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GEORGE BURNETT: 'POOR DEAR BURNETT': COLERIDGE

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Construction of the M5 has made the winding A38 an almost countrified road again. It is the old road from Bristol to Bridgwater and Taunton in Somerset, extremely familiar to the Wordsworths and Coleridge who on various occasions walked the 35-mile section Bristol to Bridgwater or alternatively 30 miles to the village of Pawlett where a river-ferry, reached by a fieldpath, brought them nearer Nether Stowey. In 1807 young de Quincey walked back to Bristol along it all through a summer night, the line of the Mendips ahead of him, his mind excited by the brilliant talk of Coleridge whom he had sought out in Bridgwater. The carrier Thomas Milton drove his cart along this road, bearing letters and the manuscripts of poems from Coleridge to his publisher Cottle. The same carrier brought Lamb's old greatcoat that he had left at Coleridge's Nether Stowey cottage.

Alongside this road lies George Burnett's native place, Huntspill, now divided into two villages West Huntspill and East Huntspill. It is a flat, fertile farming region, very low-lying, that before the era of modern drainage was at times disastrously flooded by the tidal river Parret. A great flood occurred in 1799 when Burnett fields must have been affected.

Burnett's father was a prosperous farmer living at Swell House (George's birthplace 1776) that is approached by a drive-way just off the A38 at West Huntspill. Later Burnetts lived at the pleasant 18th century Ilex House, adjacent to the road. In George's time another of Coleridge's disciples, John Jennings, lived there. The small village of Huntspill that was Burnett's boyhood home is represented today by those two houses; the green or common; the church, re-built except for the 14th century tower; the one-time poorhouse; Poorhouse Lane; Jennings' Buildings on the main road. Probably Burnett attended the same village "dame school" as John Jennings, who wrote an account of it.

Coleridge and Southey paid their first visit as two lively undergraduates on a long dusty walk during their summer vacation in 1794. From Chilcompton whose quick little river and its cascades inspired Coleridge's *To a Beautiful Spring in a Village*, through Cheddar and Wells, they eventually struck the present A38 and set out for Bridgwater and thence for Nether Stowey. Here they visited Henry Poole, a Cambridge friend of Coleridge's, and established the historic friendship with Tom Poole the tanner to whom Coleridge would owe so much. Tom Poole had already given Burnett a kindly letter of recommendation to his cousin John Poole studying at Oxford in preparation for the church. At Huntspill Coleridge and Southey dropped in at Swell House to see young Burnett whom Coleridge had met in Southey's Balliol rooms. Southey tells of a light-hearted Balliol group who made music together, Burnett supplying the harpsichord. The eighteen-year-old boy imbibed Southey's revolutionary ideas and eagerly supported Coleridge's "pantisocracy" scheme to found an idealistic colony on the banks of the Susquehanna.

Three years later, a married and more troubled Coleridge again visited Burnett at Swell House and found him very ill with jaundice. He ruefully wished his own pockets were as yellow - with guineas! He made himself ill by drinking George's bad smuggled brandy. That same year he travelled from Bristol with an unknown Huntspill woman who fiercely told him that a nice young man called George Burnett, from her own Village, sent to Balliol by his father and destined for the church, had been ruined by the doctrines of a "vile Jacobin villain" named Coleridge. "Dear me! dear me!" exclaimed her companion, in shocked tones. Burnett, incorrigibly idle, had prematurely left Oxford without a degree. Later during their estrangement period, Southey and Coleridge each bitterly reproached the other for 'seducing' this promising youth from his chosen path. George was the main cause of the rift between them, a constant, malicious tale-bearer.

The name Burnett has been respected in Huntspill over many years. The large hedged churchyard, where the roar of the M5 traffic penetrates the murmuring of poplars, contains a number of monuments to dead Burnetts. The greater part of the original church was destroyed by fire in 1878 and re-built in 1880. The inscription on the brass plate on the interior south wall records this, and includes the name John Burnett, churchwarden. An old local diary mentions an earlier Burnett. 'Jno. Burnett, senr., departed this life May 17th 1799, at Huntspill, an Eminent Singer'. Almost certainly he was George's grandfather. Various church furnishings remain that the boy George was familiar with: fire-cracked effigies of a knight and lady; a painted wooden altar-piece of St Peter healing the cripple; a doormat worked with the name William Rodney and the date 1680. The vicar, Mr White, offered every assistance when George went up to Balliol in 1794. Up to his last days George rarely lacked a helping hand.

Reading for holy orders was one of many abortive professional projects in George Burnett's life of 35 years. He did become a Unitarian minister in Yarmouth in 1798 for a very short period. Southey placed his brother there as a pupil, writing later that Burnett could have become 'a useful clergyman' if he had not been tempted away. Earlier, in 1795, Burnett was living with his "tempter", Coleridge (Southey joined them at intervals) as a devoted hanger-on, pretending to be helpful in various small literary ways. "My associate, poor dear Burnett", Coleridge called him with mingled affection and exasperation. They lodged at 48 College Street, Bristol, not far from the cathedral - later it became No.54 - and kind Cottle generally paid the rent. "Can you lend me £5 to make up our lodging bill, 7 weeks and Burnett's lodging for 12 weeks?" wrote Coleridge in March. They occupied small upper rooms that then commanded a view of tall-masted ships in harbour. Surviving the 1940 blitz, the house stood empty and crumbling in 1955 when it was demolished to make way for a garage. *The Western Daily Press* published a photograph with the caption "Coleridge's House coming down: plaque to stay". It showed a plaque over the doorway that stated "Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet, lived here in 1794". The plaque seems to have vanished.

For a considerable time penniless Coleridge charged himself with supporting Burnett while bitterly reproaching Southey for withdrawing financial aid from a second scheme to live, all three together, in the country, farming and writing. Sensible Southey! And even more sensible Martha Fricker who, when Coleridge and Southey married her sisters Sara and Edith, refused to be wooed by George Burnett.

Surprisingly Coleridge and Sara took Burnett to their honeymoon cottage in Clevedon where for a while they all lived light-heartedly, the two young

men sharing such chores as fire-lighting and shoe-cleaning as the Gutch Notebook records. When Coleridge walked to Bristol, Burnett kept Sara company. But this idyllic spell ended. In 1796 when Coleridge took his pregnant wife to live at her mother's, he took Burnett too while realising that by this time he was a financial burden. "By my own exertions I will struggle hard to maintain myself, my wife, my wife's mother and my associate", wrote Coleridge defiantly. "His father will not support anv expeñce."

Coleridge now founded his journal *The Watchman* and deluded himself that Burnett could help him, giving him the task of writing summaries of Parliamentary debates. Often Burnett wrote them too late. At times, as Coleridge said, they were "so slovenly and ill-written" that he had to sit up late re-writing them, throwing Burnett's version in the fire. Burnett failed to send out copies of the journal punctually so that subscriptions dwindled. The journal "folded" in about twelve weeks, leaving Coleridge in debt to his printer. However he received Burnett as a guest at his Nether Stowey cottage and from here Burnett visited the Wordsworths at Alfoxden.

Charitable friends still tried to set this dilatory, shiftless, but not untalented youth on his feet. They included Charles Lamb, who was at first amused by him and John Rickman, friend of Lamb and Tom Poole. Rickman, gruff and uncompromising but kindly, was Secretary to the Speaker in the House of Commons, and gave Burnett employment in making the Census returns. He found him "incorrigibly idle - he does two hours work a day" and too conceited even to consider teaching posts that Rickman found for him. Three years later when Tom Poole left Stowey to work under Rickman on the new Poor Law administration, he generously suggested that they might find a job for George Burnett. Rickman bluntly replied that he would never again tolerate Burnett's "yawning presence...ruining business". However, he sometimes shared Poole's lodgings.

