried out that requirement is unknown, but the belief that he might not have done so and had to work for a living was supported, albeit circumstantially, by an entry in Henry Spencer Ashbee's diary for April 8 1875 which, in part, reads: "His apartments are situated in the best part of Paris, 2 rue Laffitte, look out on the Boulevard, and face the Caffé Anglais and Opéra Comique, but in spite of their excellent situation they are not convenient, and as kept by Hankey and his mistress are entirely wanting in comfort."<sup>6</sup> Describing a visit to Hankey's apartment in March 1882 in company with Octave Uzanne and Félicien Rops, Ashbee comments elsewhere on the lack of creature comforts: "There was no fire or other artificial

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<sup>6</sup> Quoted by Ian Gibson, *The Erotomaniac: The Secret Life of Henry Spencer Ashbee* (London: Faber & Faber, 2001), p. 33.

heat, in spite of the low temperature of the atmosphere.”<sup>7</sup> A personal foible, or lack of funds?

A tangential piece of information put in an appearance on a genealogical site. Hankey’s name appeared, together with that of his mistress, ‘Angelina (Annie) Sophie Vernon Beckett.’ That he had a ‘companion’ or mistress named Annie is attested to in a letter she wrote to Richard Monckton Milnes, lamenting Hankey’s death, which is preserved in the Houghton Papers at Trinity College Library, Cambridge.<sup>8</sup> But who was she? Attempts to contact the genealogical site for clarification were not answered, and a general internet search provided no information.

From her name, though, Angelina sounded English, and a check on births in the United Kingdom provided a tantalising clue in the form of a baptismal record dated 4 March 1830 for an Angelina Sophia Beckett, the daughter of John and Sophia Beckett. The ceremony was held in the Parish of St George, Hanover Square, Westminster. This was tempting; the name was close and the date about right. The family was living on Gilbert Street which, today at least, is in a fashionable part of London, running between Oxford Street and Brook Street. What it was like in 1830 I am unable to say, but John Beckett gave his profession as that of ‘clerk’ and so must have had some education. Unfortunately, I’ve been unable to find further traces of the family and cannot say for certain that it has any connection with Hankey.



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<sup>7</sup> Henry Spencer Ashbee, *Catena Librorum Tacendorum* (London, privately printed, 1885), p. lii, note 78.

<sup>8</sup> “My tears, dear Houghton are blinding me I can write no more...” Quoted by Ian Gibson, *The Erotomaniac: The Secret Life of Henry Spencer Ashbee* (London: Faber & Faber, 2001), p. 85. For the complete text of this letter, see Appendix II.

In late April, 2016, in one of those rare coincidences that sometime occur, I received an email from Ian Jackson of Berkeley, California, who had seen my website and felt I might be interested in a review he'd written for *The Book Collector*<sup>9</sup> of a book touching strongly on Frederick Hankey that had been privately published four years earlier:

Ce n'est pas mon genre de livres lestes... Lettres inédites [de Frederick Hankey] à Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton (1857-1865). Édition établie, présentée et annotée par Jacques Duprilot et Jean-Paul Goujon. *Se trouve chez Miss Jenkins et dans toutes les mauvaises maisons de Londres*, 2012.

Both Duprilot and Goujon are well known to me, by reputation. Duprilot is the author of two major works of bibliographical research, the first on the 1887 'Galitzin' erotica catalogue<sup>10</sup> and the second on the erotica publishers Jean-Jules Gay and Henriette Doucé.<sup>11</sup> Goujon is an authority on Pierre Louÿs (1870-1925), and wrote an important biography of that author,<sup>12</sup> and is the editor of a number of editions of his works, letters, &c. A book on Hankey by two such important scholars was something of an event, but it was limited to just fifty copies and I feared it might no longer be available.

Ian Jackson's review provoked some contradictory feelings. It seemed likely that my own work on Hankey was now redundant, which I found vexing, but the enthusiasm of the review made me nevertheless anxious to obtain a copy:

Only 22 of Hankey's letters survive from what was obviously a larger corpus but they are a unique witness, apparently the only surviving documentation of supply and demand in the clandestine erotic book trade of that (or any?) period. The texts are presented in English original and French translation, with massive annotation. The 80-page introduction and the substantial appen-

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<sup>9</sup> *The Book Collector*, autumn 2013, pp. 531-534.

<sup>10</sup> *L'énigme du catalogue secret du Prince G\*\*\* ou les ruses du libraire Lehec* (Genève, 1989).

<sup>11</sup> *Gay et Doucé, éditeurs sous le manteau (1877-1882)* (Paris: Éditions As-tarté, 1998).

<sup>12</sup> *Pierre Louÿs – une vie secrète (1870-1925)* (Paris: Seghers, 1988).



dices of unpublished documents convert this edition of a handful of letters into a 278-page case study without parallel, offering a panorama of the sexual underworld of two metropolises with a cast of characters that ranges from the scatological bibliographer Octave Delepierre, Rétif's bibliographer Paul Lacroix, the collectors Prince Galitzin, Eugène Paillet and Alfred Bégis, and the dealers Techener and Potier...<sup>13</sup>

I wrote to M. Duprilot asking whether copies were still available, but his reply was in the negative. He furthermore expressed his frustration that the authors had been obliged to publish the work themselves, in a format that displeased them, since no conventional publishers were prepared to take on such an 'uncommercial' project. Fortunately, Mr. Jackson generously allowed me a sight of his copy, and I immediately shared his opinion of MM. Duprilot and Goujon's work which is a superb piece of research and urgently deserves greater exposure.

