THE CHARLES LAMB BULLETIN

JANUARY 2000 NEW SERIES NO. 109

'Let us cultivate the Elian spirit of friendliness and humour.'

The Charles Lamb Bulletin

The Journal of the Charles Lamb Society

January 2000 New Series No. 109

Contents

Editorial

Rick Tomlinson is an Assistant Professor of English at Richland Community College. He has published articles on the Romantic Period in *The Friend*, *The Wordsworth Circle*, *European Romantic Review*, and *The Charles Lamb Bulletin.* Although residing and teaching in the U. S., Mr. Tomlinson is a D. Phil. student at St. Catherine's College, Oxford, where he has worked with Roy Park and is currently supervised by Jonathan Wordsworth. He is close to completing his doctoral thesis, 'An Edition of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Opus Maximum.*'

Kris Jagusch works as a freelance writer, and has authored nearly 200 articles, poems, short stories, and essays, published in several local publications and national small press periodicals. She is currently pursuing an M.A. in English Studies from the University of Illinois at Springfield, where she works as a graduate assistant in the Center for Teaching and Learning. Kris is chair and charter member of the Decatur, Illinois, Area Writers Fair steering committee, a member of the Illinois Philological Association, and publisher/editor of *Seeking the Muse*, a semi-annual anthology of fiction, poetry, essays, and black-and-white artwork.

Kris and I are both very happy, indeed, to be editing the bulletin and intend to carry on the high level of scholarship and mainstream literary criticism for which it is recognized.

Wordsworth's Memorials: A New Letter by Edward Quillinan

By JOHN STRACHAN

THIS NOTE PUBLISHES for the first time a letter from Wordsworth's son-in-law Edward Quillinan which is dated 11 May 1850.[1] Written within three weeks of the poet's death on 23 April 1850, the letter offers an intriguing insight into attitudes towards the commemoration of the poet at Rydal Mount in the aftermath of Wordsworth's demise and is amongst the earliest extant documents on the subject of the appropriate memorials to be erected in his honour. Addressed to Mary Arnold, wife of Dr Arnold and mother to Matthew, it was passed on, with a brief covering letter by Mrs Arnold (also reproduced below), to Wordsworth's friend Archdeacon Julius Hare by Henry Crabb Robinson at the meeting of the committee established to discuss Wordsworth's monument held at John Coleridge's house in London on the afternoon of 13 May.[2] The letter offers a fuller and more expansive version of the sentiments expressed in another letter which Quillinan also sent on the 11th May, this time to Crabb Robinson himself. This letter also survives, albeit in an incomplete state, and is published as a fragment in the second volume of Edith J. Morley's *The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with The Wordsworth Circle* (1927).[3]

Quillinan's letter sets out the plain text to be used on Wordsworth's headstone and, quoting from the manuscript of the Fenwick notes, argues that Grasmere Church has the best claim to '*the*' monument. Quillinan discusses the projected memorial in Westminster Abbey, the erection of which Crabb Robinson was instrumental in achieving, suggesting that 'a marble bust, copied from Chantrey's, would be the simplest & most effective Cenotaph'. The family's wishes on the Westminster memorial were of course, not to prevail[4] and, instead, Frederick Thrupp's life-size statue[5] was erected in the Abbey. The Chantrey bust was, however, used by Thomas Woolner as the basis for his commemorative medallion of 1851 which is now in Grasmere Church.

My dear Mrs. Arnold,

Robinson has written to me[6] on the subject of the projected testimonial to the memory of the great Poet, and I have said to him all that was to be said from Rydal Mount. He will

[1] The letter is part of the recently catalogued Swann Archive, held at the University of Sunderland, which contains letters by such notable figures as Wordsworth, Browning, Sara Coleridge, Walter Savage Landor and Henry Crabb Robinson. All but the (five) Wordsworth letters are hitherto unpublished.

[2] See Crabb Robinson's diary entry for that day: 'At quarter-past four I attended a meeting at Mr. John Coleridge's to consider of a monument for Wordsworth' (*Henry Crabb Robinson on Books and their Writers*, ed. Edith J. Morley (3 vols., London, 1938) (hereafter *HCR*), ii. 698).

[3] *The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with The Wordsworth Circle*, ed. Edith J. Morley (2 vols., Oxford, 1927), ii. 730-1. Some of the wording in the two letters is almost identical. This letter has decidedly more detail, nonetheless, and the reference to the Fenwick note and of Wordsworth's opinion of the Chantrey bust are only given here.

[4] Nor those of the original committee: 'It was agreed that there should be a bust in Westminster Abbey and a suitable memorial in Grasmere church' (*HCR*, II. 698).

[5] Mary Wordsworth refused to see it during her September 1853 visit to London.

[6] On May 10. The letter, if it survives, is not included in *The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson*

show you my letter: for he will be so much gratified by your invitation that I am sure he will promptly avail himself of it; and I have no doubt he will call on you on Monday. Why he has not done so already, I know as well as if he had told me. Crabb is a delicate-minded man in matters of domestic sorrow, and he denied himself a pleasure lest his visit might be an intrusion on you and your Invalid; I trust I ought to say your Convalescent. – In few words I will tell you what I have told him at more length. Mr. Wordsworth coveted nothing for his remains but an humble resting-place in Grasmere Church-yard, near his Daughter, & the rest of his kindred, gone thither before him. Mrs. Wordsworth's feeling is just the same. A plain small headstone, engraved only with the name William Wordsworth, & perhaps the date 1850, will mark the spot. Space will be left on the stone for the addition of the name Mary Wordsworth. This is all that the family wish to do. But Wordsworth's fame belongs to the Nation, and something else will of course be done. Mrs. Wordsworth would, I think, rather shrink from giving any opinion, except that, if any memorial be raised in Westmoreland, it should be *within the Church of* GRASMERE. Her sons have the same feeling, & so have I. As to Westminster Abbey, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, who will be here again in a day or two on his homeward way from Perthshire, thought, and we all agree, that a marble bust, copied from Chantrey's,[7] would be the simplest & most effective Cenotaph. That was the work which, to his own mind, was always the most suitable portrait of him as a Poet. – [As good a bust of his fine head at a later time would have been invaluable.] In my humble judgment, the two Memorials would be quite consistent with each other, and we should have both, the Grasmere-Church testimony, and the bust in the Abbey. As to Alms-houses, an endowment of that sort would require a very considerable fund; and you are aware that in Rydal, which is thinly inhabited, & which belongs almost entirely to the Rydal Hall Estate, there are no Poor that are not provided for. It may be different at Grasmere (though I do not know that it is) and there, or at Town-End, if any where in this neighbourhood, unless perhaps at Ambleside, such a tribute to Him, the Friend of the Poor, would stand most appropriately. At Ambleside, they talk of something in the New Church.

Cambridge, no doubt, would be ready to do him honour.[8] But what does Dr. Thelwall say? And the Bishop of London?[9] And Arch-Deacon Hare? And Sir Robert Inglis? And many other enlightened and influential persons among the *Friends* of Wordsworth? In such hands we have no fear that whatever may be determined on will be good and right. Crabb Robinson's voice too should, I think, have some weight in the matter; for, Unitarian though he be, his heart is too large for mere Sectarism, and his affection and judgment are both to be trusted. – Good bye, dear Mrs. Arnold. I can only repeat, from my daughters & myself,

[7] Francis Legatt Chantrey's bust of 1820. In June 1822, Wordsworth writes 'Mrs W. begs you to be so kind as to mention to Mr C. that the more she is familiar with the Bust the more she likes it, which is the case with all my Family. As to my own opinion it can be of little value as to the likeness, but as a work of fine Art I may be excused if I say that it seems to me fully entitled to that praise which is universally given to Mr Chantry's Labours' (*The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. E. de Selincourt, *The Later Years Part I: 1821-1828*, rev. Alan G. Hill (Oxford, 1978), p. 138).

[8] 'The Bishop of Landaff suggested a scholarship at St. John's College for a native of the Lakes. John Coleridge objected to scholarships' (*HCR* ii. 698).

[9] The Bishop of London, along with Hare, Boxall, Milman, Rogers and others attended the committee meeting at John Coleridge's. 'The Bishop of London wished for something connected with literature'. In the Bishop's opinion, 'almhouses seemed to want an object' (*HCR* II. 698).

what I always say, or would say, at the end of my letter to you: I wish you were all back again. – Miss Fenwick, alas, is detained at Kelston Knoll by illness; You do not know, perhaps, a fact which strengthens the claim of Grasmere Church to *the* Monument. I will give it to you, *verbatim* from those Notes of Wordsworth's own dictation. *The Church and "Church-Yard among the Mountains"*, the *subject of the 6th Book of* THE EXCURSION are the Church & Church Yard of *Grasmere*.