Previously, in 1801, Charles Lamb had interceded with Rickman on Burnett's behalf. "If you can do anything for George by way of an office, it would be his only chance", he wrote. Burnett at the time was supposedly doing some work for the editor Phillips but approached it in his usual condescending way. "He seems to consider (it) more as a favour to Phillips", wrote Lamb, with great percipience. "His eyes want opening to see himself a man of medium stature. He is too proud to go the usual way to work and has no talents to make that way unnecessary." Lamb mentioned Burnett's inborn laziness; his conceit; his facile excuses; his readiness to blame others; and the indolence that prevented him even from borrowing books from a library. "He came dawdling to me for an Encyclopaedia." Yet apparently Burnett possessed the charm of many no'er-do-wells! "I really love him at times", wrote Lamb. "Poor devil, I am really anxious about him".

Lamb and Rickman lent George money several times, and in 1803 when George joined the militia as surgeon - he had briefly studied medicine - Tom Poole equipped him at a cost of £30. Within a year George was again out of work.

Soon his friends learned that he intended entering the household of a Polish aristocrat, Count Zamoyksi, as tutor. Coleridge wrote to Rickman in angry exasperation that George was going there with very scant knowledge of French and was only just *thinking* of opening a German or Slavonic Grammar. In the same letter, and in one to Southey, Coleridge confirmed their gravest fears for Burnett. He had encountered him in Lincoln's Inn Fields and, from personal experience, recognised in the vague, helpless, procrastinating manner and even more clearly in "the stupidly-wild-eyes", the appearance of

the opium addict. "It made the heart feel as if it was going to break" wrote the heavily addicted Coleridge, breaking into rage and pity.

Burnett seems to have enjoyed his short year in Poland if we judge from the articles he wrote for the *London Magazine* two years after his return. ("I had neglected to take notes") and which were later collected in *View of the Present State of Poland* published by Longman 1807. The Somerset farmer's son had been greatly interested when he visited farmers' houses on the Count's estate. They were humble, made of wood, had only one storey with a bed in every room, yet the table was laid with plate, napkin and silver fork. The Count wanted to found a colony of English farmers who would do well with £300-500 capital. George thought that they would not tolerate the lonely wooden house in the wilds, the snow, the intense cold. He found houses well-warmed by stoves, "so warm you can play chess in the corners". The Poles drank a spirit like whisky, extra warming as they added spices and mulled it. The best Hungarian wine was only 1/- per bottle. As a Westcountryman he missed perry and cider. Vegetables, even potatoes, were in short supply; salads, strawberries, raspberries abundant, apples and pears few. He found that Poles loved company and parties. They danced the Waltz "beautiful to see...couples in eddying whirl round an immense circle", and the graceful Polonaise "peculiar to Poland". He saw elegantly presented plays at a prince's house where the princess "has amassed curiosities. Imagine, in the middle of Poland, *the chair of Shakespeare*, brought one day to the saloon, encased in a delicate green case, a little whitish wooden plain chair she procured in England for £300". George returned home in love with some other Polish princess.

From 1805 onwards Burnett lived in poverty that degenerated into wretchedness as, with increasing drug-addiction, he became less and less employable despite the help of faithful if exasperated friends who, in time had to refuse his pleas for money. He managed to compile and annotate a collection called *Specimens of English Prose Writers* ranging from Malory to Walton. Some have seen Lamb's hand in the choice. "George Burnett calls as usual for Charles to point out something for him", Mary Lamb wrote in 1806.

His family lost touch after a final short stay in Huntspill when he was compiling *Selections from Milton*. In London he sank into degradation and squalor, surfacing only to beg from Lamb, Rickman, Crabb Robinson who rarely refused a "loan" to this near-starving friend. Lamb *did* refuse Burnett's last request, made too swiftly after a previous loan and before an agreed date.

In 1811 Coleridge and Hazlitt were visiting Lamb when news came of Burnett's death in Marylebone Workhouse. For Coleridge and the Lambs the news was shattering; to the former it was also a dreadful warning. His exaggerated grief so agitated Mary that after writing to Wordsworth she collapsed and had to be taken to her asylum. Remorse may have reinforced Coleridge's grief. He had been at one time the young Burnett's idol and may, if unknowingly, have inclined him towards the opium habit.

NEW LAMB TEXTS FROM *The Albion?* III: CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS TO I AND II; LAMB'S TRIBUTES AND REVIEWS

Winifred F Courtney

Hence the emphatic sentences marked in the good old (but deserted) Italic type...

--Lamb's "Estimate of De Foe's Secondary Novels," 1829

I *heard* that you were going to China, with a commission from the Wedgewoods to collect hints for their pottery, and to teach the Chinese *perspective*. But I did *not* know that *London* lay in your way to Pekin. I am seriously glad of it, for I shall trouble you with a small present for the Emperor of Usbeck Tartary, as you go by his territories; it is a fragment of a dissertation on the "state of political parties in England at the end of the 18th Century," which will no doubt be very interesting to his Imperial Majesty. It was written originally in English for the use of the *two* and *twenty* readers of the *Albion* (this *calculation* includes a printer, four pressmen, and a devil,) but becoming of no use, when the *albion* stopt, I got it translated into Usbeck Tartar by my good friend Tibet Kulm, who is come to London with a *civil* invitation from the Cham to the English Nation to go over to the worship of the Lama.

--Lamb to Manning, Aug. 31, 1801 (Marrs II, 15)

Since writing the second article in this three-part series, I have rapidly reread some of Lamb's writing in search of further clues to *Albion* authorship, and found some relevant passages, of which the second above, in the same summer as the two "Chinese" contributions to *The Albion*, one of them by "R.," is an attractive illustration of Lamb's early spoofing on China.

Two kind scholars have also offered help. Dr. Donald H. Reiman has suggested that "R." might stand for John Rickman. Preoccupied with Lamb's later appearance as "R. et R." (see article I), with his hoaxing, and other matters, I failed to look for a real "R." This one needs attention. Rickman had been Lamb's friend since the latter half of 1800, shortly after his move from Hampshire to London with an introduction from Southey to George Dyer. He and Lamb both lived in the Southampton Buildings off Chancery Lane when they met. In Rickman's favor as part of "R." are his last name, his ability with statistics, and his "very dry manner" of writing statistical material (says his biographer Orlo Williams in *Lamb's Friend the Census-Taker: Life and Letters of John Rickman*, London, 1912, p. 40).

In personal letters on politics his style was "at its breeziest" (p. 11):

Pitt 'had genius without acquired knowledge; whence his affectation of infallibility and all the woes of Europe' [and] 'Charley Fox eats his former opinions daily, and even ostentatiously, showing himself the worst man but the better Minister of a corrupt Government, where three people in four must be rogues and three deeds in four bad'... (pp. 12-13)

(So Rickman is anti-Pitt and generally cynical.) In writing for publica-

tion, however, which he found difficult, Williams says he "could not embroider, but marshalled his facts in severe order" (p. 10). So here we have a dullish writer who *could* be lively on politics, at least in letters to friends - and Rickman was always ready to assist them. An Oxford graduate, he was good at methodical, detailed work. In short, Rickman was a possible "R."

To these remarks I have permission to add the following by Professor David V. Erdman, whose knowledge of the newspapers of the period and of the problems of attribution is considerably greater than my own, and who has adduced some cogent further arguments in Rickman's favor from Lamb's letter to Rickman of September 16, 1801 (Marrs II, 21), which Erdman begins by quoting:

"Fenwick has been urgent with me to write to you [Rickman] about his plan...you have enough to do, and must serve him at your leisure": the plan is unfolded as an effort to get another newspaper going with (presumably) the old team that wrote for the *Albion*. Fenwick thinks the Duke of Northumberland can subsidize the purchase of a paper called *The Plough*: either there was one for sale, or the idea was to launch a new one. Lamb's remark about Fenwick's always saying and thinking the *Albion* had sufficient patronage would mean that F. assumed that Northumberland (and others?) would have helped keep the *Albion* alive if it hadn't been for other problems, i.e. the political suppression. The *Plough* could claim to be a new venture, untainted by the anti-Jacobin attack on the old. And Lamb writes as though Rickman had been one of those who served Fenwick. Since Rickman is now fully employed, however, Lamb hesitates to encourage F. to count on his service (i.e. with articles). The phrase "must serve him at your leisure" means that Rickman is not to be counted on for daily contributions (as Lamb might be; and perhaps as Rickman had been in the past)....