However, I was not anxious to abandon my own work on Hankey, and so decided to translate the basic biographical sections of *Ce n'est pas mon genre de livres lestes...* – comprising pp. 10-16 – and offer them here on the Scissors & Paste site, with some additional information I'd found myself which is included in this *Note*.

Before closing, I'd like to express a purely personal thought about Hankey, and one which may not be universally accepted. It seems to me that Hankey's obsession with books is more to do with them as *objects*, their bindings, decorations, illustrations, and the paper they're printed on. He seldom mentions the *texts*. As I've mentioned in an email to a friend, it's like someone who collects toast racks, and rhapsodises over their design and decoration, the quality of the ceramic &c., but has nothing to say on the pleasures of the toast.

The caparisons of books are what Hankey speaks of most often and so lovingly, and he was not alone in the nineteenth

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<sup>13</sup> The full text of Mr. Jackson's review can be found in Appendix I.

century – or later – in his passion for fine bindings but he was probably unique in being unappreciative of what lay between the covers.

Bibliographically speaking the rebinding of old books, no matter how luxuriously and artistically, is unwise, especially if they are fine copies in their original, as issued, wrappers or bindings. If binding is important, and money is no object, a more prudent course of action would be to keep one's treasures 'as-is' but have special solander cases or boxes made for them. These can be as fancy as one can afford, and leave the contents in their original condition.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Sheryl Perry and Rowan Gibbs kind assistances have been already mentioned above, but it would be remiss of me not to single out Ian Jackson for a particular appreciation; in addition to going to the trouble of letting me see his copy of *Ce n'est pas mon genre de livres lestes...*, he also generously took out time from his busy schedule to look over and correct my notoriously poor command of French and offer many words of advice and encouragement. Finally, my thanks to Jacques Duprilot and Jean-Paul Goujon for allowing me to translate and publish the biographical section of their important work.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Frederick Hankey was the result of an exceedingly cosmopolitan union, being the son of Mr. Frederick Hankey, an English soldier and diplomat, and a Greek lady, a native of Corfu, named Caterina Varlamo. The two married on December 24th, 1818, in the Palace of Corfu. Caterina died in Malta on May 26th, 1835, "after a long and difficult illness" (cancer?). She gave her husband two children, a son, Frederick, in 1823 (or 1821 according to some sources), and a daughter, Thomasina-Ionia, who would go on to marry Captain Charles F[rancis] Maxwell in 1839. Caterina's imposing tomb can still be seen in Malta, in the Greek Orthodox cemetery.

Sir Frederick Hankey (he was ennobled in 1832) was born in 1774 and died in London on March 13th, 1855, with the rank of Colonel. He belonged to an ancient family, which, in Elizabethan times, was famous for Henry Hankey, the mayor of Chester, and later, at the beginning of the 18th century, for Alderman Henry Hankey of London, who died in 1736. Frederick first saw service in the Army in Ceylon (1800-1811), then in Malta and in Corfu, as the private secretary of Sir Thomas Maitland, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, a post in which he played an important political role. It is, however, a great exaggeration to claim, as did Ashbee and many others after him, that he was 'governor of the Ionian Islands.' Nonetheless, we do know that the approximate dates of his stay in Corfu were between 1817 and 1823. Later, he could be found in Malta (about 1828-1831). Caterina Varlamo was actually his second wife, for he had been married earlier to his cousin Charlotte Hankey, who died in 1816 and with whom he had two daughters.

Concerning Caterina Varlamo, we know nothing, except that her father, Nicolo Varlamo, was a *Maggiore della Piazza* [town-[town-major of Corfu] and a member of the Legislative assembly, and despite being unable to read or write was "a nobleman,

belonging to an ancient and respectable family of Corfu”.<sup>14</sup> It is pleasant to think that she would have possessed the beauty of the Greek women of her native island.<sup>15</sup> The precise date of birth of his son Frederick has not been determined with certainty. The announcement of his death<sup>16</sup> states that he died (in 1882), “at the age of 59 years”, which would place his birth probably in 1823, while Ian Aers Hankey, archivist of the family papers, assures us that he was born on July 14th, 1821 in Corfu.

Hankey was obviously related to the founders of the banking company Hankey and Company of London, but just how closely? It has sometimes been stated that Thomson Hankey (1805-1893), Governor of the Bank of England in 1852, was his brother, but this is incorrect; he was only a first cousin. Furthermore, the *Almanac impérial pour 1867*, lists (p. 5), on the Board of Directors of the Compagnie d’Assurances sur la vie L’Impérial, a “F[rédér]ic Hankey” Is this our man? His name already appeared there in 1865.

His military career seems to have been fairly short, and spanned the years 1841 and 1846, essentially in the Scots Fusilier Guards, having enlisted in 1841 as a Cornet in the 6th Dragoon Guards regiment (Carabineers). He retired on half-pay in December 1846. In 1847, his name disappears from the “Army Lists”, and, as Anthony Hobson wittily wrote, “clearly, the Scots

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<sup>14</sup> *The Quarterly Review*, vol. 29, 1823, p. 97.