He says, "By the waving of a magic wand, turn the ~~comparatively~~ confined Vale of Langdale, its tarn & the rude chapel which once adorned the Valley, into the stately & comparatively spacious Vale of Grasmere & its ancient Parish-Church,"[10] &c &c. –

Again, "The Church, as already noticed, is that of Grasmere."[11]

These are but short extracts from a long note on the subject. –

E.Q.

Please to give this to Arch-deacon Hare, who may have heard it from Mr W., but may have forgotten it.

Mrs. Arnold gave Quillinan's letter to Crabb Robinson, who passed it on to Julius Hare at the 13 May committee meeting, with this brief (and barely legible) note:

17, Oxford Terrace
May 13.

My dear Archdeacon Hare,

You will probably hear from Mr. Robinson all which is said in the enclosed letter, but I send it to ensure that I have been faithful to my promise – Mr. Quillinan writes[12] that the Duke of Wellington could be impressed with a sense of the correctness with which Wordsworth [called forth?] as far as his influence extended the true hearted spirit of English Men – in the struggle in Spain – when some would have abandoned the peninsular to its fate.

In much haste
Ever your affectionate friend
Mary Arnold.

University of Sunderland

[10] The relevant section of the note as published in *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. E de Selincourt and Helen Darbishire (5 vols., Oxford, 1940-9) (hereafter *PW*) reads 'as by the waving of a magic wand, I turn the comparatively confined vale of Langdale, its Tarn, and the rude Chapel which once adorned the valley, into the stately and comparatively spacious vale of Grasmere, its Lake, and its ancient Parish Church' (v. 376).

[11] 'The church, as already noticed, is that of Grasmere' (*PW*, v. 443).

[12] Possibly in the missing section of the 11 May letter to Crabb Robinson.

'A Fond Partiality': Mary Wollstonecraft's Anonymous Defender

By HARRIET JUMP

THE STORY OF Mary Wollstonecraft's posthumous reputation is well known. Her death from puerperal fever, ten days after giving birth to her second daughter Mary (Shelley), was devastating for William Godwin, her husband of only five months. Three days after her funeral, having established himself in her study with her portrait by John Opie above the fireplace, he began sorting out her letters and papers. Two weeks later he began writing the story of her life. His researches were meticulous: he numbered her letters, talked to her friends, wrote with requests for information to those further afield. He incorporated their responses into his text, adding to them his own recollections of their relationship and accounts she had given him of her life before they met. In his determination to present a truthful portrait, as well as one which would demonstrate how admirably she had remained true to her revolutionary feminist principles, he suppressed nothing. He recorded her unrequited love for the married painter Henry Fuseli, as well as her decision to live unmarried with Gilbert Imlay and the fact that she gave birth to Imlay's child. Her anguish following Imlay's rejection of her, and her two suicide attempts were recounted with compassion. His own relationship with her ('friendship melting into love'[1]) was described in detail, and he made no secret of the fact that at first 'We did not marry', eloquently defending this decision:

> nothing can be so ridiculous upon the face of it, or so contrary to the genuine march of sentiment, as to require the overflowing of the soul to wait upon a ceremony, and that at which, wherever delicacy and imagination exist, is of all things most sacredly private, to blow a trumpet before it, and to record the moment at which it has arrived at its climax (*Memoirs* p. 154).

An account of her slow death following the birth of their child, given in painful detail, made up the final chapter of the work.

Tender, frank and lucid, the *Memoirs* have become, for many twentieth-century readers, a model of all that biography should be. Such was not, however, the reaction of Godwin's contemporaries. Rarely has a literary work so well-intentioned had such disastrous effects on the reputations of both its author and its subject. Wollstonecraft's friends and admirers were shocked by Godwin's revelations: Robert Southey accused him of 'a want of all feeling in stripping his dead wife naked'[2] and the Liverpool lawyer William Roscoe wrote in his own copy of *Memoirs*:

> Hard was thy fate in all the scenes of life
> As daughter, sister, mother, friend and wife;
> But harder still, thy fate in death we own,

[1] William Godwin, *Memoirs of the Author of the Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, London: Johnson, 1798 (hereafter *Memoirs*), p. 153.

[2] Quoted in Richard Holmes, ed., Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin, *A Short Residence in Sweden* and *Memoirs of the Author of 'The Rights of Woman'*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987, p. 43.

Thus mourn'd by Godwin with a heart of stone.[3]

Public reaction to the *Memoirs*, and to the four volumes of Wollstonecraft's *Posthumous Works* which Godwin edited and brought out at the same time, was harsher still. The conservative press had a field day, seizing on every aspect of Godwin's revelations and twisting it to suit its own political agenda. Crude abuse, distortion of the facts, misquotation and sheer invention quickly ensured that Wollstonecraft came to be viewed as a sexually voracious atheist, who had deliberately set out to pervert the minds of the young.

Few were brave, or foolhardy, enough to speak out in Wollstonecraft's defence. Even her friend and disciple Mary Hays, whose brief but gushing obituary in the *Monthly Magazine* had appeared in 1797, moderated her praise in a long biographical article in the *Annual Necrology for 1797-8* (London: Phillips, 1800). Hays' lonely position as Wollstonecraft's defender took its toll on her own reputation: she was viciously attacked in the conservative press, and when she brought out her six-volume *Female Biography* in 1803, Wollstonecraft was not included.

The furore surrounding *Memoirs* took several years to subside. As late as 1801 the *Anti-Jacobin* published a scurrilous poem, *The Vision of Liberty*, in which Wollstonecraft and Godwin were depicted in a crudely abusive manner:

> William hath penn'd a wagon-load of stuff,
> And Mary's life at least he needs must write,
> Thinking her whoredoms were not known enough
> Till fairly printed off in black and white.—
> With wondrous glee and pride, this simple wight
> Her brothel feats of wantonness sets down,
> Being her spouse, he tells, with huge delight,
> How oft she cuckolded the silly clown,
> And lent, O lovely piece! herself to half the town. (p. 518)

Absurd and inaccurate though this is, it does serve to demonstrate the level to which criticism of Wollstonecraft had descended. After this, mercifully, as it must have seemed to Godwin, the critics fell silent. Then, out of the blue as it were, a small volume appeared in 1803, published by the London publisher James Wallis and bearing the cumbersome title *A Defence of the Character and Conduct of the Late Mrs Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. Founded on the Principles of Nature and Reason, as applied to the Peculiar Circumstances of her Case; in a series of Letters to a Lady*. One hundred and sixty pages long, this volume was composed of nine letters in which different aspects of Wollstonecraft's reputation were discussed, and the slurs on her character generally speaking dismissed out of hand.

Although the authorship of this lengthy defence of Wollstonecraft has never been discovered,[4] certain facts do emerge, or can be deduced from, the text. The writer was a personal friend of Wollstonecraft, who shared with her 'the sympathy of congenial feelings and

[3] Quoted in Claire Tomalin, *The Life and Death of Mary Wollstonecraft*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977, p. 271.

[4] A number of library catalogues in Britain and elsewhere attribute the work to Sir Charles Aldis (1775?-1863), surgeon. This attribution is incorrect, and is owing to a misreading of the British Library Catalogue. The British Library copy contains Aldis's bookplate and annotations, and the catalogue does, in fact, say this, but the entry is ambiguous and open to misinterpretation.

corresponding views', and felt for her a 'fond partiality' (p. 1) as well as a keen awareness of her 'personal attractions, no mean ones, I assure you' (p. 125). The book consists of a series of letters 'to a Lady', and that the author was male appears from several references to 'your sex' and 'ours' (see p. 115, for example). Although his relationship to the letters' recipient is never stated, he makes it clear that they have corresponded about Wollstonecraft at some earlier date (pp. 75-6), and that it is she who has urged him to write his *Defence* (p. vii). A tone of intimacy appears at times which suggests that they may be husband and wife, although they appear to have been separated (by circumstances rather than by choice) for some time. That he may have been from Ireland, or at least had connections with that country, seems to be suggested by a reference to 'some truly respectable friends . . . from the United Sister Kingdom' (p. 3).

Although there is no external evidence to confirm it, one possible candidate is Archibald Hamilton Rowan (1751-1834). An Irishman reputedly of great charm, Rowan had been involved in various radical political movements in Ireland in his youth. In 1792, he was arrested on an unfounded charge of distributing a seditious pamphlet. Imprisoned at Dublin, he managed to escape to France and was living in Paris at the same time as Wollstonecraft, whom he met in 1794. Perhaps few readers of his posthumous *Autobiography of Archibald Hamilton Rowan* (Dublin: Tegg, 1840) would have remembered Godwin's unfortunately phrased footnote in the first edition of *Memoirs* describing Rowan as: 'A person, from whose society at this time [1793-4] Mary derived particular gratification' (p. 122). In response to the howls of outrage and the accusations of wantonness which were made against Wollstonecraft following the publication of *Memoirs*, Godwin had altered the phrase 'particular gratification' in the second edition to remove any suggestion of sexual license. He did not, however, remove his reference to those qualities of Rowan which had endeared him to Wollstonecraft: 'great integrity of disposition, and great kindness of heart' (ibid).