So the external evidence gives considerable probability to Don Reiman's suggestion that "R." may be Rickman.

I must say that my own interpretation of "serve him" on previous readings was to suppose that Fenwick - who surely knew Rickman through the friendship of both with Godwin and Lamb - was looking to him for (a) money and (b) contacts and advice helpful to the new venture. I had also doubted whether Rickman would have had *time* to contribute to *The Albion* between March and June, 1801, since in addition to editing and doing much of the writing for a commercial and agricultural magazine, from March he was engaged in setting up the machinery and supervising England's most systematic census to date. And in September he went to Ireland in the government secretarial post which led to his later career. However, "Even the industrious Southey marvelled at his prodigious capacity for work" (Williams, p. 15) - and perhaps he managed some pieces for *The Albion* too, if not on a regular schedule. That Lamb may have collaborated to a greater or lesser degree on at least some of the "R." pieces is also possible.

On reading these originally I was forcibly struck by the fact that Lamb had been an *accountant* (which Rickman had not) for nine years now. He was also a political writer and perpetrator of spoofs on China. And the "Lord Petre" tribute among today's articles - scattered with italics -

does seem to echo "R." in its references to the "Ex-Minister" (Pitt); the Horne Tooke tribute speaks of the "fraud which lurks in words," reminding us of "Glorious Words," by "R." But there is not sufficient internal evidence of characteristic style, Erdman believes,* to make a probability that Lamb was even part of "R." - only a possibility - and I certainly bow to him in such a matter. Indeed, I must caution the reader to bear in mind that where internal evidence of authorship is thin, my ABC ratings in the January *CLB* are based on impression and conjecture. To confound the issue, we learn today through Erdman that George Ross, who may have founded *The Albion*, is yet another possible "R." candidate, since on an 1800 change of ownership he did not immediately sever his connection with the paper. The internal evidence of Lamb's hand, lacking in the "R." pieces, does exist in "What is Jacobinism?" and others with many italics, and Professor Erdman agrees with me in thinking the latter to be Lamb's.

A further correction, based on Erdman's expert observations, would be to alter my statement on page 1 of article I to "Lamb probably went to *The Albion*...some time in June, 1801, or possibly as early as April, since there is a gap in extant letters between April 16 and June 26," the italicized portions being those added. Since Lamb so often fabricated, one cannot, or should not, take too literally the "seven weeks and more" of Fenwick's ownership during which he recruited Lamb's assistance for what seems, from other references, to have been at least this long a period. (Subtracted from *The Albion's* probable August 15 demise, seven or eight weeks would bring us back to mid-June as Lamb's possible *Albion* start.)

My second article states, in this connection, that there probably had been no some-months-back mention of Ho-xeno (Hoax-enow), in part because Lamb had not been writing for *The Albion* then. Erdman persuades me to withdraw this speculation: one cannot guess what form such a reference, if there was one, might have taken.

A further point of Erdman's is to indicate that James Mackintosh was, in 1801, a far from admirable figure. I am sure that if I had known him then I would have shared Lamb's and Coleridge's contempt of the turncoat who immediately attacks his former allies in public - and there was more than one strand, says Erdman, to Radical dislike of him. Another, in Lamb's case, would have been that Mackintosh probably wrote the damning *Morning Post* review of Godwin's *Antonio*, and of Lamb's Prologue and Epilogue to it, in December, 1800.*** I did not intend to whitewash Mackintosh, but his young disciple the troubled Basil Montagu found his conversion sincere and was grateful to him for setting his own path straight to the end of Mackintosh's life; together they later fought capital

*"Heaven-born" (for Pitt) and "grand impostor," for instance, were common political images of the day.

**In "Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago."

***For this piece of information I am indebted to David V. Erdman's introduction to Coleridge's *Essays on His Own Times*, which the author kindly allowed me to see in galleys before publication.

punishment. Sydney Smith remained his firm friend. Coleridge damned Mackintosh behind his back, but had been helped by the lawyer-journalist and had him to stay at Keswick between damnings. Mackintosh's role, however, was equivocal at best. In 1801 he was currying favor with government: he would depart for India as Sir James.

To return to my own recent review-research: In the "paragraph" on Parliamentary Reform quoted in my April article (*Albion*, July 4, 1801, p. 2) occurs the quotation from Milton about the impossibility of refining "a scorpion into a fish." The same figure, misquoted (as was Lamb's wont - he needed only the gist) in a second version, appears in Lamb's "The Ass" of 1825. Lucas (*Lamb Works* I, 514) says it should really read, "Admit they were, they could not refine a scorpion into a fish, though they had drawn it, and rinsed it with never so cleanly cookery." (No italics in the original - Lamb added them.) The source, says Lucas, is Milton's *Animadv. upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smeetymaus*.

There are many clues as to Lamb's political opinions throughout his writings. His essay on "Guy Faux" of 1811 and 1823 (signed "Elia") puts him squarely on the side of Parliamentary Reform in its final sentence (and note the persistence of Lamb-italics). His dislike of George IV as Prince, Regent, and King can be cited several times, one of which is the attractive jingle (*Works* V, 106),

To gratify his people's wish
See G-----e at length prepare--
He's setting out for Hanover--
We've often wished him there.

Lamb's sympathy with the poor as expressed in "What Is Jacobinism?" has its parallel in the "Letter to Robert Southey," in which he upbraids Southey's Established Church for charging admission to Westminster Abbey, thus keeping the very poor out. A letter about rick-burning of 1830 (*Lucas Lamb Letters* III, 298) would suggest that these sympathies had pretty much frozen until one remembers that he is writing to the fervently radical George Dyer, part tongue in cheek, teasing him.

The "newly discovered fragment" of a story by the Lambs about Revolutionary France, dating from the 1820's and described by Louis James in the April, 1973, *CLB*, reveals Charles as an admirer of French courtesy, a sympathizer with the aims of the French Revolution until its bloodiness became too great, a sympathizer with the Catholic religion (i.e., religion should be free), and with the disadvantaged British Catholics of the time. There are too, of course, the political epigrams.

Yet one further piece of ground must be re-surveyed before we can embark on the final Bath *Albions* and Lamb's part in them. For this I am again indebted to David Erdman, whose help on this article has been immense. Unknown to me until now, Erdman some years back did some pioneering work on the early history of *The Albion*, based on the British Museum run for 1800 and other material, in the course of editing Coleridge's journalism for the *Essays on His Own Times* in the Collected Coleridge - three volumes shortly to appear. Erdman has never had time to look into *The*

Albion further, or to publish what he found on it, but has established some facts important to Lamb's story. On reading my first article in this series, he wrote to assist me with his personal notes, photostats of earlier *Albions*, and galleys (66!) of his introduction to *Essays on His Own Times*, which offers a wealth of information on contemporary newspapers, politics, and personalities.

Erdman's information alters the picture of the early *Albion* given in my previous articles. When Lamb wrote his "Newspapers" essay (thirty rather than "thirty-five" years after his *Albion* stint), he was either confused in his recollection that Fenwick had bought the paper from Daniel Lovell (who, indeed, commented on *The Albion's* history in *The Statesman* of 1811 without, we now learn, ever having been involved in it) or he deliberately gave Lovell's name, as a matter-of-fact, instead of Allan (or Allen) Macleod's, the real *Albion* proprietor and editor as late as April 14, 1801. As editor of another paper, *The Gazetteer*, Macleod had been indicted in 1797 for a libel against the Prince of Wales, but expressed regret and was released. (Note Lamb's reference to this episode in "Newspapers" - as putting "Lovell" in the pillory.)