<sup>15</sup> In 1830, Disraeli, while on his trip to Malta, wrote to his father: “I sat next to old Mrs. Hankey at dinner, whom they all make much of, but who is rather an old-fashioned affair.” (Disraeli, letter to his father, Malta, October 1830, *Lord Beaconsfield’s Letters 1830-1852*, London: John Murray, 1887, p. 36). But is this definitely our hero’s mother? In 1818, her husband was just past forty, and if she was then about the same age as him, she would have been in her fifties in 1830, which is not consistent with the remarks of Disraeli. Doubtless it’s not Mrs. Frederick Hankey being referred to, but Frederick’s mother, born Elizabeth Thomson, and first wife of John Hankey, whom she had married in 1783. If it is definitely about her, she would, therefore, have been in her seventies (?) in 1830.

<sup>16</sup> Bibl. De l’Arsenal, MS 9273, dossier Hankey, f<sup>o</sup> 17 (cited by J. Duprilot, in « Quand Lorédan Larchey recevait à l’Arsenal Frederick Hankey, “l’érotomane correct” », *Bull. Du Bibliophile*, 2000, n<sup>o</sup> 2, p. 359).

Fusilier Guards did not suit Hankey, or he did not the regiment”... But as is clear from his letters to Milnes, he had, during his years in Paris, kept in touch with some comrades from the Guards, and when writing to Milnes his letters sometimes bore a seal with the word “Dragoons.” At a date which we are unable to determine, but around 1848, he decided to settle in Paris, where he lived until his death, without following any other occupation than that of *rentier*. No doubt it was to fully pursue his love of books and erotica, away from the Victorian atmosphere that reigned in England. Certainly he was already in Paris in 1849, since he attended the Bolle auction (Maison Silvestre, 30 April-12 May 1849), where he made various acquisitions. Was he already living at 2, rue Laffitte? It's possible, but we do not have proof.

Of his later life, we know very little except, of course, what is said in his letters to Milnes. He seems to have been entirely devoted to his hellish bibliophily, but also to some conventional pursuits, because, as will be seen, he had many connections, some of which were very highly placed in both Paris and London. In addition, he was very sociable and willingly made his collections available, at least with regard to his most notable books. The last of his letters to Milnes, however, shows that in 1865 he found himself embroiled in a scandal, which we'll talk about later; its exact nature remains unknown but it caused him real anxieties, forcing him to hurriedly hide his books away... at the British Embassy! Another more curious activity, occurred in 1864, when he joined the Société d'ethnographie américaine et orientale, and remained a member at least until 1869. Nothing is known about his life during the war of 1870 and the Commune, but we see him reappear in 1872, when he made effective use of his connections, moving heaven and earth to receive the Légion d'honneur... which he eventually succeeded in doing in 1881, the year before his death. The pretext was quite strange: during the Exposition Universelle held at Paris in 1878, Hankey was – you can't make this up! – a jury member of Class 29 “Leather goods, Marquetry and Basketry” [sic]. In the words of Jacques Duprilot in his article on Larchey

and Hankey, "It's obvious to us that Hankey never exhibited anything, and to get his medal, must have benefitted from insider connections..." The fact remains that his day of glory arrived on June 11th, 1881, in the form of a decree from the ministre des Affaires étrangères naming Mr Frédérick Hankey as a knight of the Legion of honour, "English exhibitor in 1878". Another achievement to be laid to the credit of our "absolute erotomane"!

However, something that we unfortunately cannot specify must have happened during the years 1875-1876, because it is during this period that Hankey parted with an amazing *flagellatoire* manuscript of *Tom Jones*... and in particular one of the gems of his library, the original edition of Rétif de la Bretonne's *l'Anti-Justine*. Did he run out of money after some financial setback, or was it some private disgrace? We are unable to say.

Little is known of his final years either. He continued to receive visits, and although he suffered from gout, it didn't stop him from scouring the bookshops in search of rarities. On June 8th, 1882, he died in his apartment in the Rue Laffitte and was buried two days later in Père-Lachaise cemetery, where his grave can still be seen. Ashbee was told of the event in a letter from a friend (Bégis perhaps?), which read:

Our friend Hankey died suddenly while I was with him last Thursday. He had begun to recover. He did not believe his death was near and was unafraid. He choked and died, without experiencing any apparent pain. We were very close for 30 years, he was one of my best friends. He was buried Saturday at the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.<sup>17</sup>

Fifteen years later, Henri Béraldi reported what he called the 'last words' of Hankey:

He was on his deathbed when the bell rang at the front door. Hankey, in a final thought, recalled one of his bibliophilic desires, long cherished but unfulfilled. Ah! he says, it's a bookseller

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<sup>17</sup> Ashbee, *Catena Librorum Tacendorum*, 1885, p.LIII.

bringing me a *Justine* on PAPIER VÉLIN! And he died.<sup>18</sup>

Se non è vero [even if it's not true]... The *Journal des débats* announced on June 14th the death of “Mr. Hankey, age 59, rue Laffitte, 2”, while *Gil Blas*, two days before, had printed:

Yesterday [*sic*; i.e. the day before yesterday] Mr Frederick Hankey, an old guards officer of the English Queen, and knight of the Légion d'honneur was buried. Mr. Hankey was the possessor of one of literature's unique marvels: *Les Mœurs du temps*, of La Popelinière. His collection was known to knowledgeable *amateurs*, but off limits to everyone else.