Rowan's short and factual account of Wollstonecraft in his *Autobiography* added little to what Godwin had already written in *Memoirs*. It did reveal, however, that her connection with Imlay was accepted by the expatriate community as a 'republican marriage' (p. 249). Of greater interest is a letter to his wife, included within the *Autobiography*. Written shortly after he met Wollstonecraft for the first time, the letter gives a rare glimpse of her as she appeared to those who knew her personally. Rowan's interest in her was evidently awakened before he knew who she was by her 'interesting' manners and her conversation, 'spirited, yet not out of the sex' (p. 253). His reaction on discovering her identity verged on the comic:

> 'What!' said I within myself, 'this is Miss Mary Wollstonecraft, parading about with a child at her heels, with as little ceremony as if it were a watch she had just bought at the jeweller's. So much for the rights of women,', thought I. (ibid)

Clearly, he had taken her for an unmarried mother (which she was, of course, but not quite in the way that Rowan first imagined), and was more than ready to chuckle inwardly at finding her saddled with a child. His discovery that she was (at least in a 'republican' sense) 'married [to] an American gentleman' put her on a different footing, enabling him to call on her without embarrassment for 'a dish of tea and an hour's rational conversation' (p. 254). Their discussions were frequently on the subject of the 'relative duties of husband and wife', and:

> here I found myself deeply wounded; because if my dearest thought as Mrs Imlay did, and many of their sentiments seemed to coincide, my happiness was at an end. I have

> sometimes told her so; but there must be something about me of deep deception, for I never seemed to have persuaded her that I had merited, or that you would treat me with the neglect which I then thought was my portion. (ibid).

As far as can be deduced from his ambiguous phrasing, it seems probably that Wollstonecraft had been expatiating on the need for a husband to help and support his wife rather more fully than Rowan felt he had done in the past, and expressing the view that 'neglect' was a justified punishment for failing to do so. Above all, however, the letter gives a clear sense of her liveliness, her warmth and charm, and of Rowan's gratitude to her for her kind attentiveness 'when my heart was ill at ease' (ibid).

Four letters from Wollstonecraft to Rowan have survived. Two of them date from early April 1794, and were written as she was about to return to England, where Imlay was then living. Hastily written, they partly concern the practicalities of her loan to him of the house she and Imlay had been renting in Le Havre. Her warm feelings for him are unmistakable, however. She speaks of the 'sincere pleasure' she will take in seeing him again, and her desire to be 'number [sic] amongst your friend [sic]'.[5] Her next surviving letter to him is dated January 26th [1796], and was sent to him in America, where he had moved in late 1795. The letter is charged with her unhappiness over her desertion by Imlay: 'I have been treated with unkindness—and even cruelty, by the person from whom I had every reason to expect affection' (*Letters*, p. 328). Rowan seems not to have replied: presumably it was difficult to find the right words to respond to such a frank outpouring. This is suggested by a letter he wrote to her from America in September 1797, in which he excused himself for the infrequency of his correspondence.

> You were not happy. I had no right to trouble you with my dark reveries. I was displeased with my past and present conduct and undecided as to my future; how could I speak comfort to so wounded a mind as yours?[6]

Rowan remained in America for seven years. In 1801 he finally traveled back to Europe, although he was still unable to return either to England or to his native Ireland. Reunited with his wife, he joined an expatriate community in Altona, where he remained for two years until he was finally allowed to return to Britain in 1803.

1803 was, of course, the year in which the *Defence* was published. If Rowan was indeed the author, this would explain the appearance of the work at so late a date, some time after the scandal surrounding Godwin's *Memoirs* had died down. Undoubtedly a precedent for the *Defence* exists in Rowan's earlier career: in the late 1780s he had gained a certain notoriety following his publication *A Brief Investigation of the Sufferings of John, Anne and Mary Neal* (Dublin: P. Cooney, 1788), a defence of a young woman who had been seduced by a person of high station.

A similar impulse—to defend an innocent woman against the unjustified accusations which have been leveled at her—motivates the *Defence*. Meeting Wollstonecraft's calumniators head on, the author argues at length for 'the purity of her intentions', her 'genuine benevolence . . .

[5] Ralph M. Wardle, ed., *Collected Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft*, Ithaca & New York: Cornell University Press, 1979 (hereafter *Letters*), p. 282.

[6] Quoted in Charles Kegan Paul, *William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*, 2 vols., London: Henry King, 1876, pp. 286-7. This letter, sent to congratulate Wollstonecraft on her marriage to Godwin, arrived five days after her death.

enlarged philanthropy . . . solicitude for the interests of her fellow creatures, and . . . deference to the dictates of duty' (pp. 27-8). He absolves her from any possible blame with regard to Fuseli (pp. 59-62), and writes with sympathy and rationality of her relations with Imlay (pp. 107-9). However, for reasons that are not entirely clear, he believes her choice of Godwin to have been 'a considerable error in judgement', at least in the eyes of the world (p. 136), although he is pleased to attribute to her influence the 'one good effect' of teaching Godwin to value the domestic affections (p. 140).

Of course, any one of Wollstonecraft's friends and admirers could have been responsible for these judgements. There is, however, one rather curious letter in the *Defence* which could be read as pointing more definitively towards Rowan as a probable author. In this section (pp. 77-90) the writer imagines Wollstonecraft giving her own views on marriage, which, as Rowan's *Autobiography* reveals, had formed the subject of many of their conversations in Paris. Although the author attempts to cover his tracks by a disclaimer at the end: 'I have attempted to state the ground, upon which it is supposed that Mary Wollstonecraft would have vindicated her own conduct' (p. 90), the arguments which he attributes to her do have a certain ring of authenticity, and have not, moreover, been simply lifted from any of her writings. Nowhere in her published work, for example, does she so eloquently defend pre-marital sex:

> Marriage, according to my system, is an affair jointly of the Understanding and of the Heart.—When two persons, hitherto disengaged, have discovered a mutual attachment towards each other; if natural relationship do not forbid a sexual connection, and Prudence do not suggest that their union will be attended with inconveniences either to their neighbours or themselves; I conceive them to be at full liberty to unite whenever they please. . . . In a moral point of view I regard myself as an *independent agent*, responsible for my conduct to that *Great Being* alone. . . . In forming my present connection I have been guided by this principle. (pp. 79-80)

Also of considerable interest, and again not reproduced elsewhere in her published writings, is her response to the question of illegitimacy, which, the writer puts to her, is generally considered as being 'obnoxious both the God and man':

> I will never believe that [God's] anger can be extended to an innocent helpless being on account of the mode of its production, over which it could not possibly have the slightest power of controul; the creature here being entirely passive. (pp. 89-90)

Although the author affirms at the end of this 'imagined' conversation that 'No pretension . . . is made . . . that it exhibits those [arguments] that have been really stated with the glowing energy of language, which peculiarly characterizes her conversations' (pp. 90-1), there is arguably a Wollstonecraftian ring to much of the phraseology which could suggest recollection rather than invention on the part of the author.

The Wollstonecraft who emerges from the *Defence*, despite her human failings, is an admirable being who is said to have surpassed the common run of humankind in 'loftiness of spirit, decisiveness of character, clearness of intellect, purity of intention, and benevolence of heart' (p. 153). Despite such fulsome praise, the work appears to have had little or no effect on public perceptions of Wollstonecraft's character, on which further damage was inflicted by two

biographies of Fuseli which were published after his death.[7] It was not until the last few decades of the nineteenth century that her reputation began to recover, largely as a result of Charles Kegan Paul's biography of Godwin. Written at the behest of the Shelley family, this work presented a saintly version of Wollstonecraft which, although not entirely accurate, paved the way for the more realistic reassessments of her life and work which were to appear in the twentieth century.[8]

Edge Hill College

[7] Allan Cunningham, 'Life of Fuseli' in *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters*, 6 vols., London: Murray, 1829-33, vol. Ii (1830), pp. 280-3, and John Knowles, *The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli, Esq., M.A.F.A.*, 3 vols., London: Colburn & Bentley, 1831.

[8] For a comprehensive view of Wollstonecraft's posthumous reputation, see Harriet Devine Jump, ed., *Mary Wollstonecraft, Lives of the Great Romantics Series*, London: Pickering and Chatto, 1999, from which some of the material in this article has been adapted.

