also a diversity of opinion as to how such a union would work, I think I can do no better than ask you, without any comment of my own, to print the following letters—one from M. Fouret, senior partner of Messrs. Hachette, of Paris, and the other from Mr. Brockhaus, of Leipzig—both showing the salutary working of their respective unions. I have translated them for the convenience of your readers.

W. Heinemann.

Paris, Dec. 8, 1892.

Dear Mr. Heinemann,—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 6th inst.

I had already read with much interest your letter to the *Athenæum*, and had not waited for you to draw my attention to it before showing it to my cousin Templier, now president of our Cercle de la Librairie. He has ordered that it shall be translated, and will doubtless have it published—if not in its entirety, at least in part—in *La Bibliographie de la France*, the organ of our society.

The conditions under which we work differ so widely from yours that it is very difficult for me to pass an opinion on the "hardships" which you now suffer. You know, probably, as well as I, that up to the present moment the cost of composition, printing, stitching, and binding has remained stationary; that the price of paper has, on the other hand, fallen to an astonishingly low figure during the last ten years; that the processes of engraving permit the publication of illustrated books at exceedingly cheap rates. I shall, however, astonish you when I say that all these facilities, which ought to have enriched the publisher, have to a great extent brought about the crisis through which we are passing, by encouraging an over-production which has glutted the market.

We can only meet you on common ground with regard to the sad condition of retail booksellers. I see and know that they are scarcely more fortunate with you than in France, and that in order to live they are forced to annex other businesses, which absorb and prevent them from applying themselves seriously to their books in order to have them well assorted, which is the first condition of ensuring an easy sale.

The mass of new publications, more or less literary, which floods the French market, ruins the sale of standard works. In 1891 we had on sale on our railway bookstalls more than 1,500 new publications. How is it possible with such a number of new works for a bookseller worthy of the name to keep abreast of current literature, and have besides a good assortment of the classics? He would require the bookshelves of the British Museum! One of the fatal consequences of this state of things is that now the actual sale of high-class books is extraordinarily short-lived, and standard works are daily becoming rarer.

I will not here touch upon the question of underselling. We are trying at the present moment to struggle against this baneful custom in the bookselling trade, for it ruins the retailer without bringing much profit to either the publisher or the public. The results obtained hitherto, although far removed from what they should be, are much more promising than in the first instance we had dared to hope; but a great deal still remains to be done, and the future alone will decide whether there is any solution of this fundamental question.

In all difficulties against which we have to contend, at all times when we are called upon to defend our common interests, to discuss amongst ourselves or with our legal advisers questions concerning literary property, international exhibitions, taxes, home and export trade, we call a meeting at our Cercle de la Librairie. There we walk hand in hand, finding in united action a strength which the most influential house could not acquire alone.

I cannot too strongly urge upon all English publishers to imitate our example, to found a society like our own, the aim of which should be to solve not only the difficulties referred to in your letter, but those hidden in the future. I am convinced that, once having made the experiment, they would recognize all the advantages which must inevitably result from such a union. Yours sincerely,

R. Fouret.

Leipzig, Dec. 10, 1892.

Dear Mr. Heinemann,—Your letter in the *Athenæum* has been of quite extraordinary interest to me, and although I am fairly well aequainted with English publishing and bookselling, still I do not consider myself sufficiently competent to form an independent judgment. Your exposition of the condition of affairs seems unbiassed, and I entirely agree with you that it is high time that, in the very home of trades unions, some combination among publishers and booksellers should be formed such as has existed in Germany for many years past. I am not able to go deeply into the question, but I send you herewith the statutes and regulations of the central society with its numerous branches all over Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. In explanation of the whole, I may mention that the Börsenverein counts among its members almost every respectable firm in the whole area; but in close connexion with it there are a large number of sub-societies, limiting their operations to certain given territories as well as to certain branches of the business. There are societies of publishers, of booksellers, of second-hand booksellers, of commission houses, of music publishers, &c., all of them more or less closely affiliated and under the statutory regulations of the Börsenverein. The Börsenverein has extended, or rather limited, its operations to the performance of three tasks, in each of which it has not only been successful, but a complete blessing. I will enumerate them.

1. Discount abuses, with which you deal so fully, had assumed in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland such dimensions, that a few years ago it became an absolute necessity to combat the evil collectively. The regulations of the Börsenverein, as well as the special rules of the different sub-societies, are formed to fight the evil of underselling, and the success of this fight has been such that I think we can say, at the present moment, that such a thing as underselling and giving exceptional discounts is almost entirely stamped out; and this without employing any unpopular means, such, for instance, as boycotting or lawsuits. The Börsenverein has succeeded in inducing the givers of discounts (the publishers) to agree to a rate not to be exceeded; it has made it impossible for the bookseller to offer publicly discounts in excess of those laid down by the Börsenverein—discounts which may not be advertised, but are simply to be deducted when customers pay cash.

2. The Börsenverein has succeeded in codifying all trade usages, and has formed a sort of court of arbitration to altogether relieve its members from ever going to law for differences among themselves.

3. With regard to the authors, the Börsenverein has made great efforts to come to some understanding with the different Schriftsteller-Vereine (Authors' Unions), and, although they have been in consultation for some time, so far no definite arrangement has been made, except that, pending some such understanding, the Börsenverein has drawn up a number of regulations which are, in the mean time, generally observed. (These regulations are embodied in a pamphlet entitled 'Verlagsordnung für den Deutschen Buchhandel,' which contains the definitions of literary property, its value, position of author towards publisher and *vice versâ*, mutual liabilities, duties, and general rules to be observed.)

I am sure I wish you every success in your effort for the interest of the community at large, and if I can do anything to help the movement, I shall be glad to do so. F. A. Brockhaus.

MARIA HACK.

In the notice of this author given in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' the writer states that she was "born of Quaker parentage at Chichester about 1778."

Mrs. Hack was the eldest daughter of John and Maria (Done) Barton, of Carlisle, and was born there on November 16th, 1777. (There is a double entry, and October 15th is also given in the register. Her own and her mother's names are given as Mary, which is incorrect.) Her brother, Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet and friend of Charles Lamb, was some five years her junior, and she was his first teacher.

Their grandfather, Bernard Barton, of Ive Gill, near Carlisle, was a man of some mechanical genius, and invented a machine used in calico printing, which gained him a medal from the Royal Society. Their father, John Barton, had literary tastes, and says, "I perused a Locke, Addison, or Pope with delight, and sat down to my ledger with a sort of disgust." A lively description of his portrait, painted in 1774, is given in a letter from Bernard Barton to the Rev. C. B. Tayler. ('Selections from the Poems and Letters,' London, 1849, p. 1, published by Mrs. Fitzgerald.) He is represented with Locke open upon his knee, a German flute upon the table, and a score from Handel leaning against Akenside's 'Pleasures of the Imagination.' (This was before he became a Quaker.) Behind him are shelves filled with books of a mathematical or philosophical nature.

jects taught within the university, either by admitting them to the ordinary classes, or by instituting separate classes for their instruction." It was thus left to each University Court and Senate to determine whether women were to be admitted to instruction at all, whether they were to be taught in mixed classes or by themselves, and in what faculties they were to receive instruction.

The universities did not come to uniform resolutions. The Glasgow University resolved on separate education. It had become possessed of a college which was set apart for women alone, and it determined to confine the university instruction of women to this college. The universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen threw open their Arts classes. St. Andrews, less trammelled by difficulties, offered admission to all its classes, those of Theology and Medicine as well as those of Arts; but the advantage is not so great as it may seem, because there are only a few medical classes as yet in operation.

In looking forward to the education of women within the universities the question which bulked most prominently in the minds of those who took an active part in the movement was: "Would the women become merely amateur students or would they enter on the courses requisite for graduation?"

In the Scottish universities any one may become a student. He does not require to pass any examination. But his classes in this case do not qualify for graduation. If he wishes to graduate, he must pass a preliminary examination in (1) English, (2) Latin or Greek, (3) mathematics, (4) one of the following: Latin or Greek (if not already taken), French, German, Italian, dynamics. A doubt existed whether the women would pass such an examination. The facts of the case are these.

In Aberdeen University there are eleven

'UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.'

SUCH is the attractive heading of an article in the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, containing a little collection of letters, several of which are worth printing. All are more or less interesting, but much of the interest is lost or obscured by imperfect editing. Ten of the total of fifteen were addressed to the family of Randal Norris, of whom Lamb said, "He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember."* The date of his death is given here as 1826, instead of 1827. Again, the Lambs are said to have visited Paris in 1825, instead of in 1822—an error which works much confusion in the attempted placing of undated letters. One of Charles's, conjecturally dated "1825," clearly belongs to 1822, and it seems to be inaccurately transcribed. The verses it contains are evidently not Lamb's own, but something of Frere's or Byron's quoted from memory. I am away from books and unable to refer. A charming letter of Mary Lamb to Miss Norris, written from "Hastings, June 18," is put down as "posterior to 1823," whereas, all but certainly, it belongs to that year. "We eat turbot," writes Miss Lamb,

"and drink smuggled Hollands; and we walk up hill and down hill all day long. In the little intervals of rest that we allow ourselves I teach Miss James French; she picked up a few words during her foreign tour with us.....Yesterday evening we found out by chance the most beautiful view I ever saw. It is called 'The Lovers' Seat.'"

In a published letter to Barton of July 10th, 1823, Lamb says he has just returned from Hastings; and in one written to Hood later in the same year he mentions the Lovers' Seat.* These allusions show pretty clearly that Mary's letter could have been written only in 1823. It gives an interesting account of an unintended exploration of the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, which occupied nine days of their progress by coach to Hastings. They saw all the lions — Knole and Penshurst, Frant and the Rocks; and Charles succeeded in losing his way one day by the aid of Miss Norris's guide-book map. Mary was "much pleased with Knole, and still more with Penshurst"; and we can imagine that Charles shared his sister's enjoyment in the same proportion, and that he remembered his visit to Penshurst when, within a few days of his death, he read Phillips's account of Sydney. I do not think that hitherto it has been known that, after the Paris experience, Miss Lamb was accustomed when she left home to take a nurse with her. Miss James, as appears by another letter, was the same nurse who attended her in the later years of her life, and probably from time to time in the intervening period.

In 1833 Lamb writes to Mrs. Norris with a gift of some of his books, but it is unnecessary to suppose, with the editor of these letters, that the Norris family had then expressed, "*perhaps for the first time in all these years*, a desire to see some of his literary productions." Nothing could well be more improbable. A postscript is interesting as showing that Lamb possessed a copy of the American edition of his and his sister's 'Poetry for Children':—

"The first volume printed here ['Poetry for Children'] (*sic* in *Cornhill*) is not to be had for love or money, not even an American edition of it, and the second volume, American also, to suit with it. It is much the same as the London one."

This is not very clear, but I suppose it must refer to the 'Poetry for Children,' seeing that no other of the Lambs' books disappeared. Mrs. Tween (Jane Norris) certainly possessed a copy of the London edition, the gift, she believed, of Mary Lamb in her (Mrs. Tween's) childhood, and had no copy of the American reprint (which was in one volume). In 1827 Lamb told Barton he had neglected to keep a copy, and that "it was not to be had for love or money," saying nothing of any reprint.

The editor of these letters assumes, silently, that "Mr. Norris of the Bluecoat School" and "Mr. Norris, sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple," were one and the same. Hitherto Lamb's editors and biographers have doubted this identity, especially as Mrs. Tween was unaware of her father having ever been connected with Christ's Hospital. My own impression is that the two were one, and the impression is founded on the following sentences, which occur near the beginning of the essay 'Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago':—

"His ["L.'s"] friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. *The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened.*"

This would seem to imply that Mr. Norris had held some office at Christ's, which, later, he exchanged for one at the Temple. He was still at Christ's in 1796, but Mrs. Tween could not have been born much, if at all, before 1815.

None of the Lambs' biographers gives the date of Miss Lamb's removal from Edmonton to the house in Regent's Park in which she died in 1847. *If* one may depend on the heading—"[41, Alpha Road, Regent's Park] Christmas Day [1841]"—of one of Miss Lamb's letters now first printed, the missing date is supplied. "I long," she writes,

"to shew you what a nice snug place I have got into, in the midst of a pleasant little garden. I have a room for myself and my old books on the ground-floor, and a little bedroom up two pairs of stairs.....An omnibus from the Bell and Crown in Holborn would [bring] you to our door in [a] quarter of an hour*.....I am in the midst of many old friends—Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, Barron Field, and his brother Frank, and their wives, &c., all within a short walk."

Nor was the proximity of friends the only advantage which accrued to the poor old lady by her change of residence. It is the single one put forward hitherto, but there was another at least equally important. It pains as well as pleases one to read a letter (undated) which has lately come into my possession, written by Mr. Procter ("Barry Cornwall") to Mrs. Talfourd. It can refer only to Miss Lamb:—

"Pray read and give the enclosed letter to your husband, and I pray you also to use your good influence in the matter.....The Serjeant is overworked.....but a *few* minutes will be sufficient to *determine*, and all the rest may be managed by others. I cannot tell you how sorry I was to see this poor old soul, with her excellent heart and fine intellect, shut up in a little, low, ill-ventilated room, amongst.....I am *sure* she may have ten times the comfort for the same expense elsewhere. 3*l.* a week .....ought to produce great comforts. Besides, she would see her friends now and then, which would be a great boon to her, I am sure."

It is but fair to the memory of Miss Lamb's friends to assume that they were not entirely to blame for her seven years' endurance of discomfort and worse. At first, at all events, after her brother's death she seems to have resisted kindly endeavours to remove her from Edmonton and its painful associations, but we gather from this letter that the endeavours had for a long period been relaxed. The letter is dated "June 22," and we now learn that some time—let us hope, some months—before Christmas, the removal was effected. In July, 1843, Miss Lamb (who was then seventy-eight) was deeply affected by reading in the newspapers an announcement of the death of her oldest friend, Mrs. Norris. Although unable herself to write to the bereaved daughters, she proposed to visit them, and Miss James (then, as twenty years before, her attendant) wrote for her—adding, however, a postscript on her own account: "Pray, don't invite her to come down and see you."

A new letter to Barron Field, then at Sydney, is printed here. Its date is August 20th, 1820. "We received," writes Lamb,

"your Australian First Fruits, of which I shall say nothing here, but refer you to **** of the *Examiner*, who speaks our mind on all public subjects."

It seems to have escaped the notice of the editor of these letters that Lamb, about this time, was accustomed to sign his contributions to the *Examiner* with the four stars, for he suggests that they mean "Hunt." Lamb's review of Field's slim, privately printed volume of verses appeared in the *Examiner* for January 16th, 1820, and has been reprinted. He goes on to tell Field that not only himself, but Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lloyd "were hugely taken with your 'Kangaroo.'" In the review Lamb quoted the whole of the poem, remarking that it "relished of the graceful hyperbole of our elder writers. We can conceive it to have been written by Andrew Marvell, supposing him to have been banished to Botany Bay." A few couplets from a poem so appreciated may be welcome:—

She had made the squirrel fragile;
She had made the bounding hart;
But a third so strong and agile
Was beyond e'en Nature's art.
So she join'd the former two
In thee, Kangaroo!
* * * *
Thy fore-half, it would appear,
Had belong'd to "some small deer,"
Such as liveth in a tree;
By thy hinder, thou should'st be
A large animal of chase,
Bounding o'er the forest's space—
Join'd by some divine mistake
None but Nature's hand can make—
Nature, in her wisdom's play,
On Creation's holiday!

* The letter in which this occurs was addressed to H. Crabb Robinson, January 20th, 1827. It is not generally known that (having altered names, &c.) Lamb contributed it to 'Hone's Table-Book' for the same year under the title of 'A Death-bed' (i. 425).

* This is the delightful letter about the New River, where Hope sits every day speculating on traditionary gudgeons, &c., a passage which Hood used as a motto to his 'Walton Redivivus.'

* So printed, but as the distance is quite three miles Miss Lamb must have written, or intended to write, "three-quarters of an hour."

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who evidently considered the "supplementary scene" (closing the fourth act, pp. 57–8), as Lamb called it, a poor substitute.

Scene changes to Woodvil Hall.

John reading a letter by scraps—A Servant attending.

"An event beyond the possible reach of foresight. 'Tis thought the deep disgrace of supposed treachery in you o'ercame him. His heart brake. You will acquit yourself of worse crimes than indiscretion. My remorse must end with life.

"Your quondam companion and penitent for the wrong he has done ye, GRAY.

"*Postscript.* The old man being unhappily removed, the young man's advancement henceforth will find no impediment."

John. Impediment indeed there now is none:
For all has happened that my soul presag'd.
What hinders, but I enter in forthwith
And take possession of my crowned state?
For thy advancement, Woodvil, is no less;
To be a King, a King.
I hear the shoutings of the under-world,
I hear the unlawful accents of their mirth,
The fiends do shout and clap their hands for joy,
That Woodvil is proclaim'd the Prince of Hell.
They place a burning crown upon my head,
I hear it hissing now, [*Puts his hand to his forehead.*
And feel the snakes about my mortal brain.
[*Sinks in a swoon, is caught in the arms of the servant.*

Scene, a Courtyard before Woodvil Hall.

Sandford. Margaret (as just arrived from a journey).

Marg. Can I see him to-night?

Sandford. I think ye had better stay till the morning: he will be more calm.

Marg. You say he gets no sleep?

Sandford. He hath not slept since Sir Walter died. I have sat up with him these two nights. Francis takes my place to-night—— O! Mistress Margaret, are not the witch's words come true—"All that we feared and worse"? Go in and change your garments, you have travelled hard and want rest.

Marg. I will go to bed. You will promise I shall see him in the morning.

Sandford. You will sleep in your old chamber?

Marg. The Tapestry room: yes. Pray get me a light. A good night to us all.

Sandford. Amen, say I. [*They go in.*

Scene. The Servants' Hall.

Daniel, Peter, and Robert.

Daniel. Are we all of one mind, fellows? He that lov'd his old master, speak. Shall we quit his son's service for a better? Is it aye, or no?

Peter. For my part, I am afraid to go to bed to-night.

Robert. For certain, young Master's indiscretion was that which broke his heart.

Peter. Who sits up with him to-night?

Robert. Francis.

Peter. Lord! what a conscience he must have, that he cannot sleep alone.

Robert. They say he is troubled with the Night-mare.

Daniel. Here he comes, let us go away as fast as we can. [*They run out.*

Enter John Woodvil and Francis.

John. I lay me down to get a little sleep,
And just when I began to close my eyes,
My eyes heavy to sleep, it comes.

Francis. What comes?

John. I can remember when a child the maids*
Would place me on their lap, as they undrest me,
As silly women use, and tell me stories
Of Witches—Make me read 'Glanvil on Witchcraft,'
And in conclusion show me in the Bible,
The old Family Bible with the pictures in it,
The 'graving of the Witch raising up Samuel,
Which so possest my fancy, being a child,
That nightly in my dreams an old Hag came
And sat upon my pillow.
I am relapsing into infancy,—
And shortly I shall dote—for would you think it?
The Hag is come again. Spite of my manhood,
The Witch is strong upon me every night.
[*Walks to and fro, then as if recollecting something.*
What said'st thou, Francis, as I stood in the passage?
Something of a Father:
The word is ringing in my ears now—

Francis. I remember, one of the servants, Sir, would pass a few days with his father at Leicester. The poor old man lies on his death-bed, and has exprest a desire to see his son before he dies. But none cared to break the matter to you.