His death, however, did not give rise to many newspaper mentions – far from it. However, we do note an article by Charles Monselet:

“An Englishman, extremely well known in Paris, Mr Frederic [*sic*] Hankey, a bibliophile with very special tastes, has just died, leaving a rich cabinet in his apartment on the rue Laffitte.” [In fact, Monselet speaks only of *Les Tableaux des Mœurs du temps*!]. Then: “While Mr Frederick Hankey was dying, M. de la Poupelinière's old hotel on the rue Richelieu was being demolished. It had become in recent years the hôtel d'Espagne, located opposite the Bibliothèque [Nationale]. It was decreed that the week should be entirely devoted to La Poupelinière. (...)”<sup>19</sup>

Octave Uzanne followed him, in *Le Livre*,<sup>20</sup> with, let us confess, an article of no interest: even though Hankey had honoured him, together with Rops, on a guided tour of his collection, Uzanne was careful not to include any personal recollections, but instead confined himself to simply copying Monselet's article from *L'Événement*! He did not step out of line: for him as for all the others, Hankey was merely the owner of *Tableaux des Mœurs*, which, from a practical point of view, has the merit of allowing you to avoid saying who he was and

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<sup>18</sup> H. Beraldi, *La Reliure au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle, Troisième partie*, L. Conquet, 1896, p. 63-64.

<sup>19</sup> Monselet, *L'Événement*, mardi 27 Juin 1882, à la une du journal sur deux colonnes.

<sup>20</sup> O. Uzanne, *Le Livre. Bibliographie moderne*, 10 août 1882

what he really collected. In this respect the reader will find later on what we have called “les extravagances of Octave Uzanne”.

Hankey’s famous library was dispersed privately, although we have few details. We know that some bibliophile friends shared in the spoils, discreetly dealing with Annie Hankey. Ashbee, of course, but also Bégis and Charles Cousin - and doubtless also the bookseller Labitte.<sup>21</sup>

## ENIGMAS

The first is the greatest: despite extensive research in archives and the various photographic collections of the period, it is impossible to find any photo of Hankey. No doubt there’s one somewhere, but where? Let us hope that some other researcher is more fortunate than we’ve been. Judging from a letter from Ian Hankey, it seems no pictures were retained by the family who preferred “not to admit to his existence.”<sup>22</sup>

Another enigma, even more irritating if possible: Annie Hankey. Our researches have led us to the conclusion that she was not Hankey’s wife, but his mistress: this is expressly mentioned by Ashbee in his diary in April 1875. According to the death certificate at the registry office, Hankey died single;<sup>23</sup> no mention of a wife! Therefore, Annie was his mistress. Was it therefore a relationship of convenience? Apparently not. Hankey had lived with her for nearly thirty years ... But then, why did she sign herself ‘Annie Hankey’? For her maiden name,

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<sup>21</sup> For more on this individual see the letter from Annie Hankey to Milnes dated after June 1882, Appendix II.

<sup>22</sup> Letter from Ian Hankey to Jacques Duprilot, April 8<sup>th</sup> 2008.

<sup>23</sup> It was the *concierge* of his building and an employee of [the auction house] Drouot named Engelmann who reported the death (Archives de la Seine, microfilm état-civil décès 1882).



as we shall see, was Angelina Sophie Vernon Beckett. And why, after the death of Hankey, is she described as the 'widow Hankey' in the rent records of Rue Laffitte? She disappears from the rent records between 1893 and 1894, but it is certain that she had moved into a smaller apartment, still at 2, rue Laffitte, which may be explained by a rent increase to 1600 francs, but this is just a theory. She was then a tenant on the 3rd floor in an apartment with a rental value of 1500 frs, a taxable cadastral income of 1125 fr, whose rent on the basis of the property tax, amounted to 1280 frs. Finally, by July 1<sup>st</sup> 1894 her third floor apartment was occupied by a baker named Léon Robin.

It seems she lived at least until 1895, when she is found listed in the *Tout-Paris* of 1895, under the name Mme Hankey at 57, avenue Victor-Hugo, after being listed in the 1893 and 1894 editions at the sole address of 2, rue Laffitte. Inexplicably, in 1895, she appears at two addresses, 57, avenue Victor Hugo and 2, rue Laffitte. But she disappears from the 1896 directory under the headings 'noms' and 'rues' for avenue Victor Hugo, and has probably moved;<sup>24</sup> what is singular, however, is that, in the same directory, she continues to be listed only at her former residence, 2, rue Laffitte! And she appears nowhere in the *Tout-Paris* for 1897, 1898 and 1899. In any case, she was not dead at her avenue Victor-Hugo lodging, from where she wrote a spicy letter to Lorédan Larchey... What happened later is a mystery... what is certain is that after the death of Hankey, she was not short of resources, because the sale of some books to friends of his (Ashbee, Bégis, Cousin, etc.) must have brought in large sums of money.