Visions and Revisions:

William Hazlitt and "My First Acquaintance with Poets"

By JAMES MULVIHILL

IN AN ESSAY "On Editors," William Hazlitt asserts that "in every periodical miscellany, there are two essential parties—the writers and the public; the Editor and the printer's-devil are merely the mechanical instruments to bring them together" (17:361).[1] This claim seems disingenuous in light of Hazlitt's acknowledgment of other circumstances mediating this relationship—editorial interference, for instance: "If there is any thing that pleased you in the writing, you look in vain for it in the proof. What might electrify the reader, startles the Editor. . . . The trite and superficial are always to be had *to order*, and present a beautiful uniformity of appearance" (17:361-2). "My First Acquaintance with Poets," an essay of Hazlitt's appearing in *The Liberal* in 1823 after a number of partial incarnations in other journalistic venues, is a study in print mediation. Frequently anthologized, this essay relates its author's youthful discovery of a literary vocation through the inspiration of Coleridge's mesmerizing talk, poignantly contrasted with the elder Hazlitt's pedantic but solid folio learning. The latter, indeed, hard-won from "ponderous, unwieldy, neglected tomes" (17:110), is regretted as an archaism in the elegant world of Regency *Belles Lettres*, a theme developed three years earlier in *Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth* where Hazlitt complains that "we cannot now, as formerly, swallow libraries whole in a single folio: solid quarto has given place to slender duodecimo, and the dingy letter-press contracts its dimensions, and retreats before the white, unsullied, faultless margin" (6:319). Ironically, Hazlitt's implication in this paradigm may be traced in the provenance of his essay, a publishing history that reflects alternating resistance and surrender to the voracious periodical culture of Regency England.

The arbitrary authority Hazlitt complains of in his philippics against editors is a circumstance of the print process. In conflicts with editors like James Perry and John Scott he who controlled the compositor controlled the text.[2] Where William Blake could control his works, from conceiving the verse to producing the final plate impressions, Hazlitt exerted only the nominal control of the print author over what he wrote, a control that ended at the press door. If he could not alter a work once it was in print, however, he could reprint it. To read Hazlitt's works, consequently, is frequently to reread them. Pieces originally appearing in periodicals or delivered at the lectern reappeared in other journals or in books, more often than not in revised form. In an editorial note to one such collection of reprinted essays, P.P. Howe remarks on the extensive revisions evident in the reprinted pieces, offering the justification that "with Hazlitt, to reprint a passage is practically always to effect some verbal improvement in it" (8.333n.). While not by any means unique among professional writers in the opportunistic habit of recycling his work, Hazlitt is in any case an exemplary instance of the practice and its rationale. Like any professional man of letters, Hazlitt found it lucrative to reprint himself, but this was also the only

[1] *The Complete Works of William Hazlitt*. P.P. Howe, ed. (Toronto: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1930-34). All further references to Hazlitt's works, unless otherwise indicated, will be taken from this edition and cited parenthetically in the text.

[2] See Stanley Jones, *Hazlitt, A Life: From Winterslow to Frith Street* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989), pp. 169-70.

way he could control his own works once they had entered the print domain.[3] In the preface to a collection of reprinted essays in *A View of the English Stage* (1818), for instance, he apologizes for his opportunism but also rationalizes this practice in terms squarely addressing the issue of authorial control and print authority: "In fact, I have come to this determination in my own mind, that a work is as good as *manuscript*, and is invested with all the same privileges, till it appears in a second edition—a rule which leaves me at liberty to make what use I please of what I have hitherto written, with the single exception of THE CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEAR'S PLAYS" (5:178)—to date the only work of Hazlitt's that had gone into a second edition.

No such prohibitions applied to "My First Acquaintance with Poets." The germ of this essay originally appeared as a pseudonymous letter in a January 1817 number of *The Examiner*, signed by one "*SEMPER EGO AUDITOR*," in which Hazlitt responds to an *Examiner* review he himself had written of Coleridge's *Lay Sermon* the previous month. In the review Hazlitt had attacked his former friend's theocratic notions of legitimacy and divine right, specifically noting what he saw as the misuse of biblical authority to promote a reactionary political agenda. The subsequent letter from *SEMPER EGO AUDITOR* EXPRESSES SHOCK AT THE VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THE *Lay Sermons* and nostalgically recalls the correspondent's early acquaintance with Coleridge, describing a sermon given by the latter while both a dissenter and a reformer: "*That* sermon, like *this* Sermon, was upon peace and war; upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another" (7:128). After recounting the inspiring effect of "*That* sermon" on him, *SEMPER EGO AUDITOR* describes his reaction to "*this* Sermon":

> Now, Sir, what I have to complain of is this, that from reading your account of the "Lay-Sermon," I begin to suspect that my notions formerly must have been little better than a deception: that my faith in Mr. Coleridge's great powers must have been a vision of my youth, that, like other such visions, must pass away from me; and that all his genius and eloquence is *vox et preterea nihil*: for otherwise how is it so lost to all commons sense upon paper. (7:129)

The print/orality dichotomy noted in "My First Acquaintance with Poets" is already in evidence here, though rather than contrasting his father's ponderous folio learning with Coleridge's fluent talk, he angrily dismisses the spoken sermon's seeming conviction in the light of the printed sermon's tangible perfidy.

The provenance of this literary episode goes back further still to another review of the *Lay Sermons* in a September 1816 issue of the *Examiner*. Perhaps preview is a more precise term, as the work in question had not yet appeared in print.[4] As one might expect, Hazlitt plays on the discrepancy between what Coleridge has promised and what he has (to date) failed to deliver, but in fact Coleridge's promises had appeared in the form of "repeated newspaper advertisements" (7:114n.), a circumstance that merely made tangible the insubstantial nature of the promises. In 1813 the run of a periodical Coleridge edited in 1809-10 under the title of *The Friend* had been

[3] For a fascinating examination of the economy of literary production as reflected in the career of an individual author see Jerome Christensen, *Practicing Enlightenment: Hume and the Formation of a Literary Career* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1987).

[4] See Robert K. Lapp, "Contest for Cultural Authority: Hazlitt's (P)review of *The Statesman's Manual*," *English Studies in Canada* 20 (March 1994): 41-60; in a more general connection see Mark Schoenfield, "Voices Together: Lamb, Hazlitt, and the *London*," *Studies in Romanticism* 29 (Summer 1990): 257-72.

re-issued in a single volume; it is this work Hazlitt refers to when he complains in his notice that he sees no difference between Coleridge's published and his unpublished writings:

> What is his *Friend* itself but an enormous title-page; the longest and most tiresome prospectus that ever was written; an endless preface to an imaginary work; a table of contents that fills the whole volume; a huge bill of fare of all possible subjects, with not an idea to be had for love or money? One number consists of a grave-faced promise to perform something impossible in the next; and the next is taken up with a long-faced apology for not having done it. Through the whole of his work, Mr. Coleridge appears in the character of the Unborn Doctor; the very Barmecide of knowledge; the Prince of preparatory authors! (7:115)

Prospectuses, title-pages, prefaces, and tables-of-contents form the apparatus of print publication, but here they lend only the form of substance to what (in Hazlitt's view) has no substance. To be sure, *The Friend* has seen the light of publication, but its text is indistinguishable from its preliminaries in that like them it serves only a "preparatory" function. Hazlitt's response to the actual appearance of *The Statesman's Manual*, with its rather pointed subtitle, "A Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher Classes of Society," takes memorable form as an anecdote concerning the discovery of Thompson's *Seasons* in an isolated ale-house. Hazlitt relates that a companion, described as a friend of both his and Coleridge's, exclaimed: "'That is true fame?'" to which Hazlitt rather harshly adds of Coleridge: "If he were to write fifty Lay-Sermons, he could not answer the inference from this one sentence, which is, that there are books that make their way wherever there are readers, and that there ought every where to be readers for such books!" (7:125).

The same anecdote appears seven years later in the *Liberal* in "My First Acquaintance with Poets," where the mutual friend is revealed to have been none other than Coleridge himself. If Hazlitt seems more willing to give some credit to the author of the *Lay Sermons* here, it is because this essay is less hard-edged than the *Examiner* reviews of the previous decade. If the account of Coleridge's earlier sermon ("upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation") is still political, the pointed reference to the *Lay Sermon* of nearly two decades later is dropped as anger modulates into a sadder retrospective key. The original *Examiner* paragraphs describing the 1798 sermon no longer serve as an ironic foil to the theocratic rant of the 1816 Lay Sermon, instead taking their place in a more general context of political and personal regret. If the pseudonymous *Examiner* correspondent angrily vents his disappointment in invective ("Or again, what right has he to invite me to a feast of poets and philosophers, fruits and flowers intermixed,--immortal fruits and amaranthine flowers,--and then to tell me it is all vapour, and, like *Timon*, to throw his empty dishes in my face?" [7:129]) the *Liberal*'s Romantic retrospectivist vents his in elegiac regret: "So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy; but wanting that, have wanted everything!" (17:116).