John. Send the man here. [*Francis goes out.*
My very servants shun my company.
I held my purse to a beggar yesterday
Who lay and bask'd his sores in the hot sun,
And the gaunt pauper did refuse my alms.

Francis returns with Robert.

John. Come hither, Robert. What is the poor man ailing?

Robert. Please your honour, I fear he has partly perish'd for want of physic. His means are small, and he kept his illness a secret to me not to put me to expenses.

John. Good son, he weeps for his father.
Go take the swiftest horse in my stables,
Take Lightfoot or Eclipse—no, Eclipse is lame,
Take Lightfoot then, or Princess,†
Ride hard all night to Leicester
And give him money, money, Francis—
The old man must have medicines, cordials,
And broth to keep him warm, and careful nurses.
He must not die for lack of tendance, Robert.

Robert. God bless your honour for your kindness to my poor father.

John. Pray, now make haste. You may chance to come in time. [*Robert goes out.*

John. Go get some firewood, Francis,
And get my supper ready. [*Francis goes out.*
The night is bitter cold.
They in their graves feel nothing of the cold,
Or if they do, how dull a cold—
All chayey, chayey. Ah God! who waits below?
Come up, come quick. I saw a fearful sight.

Francis returns in haste with wood.

John. There are such things as spirits, deny it who may.
Is it you, Francis? Heap the wood on thick,
We two shall sup together, sup all night,
Carouse, drink drunk, and tell the merriest tales—
Tell for a wager, who tells merriest—
But I am very weak. O tears, tears, tears,
I feel your just rebuke. [*Goes out.*

Scene changes to a bed-room. John sitting alone: a lamp burning by him.

"Infinite torments for finite offences." I will never believe it. How divines can reconcile this monstrous tenet with the spirit of their Theology! They have palpably failed in the proof, for to put the question thus:—If he being infinite—have a care, Woodvil, the latitude of doubting suits not with the humility of thy condition. What good men have believed, may be true, and what they profess to find set down clearly in their scriptures, must have probability in its defence.* Touching that other question the Casuists with one consent have pronounced the sober man accountable for the deeds by him in a state of drunkenness committed, because tho' the action indeed be such as he, sober, would never have committed, yet the drunkenness being an act of the will, by a moral fiction, the issues are accounted voluntary also. I lose my sleep in attending to these intricacies of the schoolmen. I lay till daybreak the other morning endeavouring to draw a line of distinction between sin of direct malice and sin of malice indirect, or imputable only by the sequence. My brain is overwrought by these labours, and my faculties will shortly decline into impotence. [*Throws himself on a bed.*

End of the Fourth Act.

In the fifth act of the printed play (p. 60) we have simply "Margaret enters." In the MS. Sandford prepares his master for her advent, and announces her thus:—

Sandford. Wilt please you to see company to-day, Sir?
John. Who thinks me worth the visiting?
Sandford. One that travell'd hard last night to see you,
She waits to know your pleasure.
John. A lady too! pray send her to me—
Some curiosity, I suppose.
[*Sandford goes out and returns with Margaret.*
Margaret. Woodvil!†
John. Comes Margaret here, &c.

When, a page further on, John has declared to Margaret that

This earth holds not alive so poor a thing as I am—
I was not always thus,

the MS. went on (but the passage is struck out as "bad"):—

You must bear with me, Margaret, as a child,
For I am weak as tender Infancy
And cannot bear rebuke—
Would'st think it, Love!
They hoot and spit upon me as I pass
In the public streets: one shows me to his neighbour,
Who shakes his head and turns away with horror—
I was not always thus—
Marg. Thou noble nature, &c.

The next scene—the last (pp. 62–5)—is much cut about. The long speech of Margaret beginning,

To give you in your stead a better self,

and John's reply (both printed at p. 63), are struck out, and "Nimis" written by Lamb's pen in large characters in the margin; but after that all goes on in harmony with the print, to the end:—

It seem'd the guilt of blood was passing from me
Even in the act and agony of tears
And all my sins forgiven.

At this point in the MS. Simon arrives:—

[*A noise is heard as of one without, clamorous to come in.*
Marg. 'Tis your brother Simon, John.
Enter Simon, with his sword in a menacing posture. John staggers towards him and falls at his feet, Margaret standing over him.
Simon. Is this the man I came so far to see—
The perfect Cavalier, the finish'd courtier
Whom Ladies lov'd, the gallant curled Woodvil,
Whom brave men fear'd, the valiant, fighting Woodvil,
The haughty high-ambitioned Parricide—
The same that sold his father's secret in his cups,
And held it but an after-dinner's trick?——
So humble and in tears, a crestfallen penitent,
And crawling at a younger brother's feet!
The sinews of my [*stiff*] revenge grow slack.
My brother, speak to me, my brother John.
(*Aside*) Now this is better than the beastly deed
Which I did meditate.
John (*rising and resuming his old dignity*). You come to take my life, I know it well,
You come to fight with me—
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
This arm was busy on the day of Naseby:
'Tis paralytic now, and knows no use of weapons.
The luck is yours, Sir. [*Surrenders his sword.*
Simon. My errand is of peace:
A dying father's blessing and last prayers
For his misguided son.
Sir Walter sends it with his parting breath.
He bade me with my brother live in peace,
He bade me fall upon his neck and weep,
(As I now do) and love my brother John;
For we are only left in the wide world
The poor survivors of the Woodvil name. [*They embrace.*
Simon. And Margaret here shall witness our atonement—
(For Margaret still hath followed all your fortunes),
And she shall dry thy tears and teach thee pray.
So we 'll together seek some foreign land,
Where our sad story, John, shall never reach.

End of 'Pride's Cure'
And Charles Lamb's Dramatic Works!!

After all this, is the reader prepared to think Manning altogether wrong and Lamb altogether right as to what was done in the process of transforming 'Pride's Cure' into 'John Woodvil'? J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

* "From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet the history of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. .....There was a picture, too, [in it] of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish I had never seen.....It was he [Stackhouse] who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow when my aunt or my maid was far from me."—'The Essays of Elia,' "Witches, and other Night Fears."

† Lamb puts his pen through these two lines, and writes across them "miserable bad."

* Lamb has crossed out this passage from "Infinite torments," and written at "Touching" "begin here."

† "Woodvil!" and some illegible words struck out, and nothing substituted.

ELKANAH SETTLE.

AMONG some undated petitions of the reigns of George I. and George II., preserved in the Public Record Office, is one by Elkanah Settle, the poet and actor, who died in the Charterhouse in February, 1724. The date of the petition must be 1718, as Settle, who was born in 1648, states that he is seventy years old. The keen shafts of Pope's satire do not appear to have lessened the estimate formed by Settle as to the value of his own writings and life. The petition is brief, and is addressed directly to George I., whose ignorance of English may account for the document being drawn up in French. It is signed by Settle, and runs thus:

Au Roy.

SIRE,—

Elkanah Settle, Gentilhomme, Représente en toute humilité à Votre Majesté,

Que Votre très humble suppliant s'est attaché, depuis sa jeunesse jusqu'à l'âge de soixante et dix ans qu'il a à présent, par ses Actions et par ses Ecrits, à avancer et servir le Véritable Intérêt de sa Patrie.

Que s'étant, par ce Juste Zèle de Patriote, attiré la Haine de plusieurs Grands, il s'est vu toute sa Vie exposé à de Grands Chagrins et à Beaucoup de Misère.

C'est pourquoi, Sire, il supplie très humblement Votre Majesté, qu'il vous plaise de lui accorder Votre Warrant Royal à ce qu'il obtienne une Pension dans le Charterhouse ou Maison des Chartreux.

Et Votre très humble suppliant continuera à faire des Vœux pour la santé et la Prospérité de Votre Personne Sacrée et de Votre Famille Royale, &c.

ELKANAH SETTLE.

The petition is endorsed: "La très humble Requête d' Elkanah Settle, Gentilhomme." "Granted." ERNEST G. ATKINSON.

Literary Gossip.

THE English edition of Count von Moltke's 'Letters to his Mother and his Brothers Adolf and Ludwig (1823–1888)' may be expected on or about the 20th inst. Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. are the publishers.

THE Cambridge University Press is about to publish a traveller's narrative written to illustrate the episode of the Báb, 'Ma*k*ála-i-shakhsí sayyá*h* ki dar*k*aziyya-i-Báb navishta-ast,' edited, translated, and annotated, in two volumes, by Mr. Edward G. Browne, Fellow of Pembroke College and Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge. This work, composed in Persian by order of Behá'u'lláh, the present chief of the Bábí sect, comprises a history of that sect from its origin till the present day, together with a statement of its doctrines and principles. Vol. i. contains the facsimile of the original MS.; vol. ii. contains the English

translation, illustrated by numerous critical and historical notes based for the most part on hitherto unpublished documents. The volumes will be sold separately.

Mr. Quaritch in London, and the Clarendon Press Depository in Oxford, are about to issue the first two of the cheap facsimiles of printed rarities in the Bodleian projected by its present librarian, Mr. Nicholson. One of these is the 'Ars moriendi that is to saye the craft for to deye for the helthe of mannes sowle,' printed about 1491 by Caxton or Wynken de Worde. The Bodleian copy is perfect and unique, and the photolithograph of it, with a bibliographical introduction, will be published at eighteenpence. The other facsimile, which will be published at a shilling, is a photolithograph of a remarkable historical tract, the Bodleian copy of which is the only one mentioned by bibliographers: its title is 'Ordine della solennissima processione fatta dal Sommo Pontifice nell' alma citta di Roma, per la felicissima noua della destruttione della setta Vgonotana,' and it was printed at Rome in 1572, the very year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

Herr Horst Kohl has undertaken to furnish complete materials for a political history of Prince Bismarck, under the title of 'Fürst Bismarck: Regesten zu einer Wissenschaftlichen Biographie des Ersten Deutschen Reichskanzlers.' The first volume, which extends to 1871 inclusive, has just been published; the second volume is expected next spring.

The Society of Historical Theology at Oxford has decided to publish the revised translation of Genesis and Exodus in parallel columns, according to the supposed various documents which the compilers made use of, viz., the Elohist, the Yahvist, &c. A German translation in this form was published a year ago by Profs. Kautzsch and Socin, only not in columns, but running on with different type for the various documents.

Another anthology is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock. 'The Poets' Praise of Poets' is compiled by Estelle D. Adams, and consists of poems and passages in which the English poets, from Chaucer to our own day, have celebrated the gifts and merits of their brethren both at home and abroad.

Prof. Max Müller has just finished the printing of the third volume of his Gifford Lectures, which will be published by Messrs. Longman & Co. under the title of 'Anthropological Religion.' He has also carried through the press a large volume of translations of Vedic Hymns with a full commentary, which will form the thirty-second volume of the "Sacred Books of the East," published by the Clarendon Press.

Mr. W. S. Lilly's forthcoming work 'On Shibboleths' will deal with the catchwords of the day, representing the most noticeable phases of contemporary opinion on social and political topics. The seven chapters of which it consists are headed: Progress, Liberty, The People, Public Opinion, Education, Woman's Rights, and Supply and Demand.

The next volume of the "Canterbury Poets," shortly to be published, will be an anthology of seventeenth century minor verse, entitled 'Cavalier and Courtier Lyrists,' edited by Mr. W. H. Dircks and Mr. E. Sharwood Smith. Mr. Dircks will contribute an introduction to the volume.

Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. are about to issue a cheap edition of Charles Knight's 'History of England.' It has been brought up to the date of Her Majesty's Jubilee by the Rev. J. Sanderson.

Sir Monier Williams, having finished the new and enlarged edition of his 'Brāhmanism' and the catalogue of his Oriental library, is now on his way to Southern Italy, where he passes the winter. He will there employ himself in preparing a new and revised edition of his 'Indian Wisdom,' to be published by Messrs. Luzac & Co.

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue has been preparing for some time a 'Dictionary of Irish Poets,' including biographical and bibliographical particulars. The work will be in three parts, the first of which is now in the press, and will be issued in a month or so.

The January number of *Anglo-Austria* will contain the opening chapters of a serial novel by Darley Dale. The novel is entitled 'The Golden Valley.' In the same number will appear the first chapters of Smollett's 'Roderick Random,' revised and adapted for general and family reading. This is a somewhat new feature in magazine literature.

The 'House of Cromwell: a Genealogical History of the Descendants of the Protector,' by James Waylen, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

'God's Fool' is the title of the new serial story by Maarten Maartens to be commenced in the January number of *Temple Bar*. In the same number Mrs. Clifford commences her serial story 'Aunt Anne.'

A tale of English country life, entitled 'My Sister Cecilia,' by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, was begun in the October number of a shilling monthly magazine, the *Grove*, recently started at Lyme, Dorset. Mr. F. Dunster is the publisher.

Mr. W. H. Rylands, Secretary of the Society of Biblical Archæology, was installed as Master of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge of Freemasons on the 9th inst. The first treasurer of the lodge, who has since been annually re-elected, was Mr. Walter Besant.

The Rev. J. B. Wilson, who has transcribed and edited the parish registers of Knightwick and Doddenham, in the diocese and county of Worcester, 1538–1812, has had them printed at the Chiswick Press for private circulation.

A penny weekly magazine entirely written in shorthand, entitled *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly*, will appear on January 2nd.

By the sudden death, at the age of fifty-eight, of the Rev. J. W. Hardman, LL.D., on Friday, the 6th inst., at his residence near Yatton, Somerset, is lost a zealous antiquary and ecclesiastical writer. He was editor for several years of 'Olde Worlde Gleanings' in the *Bristol Times and Mirror*. He built and endowed at his own cost the church of St. Catherine, Felton Common, Somerset.

The biography and literary study of Charles Brockden Brown (the early American romancist and editor), for some time in preparation by Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson, of the *Independent* (N.Y.), will be delayed in publication till midwinter or spring.

The Société d'Études Sociales et Politiques of Brussels are circulating to their correspondents the Belgian Parliamentary Report on the Revision of the Constitution, a masterly series of documents on representation and elections.

The ninetieth birthday of the distinguished philosophical writer Prof. Karl Ludwig Michelet will be celebrated early next month at Berlin by an extraordinary meeting of the Philosophische Gesellschaft, which he founded, together with Count Cieszkowski, in 1845. It is hoped that the nonagenarian *Jubilar* will be present on the occasion.

The Committee of the Free Libraries in Manchester has organized a course of lectures to be delivered at the Newton Heath Branch during the winter months. The first lecture will be delivered on Tuesday next, the subject being 'English Poetry,' and the lecturer Mr. George Milner.

It is proposed to erect a memorial in honour of the late Mr. W. H. Smith in the Town Hall of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. A committee is being formed for the purpose of carrying out the object.

The London Booksellers' Society intend to hold a general meeting quarterly, instead of annually as originally proposed, so that matters requiring attention may come under the notice of the Society more promptly.

Whether letter-writing and cheap postage are unmitigated blessings have been with some matters of doubt. What is also matter of doubt is as to who is the most copious letter-writer. To show that the figures may reach wide limits a correspondent notes the achievement of a country parson, who has himself written 125,000 begging letters. In presence of this number his wife's 11,000 count for little, "not to mention younger members of the family." To pursue the statistical facts, the hundred and odd thousand letters attracted one in fifty persons, and produced for one purpose 5,300*l.*, besides other sums.

The Parliamentary Papers of the week include Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for the Year ending December 31st, 1890, Part A (1*s.* 4*d.*); and Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, 1876–1890 (1*s.*).

SCIENCE

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Signor Bricchetti-Robecchi has recently returned from a most successful journey through the unexplored parts of the Somal country. After an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate into the interior from Makhdisho, in April last, Signor Bricchetti turned to the northward, and reached Obbia or Hopia by land. Leaving that Italian coast-station about the middle of May, he at once plunged into the interior, reached the Webi Shebēeli in about lat. 4° N., and then turned to the northward, partly following Mr. James's route, and safely reached Berbera. In Ogaden he unexpectedly encountered Prince Eugenio Ruspoli and Dr. Keller, who proposed to proceed thence through the Galla countries to Southern Abyssinia, a most formidable undertaking. Another Italian explorer, Signor Ugo Ferrandi, is reported to have been heard of from beyond Bardera, on the Jub. He also aims at Southern Abyssinia. The mystery which still envelopes the head streams of the

appearance of the 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' but had he consulted the opinions of that large-minded divine he might possibly have modified some of his conclusions. Finally, two omissions must be noticed in an otherwise careful piece of work: (1) dates—for instance, that of Wilberforce's translation to Oxford is to seek; (2) a list of the bishop's writings. So many people have been influenced by that pretty allegory 'Agathos' that they will regret not to find any mention of it.

The translation, by Mr. S. L. Simeon, of M. Ernest Lavisse's *Youth of Frederick the Great* (Bentley & Son) is by no means superfluous, though it will hardly displace Carlyle, who duly appears among the authors consulted. Perhaps most of the *dramatis personæ* who figure in the sorry comedy of Frederick's boyhood—the terrible old drill-sergeant of a father, the frivolous yet ambitious mother, the mendacious Wilhelmina, and the rest—remain substantially unchanged. But Carlyle in his account of the hero's rebellion against the paternal tyranny was inclined to extenuate several discreditable circumstances, which have been placed by M. Lavisse in their true light. For instance, Frederick's conduct during the crisis which followed the attempt to fly the country appears both cynical and mean, and it is with a feeling of nothing short of disgust that one reads of his voluntary gift of poor Lieut. Katte's last letter to the brutal Grumbkow. Similarly he did not hesitate to receive secret loans from the Austrian Court in order to provide for his pleasures, though it was obvious that thereby he was playing into the hands of Prince Eugene, and undermining the independence of the future King of Prussia. In short, the present volume distinctly has its uses, and, provided that M. Lavisse's knowledge of military history equals his acquaintance with memoirs and diplomacy, he may be cordially encouraged in the prosecution of his labours. The translation, too, is far less bald than the average.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful: I. Its History, by Prof. Knight (Murray), the new number of the "University Extension Manuals," is explained to be only the first instalment of a work, the second part of which is to give us the author's own views upon æsthetics. Incidentally, and in criticism of the theories of other thinkers, he allows us a certain insight into his own position. He deprecates the agnostic attitude on the subject which, as he says, obtains even among ardent upholders of the intuitional doctrine of knowledge and morals, holds that the perennial nature of the problem should not deter us from its investigation, and himself inclines to the idealist school of æsthetics. He apologizes unnecessarily for a few *lacunæ* in the most recent literature of the subject, and for the fact that, with every desire on his part to be dispassionate and catholic, the British section of the history is longer than any other. It would be hypercritical to cavil at such small blemishes in a work that on the whole is so exhaustive and judicious as the present history of opinion from its dawn in Greece till to-day.

Mr. R. C. Lehmann, the author of *In Cambridge Courts* (Henry & Co.), has been at the trouble of tying up another nosegay from "the blossom of the flying terms"; and, as the culling does not seem to have been very fastidiously done, these "studies of university life in prose and verse" present striking contrasts of colour. Some of the contents of 'In Cambridge Courts' are amusing, and a few things are decidedly clever. No doubt it is addressed in the main to very young men, at the age when they are wont to go up to the university. It must give such men a somewhat peculiar idea of the reverend walls in which they are to wear the cap and gown.