We note that in Hankey's will she was known by her maiden name, Angelina Sophie Vernon Beckett, and she was, apparently, a British national, as is shown in the following document:

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<sup>24</sup> The ten-year table of deaths in the 16<sup>th</sup> arrondissement between 1893 and 1902 lists no one named Hankey, nor a Vernon or a Beckett, evidence that Annie Hankey must have moved after 1895.

December 8, 1882.

Mr. Frederick Hankey, English subject, a former officer in the service of the Queen of England, a native of Corfu (Greece) residing in Paris, rue Laffitte 2, died at said residence June 8, 1882 and established as his sole heir Mlle Angelina Sophie Beckett Vernon, a non-relative, also living at rue Laffitte 2 under the terms of a holographic will dated October 13, 1869, a translation of which was recorded at the 2e Bureau des huissiers, Paris.

The estate of the said Hankey consists only of the furniture, valued in the filed statement at five thousand one hundred and fifty five 5,155 francs.

Approved by Miss Vernon Beckett who signed the statement.

Foreigner Angelina Beckett

Droits

A 9% sur 5160 ..... 464,40

(a) 2 Xer [sic] ½ ..... 115,10

*Received five hundred eighty four, 50 cents.*<sup>25</sup>

(We notice immediately that the books and works of art and antiques are not included in the estate...)

In another indication, this letter from the *Conservation du Père Lachaise*:

I inform you that the lease under which Monsieur Hankey Frédéric [sic] was buried is in perpetuity. It was acquired by Mme Vernon Beckett Angelina Sophie [sic]. Only Monsieur Hankey Frédéric [sic], has been buried in this plot; no further burial rights exist.<sup>26</sup>

Angelina Vernon Beckett was therefore not buried in Père-Père-Lachaise, but then where? It's impossible to know because

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<sup>25</sup> Archives de Paris, Registre des mutations pour Décès, DQ7 12.434, f° 69.

<sup>26</sup> Letter from the Custodian of the Père-Lachaise cemetery to Jacques Duprilot, 17 May 2001.

we don't know the date of her death. We are not even certain whether she died in Paris, or even in France. And we are no wiser as to her date and place of birth; the only clue we have is the slenderest: her letter to Milnes (see below) indicating that from childhood she had known Colonel Studholme Hodgson who, as will be seen, shared the tastes of Hankey and Milnes...

It would, however, be interesting to know what took place on Hankey's death, and whether Annie Hankey was not, as seems likely, bypassed by the family of the deceased, which would have immediately reduced all his personal papers to ashes.

It would also seem, according to Annie's only letter to Milnes that we know of (and it will be reproduced later), that some activities of her companion were problematic. Was it related to marital fidelity, or to some obsessions, attractions or impulses that she could not understand? Hankey's way of life certainly exceeded Annie's understanding, and this feeling of strangeness and incomprehension created by her surroundings (the books and objects in the apartment), and all that she would have been able to guess or learn (flagellation practices), and finally his daily routine of probably deviant behavior, must have reached an unbearable level. Everything in Hankey's life was out of the ordinary. His fetishistic erotomania seems to have been a constant feature however normal and obvious it seemed to himself. It is also doubtful that Annie knew all about Fred's activities beyond the threshold of rue Laffitte. In addition, his exclusive taste for obscenity was not, frankly, in tune with the times, and this sort of collecting was then a scandalous pursuit. Who knows if, in an amazing text that will be found in the annexes, Eugène Paillet might not have betrayed Hankey's secret? While acknowledging that it was an extraordinary bibliophile, we are led to understand that in other respects Hankey was not a very pleasant individual, not for his taste in erotica but from his unspeakable behavior. This also explains the animosity shown by Lorédan Larchey for his friend, notably for his "*Bound in virgins' hide*". (An article, by the way, exemplary in its pointlessness with regard to Hankey's

collection, with no title cited, a complete vilification and act of revenge, and three quarters of the text unrelated to the matter!) Unfortunately, we may never know what Annie Hankey knew, nor the exact nature of her relationship with Hankey. One fact is reassuring (so to speak): they lived together for a long time and she did not leave him. Apparently he was not sadistic with her, and both of them presented to the World the façade of a bourgeois couple. Should we conclude that Hankey was more-or-less impotent, and that like Rousseau, La Popelinière, Helvétius and so many others he needed to be whipped to reach ecstasy? We don't know.

In the meantime, here are two very curious letters of Annie Hankey to Larchey:<sup>27</sup>

2 January / 83

Thank you my dear friend for your kind remembrance. Yes: you are right. I was very ill the last year almost beyond bearing and my health, which was not good to begin with, has worsened. I sometimes go to Neuilly to see a girl *en pension* but I always get back before 5 pm. I hope to be more joyful when next you come to see me. In the meantime, with all friendly greetings.

Annie Hankey.

[n.d.]

It was good of you to send me the catalogue of books on birds, plants, &c. that have so delighted my friends. Would you therefore give me the pleasure of accepting the small works I have here? That way you will be obliged to pay me a visit[.] I have all manner of domestic upheavals[.] my only servant is sick[.] I have the little girl for the Easter holiday, and I am forced to forage like a bachelor, me who hates everything that isn't my home. I'm really to be pitied.