The material from Erdman's arduous research now enables me to set *The Albion*, ever so briefly, into a broader context than I have heretofore done, a context significant to the *Albion* service of Charles Lamb. It must be realized that many newspapers of Lamb's day were in somebody's pay, an aspect kept as dark as possible by their owners. *The Morning Post*, for example, was in 1788 in the pay of the Treasury (A. Aspinall, *Politics and the Press c. 1780-1850*, London 1949, New York, Harper & Row rept. 1974, p. 72). From 1789, when Daniel Stuart changed from being one of its printers to "publisher," it was in the pay of the Prince of Wales (Erdman, introduction to *Essays on His Own Times*). The future George IV made it an organ of the Whig Opposition. After 1795, when Stuart and a partner bought it for £600 with a circulation down to 350, it "became more independent" (Erdman) - even Jacobinical, if we recall Gillray's *Anti-Jacobin* cartoon of 1798 (the one also attacking Lamb), whose accompanying poem listed the *Post* among the papers which "Your Country libel, and your God blaspheme." In 1796 Stuart had had to pay damages to the London *Telegraph* for attempting (successfully) to influence the price of stocks by forging a French paper, *L'Eclair*, with purported peace news which *The Telegraph* had copied. (Mackintosh, Stuart's brother-in-law - his Burke visit five months in the future - was one of the defense counsel for the *Post*.) The notorious case, used by Gillray in his cartoon, did not, alas, end Stuart's "stock-jobbing." In 1803, when Stuart sold the now successful *Post* for £25,000, government "influence" took over again.

So the Jacobinical press in general had *newspaper*, as well as government, corruption to oppose. And a few powerful financial supporters: to those with titles - Stanhope and Northumberland - Erdman adds the Earl of Lauderdale. Lamb (see below) adds the Catholic Lord Petre, I think. One wonders, too, about Lauderdale's colleague the Duke of Bedford, target of Gillray as whale and one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom. When a "Jacobin" proprietor was arrested and tried, he would very often sell his paper to a less daring entrepreneur (Dan Stuart was expert at such acquisition), then (on release from jail) start a new Radical paper with a

different name as soon as support could be reassembled.

So there was more than one element of idealism in the Radical papers of small circulation, and in opposing corruption they risked the enmity not only of government itself, but of the "ministerial" and stockjobbing press. *The Albion* was, indeed, a symbol of the effort to establish a truly free press, which was not realized even in England - freest nation of Europe in this regard - much before 1850. Lamb's own strong libertarianism was certainly behind this aspect of *The Albion*; ironically, he would shortly have to seek his part-time fortune on the *Post*, as Coleridge was already doing.

The Albion was first launched on September 9, 1799, most likely by George Ross, himself not long free of a month's jail sentence in June for libel - as publisher of *The Courier*, sold in June to Stuart of the *Post*. A law of 1798 required printer and publisher to be named in every issue; Ross's name appears on the first extant copy of *The Albion*, that of December 31, 1799, which Erdman has located at the Cambridge University Library. (He has also found one of April 30, 1800, at the New York Historical Society: these should be added to those I have mentioned.) The paper's address throughout its life in extant copies was 197 Fleet Street, its printer "J. Darling." Ross's name as publisher appears until September 16, 1800. From September 17 the publisher was Macleod, though Ross continued to accept orders and advertisements at that time. Macleod was publisher through mid-April, 1801, so probably sold *The Albion* to Fenwick. (Lovell was not "around" at that period, according to Erdman's informal notes.) *The Albion* under Macleod was immediately in conflict with Stuart's *Post* over stock-jobbing accusations, and on November 26, 1800, Macleod was again arrested for the old 1797 libel - through, he thought, the machinations of *The Morning Post*. James Mackintosh - who did speak in behalf of press freedom among his other causes - was Macleod's unsuccessful counsel in the case. Just when Macleod was released from the "State Side of Newgate" (his own description) is not clear, but in 1802 he was indicted yet again - for two libels, in the 1801 *Albions* of April 9 and 14, against the Earl of Clare, the Irish Lord - with Castle-reagh - who was most responsible for the Act of Union (Ireland with England), achieved by Pitt only by buying off the Irish Parliament. (Clare was by now dead; dead cats had been thrown on his coffin by bitter countrymen.) The verdict was guilty on both counts and on a third libel in an *Albion* of uncertain date, charging the government with a breach of faith in imposing martial law on Ireland. The Irish would be justified, said *The Albion* (which, however, copied from another paper, *not* indicted), in renewed rebellion aimed at "shaking off their dependency on the government, as the Americans had done..." We know that in 1802 Macleod got three years in Newgate and fines.

Meanwhile Macleod had long ago - in June, 1801, or a little earlier - sold *The Albion* to Fenwick. Erdman points out that the "J. Clark, of Temple-lane," given as publisher in the Bath run (all we have for 1801), may be one of Fenwick's sources of subsidy or - perhaps more likely - a cover for Fenwick himself, to avoid prosecution.

An interesting footnote to the Irish sympathies of *The Albion* is that George Ross, its probable founder, advertised himself in January, 1798

(when he was editor of *The Courier*), as agent for *The Press* (Dublin), organ of the United Irishmen - who hoped humanely to end the strife within Ireland between the Catholic nine-tenths, who lacked normal civil privileges, and the Protestant one-tenth, and to get the French to help them to independence. This group it was who later in 1798, under the attractive Protestant Wolfe Tone, and others, fomented armed rebellion, soon suppressed.

The question of Catholic Emancipation - for Catholics were disadvantaged not only in Ireland, but in England - was a cause *The Albion* fought, as we have noted in regard to the Saturday, July 4, issue. In 1801 Catholics could not sit in Parliament or otherwise take part in government; they could not hold commissions in the British Army. On page 2 of Saturday's issue appeared the note (not observably Lamb's):

On Thursday night died, the Right Hon. Robert Edward Lord Petre, a Catholic Peer, and who has latterly been considered as the head of that respectable body of Gentlemen. His Lordship had been for many years a martyr to the gout, which had produced a complication of disorders; but from his unfortunate state of health, his death is not so much regretted as it would otherwise have been among those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His Lordship was born in the year 1733, and has left a very numerous issue.

Albion of Monday, July 6, 1801 (No. 571): Monday's *Albion*, though interesting for the front-page confession of the maker of spurious blacking cakes, editorial hopes for the peace talks, the first "Consolidated Fund" article by "R.," and a Parliamentary report on the causes of soaring food costs, is meagre pickings for the searcher after provable Lamb. On page 3 are some pleasant theatre notes about a new greenroom for the Drury Lane and a fire at the Opera which Michael Kelly (Fanny Kelly's composer uncle) was able to announce extinguished. But these lack italics and other clues beyond the fact we know Lamb to have been passionately involved with the theatre. A little more likely to be Lamb's is the piece which starts off thus: "The following opinion of Lord Bolingbroke was written in the beginning of the last century, and therefore it can by no means be applicable to the present times..." If a poem, "The Lawyer: A Picture," attributed to Lamb, is really his (see *Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb*, ed. W. Jerrold, London 1930, p. 174, and Chapter XII entire for the poem and evidence I find convincing), "Bolingbroke" was in Samuel Salt's library, to which Lamb had had access. But of internal evidence, beyond irony, there is none. The two-inch Bolingbroke quotation describes how difficult it is for a people to cope with a "weak, but profligate Minister, if he hath the means of corruption in his power."

Just above this item appears another notice about Lord Petre, unattributable:

LORD PETRE. - In THE ALBION of Saturday, we noticed the lamented death of this Nobleman, whose virtues formed a rare contrast with the depravity which marks the conduct of too many of the higher orders of society. In our next, we shall briefly touch upon the general outline of his excellent character. [Capitals and small capitals in first line.]

Tuesday, July 7, 1801 (No. 572): On page 2, behind some delectable advertisements - Violet Soap and Cream of Violets, *Darby and Joan* and *British Glory in Egypt* at Astley's Theatre - and the detailed report of a meeting of the "Highland Society of Scotland," appears Lord Petre's obituary of a column and a quarter:

THE LATE LORD PETRE.