Whether the "one thing" wanting refers to Sarah Walker—Hazlitt's confessional account of his obsessive, unrequited love for a lodging-house maid had appeared the same year in *Liber Amoris* (1823)—or to political reform is moot. A lifetime spent reading and writing is set against the scale of aspirations unrealized. While the later essay's gentler tone may reflect its author's mood, however, it also reflects an editorial disposition. The preface to the first number of the *Liberal* eschews a crudely overt political agenda, choosing rather to define its liberal bent in

broad cultural terms: "We wish to do our work quietly, if people will let us,--to contribute our liberalities in the shape of Poetry, Essays, Tales, Translations, and other amenities."[5] It is among such "liberalities" and "amenities" that Hazlitt's elegy to lost innocence "his own and others') appears. In this essay Hazlitt laments the passing of the intense learning represented by the massive closely printed folios read by his father, eulogizes the unrealized literary promise of Coleridge, and regrets the considerable authorial facility he has gained since his short-lived discipleship to Coleridge:

> I can write fast enough now. Am I better than I was then? Oh no! One truth discovered, one pang of regret at not being able to express it, is better than all the fluency and flippancy in the world. Would then I could go back to what I then was! Why can we not revive past times as we can revisit old places? (17:114)

Is this the fatal fluency of Coleridge the talker merely transposed to print? Is it a loss associated with his father's scholarly rigor? The answer offers itself in the essay's material format. Where the politically engaged original of this essay appeared in the crabbed, closely printed, multi-columned pages of the *Examiner*, the final belletristic version is published in the far more elegant venue of the *Liberal*. There it displays "a beautiful uniformity of appearance" in the clean modern type-face and spacious, single-columned quarto format that were making his father's folio learning obsolete.

University of Alberta

[5] *The Liberal* 1 (1822): vii.

'Man is a gaming animal': Lamb, Gambling and Thomas Bish's Last Lottery

By JOHN STRACHAN

This lecture was delivered to the Society at the Swedenborg Hall, 2 October 1999.

THIS IS A PAPER ABOUT a fascinating but little-known moment in English social history which took place during the 1820s: the final draw of the State Lottery, which was held in October 1826. It also addresses the figure most associated with the lottery in the minds of the contemporary English public, the lottery-office entrepreneur and highly resourceful self-publicist Thomas Bish (I am currently at work on a study of the links between advertising and satirical culture in the Romantic period and my interest in Bish is prompted by his status as one of the most significant figures in early nineteenth-century advertising.) This lecture examines the literary response to the abolition of the lottery, to Thomas Bish, and to the final draw—the 'Last, the downright *Last*'[1] as S.T. Coleridge called it, a body of work to which Charles Lamb made an important contribution. Thus this is also a paper which addresses Lamb's thoughts on the State Lottery and, indeed, the wider subject of his attitude to gambling in general. In doing so, it focuses upon two important essays of the 1820s, 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist' from the *Essays of Elia* and, most particularly, the little-read *New Monthly Magazine* article of January 1825, 'The Illustrious Defunct', Lamb's brilliant lament for the passing of the Lottery. However, before turning to Lamb, I need to contextualise my account of his essays by introducing a subject with which many of you might not be very well acquainted: the rise and fall of the State Lottery.

The present age is not the first period in English history to manifest widespread enthusiasm for a national lottery. For several centuries, until their abolition in 1826, the English public had delighted in lotteries, both state-run and private. Lotteries date at least as far back as the mid-sixteenth century, to the Elizabethan lottery of 1566 which was chartered to raise funds for improvements to key English ports to ward off the threat of invasion. In the early decades of the seventeenth century, the Virginia company settled parts of the United States through lotteries and London's sanitation was improved in the 1620s through a viaduct funded by lottery. However, the most systematic and important lotteries in English history--before the establishment of the present National Lottery--came with the founding of the English State Lottery in the eighteenth century. From the 1730s onwards, state lotteries were held to fund large building projects. When Wordsworth stands on Westminster Bridge in 1802, for example, he stands upon an edifice primarily funded from the proceeds of state lotteries drawn from 1736 onwards. Between 1769 and 1826, one hundred and twenty six state lotteries were held to finance grand public works such as bridge and road building and the construction of the British Museum. Tickets were expensive, initially around £20 each (though £10 tickets were introduced in the later eighteenth century) and prizes enormous, rising from £10,000 to £20,000 and eventually to the multiple prizes (three at least) of £30,000 which were available in the final draws held in the early nineteenth century. Few could afford full tickets, of course, and people could buy 'shares' or fractions of tickets, down to a sixteenth. Even a sixteenth of £20 was a considerable sum in this period, of course, the result of the government's wish to prevent the poor from gambling. However, the indigent could and did bet on the lottery, either through shares or by placing illegal

[1] *Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. Earl Leslie Griggs, 6 vols. (Oxford, 1956-71), vi. 629.

side-bets or 'insurances' with 'morroco-men' (named after their leather wallets) on whether or not a particular number would be drawn. As *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* noted in 1849, 'Those who had not money to pay for tickets might insure a certain number for a small sum, and thus obtain a prize; and so lottery grew upon lottery, and the sphere was indefinitely extended'.[2] And those who could not contain their gaming enthusiasm in periods between state lotteries sometimes participated in small, illegal lottery draws called 'little goes'. State lottery tickets were sold in a number of different places: at booksellers, in special booths and, most notably, at dedicated 'lottery offices'. Agents made money by purchasing tickets at a discount or reselling shares at a markup, demonstrating great ingenuity in marketing their wares. The draws were widely advertised in endless paid press columns, but also by the use of handbills, wall-posters, sandwich-men and roadside advertisement, and by public spectacle such as torch-lit processions. Then, as now, acres of print was devoted to the lottery: manuals, astrological tip-sheets and dedicated journals (*The Lottery Magazine* most notably). There was also widespread newspaper coverage of major winners and of those less fortunately affected by the lottery, notably hapless suicides prompted to self-destruction by unwise speculation in tickets.

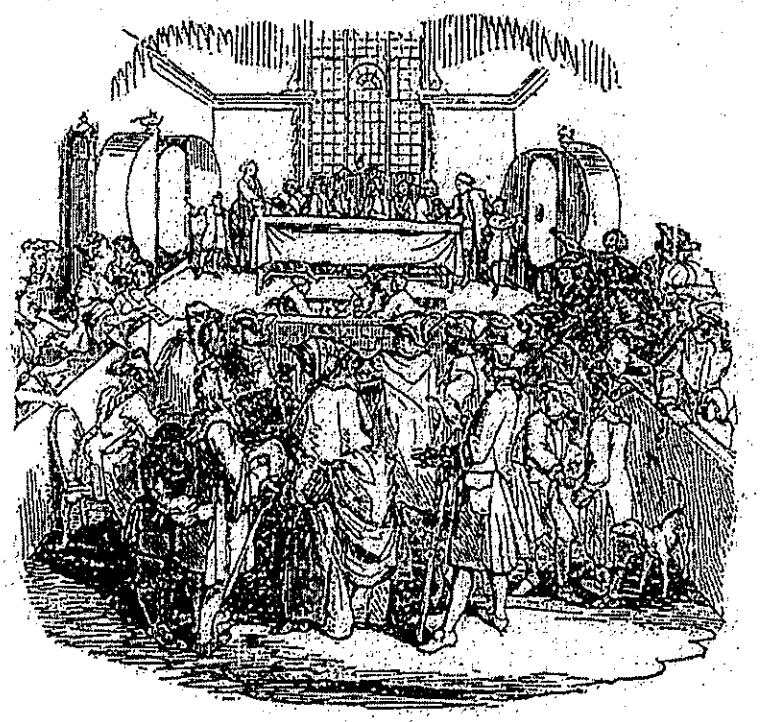
The draws themselves were carefully stage-managed. They were held in drawing ceremonies at Guildhall which could continue for some weeks. As in the twentieth-century Spanish state lottery, which is drawn to this day by choristers, children were used to conduct the draw. And the school chosen was none other than Charles Lamb's, Christ's Hospital. In 'The Illustrious Defunct', Lamb's elegiac meditation on the demise of the lottery, he describes a visit which he made as a child to the Guildhall, where he saw boys from his school drawing the winning tickets:

> Never can the writer forget when, as a child, he was hoisted upon a servant's shoulder in Guildhall, and looked down upon the installed and solemn pomp of the then drawing Lottery. The two awful cabinets of iron, upon whose massy and mysterious portals, the royal initials were gorgeously emblazoned, as if after having deposited the unfulfilled prophecies within, the King himself had turned the lock and still retained the key in his pocket; - the blue-coat boy, with his naked arm, first converting the invisible wheel, and then diving into the dark recesses for a ticket; - the grave and reverend faces of the commissioners eying the announced number; - the scribes below calmly committing it to their huge books; - the anxious countenances of the surrounding populace ... constituted altogether a scene, which combined with the sudden wealth supposed to be lavished from those inscrutable wheels, was well calculated to impress the imagination of a boy with reverence and amazement.[3]

This strikes me, by the way, as a much more appealing ritual than that of the modern National Lottery draw, with its pop groups, frenzied audience participation and employment of D-list celebrities as masters of ceremony. In the *Every-Day Book* (1826-7), which contains the most valuable collection of lottery-related materials dating from this period,[4] Lamb's friend William Hone reproduces two cuts which illustrate the draws and these are reproduced as figures 1 and 2. Figure 1, which is undated, shows a lottery draw from the mid-eighteenth century and figure 2

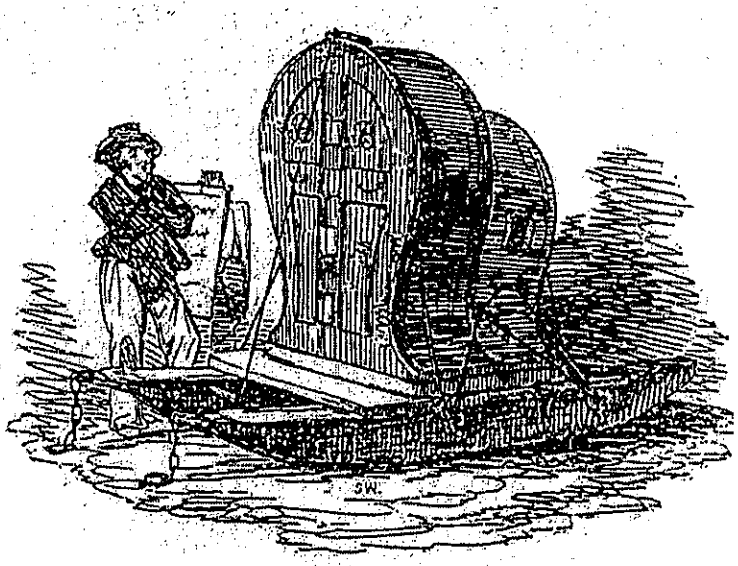
[2] *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 66 (December) 1849 (hereafter *BEM*), 672.
[3] *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. E.V. Lucas (7 vols., London 1903-5) (hereafter Lucas), i. 260.
[4] Including an extract from Lamb's 'Illustrious Defunct'. William Hone, *Every-Day Book or, Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements* (2 vols., London 1826-7) (hereafter Hone), ii. 1404-1536.

the lottery wheel used in the last draw.



Drawing Prizes.

Figure 1: N. Parr, 'Drawing Prizes' (n. d.)



The Lottery Wheel, 1826.

Figure 2. 'The Lottery Wheel, 1826', artist unknown.

Into the midst of this preoccupation with the lottery, a preoccupation which the *Annual Register* for 1775 labelled 'lottery mania', stepped Thomas Bish, proprietor of two of the most notable lottery offices, at 4, Cornhill and 9, Charing Cross. In the early part of the nineteenth century, Bish, the most entrepreneurial of the Lottery Office keepers, became a figure of some fame and notoriety. Bish publicised his premises as 'the luckiest offices in the kingdom', boasting in an advertisement which dates from the early 1820s that he had sold 'all the three thirty thousands' in one particular draw. However lucky his offices might have been, Bish's fame was primarily the consequence of his striking lottery-puffs and he is a figure of some consequence in the history of late Georgian advertising. As John Ashton writes in *A History of English Lotteries* (1893), Bish is a publicist 'before whom our most celebrated advertising firms must "hide their diminished heads"'.[5] Bish was a highly resourceful advertiser whose newspaper puffs, handbills, placard-men, sandwich-men, advertising vehicles and wall-posters were well-known in Romantic period London. He and his copywriters poured forth a stream of advertisements in the first decades of the nineteenth century (indeed, the British Library has two entire volumes mounted with Bish puffs). Bish is but one of an entertaining cast of ingenious self-publicists who, building upon the pioneering late eighteenth-century work of Josiah Wedgwood in establishing and marketing his brand name products, populate the pages of late Georgian newspapers: Alexander Rowland, proprietor of a brace of beautification products (Kalydor face cream and Macassar Oil for the hair); James Atkinson of Atkinson's bears' grease; George Packwood, brilliant marketer of Packwood's Razor Strops; Robert Warren, the equally ingenious maker of Warren's shoe blacking and the quack 'Doctor' Samuel Solomon, proprietor of the Cordial Balm of Gilead (an elixir capable of all medical feats short of the raising of the dead). The importance of Bish and his fellow lottery office keepers to the development of contemporary advertising was recognised by Lamb, who writes in 'The Illustrious Defunct' that modern puffery is gravely threatened by the abolition of the lottery: 'And who, too, shall maintain the art and mystery of puffing in all its pristine glory when the lottery professors shall have abandoned its cultivation? They were the first . . . who fully developed the resources of that ingenious art; who cajoled and decoyed the most suspicious and wary reader into a perusal of their advertisements by devices of endless variety and cunning . . . Ought not such talents to be encouraged?'.[6]

Using both verse and prose, text-only and display copy, Bish's puffs hymned the fortunes to be reaped from his tickets. Thus, for instance, in his 'The Philosopher's Stone', Bish cajoles customers thus:

> THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE
>
> ----------That stone
>
> Philosophers in vain so long have sought.
>
> Says Milton, would not prove more valuable to its possessor than an absolute knowledge of certain numbers which be hidden in the Wheel of Fortune till fate declares to the enraptured ears of the adventurer, who has founded his hopes of success on them, their union with certain large sums of money, viz. Twenty, Ten, or Five thousand pounds; for there are many such sums yet in the wheel, yet to be determined, yet to be gained by hazarding a mere trifle.

[5] John Ashton, *A History of English Lotteries* (London, 1893), 127.
[6] Lucas, i. 263.

Bish then launches into verse, comparing the footling price of a sixteenth of a ticket with the largesse to be won from it:

> He, who's life's seas successfully would sail,
> Must often throw a sprat to catch a whale,
> Apply this proverb then; think, ere too late,
> What fortune, honour, and what wealth await
> The very trifling sum of one pound eight.

This turn to verse—or 'jingle' copy as it is known amongst historians of advertising—is entirely typical of Romantic period puffery, which often featured poetic effusions eulogising the quality of the brands being promoted; another example of the tendency, evident in advertising to this day, of promotional copy echoing the predominant cultural forms evident in society at large. The most notable examples of jingle copy are found in Robert Warren's famous puffs for his blacking, the most notable of which is 'The Cat and the Boot' (figure 3), which dates from the 1810s and which features a cut by no less a figure than George Cruikshank. As E.S. Turner notes in his *The Shocking History of Advertising!* (1952), 'Robert Warren . . . is generally supposed to have marketed the first nationally advertised product, Warren's Shoe Blacking, which was launched on a sea of poetry'.[7]

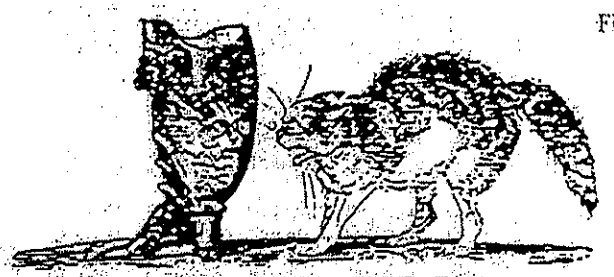
In the wake of Warren, advertisers often used poetry to salute their wares. Certainly Bish himself was no slouch when it came to poetical puffery and a significant number of his advertisements use jingle copy. The first stanza of Bish's 'How to be Happy' gives a flavour :

> Let misers hug their worshipp'd hoards,
> And lock their chests with care;
> Whilst we enjoy what life affords,
> With spirits light as air.
> For our days shall haily gaily be,
> Prizes in store before us,
> We'll spend our ev'nings merrily,
> And BISH we'll toast in chorus.

Similarly, another undated puff, 'The Lottery Alphabet', also employs jocular light verse:

> A stands for All who for Affluence wish,
> B means Be sure Buy a Ticket of BISH,
> C Cash in plenty by BISH you may gain;
> D Don't Delay soon a Chance to obtain;
> E shows that Every One, if he is wise,
> F would Find out where to purchase a Prize
> G Gives the place; it is 4, in Cornhill . . .