At 5 pm you will always find me always, but if this time is not convenient let me know, and I will be here at whatever time you name. Your rheumatism has gone I hope[.] don't blame me too

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<sup>27</sup> Larchey Collection, Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal.

much for the trouble that I'm causing for you. A thousand affectionate compliments.

Annie Hankey.

It is not clear what to think of this young lodger about whom Annie Hankey seems to brood so particularly. An illegitimate child? And who is the father? Still, this child was very important in her eyes, and she looked after her now that was left alone and a "widow". This then is the life of Angelina Vernon Beckett, which remains for us an absolute enigma.

Jacques Duprilot et Jean-Paul Goujon

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Patrick J. Kearney

## Appendix I

Ian Jackson's review reprinted from

### The Book Collector

(Autumn 2013, pp. 531-534)

CE N'EST PAS MON GENRE DE LIVRES LESTES.... Lettres inédites [de Frederick Hankey] à Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton (1857-1865). Edition établie, présentée et annotée par Jacques Duprilot et Jean-Paul Goujon. Se trouve chez Miss Jenkins et dans toutes les mauvaises maisons de Londres, 2012. 50 copies privately printed.

'Un incomparable Enfer, gardé par Satan en personne!'<sup>28</sup> Such is one of several pungent descriptions of the finest erotic library of the nineteenth century and its owner, Frederick Hankey (1821-1882), that Jacques Duprilot and Jean-Paul Goujon offer in *Ce n'est pas mon genre de livres lestes...* Only 22 of Hankey's letters survive from what was obviously a larger corpus but they are a unique witness, apparently the only surviving documentation of supply and demand in the clandestine erotic book trade of that (or any?) period. The texts are presented in English original and French translation, with massive annotation. The 80-page introduction and the substantial appendices of unpublished documents convert this edition of a handful of letters into a 278-page case study without parallel, offering a panorama of the sexual underworld of two metropolises with a cast of characters that ranges from the scatological bibliographer Octave Delepierre, Rétif's bibliographer Paul Lacroix, the collectors Prince Galitzin, Eugène Paillet and Alfred Bégis, and the dealers Techener and Potier, to Guglielmo Libri, who 'ne nourrissait visiblement aucune espèce de préjugé con-

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<sup>28</sup> 'A Hell beyond compare, guarded by Satan himself'

tre les livres licencieux',<sup>29</sup> and the Duc d'Aumale, from whom Hankey attempted in vain to buy the erotica section of the library of Armand Cigongne (1790–1859), a notorious homosexual, acquired by the Duke *en bloc*. The remarkable exchange of correspondence between the various interested or opinionated parties – Hankey and Aumale, his preceptor Cuvillier-Fleury and his Parisian steward Edouard Bocher – is here published for the first time. After much discussion, eleven volumes from the collection were burned on Aumale's orders, but others escaped the *auto-da-fé* and have trickled on to the market over the years.

Hankey was rich and well-connected, with powerful protectors, shipping erotica to Milnes in London by means of the Ambassador's Bag or Queen's Messenger. (Books small enough to fit in a coat pocket could be almost openly imported.) Like André Gide, Hankey enjoyed a virtual diplomatic immunity from prosecution. He was even allowed to deposit his entire library at the British Embassy in the early 1860s to protect it from possible seizure by the minions of Napoleon which was the fate of the erotica of his friend Bégis. Enemies (the Goncourt brothers and Henry Spencer Ashbee, both rival collectors) and friends (Monckton Milnes, Swinburne and Sir Richard Burton, all fellow adepts of *le vice anglais*) alike agreed that Hankey was the Compleat Obsessive, right down to his street address, a fashionable corner house that he fancied was the nervous centre of the city – or, as he put it, 'le clitoris de Paris'. Hankey distinguished himself from other collectors not only by the astounding quality of his books, but by the brazenness of his single-minded pursuit of the obscene, although the editors suspect from the monotony of contemporary descriptions of the same few show-pieces that he had a second *Enfer*, a *musée secret* shown only to intimates. Even his great rival Ashbee had a safely conventional second string in editions of *Don Quixote*. And Monckton Milnes had collected a large gentleman's library, albeit with nooks and cran-

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<sup>29</sup> 'had no apparent distaste for licentious books'.

nies full of singularities, curiosities and heterodoxies, above in Blake and Sade. Indeed, Hankey and Swinburne (who knew Milnes well and spent days on end exploring his library) may be considered among the ‘inventors’ of Sade – the devotees who transformed an embarrassing monomaniac of slender literary talents and obnoxious social habits into the Divine Marquis. Ashbee considered Hankey to be ‘a second de Sade *without the intellect*’. Our editors attribute the nervous silence on the subject of Hankey to his sadism: ‘Un homme glorifiait Sade à tout bout de champ était absolument infréquentable, et qu’on ne pouvait à aucun prix se vanter de connu, ni encore moins fréquenté’.<sup>30</sup> There is, incidentally, no known portrait of the man.