Athenæum, Listy pro Literaturu a Kritiku Vedeckou. (Prague.)—The Bohemian *Athenæum* is now in the ninth year of its issue. The contents of the number for October 15th are of the most varied description. Articles are given, among other subjects, on the treatment of Slavonic popular poetry by Miklosich and on interpolations in the Pandects and Codex of Justinian. The new work by Wolter on Lettish songs is reviewed, and another by Krauss on the popular superstitions of the southern Slavs. There are also notices of Prof. Yanzhul's work on the principles of finance, and of Shukarev's on the Athenian archons of the third century B.C., which originally appeared in the Russian journal of the Minister of Public Instruction. Towards the end of the number we notice an interesting review of Lippert's article 'Die Knechtschaft in Böhmen.' The range of subjects treated by our Bohemian contemporary is wide; in the present number we have articles dealing with history, law, philology, and political economy. But the scope of the review is much fuller, to judge by the prospectus printed on the cover. The *Athenæum* appears on the 15th of every month, except August and September. It speaks well for the literary activity of the Bohemians that they can issue a journal of such a satisfactory character.

New editions of the following books are issued: Miss Mackenzie Kettle's *La Belle Marie* and *The Magic of the Pine Woods* (Fisher Unwin); Richard Jefferies's *The Dewy Morn* (Bentley); *Shirley*, by Charlotte Brontë, and *Life and Letters of Edgar Poe*, by Mr. J. H. Ingram, in the "Minerva Library" (Ward & Lock); and a pretty edition of Lowell's *My Study Window* (Sampson Low).

We have on our table *History of Cornwall for my Children*, by their Father (Houlston),—*Greek Primer, Colloquial and Constructive*, by J. S. Blackie (Macmillan),—*The Systematic Spelling Book for the Upper Standards*, by M. Douglas (Clifton, Baker),—*Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea*, edited by W. T. Hewett (Boston, U.S., Heath),—*An Introduction to the Chemistry of Farming*, by the Right Hon. Sir Thomas D. Acland, Bart. (Simpkin),—*The General Machinist*, by various Practical Writers and Machinists (Ward & Lock),—*A Military Crime*, by F. M. Peacock (Chatham, Gale & Polden),—*The Handbook of Swindling, and other Papers*, by D. Jerrold, with an Introduction by W. Jerrold (W. Scott),—*Her First Place*, by Jessie Saxby (S.P.C.K.),—*Only a Shadow*, by D. C. Murray and H. Herman (Griffith & Farran),—*Conscience*, by H. Malot, translated by Julia Rae, 2 vols. (Bentley),—*An Old Maid's Child*, by F. C. Playne (S.P.C.K.),—*Presumption of the Law*, by a Lawyer and a Lady (Griffith & Farran),—*A Detective's Triumphs*, by D. Donovan (Chatto & Windus),—*The Perfect Heart*, by Frances Wilbraham (S.P.C.K.),—*The Proverbial Birthday Book*, arranged by M. E. Donald (Griffith & Farran),—*Lectures, Verses, &c.*, by W. Challinor (Bemrose),—*Translations in Verse*, by C. J. Stock (Stock),—*Who was Jehovah?* by J. P. Hopps (Williams & Norgate),—*The Biblical Illustrator*, by the Rev. J. S. Exell: *Thessalonians I. and II. and Timothy I.* (Nisbet),—*De Terentio eiusque Fontibus*, by F. Nencini (Leghorn, Giusti),—*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Gontaut, 1773-1836* (Paris, Plon, Nourrit & Co.),—and *Dante, son Temps, son Œuvre, son Génie*, by J. A. Symonds, translated by Mlle. C. Augis (Paris, Lecène & Oudin).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH.

Theology.

Benson's (Archbishop) Living Theology, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Guide to the Apocalypse, being an Abridgment of Bishop Newton's Celebrated Work on the Revelation (1792), 6/
Maclaren's (A.) The Conquering Christ, and other Sermons, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Magee's (Archbishop) Growth in Grace, and other Sermons, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Marston's (A. W.) Joined to the Lord, Thoughts on the Song of Solomon, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Miller's (W. H.) The Great Rest-Giver, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Robertson's (Rev. J.) Corn on the Mountains, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl
Sermon Bible, Vol. 8: John iv. to Acts vi., large cr. 8vo. 7/6

Poetry and the Drama.

Blind's (M.) Dramas in Miniature, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Brown's (T. E.) The Doctor, a Manx Poem, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Collins's (J. C.) Illustrations of Tennyson, cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
Cotton's (J.) Song and Sentiment, Lyrical and other Verses, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Ibsen's (H.) Brand, a Dramatic Poem, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Lowell's (J. R.) Poetical Works, Introduction by T. Hughes, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Lyra Heroica, selected by W. E. Henley, cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
Sullivan's (T. D.) Blanaid, and other Irish Historical and Legendary Poems, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Tennyson for the Young, Introduction and Notes by A. Ainger, Large-Paper Edition, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.

Political Economy.

Aveling's (E.) The Student's Marx, an Introduction to the Study of Karl Marx's 'Capital,' cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.

History and Biography.

Broglie's (Duc de) Memoirs of Prince de Talleyrand, translated by Mrs. A. Hall, Vol. 4, 8vo. 21/ cl.
Browning's (O.) Dante, his Life and Writings, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Cooper's (T. S.) My Life, cheap edition, cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
Cusack's (M. F.) Story of my Life, cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
Dods's (M.) Erasmus, and other Essays, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Dufferin and Ava's (Marchioness of) My Canadian Journal, 1872-8, Extracts from my Letters Home, cr. 8vo. 12/ cl.
Historical Records of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, &c., arranged by G. L. Goff, 8vo. 30/ cl.
Novalis (F. von Hardenberg), his Life, Thoughts, &c., edited and translated by M. J. Hope, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Picton (Sir J. A.), a Biography, by J. A. Picton, 8vo. 12/ cl.
Skottowe's (B. C.) Short History of Parliament, cr. 8vo. 2/6
Winsor's (Justin) Christopher Columbus, and how He received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery, 8vo. 21/ cl.

Geography and Travel.

Bremner's (C. S.) A Month in a Dandi, a Woman's Wanderings in Northern India, cr. 8vo. 6/ half-cloth.
Fitzpatrick's (T.) A Trans-Atlantic Holiday, cr. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Japanese Letters, Eastern Impressions of Western Men and Manners, edited by Commander H. Berkeley, 6/ cl.
Ranken's (G.) Federal Geography of British Australasia, 6/
Riddell's (C. E. L.) A Mad Tour, a Journey through Central Europe on Foot, cr. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
World-Wide Atlas of Modern Geography, with Introduction by J. S. Keltie, royal 4to. 7/6 cl.

Science.

Bax's (Capt. E.) Popular Electric Lighting, cr. 8vo. 2/ cl
Clowes (F.) and Coleman's (J. B.) Quantitative Chemical Analysis, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Laidlaw's (S.) The Powers which Propel and Guide the Planets, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Mitchell's (C. F.) Forty Plates on Building Construction, folio, 10/6 cl.

General Literature.

Barr's (A. E.) She Loved a Sailor, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Besant's (W.) To Call Her Mine, &c., cr. 8vo. 2/ bds.
Brodie's (E.) The Orphans of Merton Hall, cr. 8vo. 2/ cl.
Brown's (T. E.) Kitty of the Sherragh Vane and The Schoolmaster, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Carey's (R. N.) Averil, cr. 8vo. 3/ cl.
Child Elves (The), a Fairy Tale founded on Facts, by M. L., cheap edition, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Church's (A. J.) The Burning of Rome, a Story of Nero's Days, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Cox's (Rev. Sir G. W.) Tales of the Gods and Heroes, 3/6 cl.
Deane's (M. B.) Three Little Maids, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Donnelly's (I.) Doctor Huguet, a Novel, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Evelyn's (J.) An Inca Queen, or Lost in Peru, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Fendall's (P.) The Gambler's Secret, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21/ cl.
Fifty-two Further Stories for Girls, by R. Mulholland and others, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Green's (E. E.) Lenore Annandale's Story, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Hetherington (H. F.) and Burton's (Rev. H. D.) Paul Nugent, Materialist, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Jones's (Rev. J.) The Welsh Hermit, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Kingsland's (S.) The Mystic Quest, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Lehmann's (R. C.) In Cambridge Courts, royal 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Modern Odyssey (The), or Ulysses up to Date, cr. 8vo. 10/6
Newman's (Mrs.) Begun in Jest, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Penance of Portia James, by Tasma, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Priests and People, a No-Rent Romance, by Author of 'Lotus,' 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Rentoul's (R. R.) The Reform of our Voluntary Medical Charities, 8vo. 5/ cl.
Ritson's (J.) Lost or Won, a Story of Two Conflicts, 2/ cl.
Santa Barbara, &c., by Ouida, cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
Scudder's (Mrs. A. M.) Attractive Truths in Lesson and Story, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Secker's (Rev. W.) The Nonsuch Professor, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Severne's (F.) Uneven Ground, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Stables's (G.) Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy, 8vo. 15/ cl.
Sweyn's (F.) Millicent Simonds, or Through Cleansing Fires, cr. 8vo. 2/ cl.
Symington's (M.) Two Silver Keys, illustrated, cr. 8vo. 2/6
Valley Council (The), or Leaves from the Journal of T. Bateman of Canbelego Station, ed. by Clarke, 6/ cl
Waraker's (T.) Naval Warfare of the Future, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.

FOREIGN.

Theology.

Abaelardi (Peripatetici Palatini Petri) Hymnarius Paraditensis, ed. G. M. Dreves, S.J., 4m.
Bacher (W.): Die Agada der Palästinensischen Amoräer, Vol. 1, 10m.
D'Hulst (Mgr.): Les Fondements de la Moralité, 5fr.
Orelli (C. v.): Die Propheten Jesaja u. Jeremia, 5m. 50.
Schaefer (A.): Die Bücher d. Neuen Testamentes, erklärt, Vol. 3, 6m. 50.
Theologischer Jahresbericht, ed. R. A. Lipsius, Vol. 10, Part 4, 5m.

Fine Art and Archæology.

Béraldi (H.): Les Graveurs du Dix-neuvième Siècle, Vol. 11, 10fr.
Bergerat (É.): L'Espagnole, 15fr.
Cougny (G.): L'Art Antique, 4fr.
Gerspach: Documents sur les Anciennes Faïenceries Françaises, 12fr.
Horsin-Déon: Histoire de l'Art en France, 3fr. 50.

L'Illustration, Numéro de Noël, 2fr. 50.
Paysages et Monuments du Poitou: Le Loudunais, 48fr.

Poetry and the Drama.

Chapelain: La Pucelle, 2 vols. 5fr.
Coppée (F.), Œuvres de: Poésies, 1864–1887, 15fr.
Lesueur (D.): Œuvres de Lord Byron, 6fr.
Maeterlinck (M.): Les Sept Princesses, Drame en un Acte, 2fr.

Philosophy.

Jouvin (L.): Le Pessimisme, 7fr. 50.

History and Biography.

Boislisle (A. de): Mémoires de Saint-Simon, Nouvelle Édition, Vol. 8, 7fr. 50.
Curtius (E.): Die Stadtgeschichte von Athen, 16m.
Goethe's Gespräche, ed. W. Frhr. v. Biedermann, Vol. 8, and Vol. 9, Parts 1 and 2, 45m.
Paléologue (M.): Alfred de Vigny, 2fr.
Rod (É.): Stendhal, 2fr.

Philology.

Georgii (H.): Die Antike Aeneiskritik, 10m.
Gomperz (T.): Die Schrift vom Staatswesen der Athener, 1m. 20.
Handbüch der Klassischen Altertums-Wissenschaft, ed. I. v. Müller, Vol. 1, Part 1, 6m. 50.
Johansson (K. F.): Beiträge zur Griechischen Sprachkunde, 6m.
Müller (L.): Horati Flacci Sermonum et Epistolarum Libri, Part 1: Satires, 8m.

Science.

Annales de la Faculté des Sciences de Marseille, 6fr.
Haug (É.): Les Chaînes Subalpines entre Gap et Digne, 10fr.
Médecine Mentale, Congrès International de 1889, 12fr.
Stourdza (Prince G.): Les Lois Fondamentales de l'Univers, 8fr.
Topinard (P.): L'Homme dans la Nature, 6fr.

General Literature.

D'Hérisson (Comte): Les Girouettes Politiques, 3fr. 50.
Dostoïevsky (Th.): Les Étapes de la Folie, traduit par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky, 3fr. 50.
Dupriez (L.): Les Monarchies Constitutionnelles, 8fr.
Fouquier (A.): Passe-temps, 10fr.
Gheusi (P. B.): Le Blason Héraldique, 20fr.
Lamiraux (Général): Études Pratiques de Guerre, 6fr.
Le Roux (H.): En Yacht, 3fr. 50.

DR. GEORGE ROSEN.

GERMAN papers record the death, in his native city of Detmold on October 29th, of the veteran Oriental scholar Dr. George Rosen, whose brother Friedrich, his senior by sixteen years, achieved a high reputation as a Sanskrit scholar, and died in London in 1837, while he was carrying through the press his edition of the 'Rigveda.' Almost fresh from the university, Rosen was sent by the Prussian Government to the East for the purpose of linguistic research. The first fruits of his studies, 'Ossetische Sprachlehre, nebst einer Abhandlung über das Mingrelische, Suanische und Abchasische,' appeared in 1846. He was subsequently appointed dragoman to the Prussian Embassy at Constantinople, Prussian Consul at Jerusalem (1853), and Consul General at Belgrade (1867 to 1875). His many valuable publications, and the treatises he contributed to the journal of the German Oriental Society during the long period of his residence in the Levant, are evidence of the ripe scholarship which he brought to bear on the linguistic harvest his opportunities had enabled him to gather. The most important of these are his translation of the Turkish 'Tútínameh,' and his 'History of Turkey' during the period from 1826 to 1856. His most recent book is a 'Guide to Turkish Conversation' (1890), which appeared simultaneously with his son's 'Guide to Modern Persian Conversation.' Both works are well worthy of an English edition.

LAMB'S 'JOHN WOODVIL.'

II.

Scene the Second. Sherwood Forest. Sir Walter Woodvil, Simon, drest as Frenchmen.

Sir Walter's opening speech is long in print (p. 38)—in MS. it is but this :—

Sir W. How fares my boy, Simon, my youngest born,
My hope, my pride, young Woodvil, speak to me;
Thinkest thy brother plays thy father false?
My life upon his faith and noble heart;
Son John could never play thy father false.

There is no further material change to note until we come to the point in the conversation between Sir Walter, Simon, and Margaret (p. 43) where Simon calls John "a scurvy brother," to whom Margaret responds :—

Marg. I speak no slander, Simon, of your brother,
He is still the first of men.
Simon. I would fain learn that, if you please.
Marg. Had'st rather hear his praises in the mass
Or parcel'd out in each particular?
Simon. So please you, in the detail: general praise
We 'll leave to his Epitaph-maker.
Marg. I will begin then—
His face is Fancy's tablet, where the witch
Paints, in her fine caprice, ever new forms,
Making it apt all workings of the soul,
All passions and their changes to display;
His eye, attention's magnet, draws all hearts.
Simon. Is this all about your son, Sir?
Marg. Pray let me proceed. His tongue.....
Simon. Well skill'd in lying, no doubt—
Sir W. Ungracious boy! will you not hear her out?
Marg. His tongue well skill'd in sweetness to discuss—
(False tongue that seem'd for love-vows only fram'd)—
Simon. Did I not say so?
Marg. All knowledge and all topics of converse,
Ev'n all the infinite stuff of men's debate
From matter of fact, to the heights of metaphysick,
How could she think that noble mind
So furnish'd, so innate in all perfections,
The manners and the worth
That go to the making up of a complete Gentleman,
Could from his proper nature so decline
And from that starry height of place he mov'd in
To link his fortune to a lowly Lady
Who nothing with her brought but her plain heart,
And truth of love that never swerv'd from Woodvil.
Simon. Wilt please you hear some vices of this brother,
This all-accomplish'd John?
Marg. There is no need—
I grant him all you say and more,
Vain, ambitious, large of purpose,
Fantastic, fiery, swift and confident,
A wayward child of vanity and spleen,
A hair-brain'd mad-cap, dreamer of gold dreams,
A daily feaster on high self-conceit,
With many glorious faults beside,
Weak minds mistake for virtues.
Simon. Add to these,
That having gain'd a virtuous maiden's love,
One fairly priz'd at twenty times his worth,
He let her wander houseless from his door
To seek new friends and find elsewhere a home.
Sir W. Fie upon't—
All men are false, I think, &c.

And here we arrive at the 'Dying Lover,' which I have said was printed anonymously in the *London Magazine* for January, 1822. But before passing from the long passage transcribed above I am bound to say that Lamb drew his pen through it all, marking some bits "bad" and others "very bad." I venture to think that in this he did himself some injustice.

To Sir Walter's sweeping indictment Margaret replies as follows. I keep to the text of the MS., noting some trifling changes made for the *London Magazine*:—

Marg. All are not false. I knew a youth who d'ed
For grief, because his Love proved so,
And married to* another.
I saw him on the wedding day,
For he was present in the church that day,
And in his best apparel too,†
As one that came to grace the ceremony.
I mark'd him when the ring was given,
His countenance never changed;
And when the priest pronounced the marriage blessing,
He put a silent prayer up for the bride,
[For they stood near who saw his lips move.]‡
He came invited to the marriage-feast
With the bride's friends,
And was the merriest of them all that day;
But they, who knew him best, call'd it feign'd mirth;
And others said,
He wore a smile like death's§ upon his face.
His presence dash'd all the beholders' mirth,
And he went away in tears.
Simon. What followed then?
Marg. Oh! then
He did not as neglected suitors use
Affect a life of solitude in shades,
But lived,
In free discourse and sweet society,
Among his friends who knew his gentle nature best.
Yet ever when he smiled,
There was a mystery legible in his face,
That whoso saw him said he was a man
Not long for this world.——
And true it was, for even then
The silent love was feeding at his heart
Of which he died:
Nor ever spake word of reproach,
Only he wish'd in death that his remains‖
Might find a poor grave in some spot, not far
From his mistress' family vault, "being the place
Where one day Anna should herself be laid."

[So far in the *Magazine*.]

Simon. A melancholy catastrophe. For my part I shall never die for love, being as I am, too general-contemplative for the narrow passion. I am in some sort a general lover.
Marg. In the name of the Boy-god who plays at blind man's buff with the Muses, and cares not whom he catches; what is it you love?

And so on until the end of Simon's famous description of the delights of forest life (p. 44). To this

Marg. (*smiling*). And afterwards them paint in simile.
(*To Sir Walter*) I had some foolish questions to put concerning your son, Sir.—Was John so early valiant as hath been reported? I have heard some legends of him.
Sir Walter. You shall not call them so. Report, in most things superfluous, in many things altogether an inventress, hath been but too modest in the delivery of John's true stories.
Marg. Proceed, Sir.
Sir Walter. I saw him on the day of Naseby Fight—
To which he came at twice seven years,
Under the discipline of the Lord Ashley,
His uncle by the mother's side,
Who gave his early principles a bent
Quite from the politics of his father's house.
Marg. I have heard so much.
Sir Walter. There did I see this valiant Lamb of Mars,
This sprig of honour, this unbearded John,
This veteran in green years, this sprout, this Woodvil,
With dreadless ease, guiding a fire-hot steed
Which seem'd to scorn the manage of a boy,
Prick forth with such an ease into the field
To mingle rivalship and deeds of wrath
Even with the sinewy masters of the art!*
The rough fanatic and blood-practis'd soldiery
Seeing such hope and virtue in the boy,
Disclosed their ranks to let him pass unhurt,
Checking their swords' uncivil injuries
As loth to mar that curious workmanship
Of valour's beauty in his youthful face.
Simon. Mistress Margaret will have need of some refreshment, &c.