[7] E.S. Turner, *The Shocking History of Advertising* (1952), revised edition (Harmondsworth, 1965), 55.



THE CAT AND THE BOOT;
OR, AN IMPROVEMENT UPON MIRRORS.

As I one morning shaving sat,
For dinner time preparing,
A dreadful howling from the cat
Set all the room a staring!
Sudden I turn'd—beheld a scene
I could not but delight in,
For in my boot, so bright and clean,
The cat her face was fighting.
Bright was the boot—its surface fair,
In lustre nothing lacking;
I never saw one half so clear,
Except by WARREN'S BLACKING.
(WARREN! that name shall last as long
As beaus and belles shall dash on,
Immortalized in every song
That chants the praise of fashion:
For, oh! without his *Blacking*, all
Attempts we may abolish,
To raise upon our boots at all
The least of jet or polish.)
Surpris'd its brilliancy I view'd
With silent admiration;
The glass that on the table stood
Waxed dimly on its station.
I took the boot, the glass displac'd,
For soon I was aware,
The latter only was disgrac'd
Whene'er the boot was near.
And quickly found that I could shave,
Much better by its bloom,
Than any mirror that I have
Within my drawing-room.
And since that time, I've often smil'd
To think how puss was frighten'd,
When at the boot she tugg'd and toil'd
By WARREN'S *Blacking* brighten'd.

A Shilling of WARREN'S PASTE BLACKING is equal to four Shilling Bottles of *Liquid Blacking*; prepared by

Robert Warren

30, STRAND, London;
and sold by most Venders of *Blacking* in every Town in the Kingdom, in Pots, 6*d*. 12*d*. and 18*d*. each.
☞ Ask for WARREN'S Blacking.

Figure 3. 'The Cat and the Boot; or, An Improvement upon Mirrors' (c.1810s), advertisement for Warren's Blacking. Illustration by George Cruikshank.

As recent work by Marcus Wood, on William Hone,[8] and myself, on William Frederick Deacon,[9] has demonstrated, parodists and satirists of the 1810s and 1820s not infrequently used advertising as the basis for their work. However, the relationship between advertising and imitative cultural forms is a two-way process. Bish's copy, like that of Robert Warren and George Packwood, is particularly notable for its inventive use of assimilative parody and imitation. The British Library collection testifies to the fact that, from broadsheet ballads and nursery rhymes to theatre and pantomime, the Bishian imitative mill finds grist in a wide range of places. It also features a number of references to contemporary politics. From the Napoleonic wars to English party politics, Bish draws upon sociopolitical circumstance to market his tickets. Thus English domestic politics serves to heighten interest in the lottery:

'THE KING,
but just in time to nick it,
Has bought,
AND
so has
MR. BROUGHAM,
a Ticket'

And so on and so on. Similarly, in a relatively early puff published around 1812, Bish offers a spoof news report, 'The Don Cossacks', which uses the visit to London of the Russian anti-Napoleonic warriors to sell tickets:

> When these heroes arrived in town, and were apprised of our liberal subscriptions for the relief of the suffering Russians, their iron countenances were bedewed with tears of gratitude. Observing a number of persons crowding into No. 9, Charing Cross, and being informed that it arose from the eagerness of the public to secure their fortunes in the state lottery, they instantly sent for two tickets, resolving to add their prizes to the above-mentioned subscriptions. When told that every ticket would be drawn a prize on the 6th of May, they exclaimed - Hurrah! Bish for ever!!.

Equally opportunistic is the appropriation of the royal marriage controversy, with the 1820 trial of Queen Caroline being coopted for a Bishian lottery-bill. You will recall that the key prosecution witness Signor Majochi's often-repeated answer to Lord Brougham's interrogations, 'non mi ricordo' ('I don't recollect') became famous throughout the land. As Marcus Wood demonstrates in *Radical Satire and Print Culture 1790-1822* (1994),[10] the phrase prompted a large number of radical satires, from the anonymous *Non Mi Ricordo Songbook* to Hone's own *Non Mi Ricordo!* (both 1820). However, oppositionalist satirists were not the only writers to find the moment of use. Bish's copywriters offered their own parodic version of the episode, 'Non Mi Ricordo', a handbill for which dates from late 1820:

[8] Marcus Wood, *Radical Satire and Print Culture 1790-1822* (Oxford, 1994) (hereafter Wood).
[9] See my 'Introduction' to William Frederick Deacon, *Warreniana* in *Parodies of the Romantic Age*, ed. Graeme Stones and John Strachan, 5 vols. (London 1999) (hereafter *Parodies*), 4, vii-xl. See also John Strachan, '"The Praise of Blacking": William Frederick Deacon's *Warreniana* and Early Nineteenth-century Advertising-related Parody', *Romanticism on the Net*, 15, August 1999.
[10] Wood, 149-154.

NON MI RICORDO!
OR,
A few Questions on a new Subject.

QUESTION.
GOOD Signor, if your memory serves,
A question I would ask or two;
Then pray may I the favour beg,
That you will answer, if I do?

ANSWER.
Non mi ricordo, I can't say,
Whether my mem'ry serves or no;
But let me hear them first, I pray;
What I remember you shall know.

QUESTION.
Since Lotteries in this realm began,
And many good ones there have been,
Do you suppose the oldest man,
So good a Scheme as this has seen?

ANSWER.
Non mi ricordo, surely no;
Comparisons are idle tales,
For such a Lottery Scheme as this,
I must confess my memory fails.

QUESTION.
Now what peculiar features, pray,
Distinguish this from all the rest?
And why do all the people say
'Unquestionably this is best!'

ANSWER.
Non mi ricordo, 'tis in vain
For me its merits now to say;
To tell them all 'twould take, 'tis plain,
From now until the Drawing Day.

QUESTION.
Its merits I will gladly own,
But folks will questions ask, and pray
If your opinion is requir'd,
Just tell me, sir, what would you say?

ANSWER.
Non mi ricordo, read the Scheme,
One word will answer all your wish
'Tis BISH's plan, 'tis BISH's theme,
It must be good, 'tis plann'd by BISH.

Like Robert Warren before him, Bish had the good judgment to employ George Cruikshank to provide cuts for a number of his display advertisements. The most notable of these is his 'Fortune's Ladder' (figure 4), a fine example of well-assimilated jingle and display:

Figure 4. 'Fortune's Ladder', advertisement for Thomas Bish (from the 1810s). Illustration by George Cruikshank.

As the advertisement says, one must read from the bottom. The puff tells the story of a 'wight, by poverty oppress'd' who, though the good offices of Thomas Bish, is exalted to one 'possess'd of all that wealth can give'. As Wood has argued, this puff 'is clearly a source'[11] for Hone and Cruikshank's later collaboration *The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder* (1820), a text in which Bish's display copy influences radical satire. This is testament to Hone and Cruikshank's remarkable parodic ingenuity and, it has to be said, Cruikshank's eye for the commercial possibilities of recycling his material. As I have demonstrated elsewhere,[12] Cruikshank adapted an early chapbook illustration into an advertisement for Robert Warren and later adapted his cut for 'The Cat and the Boot' for use in Hone's *A Slap at Slop*. The interchange between parody and advertising is very close in the late Georgian period and one might speculate that Bish's 'Non Mi Ricordo' is influenced by Hone's work. It certainly utilises the catechitical parody which Hone had used to great effect in *Non Mi Ricordo* and, most notably, in his notorious 1817 parody 'The Late John Wilkes's Catechism of a Ministerial Member' which had been instrumental in landing him in court on a charge of blasphemy.