We have already noticed the melancholy event of this Nobleman's death, an event, which, if it extended no farther than the circle of his family and friends, should be consigned, like all other events of such a kind, to "*the family vault of all the Capulets*," without any further notice than befits domestic distress arising from the departure of virtues *merely domestic*. But the decease of this Nobleman, whose real character during his life could not be rightly understood, from the uncommon care he employed to conceal the practice of those virtues which others affect with so much ostentation, involves objects not only of *private* but of public misfortune.

The whole tenor of his life was devoted to the cause of religious and political freedom.

A Catholic, untainted by the bigotry which is, not without reason, attributed to some of that sect, he vindicated the rights of religious toleration, of which his own life furnished the happiest example. A zealous advocate of Constitutional liberty, he manifested, on all occasions, the purest attachment, not only to the Government, but to the person of the Sovereign, whom he entertained about twenty years back, in a style of splendor equally worthy of the Royal Guest, and the dignified rank of the munificent host.

Of the Roman Catholic sect, Lord Petre was the ornament; and would have been the *successful champion*, had not an envious pusillanimous spirit counteracted his endeavours to restore them to that rank to which their birth-right entitled them.

We advocate the cause of no particular class or sectarists - *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri: sworn to no party, of no sect are we*. The freedom and happiness, not only of every class and description of our countrymen, but of our *fellow men, wherever placed*, are our objects; and considering the death of such a man as Lord Petre at such a moment, a serious injury to the emancipation of our Catholic countrymen, we lament it, as a circumstance connected with that sacred cause which we have so much at heart.

At a moment when those Ministers, who enjoyed a plenitude of power unknown in any former period of our history, resigned their situations on the declared pretence of asserting the rights of the Roman Catholics, the exertions and abilities of Lord Petre may well have been expected to prove highly important. If there were any more truth and sincerity in the Ex-Minister's professions on this subject, than his violent declamations and conduct on the Slave Trade entitle him to take credit for, no doubt such a character as Lord Petre might essentially promote this laudable and necessary object, thus pompously but

fallaciously held forth. But, unlike some, his Lordship did not permit his understanding to be imposed upon by specious and deceptive professions, which serve no other purpose than that of exposing the deluded expectant to a cruel disappointment, while the intriguing charlatan, who prolongs the period of his power by such base arts, at length falls the detested victim of his own perfidy. — *Nec lex est justior ulla quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

How sincere the *fallen Minister* and his colleagues have been on the important subject of Catholic Emancipation, a very short period of time will shew. No sensible man of that persuasion has been duped by his declarations, which have been duly appreciated, as his solemn pledges, both as a *man* and a *minister*, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform have been.

Unlike some others, Lord Petre did not subscribe to the doctrine of passive obedience. Distrusting these professions, he was determined to employ every fair constitutional means to assert his rights, and recover that rank in the state to which his birth and fortune entitled him. Liberal in the extreme, he scrupled not the aid of his purse upon all occasions, where the interests of freedom and justice required the sacrifice. But his exertions were not limited to the encouragement of the literary labours of others; he employed his own abilities in removing those absurd and pernicious prejudices, which are pleaded by *some persons*, in bar of Catholic Emancipation — a measure equally founded in reason, justice, and sound policy. We believe that a manuscript of his, on this subject, is now in the hands of a gentleman whom he honoured with his confidence, and who, in justice to his memory, will no doubt at a proper season give it to the public.

Of this rare good man, the world will be enabled to form a just opinion, when it is known that no smaller a portion of his fortune than 3000 l. per annum, was regularly set apart for charitable purposes alone.

Of his son and successor report speaks very favourably. Of him, however, as we mean not to adulate the living, while we pay the humble tribute of our praise to the honoured dead, we shall only say, that

"His father's merits hold him up to view,
"And plant him in the fairest point of light,
"To make his virtues or his faults conspicuous —"

That father, of whose beneficent heart it is not flattery to say, in the words of the elegant classic —

"Quo nihil majus meliusve terris,
"Pata donavere, bonique divi:
"Nec dabunt quamvis redeunt in aurum
"Tempora priscum!"

It is needless to add, that Lady Petre, whose piety and practical exercise of every Christian duty have rendered her the worthy consort of so bright an ornament of human nature, is inconsolable for a loss,

which is not only irreparable to her, but to the thousands who share her grief.

The reader who has come this far will know why I attribute "Petre" to Lamb.

Robert Edward Petre, Ninth Baron, is a man singularly difficult to trace in the ordinary sources. The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives space to his illustrious forebears but not to him; the *Catholic Encyclopedia* omits him and curtails his family in its newest edition. That of 1913 treats him within the family thus:

Robert Edward, the ninth Baron (1742-1801), played a leading part in the struggles for Catholic Emancipation. He was, however, though a practical, and on the whole a good, Catholic, tainted by some of the Liberalistic ideas then prevalent, and failed as chairman of the Catholic Committee in the loyalty due to the bishops. He was also reputed to have been Grand Master of the Freemasons. But Masonry had not then been censured with the clearness with which it has been condemned since.

Fortunately his great-great-granddaughter, Maude Dominica Mary Petre, has written his biography - *The Ninth Lord Petre*, London, New York and Toronto, 1928 - which I was able to consult the day before it disappeared altogether from the New York Public Library, though not in time to check up on what *she* alleged to be his birth date. The Library's catalogue card agrees with the Catholic Encyclopedia on 1742. *The Albion* wavers, giving 1733 on July 4 and implying 1735 on July 10, in the long account of his funeral. The discrepancy seems especially odd if, as I suspect, Fenwick and Lamb knew him, but perhaps, wasted with gout as he was, he appeared older than his years. Knew him, I say: What else can be the meaning of the sentence about the liberality of his purse in the "interests of freedom and justice," immediately followed by, "But his exertions were not limited to the encouragement of the literary labours of others..." than that he was one of *The Albion's* subsidizers? The space given to his passing, even the kind remarks about his son (would he continue the subsidy?) seem to bear out this interpretation.

Whatever Petre's liberal views, the book describes his hospitality to George III (on a single occasion) in detail. He often led delegations to Mr. Pitt for Catholic relief, a cause he pursued unremittingly. Monarch and minister were divided on the issue - Pitt favored emancipation and had resigned a few months earlier on this account. No doubt partly to show that Catholics could be loyal to King as well as Pope, Petre had provided, for the French war, a fully equipped company of 250 men with the proviso his son should command it. The government could not or did not change the law forbidding commissions to Catholics. Petre bowed and gave the company anyway, his son enlisting as a private. His last cause was a suit against the Postmaster General for sevenpence he had paid on a letter. He claimed that as a Member of the House of Lords he should have been able to frank it. He lost that cause too: he could not *sit* in the House, therefore he could not frank letters. The manuscript referred to is presumably *Reflections on the Policy and Justice of an Immediate and General Emancipation of the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. By the Late Lord Petre*, published posthumously.

The scattered italics and liberal quotations, including the Latin (which I leave to scholars to track down - I do recognize "Capulets" as relating to *Romeo and Juliet*) are, we know, typical of Lamb and scarce in *The Albion's* other columns. (For a really plodding obituary see that of Professor Millar in the issue of July 2.) Note the sharp words on "Ex-Minister" Pitt. It is interesting that a second 1801 *Albion* reference to the Slave Trade (I have said in error that there was only one) occurs in a piece also likely to be Lamb's. The humane and generous nature of the tribute to Petre speaks for itself.*

The Duke of Portland, Foreign Secretary when Pitt resigned, clung tenaciously for a while to his post. This is the background to the first of the two "paragraphs" on page 2, just below the second "Consolidated Fund" article by "R." The second Duke I cannot identify - but here is the Judas-apostasy theme of the Mackintosh epigram.

When the Duke of P. found, that his dismissal was inevitable, he might as well have made a virtue of necessity (there is no virtue like necessity), and have submitted to his fate, like Mr. Pitt, with a becoming *resignation*.