Lamb has drawn his pen through this passage, and marked it "bad or dubious."

At the beginning of the fourth act John Woodvil's soliloquy is broken in upon by Sandford. He has just told himself (p. 54) that

Some, the most resolved fools of all,
Have told their dearest secrets in their cups,

when

Enter Sandford in haste.

Sandford. O Sir, you have not told them anything?
John. Told whom, Sandford?
Sandford. Mr. Lovel or Mr. Gray, anything concerning your father?
John. Are they not my friends, Sandford?
Sandford. Your friends! Lord help you, they your friends! They were no better than two Court spies set on to get the secret out of you. I have just discovered in time all their practices.
John. But I have told one of them.
Sandford. God forbid, God forbid!
John. How do you know them to be what you said they were?
Sandford. Good God!
John. Tell me, Sandford, my good Sandford, your master begs it of you.
Sandford. I cannot speak to you.
[*Goes out, John following him.*

Scene the Second. The forest.

This forest scene has been greatly altered. When Gray has said (p. 55), "'Tis a brave youth," &c., there follows :—

Sir Walter. Why should I live any longer? There is my sword (*surrendering*). Son John, 'tis thou hast brought this disgrace upon us all.
Simon. Father, why do you cover your face with your hands? Why do you draw your breath so hard? See, villains, his heart is burst! O villains, he cannot speak! One of you run for some water; quick, ye musty rogues: will ye have your throats cut? [*They both slink off.*] How is it with you, father? Look up, Sir Walter, the villains are gone.

"He hears," down to "[*Bears in the body,*" of the print is not in the MS., which goes on thus :—

Sir Walter. Barely a minute's breath is left me now,
Which must be spent in charity by me,
And, Simon, as you prize my dying words,
I charge you with your brother live in peace
And be my messenger,
To bear my message to the unhappy boy,
For certain his intent was short of my death.
Simon. I hope as much, father.
Sir Walter. Tell him I send it with my parting prayer,
And you must fall upon his neck and weep,
And teach him pray, and love your brother John,
For you two now are left in the wide world
The sole survivors of the Woodvil name.
Bless you, my sons— [*Dies.*
Simon. My father's soul is fled.
And now, my trusty servant, my sword,
One labour yet, my sword, then sleep for ever.
Drink up the poor dregs left of Woodvil's name
And fill the measure of our house's crimes.
How nature sickens,
To view her customary bands so snapt
When Love's sweet fires go out in blood of kin,
And natural regards have left the earth.

Scene changes to another part of the forest.

Margaret (*alone*). They are gone to bear the body to the town,
It was an error merely and no crime.

And so to the end of her long speech as printed.

At this point in the MS. comes in "the hodge-podge of German puerilities" ('Letters,' i. 179) the sacrifice of which so discontented Manning,

* "With" (*London Magazine*).
† "In festive bravery deck'd" (*London Magazine*).
‡ This line erased in MS. and nothing substituted. In the *London Magazine* this took its place :—
For so his moving lip interpreted.
§ "Death" (*London Magazine*).
‖ Lamb drew his pen through the four concluding lines, and wrote in the margin "*very* bad."

* Some lines intervene here in the letter which are not in the MS. ('Letters,' i. 101).

JOHN LAMB'S 'POETICAL PIECES.'

Clifton, Bristol, Feb. 1, 1897.

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL may be interested to learn that the copy of the above modest pamphlet, about which he writes in your last number, was given by me a few years since to my lamented friend James Dykes Campbell. It is one of two copies which came into my hands on the death of the late Mrs. Arthur Tween, of Widford in Hertfordshire.

Mrs. Tween lent me a copy many years ago, when I was editing the 'Essays of Elia,' and I then described the little volume in my notes, and quoted a few lines from 'The Lady's Footman.' Mrs. Tween was unwilling to part with either copy in her lifetime; but after her death her executors kindly allowed me to purchase them, together with some other very interesting relics of the Lamb family. I have never met with a copy elsewhere. As Mr. Dobell points out, one was evidently in the hands of Talfourd when he wrote the first volume of his 'Memorials.'

The story of my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Tween of Widford I hope to tell before long, by printing (with other papers) a lecture which I have more than once given on 'Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire.' I hope to include in the volume the few noticeable verses of John Lamb the elder; for some among them, it must be confessed, are sad doggerel. A touching interest attaches to one poem, 'The Sparrow's Wedding,' which, Talfourd tells us, the writer, when old and in his second childhood, used to delight to hear read to him by his son Charles.

ALFRED AINGER.

The Athenæum. Feb 6-1897

Poetical Pieces
on Several Occasions.

Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And *censure freely* who have written well. Pope.

London:
Printed for P. Shatwell, opposite Adelphi, Strand.

There is nothing in the book to fix its date; but I should think it must have been printed some time between the years 1760 and 1780.

The book is dedicated "To the Forty-nine Members of the Friendly Society for the Benefit of their Widows, of which I have the honour of making the Number Fifty." He dedicates his book to them, he says, because they were (in some degree) the cause of his commencing author, by their approving and printing the lines he spoke at the annual meetings of the Society at the Devil Tavern. If they approve of what he has written it must be from good-nature and partiality to one who has but small pretensions to appear in print.

Coming to the contents of the volume, I think I may confidently say that they must have a great deal of interest to all the lovers of Elia. They certainly prove that Charles Lamb's gifts of humour and quaintness were, in some degree at least, an inheritance from his father. I do not say that John Lamb's verses are in any way equal to his son's, but certainly we find in them some of the qualities which distinguish the lighter verses of "Elia."

'Poetical Pieces' contains the following poems: 'The Sparrow's Wedding' and 'The Widow Bullfinch,' two fables; a series of addresses spoken by the author before the Friendly Society already mentioned; some miscellaneous songs; a humorous piece called 'The Lady's Footman,' somewhat in the style of Swift; and 'The History of Joseph,' a versification of the Scripture story. The last-mentioned is the least interesting piece in the volume, for the author appears to have had no talent for serious verse. But, with this exception, none of the poems are without interest, however defective in form they may be. A humorous spirit, rather playful than malicious, though not without a touch of satirical tartness, is the chief characteristic of John Lamb's verses. To enlarge further upon the subject would require more space than I can fairly claim in your pages, and I will, therefore, conclude by quoting the little piece which, as I have said, proves the authorship of the volume:—

A Letter from a Child to his Grandmother.

DEAR GRANDMAM,
Pray to God to bless
Your grandson dear with happiness;
Pray that I may be a good Boy,
Be Grandmam's, Dad's, and Mother's Joy;
That as I do advance each year,
I may be taught my God to fear,
My little frame from passion free,
To man's estate, from Infancy;
From vice that leads a youth aside,
And to have wisdom for my guide,
That I may neither lie nor swear,
But in the path of virtue steer,
My actions gen'rous, fair, and just,
Be always true unto my Trust,
And then the Lord will ever bless
Your Grandson dear,
John L—b the Less.

I cannot help thinking that, in view of the fact that the copy now before me may be the only one in existence, it would be well if a limited reprint of it were issued. Such a reprint might be published at an inexpensive rate; and I shall be glad to hear from any persons willing to subscribe to such a reissue.

BERTRAM DOBELL.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have found that Talfourd, in his 'Life of Lamb,' gives a description of the 'Poetical Pieces,' and quotes from it the little poem I have given above.

JOHN LAMB'S 'POETICAL PIECES.'

77, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Most admirers of Charles Lamb are aware that his father, John Lamb, was a man of some literary cultivation, and that he was the author of a volume of verse, of which, however, all trace seemed to be lost. In W. C. Hazlitt's new book on the Lambs we find :—

"Poetry of a moral or religious cast appears to have been the bent of the father. Southey had under his eyes the volume written by him ; but it has not been recovered. From Southey's slight account we collect that it was the prototype of the 'Poetry for Children.' It would be interesting to stumble upon a copy ; for it must exist, if it was printed."

Mr. Hazlitt was right ; it does exist, and I have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy. Quite recently a portion of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell's library was sold at Sotheby's. Among other purchases which I made at the sale was a thin quarto volume lettered "Poetical Pieces. John Lamb." This made it pretty clear that so good a judge as Mr. Campbell believed the book to be written by Charles Lamb's father, for the binding is comparatively new, and the book was doubtless bound to the late owner's order. As the book, however, is anonymous, it may be thought that this is hardly sufficient evidence on the point of its authorship ; but conclusive evidence is forthcoming, as I shall show presently. But first it will be well to give some account of the work itself. It consists of a quarto volume of pp. iv and 76. Its title is as follows :—

MEMORANDUM.

New York, _____ 189

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Bill to _____

Books to _____

The July number of *Temple Bar* contains a copy of verses on Charles Lamb. They make no pretension to poetry, hardly rising above the level of good verse, but they are so thoroughly informed with feeling, and so cleverly hit what we all want to say respecting one whom we all love and honor with such affectionate reverence, that we give them a place in these Notes:

CHARLES LAMB.

A small, spare man, close gaitered to the knee,
In suit of rusty black, whose folds betray
The last loved dusty folio, bought to-day,
And carried proudly to the sanctuary
Of home (and Mary's) keeping. Quaintly wise
In saws and knowledge of a bygone age,
Each old-world fancy on a yellowed page
Tracked by the "smoky-brightness" of his eyes,
Shone new-illumined; or in daring flights
That outvied Ariel, his spirit caught
The inflex of a rainbowed cloud, and taught
The glories of a Dreamland of delight!
A haunter of the bookstalls! Even now
We listen for the eager stammering speech
That clenched a happy bargain—think to reach
And clasp those nervous fingers—watch the brow
Grow lined with trouble at another's pain
His large-souled sympathies had made his own,
Or linger till the bitterness had flown
And low-toned laughter proved him bright again.
This man's identity, so sweet, so clear,
Could never die with death. We do not say
"I should have loved him had the self-same day
But found us living," but "I hold him dear
Now, at this moment," and if patient ears,
Wrapt in God's silence, dimly now and then
Catch echoes of the grateful love of men.
Charles Lamb rests happily thro' all these years.

M. E. W.

Salesman _____

MEMORAN

189

CHAR

SONS,

Bill to

Books to

Marc

My

SOME NEWLY-FOUND LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

An interesting collection of old letters and other manuscripts which has lately been discovered in the capital of the Midlands is described in *The Birmingham Daily Post.* It comprises many letters of Birmingham people in London to friends at home, during the first quarter of the present century, describing visits to theatres and impressions of London society at that period. One contains a description of Coleridge from the pen of a lady, whose account however of his "lamentable lack of voluntary power" does not add much to what is already known of the habits and idiosyncracies of the poet-philosopher. Another letter is from Mrs. Barbauld enclosing a manuscript story of hers. More interest attaches to the references to Charles Lamb and his friends. A Birmingham visitor to the house of Lamb and his sister states that at one of their little suppers there was "nothing but cold pork and cheese, and no other beverage than porter." Among the collection are many letters of Lamb himself, mostly ranging from 1810 to 1820, as appears by the postmarks, where these indications are not wanting; for Lamb was not accustomed to date his epistles. On one occasion he sits down "in great haste" to write. The turkey is done at the fire. and some pleasant friends are come to partake of it. At another time he beseeches his country friends to send him a Welsh in preference to an Irish turkey. He takes pains to allay the discontent of one of his Midland friends who chafe under the religious discipline of a Quaker father. Calculating that the meetings required to be attended by his correspondent do not occupy more than six hours a week, Lamb urges that it is not a disadvantage to have such a space of time dedicated to mental quiet and abstraction from the cares of the counting-house.

A series of marriages in a family with which he was intimate call forth the protest that they do not make him "unquiet in the perpetual prospect of celibacy." "There is (he writes) a quiet dignity in old bachelorhood, a leisure from cares, noise, &c., an enthronisation upon the armed chair of a man's feeling that he may sit, walk, read unmolested, to none accountable." Another letter contains a curious passage of self revelation. "I do not wish (Lamb writes) to deter you from making a friend, a true friend; and such a friendship. where the parties are not blind to each other's faults, is very useful and valuable. I perceive a tendency in you to this error, I know you have chosen to take up a high opinion of my moral worth; but I say it before God, and I do not lie, you are mistaken in me. I could not bear to lay open all my failings to you, for the sentiment of shame would be too pungent." Besides the flowing and legible penmanship of the India House clerk there are (it is stated) specimens of the less regular handwriting of his sister Mary, who in one letter encloses a copy by herself of four of the poems (three of Lamb's and one of her own) intended for the little book of "Poetry for Children." Among other figures in the Lamb set on whom light

dishes, the servants and employés at Dunston; reind skin rug, Mr. Henry Gurney; Japanese embroide Lady Parry and the Rev. E. Hankinson; picture the first Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., Mr. Andr Johnston; picture of Mr. Hoare, Mrs. E. Hardcast photograph frame, Mrs. R. Pelly; Venetian vase, Rev. D. F. and Mrs. Wilson; brass lamp stand, M

Salesman

MAJOR G. H. PUTNAM PUBLISHER, IS DEAD

Head of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ill Ten Days of Pernicious Anemia, Succumbs at 85

WAS CIVIL WAR VETERAN

Leader in International Copyright Fight, He Was Also Champion of Anglo-American Amity.

Major George Haven Putnam, dean of American publishers and a Civil War veteran, died yesterday morning at 8 o'clock at his home, 1 Sutton Place South. Major Putnam, who would have been 86 years old next April 2, had been ill about ten days of pernicious anemia. On Tuesday he lapsed into a coma from which he never recovered.

Although he had undergone an operation only last Fall, Major Putnam had continued throughout most of the Winter walking to and from work, as he had done for many years. He continued to dictate replies to correspondents until a week ago yesterday.

His interest in public affairs, which dated back to the opening of the London Exhibition in May, 1851, by Albert, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, had also remained keen. He had planned to address the New York branch of the Freethinkers of America last Friday evening, but his final illness prevented this.

In his lifetime his interest in public affairs was manifested in many forms—in his participation in the Civil War; in the fight for international copyright; in the championing of Anglo-American friendship, the League of Nations, and domestic political reforms; and in the building up of the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, of which he was president.

Daughters at Deathbed.

Major Putnam is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emily James Putnam; their son, Palmer Cosslett Putnam, who with his wife is now abroad, and four daughters by his first marriage: Miss Bertha H. Putnam, a professor of Mount Holyoke College; Miss Ethel F. Putnam, who lives in New Hampshire; Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith, and Mrs. Robert Falconer. His daughters were all at his bedside when he died.

He is also survived by three sisters, the Misses Edith G. and Ruth Putnam and Mrs. R. W. S. Pinhey, now living in Geneva, Switzerland, and by three brothers, Irving Putnam, the eldest, who is vice president and director of G. P. Putnam's Sons; Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, and Kingman N. Putnam, retired.

George Palmer Putman, a son of the late John Bishop Putnam, is a nephew of the Major.

Messages of condolence began to flood in upon the household within a few hours of his death. Many of them had been cabled from England, which for many years Major Putnam had regarded as a second homeland. Last Summer for the first time in sixty-three years he had failed to visit that country.

The funeral will be strictly private; Major Putnam had directed explicitly that it be attended only by his family.

Born in London.

Major Putnam, veteran of the Civil War and dean of American publishers, was the son of George Palmer Putnam and Victorine Haven Putnam. He was born in London on April 2, 1844, three years after his father had established a branch in that city of the New York publishing house of Wiley & Putnam.

After his family's return to America, he was educated at the Columbia Grammar School, this city. Later, while in Europe for eye treatment, he attended the Sorbonne in Paris and the University of Berlin. Afterward he enrolled at the University of Göttingen in Hanover, Prussia.

It was while he was studying science at Göttingen University that the Civil War began. He and a few other Americans there bore the insults of fellow students because of the conflict until a row took place in a classroom. Then he determined to come home and enlist.

Voted for Lincoln While a Prisoner.

His war service extended from September, 1862, to September, 1865. He enlisted as a private at the age of 18 with the 176th New York Volunteers and eventually was advanced to major.

He was taken prisoner on Oct. 19, 1864, at the Battle of Cedar Creek, Va., during Sheridan's drive in the Shenandoah Valley, at which time he held the post of adjutant in his regiment. He passed the Winter in Libby and Danville prisons, and was exchanged the following March, rejoining his regiment.

Major Putnam saw active service in Louisiana, including the Red River expedition of Banks, and in helping to repel Jubal's early invasion of Maryland and the attempted capture of Washington. He was present at the surrender of General Johnston in North Carolina on April 26, 1865.

After resigning from the army, in September, 1865, with the rank of major, he served for one year thereafter as Deputy United States Collector of Internal Revenue, under his father, who had been appointed by Lincoln, in 1862, Collector of the Eighth District of New York.

He was in his seventeenth year when he heard Abraham Lincoln make the speech in Cooper Union believed to have been responsible for his first election. It was while he was in Libby prison that Major Putnam cast his first ballot for Lincoln, who was a candidate for re-election.

In explaining in later years the particulars of his first vote, Major Putnam said that when the vote was taken, on Nov. 1, 1864, he was 20 years old, and that the officers in charge of the voting decided that if he was old enough to be a prisoner of war he was qualified to vote.

In his later years he vividly recalled the colorful experiences of his youth in his addresses and autobiographical works.

He remembered hearing Albert, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, speak at the opening of the London Exhibition in May, 1851. When 13 years old he used to make frequent trips to Washington Irving's house in Irving Place to receive from the famous author communications addressed to the boy's father, then in the publishing business at 321 Broadway, and proofs of the author's books.

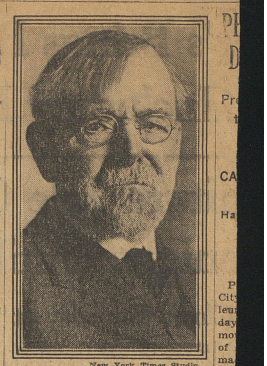
Incidentally, it may be mentioned that although Major Putnam was born in London the family was represented in the Revolutionary War by two of Washington's most trusted officers—General Israel Putnam and Rufus Putnam, who was the Continental Army's skilled engineer of fortifications.

After the Civil War Major Putnam gave up the idea of a scientific career, and, at his father's request, entered the publishing business. In 1869 he married Miss Rebecca Kettell Shepard of Boston, who died in 1895. In 1899 he married Miss Emily James Smith, author and educator, and one time dean of Barnard College.

The father, George Palmer Putnam, had been instrumental in acquainting England and the Continent with the little known literature of the then young United States, and this work was carried on by his son. The latter saw that English literature was borrowed at random in this country, so, in 1887, he led in organizing the American Copyright League, originally proposed by his father in 1851.

He became the league's secretary during the contest for international copyright, and when a law was enacted here in 1891, the French Government, in recognition of his services awarded to him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. A testimonial was also accorded him by a group of appreciative British authors.