Charles Cousin also noted the singularity. ‘Certains bibliomanes, dont l’Anglais Hankey était le prototype (rougis, ô pudique Albion!), n’ont pas de bibliothèque: ils n’ont qu’un Enfer’,<sup>31</sup> he wrote in *Racontars illustrés d’un vieux collectionneur* (1887). Duprilot and Goujon wonder whether Hankey had ‘mis au service de sa lubricité personnelle son exceptionnel fétichisme bibliophilique, ou bien si au contraire cette bibliomanie (considérée ici comme un des beaux-arts) tenait la première place dans sa vie. Sans doute les deux à la fois...’,<sup>32</sup> suspecting that ‘sa collection n’ait été qu’un énorme aphrodisiaque dans une quête de sensations encore et toujours renouvelées, mais pour quel type de rencontres?’<sup>33</sup> Although

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<sup>30</sup> ‘A man who sang the praises of Sade at the drop of a hat could never be considered hail-fellow-well-met. It was simply impossible for anyone to boast of his acquaintance, still less to admit to enjoying his company.’

<sup>31</sup> ‘Certain bibliophiles, of whom Hankey the Englishman was the model (blush, O prudish Albion!) have no library. They have only a Hell.’

<sup>32</sup> ‘had harnessed his extraordinary bibliophilic fetishism to his own lubricious tastes, or whether this bibliomania (considered as one of the fine arts) was first and foremost in his life. Doubtless both at once...’

<sup>33</sup> ‘his collection had been nothing but an enormous aphrodisiac in his search for endlessly renewed sensations – but for what sort of sexual encounters?’



'l'ampleur de ses perversions n'a jamais pu être établie',<sup>34</sup> they give abundant evidence of their likely range, concluding that the age of the internet he would probably be serving a long term in prison.

For most readers of *THE BOOK COLLECTOR*, a binding in human skin is perhaps at best a disagreeable curiosity, with no further nuances, but a taste for flagellation presumably gave Hankey and his fellow connoisseurs a sense of *terroir* in these matters that would have enchanted Krafft-Ebing. Even Sir Richard Burton found Hankey's perverse tastes in leather preposterous, to judge from an amusing *boutade* preserved in Milnes's *Commonplace Book*, and here first printed. As Hannah Glasse might have advised, first skin your schoolgirl – but there is much more to cookery and bookbinding than the provision of raw ingredients. According to Beraldi, Hankey was 'Érotolâtre Trautzomane ou érotomane Trautzolâtre',<sup>35</sup> a pioneer in erotic bookbinding at the highest level, who even convinced Trautz to place his name on commissions bedizened with gilded genitalia from tools of Hankey's own design. Beraldi's phrase for such a binding, with its 'cynical flowers and concupiscent butterflies', was 'reliure aux fleurs du mal',<sup>36</sup> which almost seems unfair to Baudelaire. Nonetheless, was the most astute, sympathetic and witty commentator on Hankey before our present editors. His own quest for perfection, which involved the patient distillation of several very fine copies into one superb book, had much in common with Hankey's. How could Beraldi not honour him as 'l'érotomane correct'?<sup>37</sup> Wallace Stevens copied into his commonplace book a phrase describing Beraldi's methods from the preface to the first volume of his sale catalogue (1934): 'Lorsqu'il eut achevé sa tâche, H.B. n'avait-il laissé subsister de son trésor de livres que la quintessence: Le plus beau, le plus rare, le plus pur'.<sup>38</sup>

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<sup>34</sup> 'the extent of his perversions has never been ascertained'.

<sup>35</sup> 'Sex-worshipping Trautz-maniac or Trautz-worshipping sex-maniac'.

<sup>36</sup> 'binding in the style of *The Flowers of Evil*'.

<sup>37</sup> 'the absolute erotomane'.

<sup>38</sup> 'Once he had completed his manipulations, H. B. (so to speak) allowed

Stevens added the Mallarméan gloss that this was ‘a theory of poetry ... The subject forms no part. The scholar is not involved. There is only the book, beau, rare et pur’ – see *Sur Plusieurs Beaux Sujets: Wallace Stevens’ commonplace book*, edited by Milton J. Bates (1989), p. 37.

‘Sa bibliomanie est unique en son genre, car il fut toute sa vie hanté par le livre érotique parfait’,<sup>39</sup> the editors observe of Hankey. With a speciality in which luxury reprints, private extra-illustration or beautiful calligraphic copies could be had or made, a bibliophile could suit his personal tastes as exactly as at a *maison close* or in the *coulisses de l’Opéra*, seeking not so much authority and authenticity as sheer desirability. Thus it was that in 1875 Hankey refused the offer of the still unpublished manuscript of Sade’s *Cent vingt journées de Sodome*, an extraordinary survival written in the Bastille in 1785 in microscopic letters on both sides of a long roll of paper. As the artist Jules Adolphe Chauvet explained to Ashbee (in a letter – yet again – here first printed), the collector complained: ‘Que voulez-vous que je fasse d’un manuscrit de douze mètres de long et absolument illisible. Faites-m’en faire une copie sur papier en feuilles et je l’achèterai de suite...’<sup>40</sup> (The manuscript has since found more appreciative owners, most recently Gérard Nordmann, to whose memory this book is dedicated.) Hankey was similarly reluctant to add Richard Payne Knight’s *An Account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus* (1786) and Vivant Denon’s *Eaux fortes* to his collection, finding them both ‘more singular than exciting’. He explained to Milnes that a *Sammelband* of seventeenth-century *facetiae* did not attract him either: ‘It is not *my sort* of loose Book’. (This remark has given the editors their title, just as a

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only the quintessence of his books to survive: the most beautiful, the most rare, the most pure’.