A Noble Duke, who has at length received the rewards due to his *apostasy*, walks about, disconsolate, with a Judas-coloured beard; and looks, for all the world, like "Judas in the old Tapestry."

On page 3 we read, "Mr. Jekyll is to be married very soon to Miss Sloane, daughter of Colonel Sloane, M.P." Joseph Jekyll, a friend of George Dyer and known to Lamb as a resident of the Temple, was too young to be one of the "Old Benchers," though that is the Lamb essay in which he appears, and he was already a Bencher in 1801. He was also something of a public figure as a wit and gentleman about town - another literary lawyer, later responsible for the restoration of the Temple Hall and Church. Who wrote this note is not evident; it occurs below a theatre item and above a colorful one about the Duchess of Devonshire's public breakfast. Lamb is a possible author, but italics are lacking.

Wednesday, July 8, 1801 (No. 573): Wednesday's, Thursday's, and Friday's front pages are taken up rather prominently by advertisements from the famous quack Dr. Solomon - his *Guide to Health*, his Balm of Gilead, and his Anti-Impetigines. Lamb later wrote a jingle about him (*Works* V, 106). And on Wednesday, besides the third "Consolidated Fund" article ("R." omitted at the end), a note on the price of bread - 1s. 5 1/2d., or something verging on £2.00 or \$5.00 in today's buying power - leading logically to a House of Commons interview with an official of the corn market entitled "High Price of Provisions," and a description of a Phoca, resembling a sea cow - besides all these there appeared on page 2 a most interesting tribute to John Horne Tooke (1736-1812) that must be Lamb's. Tooke was a Radical hero from the time of "Wilkes and Liberty!," a very complex person with a rapier wit which spared no one. After University training

*A Quaker friend to whom I sent "What Is Jacobinism?" has just commented, "I was particularly struck with a number of his insights - one, 'Names often associated with hostile and unpleasant feelings, in turn engender and augment those feelings...'" I find it moving that so much of Lamb's spirit comes through in his best *Albion* work.

he became a clergyman at his father's behest, but then a political activist and, almost by chance, one of the defendants at the State Treason Trials of 1794 - nearly hanged but acquitted. His income derived from a wealthy Mr. Tooke for whom he had once done a service, and whose name he had added to Horne, his own. He had achieved a great reputation as a philologist and grammarian. William Godwin's diary tells us that Lamb had already met Tooke at a dinner party hosted by James Perry, editor of the powerful Whig *Morning Chronicle*, on October 18, 1800. (By January 28, 1802, Thomas Manning wrote to Lamb, "...tho you *do* occasionally dine with Horne Tooke--.") Tooke liked to demolish Godwin, who rather quailed in his presence; Lamb clearly liked him; William Hazlitt wrote a brilliant essay on him.

Tooke had succeeded now in winning a seat in Parliament, ironically one of the two from Old Sarum, epitome of the rotten borough - a bare hill where long ago had been a Roman, then a Norman stronghold - through its dispenser, the eccentric Lord Camelford. Tooke had been a consistent fighter for Parliamentary Reform - and in general for what was best in England. Though not a brilliant Parliamentarian, he was a significant opponent of the Tory government, so Addington personally put through the bill, directed at Tooke alone, making it clear that the Anglican clergy (other kinds were already barred) might never serve in the House of Commons. Tooke was allowed to sit out his brief term. Lamb's *Albion* tribute:

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

A more signal testimony was never afforded, than has been in the case of Mr. John Horne Tooke, of that personal dignity, that individual importance, and that *single superiority*, claiming immediately from nature, with which the character of an incorrupt and strenuous citizen is invested, in the eyes of corrupt and time-serving politicians. During the progress, through the House, of the Bill which affects the Eligibility of Clergymen to sit as representatives of the people of England, it was asserted, and at that time universally believed, that the Bill was nothing more than a partial expression of *single hostility* to Mr. Tooke; and a signification, and a lively confession of that panic, which seized upon Ministers and their adherents, at the vast accession of integrity and talent, which were thrown into the ranks of Opposition by the admission of that gentleman to a seat in the House of Commons. The early dissolution, which is expected of that Parliament, which has been recently prorogued, will probably put a final close to the political labours of Mr. Tooke, as a member of the British Senate. During the short period, in which he has sat as a legislator among legislators, his conduct has uniformly exhibited that manly consistency which was to be expected from his past political life.

All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, and measure, number, sound,
As, though his *time* imperfect might appear,
His *acts* were of humanity the sphere.

We will venture to assert, that this Gentleman has contrived to crowd into the narrow slip of some few months, in which he has fulfilled the

duties of a British Member of Parliament, more of *direct wisdom*, and more *political soundness*, than Dundas and Hawkesbury have thinly spread over the barren and hollow surface of the many iniquitous years, in which they have waxed grey in the "*dead sea of life*," in the arts of political prostitution. But *time* is not the measure of human actions:

In *small proportions* we just beauties see,
And in *short measures* deeds may perfect be.
* * * * *

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a *log* at last, dry, cold, and sear:
A lilly of the day,
Is fairer far in May;
Although it fall, and die that night,
It was the *plant* and *flower* of *light*.

Thus nobly and poetically sings Ben Jonson in the ode to the immortal memory and friendship of the Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary, and Sir H. Morison: an ode which contains the finest expression of *moral sentiment* of any lyrical poem in our English tongue. It remains for us to state our candid opinion of the benefit or loss, which we judge the public to have derived from the Act of Ineligibility; as it singly affects the title of Mr. Tooke. If Bacon, Lord Verulam, has been entitled with justice, and with elegance, "The Lord High Chancellor of Nature," John Horne Tooke, with no less propriety, may be denominated *her Master of Logic*. The light of sound reasoning, which his grand theory of etymology, to the subversion of scholastic and metaphysic barbarisms, and the *patois* and fraud which lurks in *words*, promises to introduce into the science and systems of philosophy, and into all science, when it shall have become fully understood and adopted, makes us the less to regret, that the illustrious Grammarian is destined to continue his beloved and favoured researches; and that the Member for Old Sarum will not waste upon national and temporary politics that strength which he owes to mankind, and to future ages.

As I have remarked in connection with "R.," "the *patois* and fraud which lurks in *words*" is a strong reminder of that writer's "Glorious Words," given in my article II. The derogatory mention (at the end) of "national and temporary politics" was very much Lamb's own attitude to politics in his personal life. If he had once, as Edward Moxon said, "assisted to draw through the streets Charles James Fox," he would soon adopt the couldn't-care-less attitude about temporary national joys that so annoyed De Quincey.

Directly following "Tooke" on page 2 are three paragraphs together that I take to be Lamb's, and a fourth - on Horne Tooke - elsewhere on the page:

We are assured by our Birmingham Correspondent, that many of the principal manufactories of that once flourishing and populous town, are now maintaining their men, upon the mere prospect of keeping them together in case of a speedy *peace*, if the hope of which should prove *illusory*, they will be discharged, and turned upon the mercy of the

world, to infest us in our highways, and in our footpaths.

An eminent Crown Lawyer described a plaintiff in a late Crim. Court cause as being "a cold-blooded man of Madeira, who eat and drank his wife." There have been times in which an *Attorney General* might be defined to be "a cold-blooded man of the law, who eats and drinks convicted felons."

A Ministerial publication, which some months back took for its boasting motto - "We have done the State some service, and they know it;" this month has thrown in its mite with the *Sun* and other *Luminaries* of Anti Jacobinism, against *peace*. This is "serving the State:" certainly, without its "knowing of it."

The appearance of Mr. Horne Tooke in the House of Commons struck a general panic into the Members, who are partizans of Ministry. - They feared the introduction of *good grammar*, and *political honesty*, into that House.

Then, also on page 2, for a change of pace, comes this, with its italics and Boccaccio. (The modern reader may be a little sorry for the illicit lovers, so good for *Albion* circulation, who got away with so little when, not long after, Lady Oxford, mother of the "Harleian Miscellany," would get away with so much.)