As president of G. P. Putnam's Sons, he brought to the firm the prestige which it enjoys in the publishing field today. He was also a director of The Knickerbocker Press at New Rochelle, N. Y. While directing his business he took a hand in public affairs, without holding office, and made friendships with many of the leading public figures of the day.



New York Times Studio.

MAJOR GEORGE H. PUTNAM, Dean of Publishers, Who Died Yesterday at 85.

Famous Men for Friends.

Among his friends whom he wrote about were Grover Cleveland, Carl Schurz, Henry Villard, Andrew Carnegie, Joseph H. Choate and Theodore Roosevelt. Colonel Roosevelt at one time became interested in publishing as a career and entered Putnam's as an official.

Early in his career Major Putnam allied himself as an independent with the civil service reformers and flouted the political bosses. In 1880 he was active in the fight against a third nomination for General Grant for President.

An independent in politics, he helped found the New York City Club and the Citizens Union, organizations devoted to civic welfare. He worked with a group of Democrats to bring about the nomination of Woodrow Wilson at the national convention of 1912 in Baltimore.

Major Putnam was an ardent advocate of free trade, becoming a member of the Free Trade League in 1866 and serving as its president since 1916. He also was a strong advocate of the League of Nations, and a founder of the English Speaking Union in the United States.

He was one of the three founders of the National Security League, organized in 1915. After the sinking of the Lusitania Major Putnam brought into organization the American Rights League, of which he had been president since 1915.

In England, both as a publisher and an author, Major Putnam was warmly regarded for his lifelong and fearless championship of the cause of Anglo-American friendship. Last January he announced the completion of a fund to establish a Chair in American History at the University of London. This was after he had served as chairman for a year and a half of an American committee organized to obtain cooperation in this country for the project. At that time he stressed the importance of such a chair in developing friendly relations between the English speaking peoples.

It was while returning in June, 1928, from a visit to England in connection with the establishment of the chair that Major Putnam explained his dual citizenship.

"In 1842," he said, "Secretary Cass put through an arrangement whereby the sons of American citizens born in England did not have to be naturalized until they were 21 years old, and then simply by making a formal declaration. When I was 21 I was helping General Sherman fight General Johnston. Nevertheless, I have always voted here, and also in England if the necessity arose."

The work of Major Putnam as a publicist was recognized late in life. Bowdoin College made him an honorary Master of Arts in 1894, and degrees of honorary Doctor of Letters were bestowed on him by the University of Pittsburgh in 1899, Columbia University in 1912 and by Oxford University.

Author of Many Books.

Major Putnam was the author of a series of books on history and autobiographical works and a contributor to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Mason and Lalor's Political Encyclopedia and the International Encyclopedia.

His books include "Authors and Their Publishers," "Question of Copyright," "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times," "Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages," "The Censorship of the Church of Rome and Its Influence Upon the Production and the Distribution of Literature," "Abraham Lincoln, the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence," "Memories of My Youth," "Memories of a Publisher," and "Some Memories of the Civil War."

He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution, the Century Association, the Authors' Club and the City Club, all of New York, and the Cobden, Savile and Athenaeum of London.

Despite his age, Major Putnam to the last walked to his office in the morning and was at his desk promptly at 9 o'clock. He would leave promptly at 4 to walk home and have a nap before dinner. For years he insisted upon opening all his mail until it reached too great proportions.

According to his brother, Irving Putnam, he was the most active member of the firm. Rarely, though, did he make suggestions for longevity. He said he had observed rules of temperance all his life, and that he only took up smoking as an old man. For recreation he would simply change from one form of work to another.

"I have never yet found satisfaction in devoting any time to doing nothing," he declared on the eve of his eighty-fifth birthday.

...E BY CHARLES LAMB.

It Was Played at a Philadelphia Theate in 1811.

From the Philadelphia Times.

That Charles Lamb has ever been a favorite with American readers has been recognized by many of his biographers. Indeed, Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his "Essay on the Genius of Charles Lamb," prefixed to the first volume of Moxon's complete edition of 1868, candidly admits that Elia's writings have never reached the British community at large, and says further: "To the great cheap book-devouring masses of this country—I am not speaking of America, where every line of Lamb is known, Elia is not so generally read as 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters' or Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World.' "

Americans, and Philadelphians in particular, may well be proud of this distinction, and of their early recognition of the genius of Lamb. Here, in 1813, Bradford and Inskeep reprinted the charming "Tales from Shakespeare" in two duodecimo volumes, with (to quote Lamb's own words) "a beautiful head of our immortal dramatist, from a much-admired painting by Zoust," engraved by David Edwin, as a frontispiece to the first volume. It is true that an edition of "Poetry for Children" had been reprinted in Boston in 1812, and in the same year "Mrs. Leicester's School" had been brought out in Georgetown, D. C., but these volumes may be looked upon as rather the work of Mary Lamb than Charles, his contribuitions to their contents being infinitesimal.

In 1813, however, Philadelphia may take additional credit in the republication by Robert Desilver of Lamb's friend, Jem White's (the friend of the chimney sweepers) "Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff," a little book in Lamb's own vein. "They are without exception the best imitations I ever saw," wrote Lamb to Coleridge in 1796. The original English edition had a quaint dedication to "Master Samuel Irelaunde," printed in black letter, and the Philadelphia publisher added to Irelaunde's name that of Patrick Lyon, the Philadelphia blacksmith, the hero of an American "cause celebre" extending over many years, and at last happily ending in his favor.

In 1828 the Philadelphia publishing house of Carey, Lea & Carey set before our forefathers, with their imprint, an American edition of the ever-delightful and immortal "Essays of Elia," in two small volumes, the first series being a reprint of the first London edition of 1823, but the second, an "editio princeps," anticipating the issue of the London second series in book form by five years. This praiseworthy achievement, it may be said in passing, was fittingly mated ten years later by the Philadelphia firm of E. L. Carey and A. Hart, in the publication of "The Yellowplush Correspondence," gathered by bits from "Fraser's Magazine," to which Thackeray's articles had been contributed, and forestalling by three years their publication in book form in London, they having been issued as part of the "Comic Tales and Sketches," London, 1841.

Mr. Brander Matthews tells, in a chapter of his charming "Studies of the Stage," (New York, 1894), how Lamb's cherished farce of Mr. H., after having been damned at Drury Lane in 1806, was not represented again in England but twice, at the respective intervals of sixteen and sixty years. One representation of it is mentioned in New York in 1807, three months after its London failure. In the "Pennsylvania Gazette" of Sept 19, 1811, it is announced as "in preparation" for the "New Theater," and it was shortly afterward performed here, with the late William B. Wood as the erratic hero. In Wood's autobiography it is stated that the farce met with extraordinary success, and was played for an unusual number of nights.

The farce was never separately printed abroad, and until recently it was unknown that there is an edition of it in separate form. A copy has, however, been discovered, which issued from the press of another house.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
PUBLISHERS, IMPORTERS AND BOOKSELLERS,
743-745 BROADWAY.

NEW-YORK, ~~189~~

The Athenæum. April 4th 1891

MR. W. POLLARD writes:—

"Another of the Charles Lamb links has disappeared. Mrs. Arthur Tween, of Widford, who died in January, was one of the Misses Norris mentioned in Lamb's letter to Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson, date January 20th, 1826. Her elder sister still lives. It was of these ladies' father, Mr. Norris, that Lamb wrote: 'When he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that "In these old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling."' I send a few lines which are not in Mr. Charles Kent's excellent Centenary edition of Lamb's works, and I believe have not appeared in any collection of his writings; and please allow me to add that in Miss Lamb's 'Mrs. Leicester's School' the first young lady's story begins, 'My father was curate in a village church, five miles from Amwell'; and that means Widford. Amwell, where Mrs. Leicester's school is supposed to have been, is three miles from Hertford; and Scott of Amwell, the Quaker poet, did not live at the village, but at Amwell End, Ware, one and a quarter miles off, whereto the parish extends, and where Scott's Grotto is still."

MEMORANDUM.

NEW YORK _____ 19____

ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH

4 EAST 39TH STREET

BILL TO _____

BOOKS TO _____

EXPRESS	C. O. D.	MAIL	HAND

Charles Lamb

Mr. E. V. Lucas, having been intrusted with the editorship of the new, and, it is hoped, complete, collection of the letters of Charles Lamb, will be in America during March and April on a search for material, either to copy or collate, and he will be grateful if any collectors who have original letters in their possession will communicate with him. Care Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d Street, New York, N. Y.

SALESMAN _____

Lucas & Browning

Sothebys 1885
March 2nd ~~Sothebys~~

35 A MOST INTERESTING BUT MOST PAINFUL LETTER, EVIDENTLY WRITTEN IN THE GREATEST AGONY OF MIND. THREE CLOSELY WRITTEN 8VO PAGES.

"My dearest Girl, I wish you could invent some means to make me at all happy without you. Every hour I am more and more concentrated in you. Everything else tastes like chaff in my mouth. I feel it almost impossible to go to Italy. . . . Mr. Dilke came to see me yesterday, and gave me a very great deal more pain than pleasure. I shall never be able any more to endure the society of any of those who used to meet me at Elm Cottage and Wentworth Place. The last two years taste like brass upon my palate. . . . Shakespeare always sums up matters in the most sovereign manner. Hamlet's heart was full of such misery as mine is when he said to Ophelia, 'Go to a nunnery, go, go!' . . . . Suppose me in Rome—well, I should there see you as in a magic glass going to and from town at all hours——. . . . the world is too brutal for me. I am glad there is such a thing as the grave. I am sure I shall never have any rest till I get there. . . . . I wish I was either in your arms full of faith, or that a thunderbolt would strike me. God bless you. J. K."

---

36 LAMB (CHARLES) A. L. ADDRESSED TO C. CHAMBERS OF LEAMINGTON. It occupies three closely written pages of folio size.

An unpublished and most valuable letter, brimming over with the inimitable and unapproachable humour of which the writer was so great a master. It is descriptive of different of his fellow clerks in the India House. "I am determined my children shall be brought up in their father's religion, if they can find out what it is. Bye is about publishing a volume of poems. . . . . They are chiefly amatory. . . . They are most like Petrarch of any foreign poet, or what we might have supposed Petrarch would have written if Petrarch had been born a fool. . . . "If I am singular in anything it is in too great a squeamishness to anything that remotely looks like a falsehood. I am called old Honesty; sometimes Upright Telltruth, Esq., and I own it tickles my vanity a little. The Committee have formally abolished all holydays whatsoever, for which may the Devil, who keeps no holydays, have them in his eternal burning workshop." The letter ends abruptly, but it is evidently quite complete. It is accompanied on a separate sheet by some valuable biographical annotations on the persons mentioned, by the late Mr. H. G. Bohn.

"In original Autographs of Keats"

37 LAMB (CHARLES) A.L.S., A LONG AND AMUSING UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF FOUR 4TO PAGES, ADDRESSED TO C. CHAMBERS, ESQ. Dated 1*st Sept.* 1817.

It begins without superscription. "With regard to a John Dory which you desire to be informed about—I honour the fish, but it is rather on account of Quin, &c." He goes on to draw an elaborate humorous comparison between the merits of a John Dory and a Brighton Turbot. "I am sorry that you have got a knack of saying things which are not true, to shew your wit. If I had no wit, but what I must shew at the expense of my virtue or my modesty, I had as lieve be as stupid as . . . at the tea warehouse." He goes on to dilate on dishes and morsels of which he is particularly fond, in a strain of inimitable humour, as though he were the greatest epicure who ever existed. Accompanied by a clear Transcript in the autograph of F. A. Marshall, Esq.

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38 LAMB (CHARLES) A. L. SIGNED WITH INITIALS, ADDRESSED TO EDWARD WHITE OF THE INDIA HOUSE, ONE 8VO PAGE.

He humourously remonstrates with his correspondent at some length on a supposed attempt of his to saddle Lamb with the postage of a letter.

Dated "*Enfield Coat and Badge Day* 1827."

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39 LAMB (C.) A. L. S. ADDRESSED TO MR. OLLIER AT COLBURN'S, 1826, ONE FOLIO PAGE.

"I enclose you 8 more jests with the terms which my friend asks. . . . Considering the scarceness of the materials, what he asks is I think mighty reasonable."

---

40 LAMB (C.) A. L. SIGNED WITH INITIALS (JULY 1826) ONE 4TO PAGE.

"When I feel in a proper mood you shall have [for the Magazine] the best my wicked brains can bring forth."

---

41 LAMB (C.) A. L. S., ONE 8VO PAGE., ADDRESSED TO MR. OLLIER, AND RELATING TO HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO COLBURN'S MAGAZINE.

END OF THE SALE.

DRYDEN PRESS—J. DAVY AND SONS, 137, LONG ACRE.

The Bookman. Feb. 1894

A correspondent, Mr. W. H. Covington, writes:—I think it was in April last that I had the pleasure of putting lovers of Lamb in possession of an unreclaimed sonnet of his addressed to the poet Rogers. This was reprinted in THE BOOKMAN, though unfortunately with rather a serious misprint in the seventh line. There cannot, I think, be the slightest hesitancy in assigning the following poem also to Charles Lamb; his intimacy with the Burney family is too well known to need mention, and the signature is one he frequently employed, and regarded as his by right; while personally I should be quite satisfied with the internal evidence of style, by itself, as regards this sonnet.

SONNET

To Miss Burney, on her Character of Blanch in 'Country Neighbours,' a tale.

Bright spirits have arisen to grace the BURNEY name,
And some in letters, some in tasteful arts,
In learning some have borne distinguished parts;
Or sought through science of sweet sounds their fame:
And foremost *she*, renowned for many a tale
Of faithful love perplexed, and of that good
Old man who, as Camilla's guardian, stood
In obstinate virtue clad like coat of mail.
Nor dost thou, SARAH, with unequal pace
Her steps pursue. The pure romantic vein
No gentler creature ever knew to feign
Than thy fine Blanch, young with an elder grace,
In all respects without rebuke or blame,
Answering the antique freshness of her name.

C. L.

The reference in the third line is probably to the Rev. Charles Burney, a celebrated scholar in his day. In the next line the reference is, of course, to Charles Burney the celebrated musician and friend of Johnson, father of the above and of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay, whose novel 'Camilla' is, it is hardly necessary to add, referred to in lines 6-8.

back by Mr. Lang. [illegible]
things begin, with a cell, the sea-worn cave in the cliff.' Following Skene, he supposes that the Columban missionary who first came here, in the latter part of the sixth century, was Cainnech or Kenneth; but he utterly ignores the inhabitants to whom the missionaries came. Little indeed is known about them, yet the traces they left are ever and anon being brought to light. Remains of early heathen burial have been found in various parts of the town; and in the outskirts some twenty cinerary urns were discovered in one spot. To such a remarkable cremation cemetery—one of the most extensive found in Scotland—there ought surely to have been at least a brief reference in a sketch of the history of St. Andrews. But the urns are by no means the only interesting items which have been denied a place in this volume.

Mr. Lang confesses that he "has made scarcely any use of documents in MS."; but Lyon's 'History,' he owns, "has been used," while materials have also been obtained from other printed sources, especially from the publications of the Scottish book clubs and societies. Yet he has drawn wonderfully little from the 'Register of the Priory,' printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1841. He tells, for example, that Fothad, the bishop, "acquired for St. Andrews a delightful piece of real property, the island in Loch Leven"; but he does not say a word about the donation of the monastery of Loch Leven, with all its belongings, two centuries later, by Bishop Robert to Prior Robert of St. Andrews, for appointing Canons-regular in it. This would have been a serious omission, although the grant had only included the lands, mills, endowments, and ecclesiastical vestments of the Culdees (Chelede); but then it specially carried with it their little library of sixteen books! One would have thought that the author of 'The Library' and of 'Books and Bookmen' would have been the last man in the world to overlook this interesting collection of the twelfth century. Nor does he give the slightest hint that these Culdees of Loch Leven had obtained part of their property from Macbeth and his Queen; although in the record of this grant in the 'Register of the Priory of St. Andrews' has been preserved the [illegible]

CHARLES LAMB'S FARCE SEEN HERE

IT WAS PLAYED AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE IN 1811.

"MR. H." IN PHILADELPHIA

A Forgotten Fact of Great Interest—Early Editions of Lamb's Works in Philadelphia—Our Printers Showed Discernment in Bringing Them Out.

That Charles Lamb has ever been a favorite with American readers has been recognized by many of his biographers. Indeed, Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his "Essay on the Genius of Charles Lamb," prefixed to the first volume of Moxon's complete edition of 1868, candidly admits that Elia's writings have never reached the British community at large, and says further: "To the great cheap book devouring masses of this country —I am not speaking of America, where every line of Lamb is known—Elia is not so generally read as 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters' or Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World.'"

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Mr. Brander Matthews tells, in a chapter of his charming "Studies of the Stage" (New York, 1894), how Lamb's cherished farce of "Mr. H.," after having been damned at Drury Lane, in 1806, was not represented again in England but twice, at the respective intervals of sixteen and sixty years. One representation of it is mentioned in New York in 1807, three months after its London failure. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of September 19, 1811, it is announced as "in preparation" for the "New Theatre," and it was shortly afterward performed here, with the late William B. Wood as the erratic hero. In Wood's autobiography it is stated that the farce met with extraordinary success and was played for an unusual number of nights.

The farce was never separately printed abroad, and until recently it was unknown that there is an edition of it in separate form. A copy has, however, been discovered, which issued from the press of another Carey, the sturdy old Protectionist, Matthew, the first of that family to win distinction as an American publisher. It is a modest little tome of thirty-six pages, and the title-page reads:

"Mr. H.; or, Beware a Bad Name," a farce in two acts. As performed at the Philadelphia Theatre, Philadelphia. Published by M. Carey, 122 Market street. P. A. Fagan, printer. 1813.

Upon the reverse of title is the "Dramatis Personæ," which included the names of Wood, Barret, Blisset, Mrs. Jefferson (the mother of our old friend "Rip"), Mrs. Francis and other old-time favorites, and under this cast of characters is the legend, "Copyright secured according to act of Congress," which is certainly an evidence of old Philadelphia enterprise and may account for the omission of Lamb's name upon the title page. This edition does not contain the prologue, which was spoken by Elliston in the single English production of 1806, and there are minor changes and suppressions of the text, as compared with the version published in Lamb's "works" or "recreations," as he styled them, when he stated that his true "works" might be found at the India House.

The early Philadelphia magazines, notably the "Port Folio" and the "Analectic," reprinted some of Lamb's writings. Waldie's "Port Folio," 1835, contains a number of short pieces by Lamb, including the autobiographical sketch found among his papers, and in Waldie's "Select Circulating Library," 1835, part two, appeared "A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret," with an introduction by the editor of that journal, wherein he says: "The following story is generally referred to by the reviewers as one of the best in our language, and has, we believe, never been reprinted in America. It resembles the outlines of Guercino, which, with a single touch of the graver, produces the most exquisite effect."

In conclusion, to have brought out one of Lamb's volumes five years before its issue in England as a book, and to have printed the only separate edition of another of his "bantlings," is a proud record for the Quaker City's infant industries, while it is an honor to the good taste and discernment of our old printers.