<sup>39</sup> ‘His bibliomania was unique of its kind, for he was under the spell of the perfect erotic book for his entire life’.

<sup>40</sup> ‘What do you expect me to do with a manuscript twelve meters long and totally unreadable? Find someone to make me a copy on single sheets of paper and I’ll buy it immediately’.

notorious establishment for flogging has provided a fanciful imprint.) As these revealing comments show, this is a volume that may be read with profit even by the hopelessly unerotic. The psychology of his customers must always be the dealer's first study.

One small error: as the home address on page 217 makes clear, the courier who regularly smuggled erotica from Hankey in Paris to Milnes in London ('a very good hand at passing quarto volumes *in the bend of his back*') was not Sir Augustus Henry Glossop Harris (1852–1896), then a mere schoolboy, but his father Augustus Frederick Glossop Harris (1826–1873). And is not the unidentified 'Mrs. Austin' of whom Hankey spoke profanely (p. 23) Sarah Austin, mother of Lady Duff Gordon and unhappy wife of that driest of sticks, the jurist John Austin? 'Walker's "Essay on Woman" ' is no doubt a slip for Wilkes's anonymous book, but the editors miss Hankey's train of thought. In 1839, Alexander Walker published the volume *Woman, physiologically considered as to mind, morals, marriage, matrimonial slavery, infidelity and divorce*.

Ian Jackson

Reprinted by kind permission of *The Book Collector*. In its original appearance, almost every quotation was left in the original French. For this republication, the author has added English translations of these passages (footnotes 28-40).

## Appendix II

Letter from Annie Hankey to Richard Monckton-Milnes [later than  
June 1882] pressmark : Houghton 38/42

[This letter and the accompanying notes taken from *Ce n'est  
pas mon genre de livres lestes...* pp. 241 & 191 respectively.]

2 rue Laffitte

My dear Houghton<sup>41</sup>

You who knew the devoted affection I had for Fred and that only wished to live to be of some little use to him, I never passed my time like his sister in praying God to shower his bountiful blessings on him, but thought constantly in what manner I could make the necessary losses to get him what he wanted – different natures have different ways of showing their affection! and this during 33 years[.] You can imagine all I suffer more except my dear old friend Hodgson who has known me from a child almost<sup>42</sup> –

There are moments I wish I had gone first not to suffer so much [.] I can neither eat nor sleep and if this continues much longer I shall be dropped into the hole prepared before the monument is finished.

And in all this people come and talk to me of money [.] I want but little now as I wrote to Thomson<sup>43</sup> that whatever he chose and decide I would find right and that they would never hear recriminations from me.

He sent me a Bankers [?] too late for the funeral and which he ought to have done in time. I had however old friends who came immediately and we buried him not according to his religious principles but

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<sup>41</sup>An amazing expression from Annie Hankey's pen, suggesting an odd familiarity. Were closer, even friendlier, ties created in Hankey's later years between his girlfriend and Milnes? Or, more simply, could it be a simple imitation of the formula used by Hankey in his last known letter to Milnes?

<sup>42</sup> General Studholme John Hodgson, died in 1890...: this would imply that Annie Hankey was English, or raised in England.

<sup>43</sup> Thomson Hankey (1805-1893), Frederick Hankey's first cousin.

with every respect due to the family, friends and to his memory.  
My tears dear Houghton are blinding me and I can write no more –  
do come when you pass through Paris to see me and give my love to  
the Burtons.<sup>44</sup>  
Your ever affect[tiona]te friend

Annie Hankey

P.S. I wrote to Labitte<sup>45</sup> and hope he has done what you wished.

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<sup>44</sup> Sir Richard Burton married Isabel Arundell on 22 January 1861.

<sup>45</sup> Adolphe Labitte, an important Paris bookseller (1 January 1832–19 June 1882), who applied his expertise exclusively to cataloguing auction sales. Pawlowsky paid homage to him in the *Journal de la Librairie* for 18 July 1882. In the Milnes papers held at Trinity College, Cambridge (pressmark Houghton 232-345), can be found a visiting card, datable to 1882, with a handwritten message to Lord Houghton (Milnes) the text of which which we reproduce here:

Tuesday 3 January [1882]

[Adolphe Labitte | Libraire de la Bibliothèque Nationale | Paris, 4 rue de Lille] presents his sincere regrets at being unable to receive Lord Houghton owing to a family commitment, but hopes to see his Lordship in March and give him a copy of the printed catalogue. The sale is in April

Evidently this is the sale of books from the library of Lord H\*\*\*\* [Catalogue de livres anciens et de manuscrits sur vélin provenant en partie de la Bibliothèque de Lord H\*\*\*\*] which took place at Drouot on the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> April 1882, the catalogue of which was compiled and published by Labitte. The postscript of Annie Hankey's letter, written after the sale, probably relates to books, but are they books of Hankey's which Milnes wished to buy privately at Labitte's valuations, or something else not now known to us?