LOVE LETTERS!

Mr. Sturt has published a vindication of himself from the imputation of having connived at the intrigue between the Marquis of Blandford and Lady Mary Ann Sturt. To the vindication are annexed the intercepted letters of his Lordship. In the report of the trial we gave a specimen of these religious love letters. From the mixture of *love and devotion* which they contain, joined to the *high rank* of the author, we are inclined to think that the *age of Chivalry* is not gone! It is well known that it was the character of that age to blend gallantry and religion. Hence it was thought nothing extravagant for Boccaccio to commend himself to *Jesus Christ* and the *Ladies*; and in this style the Marquis of Blandford addresses his prayers to heaven in one paragraph, and to Lady Mary Anne [sic] in the next! Our readers may be curious to see a specimen in the following extracts: -

Oh, my dear, could you read my heart, you would convert all your blame into pity. You would allow, that what I have suffered more than atones for what I have *committed*; but *I leave my cause with God*: it is he who must incline you to read my heart right; and, as you know my constancy, to pardon my other feelings.

-- -- -- -- --
 -- -- -- -- -- Not one night, my dear girl, have I failed praying for you: and I am vain enough to think my prayers have contributed to your welfare; at least the idea is so pleasing to me that I cannot give it up.

The following was written after the discovery:--

MY EVER-BELOVED MARY ANNE [all small capitals], March 19, 1801.

If you can forgive one from whom all your wretchedness now springs, for his sake give attention to what I have to say.

I intreat, I conjure you, not to add your displeasure to my other misfortunes; the latter are to be borne, the former is not; life may linger on with the latter, but dissolution must accompany the former. May that God, before whose tribunal we shall all stand to answer for our transgressions, may he witness what I swear, that death alone shall destroy one particle of the affection I bear you, and that I have the conviction in my own mind, that no creature ever loved more than I love you. You know that my love for you is not a sudden thought, you know that it is grounded on near eleven years intimacy; you know that I married to get the better of it, and that that failed; you know that I tried an absence from you for four years, and that that failed also. I think, I hope, I need not say more to convince you of the nature of my love for you, and the certainty of my constancy.

The Marquis then proposes an elopement to Switzerland, and concludes thus:

Suffer me then to hope, my dearest Mary Anne, that my unalterable love for you will soon be rewarded by you, and that you will soon put an end to a misery which it is not in the power of any one to soften the rigours of but yourself; and may God in his infinite bounty, before whom our attachment appears in its true light, so soften your heart in my favour, and so divulge to you my most secret thoughts, that you must be convinced that I am desirous and able to soothe those sorrows which I cannot heal; and, by an unremitting affection, sweeten the cup of bitterness, which I have, alas! been so accessory [sic] to the preparing of.

On page 4 it is clear that *The Albion's* jester, a Shakespeare fancier, has read the book or pamphlet reviewed above; another "paragraph" follows. ("Crim. Con.," as Americans may need to know, stands for "criminal conversation," or an illicit affair with a married women.)

Some of the noble Marquis's love letters, in his *Crim. Con.* affair, do not yield to any specimen of the kind ever offered to the Public. His Lordship seems to have had his mind equally impressed with *Love*, *Religion*, and the *Price of Grain*. One of these runs thus: - "I hope Charles will write me word when you are confined - Wheat fell 15s. a quarter at Reading last Saturday." This is as incoherent as the style of Justice Shallow - "Death, as the Psalmist says, is certain to all; all must die. - How, a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?"

A prisoner of the name of *Short* was tried lately at Dublin for stealing a pair of boots. The prosecutor swore he had offered him a guinea if he would not prosecute. "O, please your honour (exclaimed the prisoner), I did offer him a guinea not to expose me, as I never before had the *pleasure* of being confined in Newgate," - He was acquitted, but cautioned at the same time not to make a *toil of his pleasure*.

Thursday, July 9, 1801 (No. 574): On Thursday an anonymous Lamb appeared with the *only* article on the front page - under an advertisement for a translation of *The Sincere Huron; or Pupil of Nature*, by Voltaire. It was a column and three quarters in praise of a book by his friend John Stoddart. Most of the piece, to be sure, is quotation from Stoddart; I thought it wise to seek out the book itself in order to discover whether Stoddart had really peppered it with the italics which appeared in the *Albion* reviewer's excerpts. I found that Stoddart had not - any more than an author normally would today. Therefore the review throws light on Lamb the critic, for he italicizes what he most admires in Stoddart's writing.

I discovered also that this was a most delightful travel book about Scotland, one in which we may forget the reactionary "Dr. Slop" Stoddart later became. Soon to be Coleridge's host in Malta and William Hazlitt's brother-in-law - yet another of the lawyer-journalists in which the time abounded - Stoddart was a thoroughgoing Romantic admirer of Wordsworth who had stopped to see him on his way home and, in Scotland, had not omitted to call on Walter Scott even at that early date. Lamb had earlier disliked Stoddart as a Godwinian leader of Bob Allen to atheism. Southey still disliked him. But now Lamb found him (a translator of German Romantics, among other things) very congenial; his sister Sarah Stoddart would become Mary Lamb's intimate friend as well as Hazlitt's wife for a while. Here is most of Lamb's review, in which quotation marks are always double ones, no matter what:

REMARKS
ON LOCAL SCENERY AND MANNERS IN
SCOTLAND.
DURING THE YEARS 1799 AND 1800.
BY JOHN STODDART, L.L.B.

"Tours," says Mr. Stoddart, in his very agreeable preface, "are the mushroom produce of every summer; and Scotland has had her share. But within the limits of idleness and observation, surely much remains to be gleaned, which may serve as palatable and nutritious food to the mind; at least as no unwholesome substitute for the clear intellect, and powerful feeling, of our forgotten writers."

Mr. S. goes on to remark the prejudices which have obscured the judgment of former writers on the subject of Scotland; and judiciously adds, "narrowness of system, in all, has been almost alike fatal to accurate observation. It is as if a man were to set out on a journey with a determination to wear none but *green* spectacles; or to keep one of his eyes constantly shut; or to stop his ears against every sound, but that of the post-horn. Attending only to his favourite objects, the most lovely scenes, the most interesting occurrences, pass unregarded by him; and his travel is like the course of life, so beautifully described by Bishop Taylor: "Hope, and fantastic expectations, speed much of our lives; and while with passion we look for a *coronation*, or the *death* of an *enemy*, or a *day* of *joy*, passing from fancy to possession without any intermedial notices, we throw away a

precious year." But the most pitiable state of mind is that man's, who can travel from "Dan to Beersheba," and cry, "'tis all barren." Of such an one Sterne truly observes, that he "set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted - he wrote an *account* of them; but it was nothing but the account of his own *miserable feelings.*" Undoubtedly, the opposite state of mind is liable to some error; and I may be, perhaps, accused of partiality toward a country, in which I experienced so many personal attentions, and which is the abode of friends, whom I so highly esteem; but there is little danger in giving the reins to benevolent feeling; the unpleasantest part of our nature is apt to *predominate*; and, perhaps, nine times out of ten, what the world calls *partiality* is only a quick sense of *real excellence.*"

After such just and generous sentiments, the reader will expect to be pleased with the general spirit of the book: and his expectations will be gratified. Mr. Stoddart is neither a prejudiced, a narrow, nor a jaundiced writer; he is a man of taste and observation, with his mind alive to all the rich impulses of external nature, and to all the still more delicious sensibilities, which spring from a sympathy with human *passions, actions, manners.* His taste in objects of picturesque beauty is uncommonly fine and delicate; from it there can seldom be an appeal. We will adduce one instance, which shall be a short quotation, to prove in what an *original* and beautiful manner he treats of the *commonest objects.*

"Many very excellent judges of *effect* appear to me to be too much prejudiced against the introduction of a *bright white* into any scene. It is doubtless productive of a glare, which, if excited in too powerful a degree, and to too great an extent, must disagreeably affect the eye; but I have often seen a *newly white-washed cottage*, which, at a distance, *sparkling* like a *diamond*, seemed to animate and *sharpen* the tints around it, *like a brilliant note introduced into a sweet melody.* In questions of taste, like this, I think the *poets* form the best tribunal of appeal; their warmth of feeling leads them to mark objects with the most discriminative touch, and their *eccentricity* frees them from the perversions of *systematic error.* The effect of beauty and liveliness, for which I contend, seems to have struck them forcibly in the delineation of rural scenes, especially in the Spring: hence the *eimata sigalventa* of Homer; the "maidens bleaching their Summer smocks" of Shakespeare; and the two shepherdesses "washing" in Allan Ramsay. It is true, that some scenes are of too solemn or majestic a character, to admit of such contrasts; a coat of *white wash* would not suit a *ruined abbey*, or antique castle, but is well adapted to a *neat cottage*; and these gloomy retreats must necessarily differ much from the *gaiety* and bustle of an open *bleach field*, or washing ground."