N.Y. Union Art Gallery
Feb. 27/[illegible]

A REMARKABLE SERIES OF LETTERS TO AND FROM JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

199. PAYNE (JOHN HOWARD). A Collection of Five Autograph Letters Signed, addressed to John Howard Payne, and two fine letters by Payne. *Together with a fine series of rare portraits of the Authors of letters contained in this volume.* Neatly mounted to size and bound in full blue French levant, gilt paneled back, gilt framework on sides, lettered, in gilt, on front cover, inner gilt dentelles, gilt edges, BY RIVIERE.

This splendid series of letters comprises the following letters to Payne:

LAMB (CHARLES). Autograph Letter Signed (initials). 2pp. 4to, Feb. 8, 1823, with original addressed leaf.

DICKENS (CHARLES). Autograph Letter Signed. 1p., 8vo, Washington, 12th March, 1842.

KEAN (EDMUND). Autograph Letter Signed. 1p. 4to, no date. With original addressed leaf, also signed.

ELLISTON (R. W.). Autograph Letter Signed. 3pp. 8vo, Dec. 13th, 1824.

ROBERTSON (HENRY). Autograph Letter Signed. 2pp. 4to, Feb. 8th, 1823.

PAYNE (JOHN HOWARD). Autograph Letter Signed (initials). 7pp. 4to, June 17, 1836. To George P. Morris, with original addressed leaf.

PAYNE. Autograph Letter Signed. 1p. 8vo. To I. Winston, With original addressed leaf.

The two letters from Payne describe his literary activities (one of them being a very interesting letter in which he refers particularly to his one-act comedy "Grandpapa," which was finally produced at the English Opera House, the infant Miss Clara Fisher (an interesting portrait of whom is preserved in this volume), taking the leading role. The letter from Charles Lamb to Payne makes a number of suggestions to him in reference to the production of the piece, and suggests that little Clara Fisher is just such a "forward chit" as is admirably qualified to take the boy's part in the play. Charles Dickens' letter to Payne, written during Dickens' American visit, is an important one because of its American association.

An exceedingly fine and interesting series of letters.

199A PENNELL (JOSEPH). Original Watercolor Drawing. Signed and dated—"1899"—of a harbor scene, with several large and small boats at anchor. Matted.

Fine watercolor drawing by this great American artist.

200. PEPYS (SAMUEL). Document Signed Twice. 2pp., folio. March 31st, 1665. In folder protected by isinglass.

Fine specimen of a rare autograph.

201. (POE). BRYCE (JAMES, VISCOUNT). Autograph Letter Signed. 4pp., 8vo, March 25, 1896.

INTERESTING LETTER, reading: *"I am very glad to hear of the plan that has been formed for preserving the cottage in which Edgar Allan Poe lived during the last years of his life, and trust that the efforts which are to be made to induce the State Legislature so to alter the scheme for city improvements as to spare this cottage may be successful, etc. Believe me, Yours faithfully, J. Bryce."*

202. POINCARE (R.—President of France). Two Autograph Letters Signed. 3pp., 8vo. No date, and April 20, 1922.

One letter reads (translated): "*I should like to convince you, dear friend, that no sense of courtesy towards Germany or the Soviets impels us to lay before the Allied Governments and the Reparations Commission that part of the Russo-German convention which seems a violation of the Treaty of Versailles. The Treaty itself obliges us to do this, and this is not the moment for us to leave any loopholes. If we are to find it necessary to act alone, then we should at least have neglected nothing towards securing collective action from the Allies, including the Little Entente. Moreover, the Rapallo agreement is merely a revelation—and a very superfluous revelation for many of us—of a pre-existent state of affairs, which is a grave menace to Poland, to France, and to the general equilibrium of Europe, and this state of affairs cannot be remedied by pacific gestures and sudden measures. There is a whole policy to be reconstituted, and the wrong to which you have called attention is not of yesterday; it has been lurking in the darkness for many long months and cannot be cured in one day.*"

The second letter reads: "*A newspaper man, M. Chiche, to whom it seems you spoke of my letter, told me that he thinks you are intending to publish it. I am convinced that he is mistaken, for the letter, of course, is entirely private and its publication would certainly constitute an impropriety. In any case, I suggest that you please keep the letter a secret—at least for some time. Cordially and faithfully yours, Poincare.*"

FINE POPE LETTER

203. POPE (ALEXANDER). Autograph Letter Signed. 2pp., 4to. Feb. 6th (1743). To Slingsby Bethel, with original addressed leaf. Matted with *portrait.*

Reads: "*I have been in hopes to find a day to see you, or at least to have met you at Lady Codrington's, but I now hear she does not come to Town at all; and yr. good Brother mentions no time for his coming this way, but only in general, if he grows better. I am in yr. debt for some time, but what I now write to you upon, is that I could very much wish you cd. take 300 more of mine, to make yr. 700 an even thousand, if it be not too inconvient to yrself. I am adjusting several of my little affairs, and am payd in a good deal of mony (sic) which I do not know what to do with. I must also speedily determine upon a purchase with yr. Brother, wch. according as I can, or cannot, employ ye money, I wd. settle as soon as possible, both his health and mine being very precarious. For within these 4 months I am fallen into an Asthma almost as bad as his, and hardly able to stir abroad. I lye at present at the Earl of Orrery's, in Westminster, Duke Street, whither a line will find me these 3 or 4 days, and be a particular favour to, Dr. Sir, Yr. faithfull and obliged humble Servant, A. Pope.*"

204. PROCTER (B. W.—"Barry Cornwall"). Autograph Poem Signed. 1p., 8vo.

Fine "Love Song."

LAMB'S PROLOGUE TO "THE WIFE."

Lamb's editors all print the epilogue which he wrote for his friend Sheridan Knowles's play, but not the prologue. Why? one wonders. It may be that the preface to the published play mentions Lamb's name only as the writer of the epilogue, but that is hardly a reason, for Talfourd ("Letters of C. Lamb." 1837, ii. 300) tells us that, although, in 1833, Lamb's indisposition to write had increased, he was "still ready to obey the call of friendship, and wrote both prologue and epilogue to Knowles's play of 'The Wife.'" But the sentence in Knowles's preface is hardly less explicit: "To my early, my trusty, and honoured friend [how richly the brogue rolls through this collocation!] Charles Lamb, I owe my thanks for a delightful Epilogue composed almost as soon as it was requested. *To an equally dear friend I am equally indebted for my Prologue.*" (Italics mine.)

The prologue is not one of Lamb's choicest productions, for his talent for this species of rhyming did not equal his ambition, but it is, like everything he produced, full of interest, and it is quite as good as the epilogue. The prologue, *as printed*, can be seen by the curious prefixed to the play in the pamphlet ("The Wife"), but it differs widely from the text which Lamb first wrote, and which was probably delivered from the stage. Lamb's manuscript is still, happily, preserved in the Forster Collection at South Kensington, together with a note to Moxon, conveying a correction of the closing lines.

And this is what Lamb wrote—

> Stern Heaven in anger no poor wretch invades
> More sorely than the man who drives two trades—
> Author and Actor! Why has wayward fate
> Decreed to oppress me with the double weight?
> Wanting a *Prologue*, I in need applied
> To three Poetic Friends; was thrice denied:
> One gaped on me with supercilious air,
> And mutter'd "Vagabond, rogue, strolling player."
> A Poet once, I found, with looks aghast,
> By turning Player I had lost my *caste*.
> Wanting *a Speaker for my Prologue*, I
> Did to my friends behind the scenes apply
> With like success; each look'd on me askance,
> And scowl'd on me with a suspicious glance.
> The rogues—I dearly love them—but it stung them
> To think, God wot, a bard had got among them.
> Their service in the drama was enough,
> "The Poet might rehearse the Poet's stuff."
> Driven on myself for speech and Prologue too,
> Dear patrons of our art, I turn to you!
> If in these scenes that follow, you can trace
> What once has pleased you, an unbidden grace,
> A touch of nature's work, an awkward start,
> Or ebullition of an Irish heart,
> Cry, clap, commend it! If you like it not,
> Your former kindness cannot be forgot.
> Condemn me, damn me, hiss me, to your mind—
> I have a stock of gratitude behind!

For an excellent, if slightly fanciful, reason, which Lamb gives in his note to Moxon, he desires that the two last lines be altered to—

> Condemn them, damn them, hiss them, as you will—
> The Author is your grateful servant still!

And he adds: "I want to see fouster (not the German Foust) [John Forster]. and you, Boy! Mind, I don't care the 100,000th part of a bad sixpence if Knowles can get a prologue more to his mind."

One wonders whether Lamb had read "The Wife" before he wrote the prologue and epilogue: when he did the service for Godwin's "Antonio" he had not, as he confides to Manning in that delightful letter which has preserved the sprightly verses for us. "The names I took from a little outline G. gave me. I have not read the play."—J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

The Illustrated London News. Sept. 24, 1892

LAMB'S LINES 'TO SARA AND HER SAMUEL.'

THIS poem was never collected by Lamb, and the version which has taken its place in late editions of his 'Works' is not that which he himself printed. Its vicissitudes are interesting. The lines were sent to the Coleridges in a letter to "Samuel" begun on July 5th, 1796, and finished two days later. The occasion which prompted their composition is to be found in a postscript to a letter sent to Coleridge on July 1st. "Savory did return, but there are

two or three more ill or absent [from Lamb's department of the India House], which was the plea for refusing" him a holiday which had been almost within his grasp, and which he had intended to spend with the Coleridges at Bristol. The two young men had not met for a year and a half, and in the mean time Coleridge had been married to his Sara, whom Lamb had never seen. I have had in my hands the letter in which Lamb enclosed the verses, but the enclosure had disappeared, and may have been lost. There is, however, in the letter a passage that has never been printed, in which Lamb directs alterations to be made in certain lines of the poem. "Let 'em run thus," he writes (the notes printed below were written in the margin):—

> "I may not come a pilgrim to the Banks
> Of *Avon*, lucid* stream, to taste the wave
> Which Shakspeare drank, our British Helicon;
> Or with mine eye, &c., &c. [*sic*]
> *To muse in tears*, on that mysterious youth,† &c. [*sic*].

Then the last paragraph, alter thus :—

> Complaint, begone; begone, unkind reproof :‡
> Take up, my song, take up a merrier strain,
> For yet again, and lo! from Avon's vales
> Another Minstrel cometh! Youth endear'd,
> God and good Angels, &c., *as before*."

* "'Inspiring wave' was too commonplace."
† "Better than 'drop a tear.'"
‡ "Better refer to my own complaint solely—than half to that and half to Chatterton, as in your copy, which creates confusion, 'ominous fears, &c.'"

If the curious reader will turn to the 'Final Memorials' (i. 43), he will find that Talfourd constructed a text for himself by adopting only some of the alterations directed by Lamb. Mr. Fitzgerald (1875, 'Works,' vi. 457), probably having neither of the original documents before him, followed Talfourd, ignoring the text furnished by Moxon's editions of 1868 and 1870, in which all Lamb's new readings were fitted in. Canon Ainger ('Poems, Plays, &c.,' 1884) and Mr. Hazlitt ('Letters,' 1886) have both adopted this fully corrected text.

When Coleridge was preparing the second edition of his 'Poems' (the joint volume) Lamb begged him (Letter xxii., ed. Ainger) to insert "those very schoolboyish verses I sent you on not getting leave to come down to Bristol last summer," adding an intimation that he has sent them, "slightly amended," to the *Monthly Magazine*, and that *this* is the version he should wish to be printed in the 'Poems.' He fears, however, they are too "personal, trifling, and obscure" for such an honour, and Coleridge seems to have agreed with him. Here is the "slightly amended" version which appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* for January, 1797, which had not been published when Lamb wrote on the 16th. As a matter of fact, the lines were *much* "amended," and, so far as I am aware, the *Monthly* version has never been reprinted :

LINES *addressed, from London, to* SARA *and* S. T. C., at Bristol, in the Summer of 1796.

Was it so hard a thing? I did but ask
A fleeting holiday, a little week.

What, if the jaded steer, who, all day long,
Had borne the heat and burthen of the plough,
When ev'ning came, and her sweet cooling hour,
Should seek to wander in a neighbour copse,
Where greener herbage wav'd, or clearer streams
Invited him to slake his burning thirst?
The man were crabbed who should say him nay;
The man were churlish who should drive him thence.

A blessing light upon your worthy heads,
Ye hospitable pair! I may not come
To catch on Clifden's heights the summer gale;
I may not come to taste the Avon wave;
Or, with mine eye intent on Redcliffe tow'rs,
To muse in tears on that mysterious youth,
Cruelly slighted, who, in evil hour
Shap'd his advent'rous course to London walls!

Complaint, be gone! and, ominous thoughts, away!
Take up, my Song, take up a merrier strain;
For yet again, and lo! from Avon's vales,
Another Minstrel* cometh. Youth endear'd,
God and good Angels guide thee on thy road,
And gentler fortunes 'wait the friends I love!

CHARLES LAMB.

* From vales where Avon winds, the Minstrel came.
Coleridge's 'Monody on Chatterton' [Lamb's note].

It will be observed that from this (the only authorized) version the lines in which Lamb had permitted himself to confound the two Avons have disappeared; and it may be hoped that in all future editions the revised copy may replace the first, which he never printed. Having thus early removed his reproach, it would be too bad to allow it to "cling to him everlastingly."

By the way, did not the suppressed lines contain another slip, one which has passed unnoticed?—the same slip which Byron made in 'English Bards,' and, oddly enough, when writing of Bristol. Lamb called the Avon "our British Helicon," and Byron called the "lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five," of Cottle's epic "fresh fish from Helicon." When annotating the 'English Bards' in 1816, he remarked: "'Fresh fish from Helicon!'—Helicon is a mountain, and not a fish-pond. It should have been 'Hippocrene.'" J. D. C.

The Athenæum
Sept. 8th 1894

LAMB AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

BY J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

In his "Life of Charles Lamb," our standard authority, Canon Ainger, points out with much reason that, although Talfourd was told by the authorities of Christ's Hospital that when Lamb left it he was "in Greek form, but not a Deputy Grecian," the distinction may have been, in large measure, a technical one. Lamb describes himself as having been a Deputy Grecian, and, by what is no doubt an undesigned coincidence, is so described by Leigh Hunt, who entered the school only about two years after Lamb had left. Some doubt, however, seems to linger, for in a note to the "Essays of Elia" Canon Ainger speaks of its being "a tradition" in Christ's Hospital that Lamb was the immediate pupil of the head master (Boyer) for some time before leaving school. Something has recently come under my notice which seems to establish in a very pleasant and very convincing fashion the strict accuracy of the tradition.

In Trollope's "History of Christ's Hospital" (1834, p. 192 *n.*) we are told that "it was the practice of Mr. Boyer to excite the emulation of his scholars by allowing them to transcribe exercises of more than ordinary merit in a book kept for the purpose. From this book, which is still in existence, the following verses are copied." Here follow the verses of Coleridge to which the title of "Julia" has been given by the editor of Macmillan's four-volume edition of his poems, in which they were first collected. By the courtesy of the famous head master's grandson and namesake, to whom the book has descended and by whom it is treasured, I have been permitted to examine it and to make some extracts. In turning over the leaves I was delighted to find a contribution signed "Charles Lamb, 1789"—not because its presence there cleared up any doubt about his position in the school—though that is something—but for the sufficient reason that it was Charles Lamb's. The verses, perhaps, are not conspicuously better than the average of such compositions, though I am fain to detect in them the savour of a somewhat rarer herbage than that on which the normal clever schoolboy is content to browse; but this may be but a fancy, and I will not insist on it. To such rough-and-ready critical apparatus as I am able to apply, Lamb's "Mille Viæ Mortis" yields as little promise of "Hester" or "The Old Familiar Faces" as Coleridge's "Julia" of "Christabel"; but it would not be surprising if a more delicate test gave a different result. For the development of Lamb's critical taste was years in advance of Coleridge's—as may be seen by his letters to his friend in 1796, when Lamb was twenty-one and Coleridge twenty-four. But I have no intention of instituting even the roughest comparative analysis of their schoolboy verses; I will rather preface Lamb's little exercise (which, I believe, has hitherto escaped notice) with a word or two regarding the "Libro d'Oro" in which I found it. It begins with 1783, when Boyer had been already head master for seven years, and it ends with his year of retirement, 1799. It contains in all sixty-five compositions, of which forty-six are in verse and nineteen in prose. The authors were all Grecians but three, and all "Exhibitioners" (sent to Oxford or Cambridge at the charge of the Hospital) but four—namely, John Maund, Charles Lamb, B. Oviatt, and W. Thompson. Maund was the Grecian who was not an Exhibitioner—the "ill-fated M——" of the "Elia" essay. Of him and of another, Henry Scott, also ill-fated, who contributed thrice to the book, Lamb says "the Muse is silent," and adapts Prior thus—

> Finding some of Edward's race
> Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Of Oviatt and W. Thompson no record is available. But here are Lancelot Pepys Stephens, "kindest of boys and men"; and Trollope, afterwards head master—these two the Damon and Pythias of the institution; Middleton, "a gentleman and scholar in his teens," who, later, "bore his mitre high in Calcutta"; Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard," at an age when his protector was only "gentleman and scholar"; Edward Thornton, the "tall, dark, saturnine youth," who became a renowned diplomat and the father of another, still happily with us; the two Le Grices, the one who had the famous "lethargy" before going to make puns in Cornwall, and the other who, like his brother Grecian and contributor Favell, died as a soldier-boy; handsome Bob Allen, who seems to have exhausted himself in the fateful introduction of Coleridge to Southey; and "fine, frank-hearted Franklin," who became master of the children's school at Hertford. All Lamb's Grecians wrote in Boyer's book, and some of Hunt's. His strange, eerie "C——n" was doubtless Cheslyn; and there is Pitman, who visited Hunt in prison, and became Reader to our Queen when she was Princess Victoria; and Cautley, who had a distinguished career at Cambridge, and to whom, for auld lang syne, Pitman dedicated his Latin Anthology; and John Wood, who was Hunt's "kind giant," but who proved, in the cold daylight of his Fellow's rooms at Pembroke, when Hunt visited him at Cambridge, to be a head shorter than his visitor. All these wrote and are written in the "Liber Aureus" of their noble foundation, but of them all only two, Coleridge and Lamb, in that whose "golden clasps lock in the golden story" of our national literature.

Here is Lamb's first attempt—

MILLE VIÆ MORTIS.

What time in bands of slumber all were laid,
To Death's dark court, methought I was convey'd;
In realms it lay far hid from mortal sight,
And gloomy tapers scarce kept out the night.

On ebon throne the King of Terrors sate,
Around him stood the ministers of Fate;
On fell destruction bent, the murth'rous band
Waited attentively his high command.

Here pallid Fear and dark Despair were seen,
And Fever here with looks forever lean,
Swoln Dropsy, halting Gout, profuse of woe,
And Madness fierce and hopeless of repose.

Wide-wasting Plague; but chief in honour stood
More-wasting War, insatiable of blood;
With starting eye-balls, eager for the word;
Already brandish'd was the glitt'ring sword.

Wonder and fear alike had fill'd my breast,
And thus the grisly Monarch I address—

"Of earth-born Heroes why should poets sing,
"And thee neglect, neglect the greatest King?
"To thee ev'n Cæsar's self was forc'd to yield
"The glories of Pharsalia's well-fought field."

When, with a frown, "Vile caitiff, come not here!"
Abrupt cried Death; "shall flatt'ry soothe my ear?
"Hence, or thou feel'st my dart!" the Monarch said.
Wild terror seiz'd me, and the vision fled.

CHARLES LAMB, 1789.

AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB, IN EDMONTON.

Not here, O teeming City, was it meet
Thy lover, thy most faithful, should repose,
But where the multitudinous life-tide flows
Whose ocean-murmur was to him more sweet
Than melody of birds at morn, or bleat
Of flocks in Spring-time, *there* should Earth enclose
His earth, amid thy thronging joys and woes,
There, 'neath the music of thy million feet.

In love of thee this lover knew no peer,
Thine eastern or thy western fane had made
Fit habitation for his noble shade.
Mother of mightier, nurse of none more dear,
Not here, in rustic exile, O not here,
Thy Elia like an alien should be laid!

WILLIAM WATSON.

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CHARLES LAMB AND ROBERT LLOYD.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I.

ROBERT LLOYD was the third of the twelve children of Charles Lloyd, the Quaker banker of Birmingham, whose country house at Bingley gave Bingley Hall its name. Robert's elder brother was that Charles Lloyd who, in part of 1796 and 1797, lived, first as pupil and then as friend, under Coleridge's roof, who almost persuaded Lamb to "turn Quaker," and whose poems were added to those of Coleridge and Lamb in the volume which Cottle published in 1797. Coleridge was then twenty-five, Lamb twenty-two, and Charles Lloyd two days Lamb's junior. The great tragedy of Lamb's life had taken place a year earlier.

The Lloyd family was an interesting one. In 1796 its head, Charles Lloyd, the banker, was a man of nearly fifty, resolute in probity, a champion of Quaker principles, a stern disciplinarian and vigilant parent, yet at the same time possessed of such lenitives as a love of agriculture, admiration of the classics, sympathy with the poor and the oppressed, and a preference, common among wealthy Quakers, for spacious ways of life. He was master of several languages, and his memory was prodigious, enabling him to repeat without hesitation the whole of the Georgics and Bucolics.

Charles Lloyd, the son, had none of his father's confidence. He was constitutionally weak, a sufferer from epileptic fits, and his mind, though singularly luminous and active, was too frequently employed in wrestling with problems beyond its capacity. He became early a prey to religious doubts and fears, seeking refuge first in Rousseau, and afterwards in Coleridge and metaphysics, and passed gradually into a state of despondency analogous to that of Cowper. He enjoyed lucid intervals, but to the end was subject to long and awful periods of depression, during which it was found necessary to place him under restraint. Coleridge probably did him no good. Their companionship, beginning in the autumn of 1796, lasted, however, only a short while. In the summer of 1797 came a break, and for some years Lloyd passed out of Coleridge's life. With Lamb he remained longer on friendly terms. In 1798 they produced together a volume entitled "Blank Verse." But a misunderstanding arose, and the two men drifted apart and apart remained.

In both cases the cause of offence was more Lloyd's misfortune than his fault. A gentler, purer-minded, more devoted creature did not exist; but he had a luckless tendency to divulge just those personal secrets which he ought most jealously to have preserved. That at one time Lamb loved him with sincerity we know from the affectionate references in Lamb's letters to Coleridge, and from the verses "To Charles Lloyd, an Unexpected Visitor," which appear in Lamb's poems. But, although Talfourd says of Lloyd that "his admirable

intellect" was capable of the "finest processes of severe reasoning," we must consider him no companion either for Lamb or Coleridge. He lacked nimbleness, flexibility, fun. And in time his extreme sensibility was doomed to grow tiresome.

Before the final separation came Lamb seems more than once to have resented Lloyd's conduct. According to Canon Ainger, in a note appended to his edition of Lamb's Letters, the stanza of "The Old Familiar Faces,"

> I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
> Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
> Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces,

is a reference not, as has generally been supposed, to Coleridge, but to Lloyd. Coleridge is the

> Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother.

The poem was written in 1798, in the same month in which Lamb wrote to Coleridge, "I had well-nigh quarrelled with Charles Lloyd."

The serious rupture, however, did not come, fortunately for posterity, until after Lloyd had introduced Lamb, visiting him at Cambridge in the autumn of 1799, to Thomas Manning, then a tutor at Caius. We owe Charles Lloyd gratitude for this, for it was Manning who furnished the Chinese story upon which the "Dissertation on Roast Pig" pivots, and who inspired some of the best of the letters.

Robert Lloyd was of a mind less dogged and contemplative than that of his brother Charles. From the evidence of a number of private letters written by Robert Lloyd to his wife and members of his family, we may suppose him to have been sensitive and ardent, impatient of restrictions, intolerant of deception, frank, affectionate, and a very poor judge of character. Charles seems to have been incapable of laughter, but one can fancy Robert laughing often. When Lamb met him first, late in 1796 or early in 1797, he was eighteen (he was born in December, 1778), and apparently was visiting Charles during a holiday from Saffron Walden, in Essex, where, much against his will, he was apprenticed. Lamb was prepossessed at once. "Lamb," says Charles Lloyd in a letter to Robert, dated March 2, 1797, "desir'd to be remember'd to you whenever I wrote—he took a great liking to you." And again, writing on September 20 of the same year, "Lamb often talks of you." It must have been soon after this that the correspondence between Lamb and Robert Lloyd began.

Lamb's letters to Robert Lloyd are not his most characteristic; are not to be ranked with those to Manning, Coleridge, Wordsworth, or even Barton. It requires two to make a perfect letter—the writer and the recipient must be in partnership; and Robert Lloyd was not the best of partners. Hence there is little of Lamb, as we know him from Canon Ainger's volumes, in the early letters, yet it is interesting to see how reasonably, temperately, and wisely this young man (young, but prematurely aged) of twenty-three could advise a still younger on grave matters. The Lamb that we do there meet, although unfamiliar and lacking the sportiveness and mischief that we so prize in him, has a

rare beauty and strength. It is impossible to read this little bundle of letters without increased respect for the shining excellences of a good man and great genius. Although we feel Robert Lloyd to have been at first something of a drag upon his friend, later he developed into a worthier correspondent. It was no small thing to draw from Lamb some of the passages that follow: the praise of London, the outburst against morbid despondency, the eulogy of "The Complete Angler," the analysis of Richard III.'s character, the testimony to Jeremy Taylor's sweetness and might, all are precious additions to that fragrant and imperishable body of delicate and distinguished literature which we know as Lamb's Letters.

Robert Lloyd, though not unsettled to the same extent as his brother Charles, was yet dissatisfied both with his employment and the religion of his fathers. The prospect of crystallizing into a business man seems to have had very little attraction for him. He chafed continually, as we gather from the rebukes called forth from Lamb. This, given in its completeness, is the first letter of the series; the date is missing, but we cannot be far wrong in fixing it somewhere early in 1798,—as nearly as possible one hundred years ago:

MY DEAR ROBERT,—I am a good deal occupied with a calamity near home, but not so much as to prevent my thinking about you with the warmest affection —you are among my very dearest friends. I know you will feel deeply when you hear that my poor sister is unwell again—one of her old disorders—but I trust it will hold no longer than her former illnesses have done. Do not imagine, Robert, that I sink under this misfortune; I have been season'd to such events, and think I could bear anything tolerably well. My own health is left me, and my good spirits, and I have some duties to perform. These duties shall be *my object*. I wish, Robert, *you* could find an object. I know the painfulness of vacuity, all its achings and inexplicable longings. I wish to God I could recommend any plan to you—stock your mind well with religious knowledge; discipline it to wait with patience for duties that may be your lot in life; prepare yourself not to expect too much out of yourself; *read* and *think*—this is all commonplace advice, I know: I know, too, that it is easy to give advice, which in like circumstances we might not follow ourselves. You must depend upon yourself—there will come a time when you will wonder you were not more content. I know you will excuse my saying any more. Be assured of my warmest affection.

C. LAMB.

In the next letter Lamb is still the kindly mentor. Apparently Robert Lloyd had been moved to one of those excesses of admiration of a fellow-man to which youth is subject. Lamb's reply is interesting, both for its solid sense and its personal revelation. This is one passage:

Our duties are to do good expecting nothing again, to bear with contrary dispositions, to be candid and forgiving, not to crave and long after a communication of sentiment and feeling, but rather to avoid dwelling upon these feelings, however good, because they are our own. A man may be intemperate and selfish, who indulges in *good feelings* for the mere pleasure they give him. I do not wish to deter you from making a friend, a true friend, and such a friendship where the parties are not blind to each other's faults is very useful and valuable. I perceive a tendency in you to this error, Robert. I know you have chosen to take up an high opinion of my moral worth, but I say before God, and I do not lie, you are mistaken in me. I could not bear to lay open all my failings to you, for the sentiment of shame would be too pungent. Let this be as an example to you.

In the next letter we have a piece of special pleading of grave and touching beauty. Robert Lloyd, like many young Quakers, was impatient of the quietude and inaction of his ancestral creed. This is not the place for an inquiry into that creed; it is here enough to say that the professions of the Society of Friends are less compatible with youth than with age. Quakerism is venerable, and in many aspects lovely, but youth is the negation of very much that George Fox taught. Robert Lloyd seems to have rebelled against the Quaker strictness of attire. A letter from his mother, dated August, 1798, has this passage: "Permit me to drop one hint more and then I hope this sermon will be ended. I was griev'd to hear of thy appearing in those *fantastical* trousers in London. I am clear such eccentricities of dress would only make thee laughed at by the World, whilst thy sincere Friends would be *deeply hurt*. Canst thou love thy father and yet do things that sink him as well as thyself in the opinion of our best Friends? Thou art my dear son form'd to make an amiable figure in society, but for once trust to the judgment of thy Mother, neither thy Person or mind are form'd for eccentricities of dress or conduct." And a little later Robert's father was moved to write, "Thou wilt please me by observing simplicity in thy dress and manners. Do not let the customs of the World influence thee." But the boy's especial dislike seems to have been the silent meetings, gray and uneventful, with no ritual for the organization of wandering thoughts, no music to allure the soul from mundane trappings. Lamb reasoned with him patiently and lovingly:

I am sadly sorry that you are relapsing into your old complaining strain. I wish I could adapt my consolations to your disease, but, alas! I have none to offer which your own mind and the suggestions of books cannot better supply. Are you the first whose situation hath not been exactly squar'd to his ideas? or rather, will you find me that man who does not complain of the one thing wanting? That thing obtained, another wish will start up. While this eternal craving of the mind keeps up its eternal hunger, no feast that my palate knows of will satisfy that hunger, till we come to drink the new wine (whatever it be) in the kingdom of the Father. See what trifles disquiet us. You are unhappy because your parents expect you to attend meetings. I don't know much of Quakers' meetings, but I believe I may moderately reckon them to take up the space of six hours in the week. Six hours to please your parents; and that time not absolutely lost. Your mind remains, you may think and plan, remember and foresee, and do all human acts of mind sitting as well as walking; you are quiet at meeting—one likes to be sometimes; you may advantageously crowd your day's devotions into that space—nothing you see or hear then can be unfavourable to it; you are for that time at least exempt from the counting-house, and your parents cannot chide you there. Surely, at so small expense you cannot grudge to observe the fifth Commandment. I decidedly consider your refusal as a breach of that God-descended precept—Honour and observe thy parents in all lawful things. Silent worship cannot be *un*lawful: there is no idolatry, no invocation of saints, no bowing before the consecrated wafer in all this, nothing which a wise man would refuse, or a good man fear to do. What is it? Sitting a few hours in a week with certain good people, who call *that* worship. You subscribe to no articles. If your mind wanders, it is no crime in you, who do not give credit to these infusions of the spirit. They sit in a temple, you sit as in a room adjoining—only do not disturb their pious work with gabbling, nor your own necessary peace with heart-burnings at your not ill-meaning parents, nor a silly contempt of the work which is going on before you. I know that if my parents were to live again, I would do more things to please them than merely sitting still six hours in a week. Perhaps I enlarge too much on this affair, but indeed

your objection seems to me ridiculous, and involving in it a principle of frivolous and vexatious resistance.

You have often borne with my freedoms; bear with me once more in this. If I did not love you, I should not trouble myself whether you went to meeting or not—whether you conform'd or not the will of your father.

And so from the less familiar Lamb we part. Henceforward the letters are more in a vein with which it is our delight already to be acquainted.

Here, for instance, in the first of them to bear a date—November 13, 1798—is a spirited pæan of the joy of living, such as no pen but Lamb's could have composed:

One passage in your letter a little displeas'd me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that "this world to you seems drain'd of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements have all a sweetness by turns. Good-humour and good-nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything; but do not go a-gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers, Bowless and Charlotte Smiths, and all that tribe, who can see no joys but what are passed and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place.

A week later Lamb sent his young friend some extracts from his play "John Woodvil." Two months afterwards a startling event happened. Robert ran away—we cannot be quite sure whether from Saffron Walden or Birmingham, from master or parent, but certainly from Quaker restraint—and appeared suddenly at Lamb's. On January 21, 1799, Lamb wrote to Southey the letter printed in Canon Ainger's edition (vol. i. p. 100): "I am requested by [Charles] Lloyd to excuse his not replying to a kind letter received from you. He is at present situated in most distressful family perplexities, which I am not at liberty to explain, but they are such as to demand all the strength of his mind, and quite exclude any attention to foreign objects. His brother Robert (the flower of his family) hath eloped from the persecutions of his father, and has taken shelter with me. What the issue of his adventure will be, I know not. He hath the sweetness of an angel in his heart, combined with admirable firmness of purpose; an uncultivated, but very original, and I think superior, genius." What happened after this step, or how Lamb extricated himself from such an embarrassing position, is not known. Robert seems to have taken a holiday, for in a letter from Lamb in the spring of 1799 reference is made to his return from a visit to Worcester. Lamb next turns to the case of a mutual acquaintance of Robert and himself, then staying in London as his guest. Thus:

He is perpetually getting into mental vagaries. He is in Love! and tosses and tumbles about in his bed like a man in a barrel of spikes. He is more sociable; but I am heartily sick of his domesticating with me; he

wants so many sympathies of mine, and I want his, that we are daily declining into *civility*. I shall be truly glad when he is gone. I find 'tis a dangerous experiment to grow too familiar. Some natures cannot bear it without converting into indifference. I know but one being that I could ever consent to live perpetually with, and that is Robert. But Robert must go whither prudence and paternal regulations indicate a way. I shall not soon forget you—do not fear that—nor grow cool towards Robert. My not writing is no proof of these disloyalties. Perhaps I am unwell, or vexed, or spleen'd, or something, when I should otherwise write.

The allusion to prudence and paternal relations is probably a glance at the flight from Saffron Walden. The letter continues with the following dissertation on taste, which is no less pertinent to-day than it was then:

Assure Charles of my unalterable affection, and present my warmest wishes for his and Sophia's happiness. . . . I am much pleased with his poems in the "Anthology"—one in particular. The other is a kind and no doubt just tribute to Robert and Olivia, but I incline to opinion that these domestic addresses should not always be made public. I have, I know, more than once exposed my own secretest feelings of that nature, but I am sorry that I did. Nine out of ten readers laugh at them. When a man dies leaving the name of a great author behind him, any unpublished relicks which let one into his domestic retirements are greedily gathered up, which in his lifetime, and before his fame had ripened, would by many be considered as impertinent. But if Robert and his sister were gratified with seeing their brother's heart in print, let the rest of the world go hang. They may prefer the remaining trumpery of the "Anthology." All I mean to say is, I think I perceive an indelicacy in thus exposing one's virtuous feelings to criticism. But of delicacy Charles is at least as true a judge as myself.

The Anthology was the "Annual Anthology" for 1799, edited by Southey. Charles Lloyd was, to be precise, represented in it by more than two poems. He had four: the "Lines to a Brother and Sister," some blank verse "To a Young Man who considered the Perfection of Human Nature as consisting in the Vigour and Indulgence of the more Boisterous Passions," and sonnets to a Woodpecker and the Sabbath.

After leaving Worcester Robert seems to have continued to travel, for in a letter from his sister Priscilla (afterwards the wife of Christopher Wordsworth) in June of the same year—1799—he is addressed at Bath. His sister enters with gentle reasonableness into his difficulties, sympathizing with his objection to business and suggesting possible solutions. Apparently he had some thoughts of living with Lamb, for Priscilla says, "Lamb would not, I think, by any means be a person to take up your abode with. He is too much like yourself—he would encourage those feelings which it certainly is your duty to suppress."

Lamb's next letter to Robert offers a pleasant glimpse of the elder Lloyd. The date is December, 1799. It begins,—

Dear Rob.,—Thy presents will be most acceptable, whenever they come, both for thy sake and for the liquor, which is a beverage I most admire. Wine makes me hot, and brandy makes me drunk, but porter warms without intoxication, and elevates, yet not too much above the point of tranquillity. But I hope Robert will come himself before the tap is out. He may be assured that his good honest company is the most valuable present, after all, he can make us.

These cold nights crave something beside porter—good English mirth and heart's ease. Rob. must contrive to pass some of his Christmas with us, or at least drink in the century with a welcome.

The letter continues:

I have not seen your father or Priscilla since [the visit to town]. Your father was in one of his best humours—(I have seldom seen him in one not good)—and after dinner, while we were sitting comfortably before the parlour fire, after our wine, he beckoned me suddenly out of the room. I, expecting some secrets, followed him, but it was only to go and sit with him in the old forsaken compting house, which he declared to be the pleasantest spot in the house to him, and told me how much business used to be done there in former days. Your father whimsically mixes the good man and the man of business in his manners, but he is not less a good man for being a man of business. He has conceived great hopes of thy one day uniting both characters, and I joyfully expect the same.

The letter concludes with this postscript:

Mary joins me in remembrances to Robert, and in expectation of the coming beverage.
Do you think you shall be able to come?
Monday night, just porter time.

Robert Lloyd also appears to have met Manning about this time, for the next two letters in our bundle are in Manning's hand. In the appreciative tone of these missives we have another proof that Robert Lloyd must have been a very engaging fellow. This is an extract from Manning's first note, written probably early in 1800:

I was, indeed, very happy at Lamb's. I abode there but three days. He is very good—I wish you and he and myself were now sitting over a bowl of punch, or a tankard of porter. We often talked of you, and were perfectly agreed—but I won't tell you what we agreed to about you, lest you should hold up your head too high. You'll be sufficiently vain, I doubt not, Master Robert, at having been made the subject of conversation between such great men as *Lamb* and I (are likely to be). I was introduced to Coleridge, which was a great gratification to me. I think him a man of very splendid abilities and animated feelings. But let me whisper a word in your ear, Robert—twenty Coleridges could not supply your loss to me, if you were to forsake me. So if any *friendly interposer* should come and tell you I am not what I seem, and warn you against my friendship, beware of listening to him.

Here, for the sake of chronological order and for its bearing upon the Lloyd family, a passage from one of Lamb's letters to Manning at Cambridge (Canon Ainger's edition, vol. i. p. 116) may be inserted. The date is March 17, 1800. "Tell Charles [Lloyd] I have seen his mamma and have almost fallen in love with *her*, since I mayn't with Olivia. She is so fine and graceful, a complete matron-lady-quaker. She has given me two little books. Olivia grows a charming girl—full of feeling, and thinner than she was; but I have not time to fall in love." (Olivia was another of Robert's sisters.) Manning's second letter to Robert—July 15, 1800—contains this passage:

I often picture to myself a contingency, which most likely never will take place, but yet may, and which I contemplate with a strange fondness and de-

light: 'tis of you and myself travelling together abroad, in the South of France, or in Italy, or in Switzerland, or in some part of Spain. *Your* susceptibility and *my* mathematical caution would form an excellent travelling temperament, I think. If there was peace over Europe, and you and I had each of us independent fortunes, I am sure I should propose it to you. I should like to know whether this idea pleases you as it does me, but I should guess not, for which I could give most sage reasons; and if I guessed wrong, I could give you most sage reasons again to account for the erroneousness of my former reasons—in short, *if I should guess*, it would be guessing.