In a higher and far more magnificent tone is the description of Cora Linn, one of the principal falls of the Clyde:—...

I omit the Stoddart paragraph describing the eighty-foot fall - a vivid one - in which Lamb has noted in italics the word *wool* for the fine descending watery foam, the word *spout* for the fall's total effect, and two others of lesser interest. Then Lamb says,

The view from Ben Lomond is described with the genuine feelings of a true poet: - "Toilsome as this ascent is, it is richly repaid by the scene which it lays open. To the Lowland traveller nothing is so stupendous, as the vast *ocean* of mountains, separated by deep glens in every direction, which look like the perturbed *waves* of a mighty *chaos*...

The Stoddart description goes on for another three inches unitalicized, until the section given below, whence I proceed to the end of the review:

...but the north side of Ben Lomond itself excites a surprise bordering upon terror; this mighty mass, which hitherto had appeared to be an irregular *cone*, placed on a spreading *base*, suddenly presents itself as an imperfect *crater*, with one side forcibly torn off, leaving a stupendous precipice of 2000 feet to the bottom. IN SUCH A SITUATION [*sic*, small capitals except for first I], the most sublime sensations cannot be felt, unless you are *alone*. A single insulated [*sic*, for *isolated*?] being, carrying his view over these vast, inanimate masses, seems to feel himself attached to them, by a *new* kind of *bond*; his spirit *dilates* with the magnitude, and *rejoices* in the beauty of the terrestrial objects; and

"The near heavens their own delight impart."

"A feeling of this kind, which once absorbed my whole mind, on a mountain in Cumberland, will never be blotted from my memory. It was a bright, warm day, and I stood contemplating with admiration on a beautiful vale, with its glittering lake, rich woods, and numerous buildings. Gradually a thick mist rolled like a *curtain* before it, and took away every object from my view. I was left *alone*, on the mountain top, the *sun* shining full upon my *head*; it seemed, that I was suddenly transported into a new state of existence, cut off from every meaner association, and *invisibly united with the surrounding purity and brightness*." - These selections, for the length of which we must apologize, are taken from the first volume, which only we have read.

Mr. Stoddart every where unites the Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Man of Taste. It is with high feelings of pleasure and curiosity, that we quit this volume for a second, from which, we doubt not, we shall be able to present our readers with proofs, that Mr. Stoddart's talents are not confined to natural description, but that he equally excels in portraying [*sic*] *modes* of life, savage or refined, peculiarities of *national* and of *individual* manners, in the delineation of *character*, and the composition of *story*. We cannot dismiss this volume without expressing, that we have been particularly pleased with the spirit of gratitude and honest warmth, with which the author never fails to speak of Scottish kindness, and the hospitalities which he received from strangers in Scotland, as well as from those numerous friends -

"Who freely told to him their hearts,
As he did his to them."

Besides the final "Consolidated Fund" piece by "R.," some government cor-

respondence with the United States, a poem by Thomas Campbell, and a Parliamentary report on land enclosures (to produce more wheat and counteract the blockade, or this was the reason given), and other matter, this small note appears on page 4:

MARRIED.

Yesterday, at St. Bride's Church, Randal Norris, Sub-Treasurer to the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, to Miss Faint, of the Temple.

We know that Mary Lamb was a bridesmaid at this wedding - it brings us very close to the Lambs. Randal Norris, their father's old friend, later in life the only one remaining to call Lamb Charley, was the subject of his essay "A Death-Bed" in 1827, and Lamb kept in touch with the former Miss Faint to the end of his life.

Friday, July 10, 1801 (No. 575): This issue is an anticlimax for the searcher after Lamb, who will find earnest speculation on possible peace moves, some small items of theatre news on page 2, including seven lines on G. F. Cooke's Edinburgh debut as Shylock, and copy from another paper on Czar Alexander's part in his father's assassination, described in detail. Just below this is the last piece I judge to be Lamb's - the second installment of "Love Letters!" - mainly because the first appears to have been his. There is only one paragraph out of fifteen heavily italicized: but perhaps Lamb got bored with emphasis in so juicy a piece, contenting himself with the satirical headings. I provide only a sampling from one and a quarter columns:

THE LOVE LETTERS
OF THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Mr. Sturt's character of the letters is - "Surely such a mass of wickedness..." [two lines more in this paragraph]

His defence from the charge of connivance at his wife's guilt. - "Let me ask the Attorney-General, as a man of honour..." [this paragraph a third of a column]

Nearly an entire column is then given to quotations from Blandford. A few samples:

The Marquis of Blandford's amusements at Critchill. - "Dear Lady Mary Anne, when I was at Critchill, I measured your portico-room, and have had one of the new green and yellow carpets made for it."

.....

A Sportsman's taste. - "I shall be most happy to come to you the end of January, and shall probably not take my gun in my hand till then, as we have no pheasants at all, you know, here; and I think partridge shooting poor sport in comparison."

The Marquis of Blandford's Poetry, criticised by Mr. Sturt. - "I forgot to add, that my ears are continually assaulted with his woeful compositions. The death of the wren is his subject now."

A sorrowful Ditty. - "Surely she might have said how you were in her letter: it is a fortnight tomorrow since I have heard from Critchill. Oh! dear me!"

New proofs of a particular Providence. - "Can you doubt for a moment that we were born for each other?..."

Page 3 of this issue carries three quarters of a column on the Petre funeral - he was liberally attended by commissioned officers of his own soldiery! - written by someone who was there, in the deep countryside. The procession was more than a mile in length, with a huge crowd of mourners, and gun salutes. The final item I should like to quote is on page 2, signed by "M." - and I should now want to change it to a "C" rating from the B on my chart. It is written by a man who shares Lamb's delicacy of feeling and who, like Lamb, was *interested* in religion but had little use for the Established Church of their day. Thomas Manning,* a mathematician at Cambridge, is a stronger possible candidate than Lamb can be, and I give it here in celebration of their friendship.

THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY

The most remarkable controversy has taken place within these few months, that ever was known in the theological world. Dr. Milner, the Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, has fallen foul of Dr. Hawes, a very noted divine among the Methodists. The Dignitary of the church abuses the Doctor's book on church history, with a violence which is not without example in these pious squabbles. Such a circumstance is hardly worthy of notice; but the answer to the Dean's strange effusions of wrath is very extraordinary: Doctor Hawes refutes every thing that is said against him, with the utmost firmness, united with gentleness and good breeding. This is a good presage for the nineteenth century; and if Methodism civilizes the manners of the church, who is there that will not rejoice at the rapidity of its increase: and, at present, the Methodists are supposed to form the largest body of men united in religious opinion in this island. M.

Young men thinking seriously about the life of their time and the century ahead - how attractive they are in this guise!

Now, who will find further *Albions* from the spring and summer of 1801?

Note: All quotations have been proofread by the present author.

(The end)

* Manning's Lhasa (Tibet) diary gives ample proof of his respect for religion: he was rather an agnostic than an atheist.