The projected tour was never accomplished; and with this letter Manning passes from the correspondence.

In the same month of 1800 a letter of Lamb's offers this characteristic confession:

I have had such a deadness about me. Man delights not me, nor woman neither. I impute it in part or altogether to the stupefying effect which continued fine weather has upon me. I want some rains or even snow and intense cold winter nights to bind me to my habitation, and make me value it as a home —a sacred character which it has not attained with me hitherto. I cannot read or write when the sun shines. I can only walk.

Lamb goes on to say that he has been staying with his friend Gutch at Oxford:

Gutch's family is a very fine one, consisting of well-grown sons and daughters, and all likely and well favoured. What is called a Happy Family—that is, according to my interpretation, a numerous assemblage of young men and women, all fond of each other to a certain degree, and all happy together, but where the very number forbids any two of them to get close enough to each other to share secrets and *be friends*. That close intercourse can only exist (commonly, I think), in a family of two or three. I do not envy large families. The fraternal affection by diffusion and multi-participation is ordinarily thin and weak. They don't get near enough to each other.

In the autumn of the same year, 1800, a letter of Lamb to Manning, dated October 5 (Canon Ainger's edition, vol. i. p. 140), gives the following piece of news: "Robert Lloyd is come to town. Priscilla meditates going to see 'Pizarro' at Drury Lane to-night (from her uncle's), under cover of coming to dine with me . . . *heu tempora! heu mores!* I have barely time to finish, as I expect her and Robin every minute." A letter of Robert's to his father, written during this visit, contains, it is amusing to note, no mention of the theatre. Thus: "My dear Parents,—Priscilla wrote you word of my arrival here. I am well, and so is my sister. At present I have been in Tower Street, with a few digressions to my friend Lamb."

E. V. Lucas.

"aside" is written in blue ink, and, as will be remarked, is quite in Dickens's vein.

FRANK T. SABIN.

A LETTER OF CHARLES LAMB.

MAY I ask space for a few notes on a letter of Charles Lamb which has received very scurvy treatment? It is the one written to Coleridge in December, 1796, beginning, "I am sorry I cannot now relish your poetical present so thoroughly as I feel it deserves," lately printed in full for the first time by Mr. Hazlitt in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and noticed in the *Athenæum* for February 28th.

Talfourd professed to print it in 1837 ('Letters,' i. 84) with one omission, but he then suppressed two passages, the first of which followed immediately on the opening sentence. In it Lamb explained the reason for his imperfect relish—the many perplexities which beset him, including the return on his hands of his Aunt Hetty by the caprice of "the old hag of a wealthy relation" who had taken charge of her, it was thought, for good. Talfourd printed this passage in 1848 ('Final Memorials,' i. 72), but without hinting that it came from a letter already printed in part, so that subsequent editors treated it as an independent letter, and placed it at a considerable distance from its context. Talfourd may possibly have delayed the publication of this passage with the view of sparing the feelings of some representative of the "wealthy relation" (for she herself had probably, in the course of nature, gone to her account long before), but as he suppressed without any conceivable reason the other passage altogether, he need not be too curiously credited with an excuse in regard to the first. At all events, any possible excuse could only cover the reflections cast on the action of the old lady, and he remains quite inexcusable in suppressing the circumstances which caused Lamb to be so much cast down at this time as to be able only imperfectly to relish a gift peculiarly interesting to him.

The passage hitherto unprinted is occupied entirely by observations on some early verses of Coleridge and Lloyd, and affords welcome additional illustration of the development of that rich native endowment which enabled Lamb, when barely out of his teens, to deliver critical judgments marked by an extraordinary sureness of touch and maturity of taste. Although printed by Mr. Hazlitt as if it began a new paragraph in the letter, the passage merely continues, at first, the remarks on Lloyd's "gayly deck'd forth" edition of the poems on his grandmother (1796); and it should be mentioned, for the benefit of those who cannot conveniently refer to this, that the sonnets which Lamb has been praising just before are numbered by him as in 1796, and not as in the more accessible reprint in the joint volume of 1797. Lloyd suppressed "Sonnet V." of 1796, and in 1797 Lamb's selection received the numbers V., VI., VII., VIII., and X. respectively. Indeed, there is no eleventh sonnet in 1797.

The new passage begins with a word of praise to Lloyd's lines on 'Friday,' which were first printed in the folio of 1796; but as it goes on to deal with Lloyd's other verses entitled 'The Melancholy Man,' which did not appear in that volume, it seems likely that, at this point, Lamb took up some other document which formed a component part of the "poetical present." Writing to the giver, there could be no need to distinguish. I think I know what this fresh document was. The clue comes from an unprinted letter written by Coleridge to John Thelwall in December, 1796, which (among many other things) informs him of a present that accompanies it. It was a "poetical present" very similar to that which Lamb received in the same month, for it included a copy of Lloyd's magnificent folio, and a copy of the little collection of sonnets put together and prefaced by Coleridge—the very copy, indeed, which you have mentioned as existing in the Dyce Library at South Kensington. Besides these two pamphlets, Coleridge sends to Thelwall some loose sheets which, he says, he and Lloyd had printed together, intending to make a volume, but which had been cancelled, in consequence of the idea of the volume having been abandoned. (The idea, we know, was resumed, but not until the following March, when it was arranged that Lloyd's poems should be added to the volume which Coleridge and Lamb were preparing.) I think there can be little doubt that another copy of these cancelled sheets—of which, I believe, no specimen is extant—was sent to Lamb, and formed the text of his commentaries in the hitherto unprinted passage of his letter.

Beginning with Lloyd's 'Melancholy Man' (first printed in the Carlisle volume of 1795, from the title of a song from which Lamb afterwards borrowed the name of his heroine Rosamund Gray), he passes to Coleridge's poem on leaving the honeymoon-cottage at Clevedon, "altogether the sweetest thing to me," says Lamb, "you ever wrote." The verses had appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* two months before. Comparing that text with the one now before him, Lamb writes:—

"For those lines of yours, page 18, omitted in magazine, I think the 3 first better retain'd—the 3 last, which are somewhat 'simple' in the most affronting sense of the word, better omitted—to this my taste directs me—I have no claim to prescribe to you."

That Lamb's counsel was followed to some extent may be gathered from a comparison between the text of the magazine and that of 1797:—

Once I saw
(Hallowing his sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of Commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: he paus'd, and look'd,
With a pleas'd sadness, and gazed all around,
Then ey'd our Cottage, and gaz'd round again,
And said, *it was a blessed little place!*
And we *were* blessed! *Monthly Magazine.*

Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of Commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen. Methought it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paus'd, and look'd
With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around,
Then ey'd our cottage, and gaz'd round again,
And sigh'd and said, *it was a blessed place.*
And we *were* blessed. 'Poems,' 1797.

It will be observed that Coleridge in 1797 inserted some lines which were not in the magazine. They were probably restored from a MS. copy Lamb had previously seen, and if Coleridge did not cancel all that Lamb wisely counselled, he certainly drew the sting of the "affronting simplicity" by removing the word "little." The comical ambiguity of the Bristol man's exclamation as first reported could hardly have failed to drive Lamb's dull care away for a moment or two.

"The next poem to your friend," continues Lamb,

"is very beautiful.....let it be, since you ask me, 'as neighb'ring fountains each reflect the whole'—tho' that is somewhat harsh—indeed the ending is not so finish'd as the rest, which if you omit in your forthcoming edition, you will do the volume wrong, and the very binding will cry out."

He is speaking of Coleridge's lines 'To Charles Lloyd'—those beginning

A mount, not wearisome and bare and steep.

In the "forthcoming edition" the poet improved a little the barely tolerated line, making it read,—

As neighb'ring fountains image, each the whole,

but did not take Lamb's hint to omit the five which closed the poem. Lamb, however, got his way—perhaps took it—when the verses were reprinted in 1803, in the volume he saw through the press for Coleridge.

"Neither shall you omit the 2 following poems. 'The hour when we shall meet again' is [only?] a fine fancy, 'tis true, but fancy catering in the service of the feeling—fetching from her stores most

splendid banquets to satisfy her. Do not, do not, omit it."

So wrote Lamb of these somewhat slender verses, but his friend had composed them "during illness and in absence," and Lamb in his own heart-sickness and loneliness detected the reality which underlay the conventionality of expression. The critic slept, and even when he was awake again in 1803 was fain to let the lines be reprinted with only the concession of their worst couplet:—

> While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
> Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.

The second of the "2 following poems" was Coleridge's 'Sonnet to the River Otter.' The version then before him "excludes," complains Lamb, "those equally beautiful lines which deserve not to be lost, 'as the tir'd savage,' &c., and I prefer the copy in your *Watchman*. I plead for its preference." This pleading (which ends the newly printed passage) was not responded to in the way Lamb wanted, but in the appendix to the 1797 volume Coleridge printed the whole of the poem on an 'Autumnal Evening,' to which the "tir'd savage" properly belonged. Although he had previously described a part of the poem as "intolerable stuff," it was reprinted, with some other early verses, under cover of the apology that he had been requested to do so by intelligent friends on the ground that such youthful compositions pleased youthful readers. Coleridge was so much in the habit of "Coleridgising" (to use a phrase of Lamb's) about the dates of the composition of his verses that it may be worth mentioning that these lines on an 'Autumnal Evening' were written, if not "in early youth," no later than the winter of 1793, when he was just twenty-one. Christopher Wordsworth (the first) saw them, or more probably heard them recited by the poet, at Cambridge, on the 7th of November, 1793. "Coleridge called on Rough. We sat in criticism," he records in his diary,

"on some of his [Coleridge's] poems. In one of these he wished he were a Woodbine bower, a Myrtle, the Zephyr to fan the folds of her garment, neck, hair, &c.; a Dream; and finally he wished

> To be the Heaven that he aloft 'might rise
> And gaze upon her with unnumber'd eyes,'

which, by the bye, is borrowed from an epigram of Plato, *vid.* Brunck."—'Social Life at the Eng. Univ.,' compiled by Ch. Wordsworth, M.A. (Cambridge, 1874), Appendix G.

J. D. C.

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The Leadenhall Press, E.C.

Should a fifty-fifth-rate blood-sucking soulless publisher steal the title 'London City Suburbs,' I will trot him through the law courts and have the question thrashed out.

Mr. W. Moy Thomas accuses me of artlessness. I am flattered. Long, long ago I consulted the best living authority as to the copyrighting of titles, and the early publication of an *avant-coureur*—a complete edition, be it observed—has resulted more than once from the advice then received.

Common law is based on common justice guided by common sense. Your correspondent appears to think that in regard to the copyrighting of titles the law is uncommonly uncertain. I am content to rest in the belief that when a man has taken every known precaution to legally secure a valuable something which belongs to him, no English judge would countenance ruthless despoliation.

Although the three hundred and odd illustrations for 'London City Suburbs' are well under control, some being already in the engravers' hands, such a book, besides being costly—'London City' absorbed nearly 5,000*l.*—takes a long time to produce. Say that a preliminary booklet had been thought unnecessary, and that while 'London City Suburbs' is in the press another publisher, inadvertently or otherwise, brings out a book under the same title. He may stop my book by injunction, my printed sheets may as well be burnt, and I have to choose another title and reprint. But in the face of an *avant-coureur*, nonsensical or otherwise, inadvertence cannot be pleaded. He who takes my title takes it at his own risk, and it would probably be his sheets and not mine that would have to go behind the fire. At any rate, it would not be my fault if they didn't.

Andrew W. Tuer.

SALE.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sold the library of the late Mr. James Anderson Rose last week. The following are some of the higher prices realized: Arabian Nights, with supplement, by Sir F. Burton, 21*l.* 10*s.* British Poets, 53 vols., 26*l.* Crowe and Cavalcaselle, History of Painting in Italy, both series, 18*l.* 15*s.* Reid, Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank, 3 vols., 1871, 20*l.* W. Morris, Earthly Paradise, large paper, 1868, 15*l.* 5*s.* D. G. Rossetti, Poems and Ballads, 2 vols., large paper, 1870 and 1881, 18*l.*—The following were the property of R. Pinkney, Esq.: Bewick, History of British Birds, Quadrupeds, Land Birds, Fables of Æsop, and Select Fables, 6 vols., 35*l.* 10*s.* Dickens, Memoirs of Grimaldi, 2 vols., with a duplicate set of the etchings, 12*l.* 15*s.* Westmacott, English Spy, 2 vols., 1825–26, 39*l.* Yarrell, History of British Birds, first edition, large paper, 13*l.* 15*s.*; History of British Fishes, first edition, large paper, 13*l.* 10*s.* The sale realized 2,450*l.* 3*s.*

BLIZZARD.

Whilst this word still attracts attention it may be well to note that in the Fulham Road, not very many years ago, there was a little one-storied house of a hundred or more years' standing, when Brompton was rural and passed for a Montpellier, that had a stone let in at the upper story, inscribed "Blizzard House" or Cottage. It stood just opposite Pelham Crescent, about the middle. It is too much to hope that that or anything else belonging to old London remains now. But if it should it would be interesting to know whether any one in the neighbourhood could say anything as to how it obtained its name.

The word *siz* need only be spelt *siss* to show as *hiss*, the aspirate and *s* being of very close kin. *Blissey* Halliwell gives as a *blaze*. *Blintzen* is to *blind* in Wachter, and to *shine* in Wedgwood; this makes it the same as *blinken*, which has those two meanings. Now when the sun shines man *blinks*, and when a drizzling snow falls he does the same thing. So that we reach confusion and brilliancy as results accompanying each other. *Blézer* in Littré is "parler avec une espèce de grasseyement," which is a confused kind of guttural sounding of the letter *r*. *Blitz* is lightning, and lightning blinds. Thus a cloud of fine dust, a sand-drift in Sahara, and a snowstorm are all blizzards. It is curious Shakspeare's "blizzard and the drouth" is passed without comment in Dyce's glossary to the plays and poems. *Blys* in Icelandic is a torch. *Blese* in Roquefort is a match—flashing, hissing things both. *Blish-blash* is a Northumbrian word for sloppy dirt. *L*, *bl*, and *gl* are all interchangeable: French *luiser*, Russian *blistat*, to shine, *glister*, blaze, and when in excess with blinding results; but they all consistently pivot round the same idea. *Blizzard* is only one of the gang, and he is true English to the backbone; but he has come back freckled from America to us, and only the dog knows Ulysses again at his own fireside.

C. A. Ward.

Playford, Ipswich, June 8, 1891.

Many years ago my father, the late Mr. Arthur Biddell, had occasion to get up evidence of fire from a locomotive running past some farm premises which were burnt down. He produced a boy in court—I think at Ipswich—to prove that live cinders fell from the funnel.

The Athenæum June 7th 1890

AN EARLY AMERICAN EDITION OF ELIA.

THERE has lately come into my possession, through the generous kindness of Mr. C. B. Foote, of Pine Street, New York, a "Second Series" of the 'Essays of Elia,' compiled and published at Philadelphia in 1828—that is to say, five years before Lamb collected his 'Last Essays of Elia' in 1833. The volume is for many reasons interesting, and is probably very rare, as Mr. Foote tells me that he has inquired among the leading second-hand dealers of New York, and that not one of them had ever heard of this edition. The copy which Mr. Foote has so kindly given me came from the Brevoort Library.

The First Series of Elia was published in England, as all lovers of Charles Lamb well know, in 1823. This was reprinted in Philadelphia in 1828 without variation, and the success of the volume presumably suggested to the publishers to compile a second, uniform in shape, from the essays of Lamb that had appeared since that date in the *London Magazine*. The compiler had no difficulty in finding material, and about a dozen of those which Lamb afterwards included in his 'Last Essays of Elia' are accordingly found in the volume. But the collection was made carelessly, and probably in great haste, for the editor overlooked three such characteristic essays as 'The Wedding,' 'The Superannuated Man,' and 'The Convalescent.' Moreover, he seems to have confined his researches to the *London Magazine*, and thus did not light upon those other papers from the *New Monthly Magazine* and elsewhere which appeared in the English edition of 1833. On the other hand, he had to make up a volume of fair size to rank with the reprint of the First Series, and he set about this in strange fashion. In flat defiance of his own statement on the title-page that the contents of the volume had appeared in the *London Magazine* under the signature of Elia, he included several early essays of Lamb's, such as those 'On the Melancholy of Tailors' and 'The Danger of confounding Moral with Personal Deformity,' which were collected by Lamb in the two-volume edition of his works in 1818; and finally he obtained the required amount of copy by culling from the pages of the *London Magazine* three papers of the authorship of which Lamb was wholly guiltless.

The first of these is a pleasantly written essay, 'The Nuns and Ale of Caverswell'—unsigned in the *London*, but which I have discovered to be by Allan Cunningham; and two others, 'Valentine's Day' and 'Twelfth Night; or, What You Will,' signed "Ω," were in fact written by B. W. Procter. It may be interesting to lovers of Elia, and of old editions, to possess a copy of the entire table of contents:—

Contents.

The choice by the editor of Allan Cunningham's pretty and sentimental account of meeting a nun of Caverswell, as from Elia's hand, was by no means creditable to his sagacity. The two papers by Procter, on the other hand, are written in obvious imitation of the Elian manner, and form a salutary warning to imitators, as showing how wholly beyond their reach is the vital spirit of their original. All the little trickeries of Lamb's style (when not at its best) have been caught; but the "spirit, the spirit, Master Shallow!"

I should be glad to hear if this edition has been recorded and described before.

ALFRED AINGER.

Mrs. Moxon, widow of the once famous "poet's publisher," whose death at Brighton at the age of eighty-two is announced, will be remembered by all readers of Charles Lamb's Biography and Correspondence as Emma Isola, the daughter of an Italian teacher of languages, who being left an orphan when a mere child, was brought up by Lamb and his sister, and treated by them as one of their own family. Mrs. Moxon was accustomed to the last to speak of Lamb as "my uncle," and Barry Cornwall refers to Lamb's deep affection for her. Lamb's friend Edward Moxon, whom she married in 1833, was himself a sonnetteer and a man of taste for letters. He was enabled by his friends to set up in business as a publisher, and poems of Tennyson, and indeed of nearly all the more distinguished of the Poet Laureate's earlier contemporaries bore the Moxon imprint. Unfortunately after Moxon's death the Dover-street business fell into the hands of subordinates, and by degrees Mrs. Moxon's affairs drifted into what seemed for a time to be irretrievable ruin and confusion. Messrs. Ward and Lock, however, having faith in the ultimate value of the stock and connection, stepped in and boldly guaranteed that all creditors should in due time receive fifteen shillings in the pound, while they agreed to make Mrs. Moxon an annual allowance, and after her death to make a substantial payment to her family. The result, in spite of the fact that they were compelled to defend actions brought by Mrs. Moxon's late manager, fully justified their sanguine expectations; and Mrs. Moxon in consequence lived to the close of her long life in comparative comfort.