Unfortunately for Thomas Bish, his business evaporated in the mid-1820s as a direct result of censorious propagandising against lotteries which eventually led to parliamentary legislation abolishing them which was passed in 1823, with the final draw, after a number of stays of execution, taking place on 18 October 1826. In the first part of the century, much middle-class opinion disapproved of lotteries and their attendant vices and, in particular, their supposedly malign effects on the common people who demonstrated a regrettable enthusiasm for lottery shares and little goes. *Blackwood's* noted that 'The pernicious effect of the lotteries, originally a state device, upon the morals and condition of the lower classes, as testified by the vast increase in crime, became at length so glaring, that these detestable engines of fraud were suppressed by act of parliament'.[13] However, it must be acknowledged that moralistic disapproval of lotteries is as old as state lotteries themselves. As early as 1731, the *London Journal* deplored the fashion to go 'madding after *lotteries*; business is neglected, and poverty, vice, and misery spread among the people'.[14]

One of the first literary treatments of lotteries dates from this same period, Henry Fielding's satirical drama *The Lottery: A Farce* (1732): 'A lottery is a taxation/Upon all the fools of creation'. Grumblings against the lottery continued throughout the eighteenth century. In 1770, the *London Magazine* declared that the lottery was 'the ruin of trade, the parent of poverty, and the destruction of morality'.[15] However, it was not until the early nineteenth century that abolitionists began to get the upper hand, led in large part by the same parliamentary 'Saints' who had agitated on other social issues. After the passing of the Bill to abolish the slave trade in early 1807, the evangelical reformer Henry Thornton is supposed to have replied to his friend William Wilberforce's question of 'Well, Henry, what shall we abolish next?' with 'The lottery, I think!'.[16] A parliamentary committee was set up in the same year to investigate the Lottery. It argued in its report that 'the Lottery is so radically vicious, that under no system of regulations which can be devised will it be possible for parliament to adopt it as an efficient source of

[11] Wood, 174.
[12] *Parodies*, 4, xiii.
[13] *BEM*, 66, 671. *Blackwood's* later details the 'pernicious effects': 'Suicide was rife; forgery grew common; theft increased enormously' (672).
[14] Hone, ii. 1451.
[15] Quoted in Paul Langford, *A Polite and Commercial People: England 1727-1783* (Oxford, 1989), 572.
[16] Quoted in Robin Furneaux, *William Wilberforce* (London, 1974), 254.

revenue, and at the same time divest it of all the evils and calamities of which it has hitherto been so baneful a source'.[17] The report went on to maintain that as a consequence of the Lottery 'idleness, dissipation, and poverty, were increased, - the most sacred and confidential trusts were betrayed - domestic comfort was destroyed - madness was often created - suicide itself was produced - and crimes subjecting the perpetrators of them to death were committed'.[18] Similarly, another House of Commons committee heard evidence in 1816 from a London magistrate who declared that it was 'a scandal to the government thus to excite people to practice the vice of gaming, for the purpose of drawing a revenue from their ruin; it is an anomalous proceeding by law to declare gambling infamous, to hunt out petty gamblers in their recesses, and cast them into prison, and by law also to set up the giant gambling of the State Lottery, and encourage persons to resort to it by the most captivating devices which ingenuity, uncontrolled by moral rectitude, can invent'.[19]

A key argument underpinning my work on Romantic period parody and satire is that this body of work is deeply engaged with contemporary sociopolitical debate. Early nineteenth-century arguments about the state lottery are echoed in satirical writing, part of the wider satirical attention to gaming in general evident in such works as Henry Luttrell's *Crockford-House: A Rhapsody* (1827). Much of this, mirroring the abolitionist argument, is Juvenalian satire on the ruinous consequences of lotteries. And Bish himself receives his share of animadversions, denounced, for example, as 'Crafty Bish' in Robert Montgomery's *The Age Reviewed* (1828): 'And crafty Bish made prize or blank abound'.[20] William Combe's cautionary tale in Hudibrastics, 'The Lottery Office' (1815) warns of the dire consequences of the lottery for the poor:

> Tyburn will tell that ruin flows
> As rapidly from Little Goes;
> And Lotteries too oft supply
> Cargoes for Bay of Botany.[21]

Similarly, in 1817 Samuel Roberts produced an abolitionist pamphlet *The State Lottery*, which included a poetic satire, 'Thoughts on Wheels' by James Montgomery, which strongly endorsed the antipathetic line ('Then to the Lottery Wheels away,/ The *spirit of gambling* drags his prey').[22] This pamphlet mixes graphic satire with poetical satire, featuring a frontispiece by, somewhat ironically, none other than George Cruikshank, whose business acumen led him to feel no qualms about illustrating abolitionist propaganda in the same period as he was taking

[17] Hone, ii, 1498.
[18] Ibid.
[19] Hone, ii. 1498.
[20] Robert Montgomery, *The Age Reviewed: A Satire* (London, 1828), 281.
[21] William Combe, *The English Dance of Death, from the designs of Thomas Rowlandson, with metrical illustrations, by the author of 'Doctor Syntax'*, 2 vols. (London, 1815), ii. 231.
[22] James Montgomery, *The Poetical Works* (London, 1850), 162. Montgomery personifies the Lottery as Fortune:

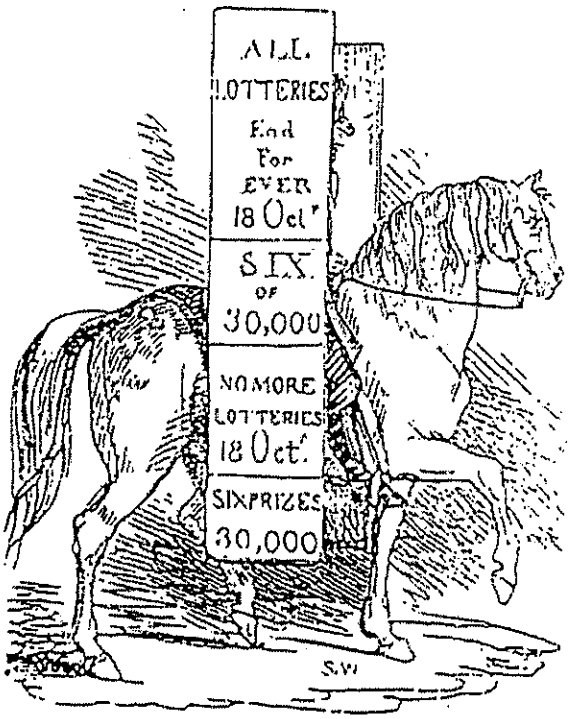
> She turns the' enchanted axle round;
> Forth leaps the '*twenty thousand pound!*"
> That 'twenty thousand' *one* has got;
> But twenty thousand more have *not*. (162)

Bish's shilling for illustrating lottery puffs. A weeping woman with a starving child laments that her ticket is a blank and a lottery wall-poster pastes a lottery puff over an advertisement for the Bible Society. In the background, the consequences of lottery mania are illustrated by the portrayal of a man hanging from a scaffold at Newgate. As so often in the Romantic period, satire goes hand in hand with more orthodox polemic; Roberts's pamphlet is published in the same year as a City of London petition was presented to parliament which called for the abolition of the lottery.

The abolitionists eventually had their way and, as the final draw approached, the lottery office keepers made frenetic attempts to publicise it. Figure 5, 'The last Stage of the last State Lottery' and figure 6, 'The Last', both taken from the *Every-Day Book*, show evidence of these efforts.

The last Stage of the last State Lottery.

Figure 5. 'The last Stage of the last State Lottery' (from Hone's *Every-Day Book* [1826]).



"THE LAST."

Figure 6. 'The Last' (from Hone's *Every-Day Book* [1826]).

Hone writes that 'Incredible efforts were made in the summer of 1826 to keep the "last Lottery" on its legs. The price of tickets was arbitrarily raised, to induce a belief that they were in great demand' and the 'attention of the public of the metropolis was endeavoured to be quickened, by all sorts of stratagems'.[23] And Hone offers an entertaining list of these stratagems:

> Besides the dispersion of innumerable bills, and the aspersions on government relative to the approaching extinction of the Lottery, the parties interested in its preservation caused London and its environs to be paraded by the following
>
> *Procession.*
>
> 1. Three men in liveries, scarlet and gold.
> 2. Six men bearing boards at their backs and on their breasts, with inscriptions in blue and gold, "All Lotteries end Tuesday next, six 30,000*l.*"
> 3. Band of trumpets, clarionets, horns, &c.
> 4. A large purple silk banner carried by six men, inscribed in large gold letters "All Lotteries end for ever on Tuesday next, six 30,000*l.*
> 5. A painted carriage, representing the Lottery wheel, drawn by two dappled grey horses, tandem fashion; the fore horse rode by a postillion in scarlet and gold, with a black velvet cap, and a boy seated in a dickey behind the machine, turning the handle and setting the wheel in motion.
> 6. Six men with other Lottery labels.

[23] Hone, ii. 1499.

7. A square Lottery carriage, surmounted by a gilt imperial crown; the carriage covered by labels, with "All Lotteries end on Tuesday next;" drawn by two horses, tandem, and a postillion.
8. Six men with labels.
9. Twelve men in blue and gold, with boards or poles with "Lotteries end for ever on Tuesday next."
10. A large purple silk flag, with "all Lotteries end on Tuesday next"'.[24]

As this motley band made its way through the streets of London followed by troops of small boys, it occasionally stopped. A man would ring a bell, cried 'Oyeh, oyeh' and 'God save the King' and pronounce, in mournful tones, the 'death of the lottery on Tuesday next!'.

As one might expect, Thomas Bish was particularly active in the promotion of the last lottery, printing endless handbills and plastering the metropolis with posters. Figure 7 shows part of a handbill for the 'last', replete with piscine punstery, in which a fishwife resolves to try her luck in the final draw:

What's the odds?—while I am floundering here the gold fish will be gone; and as I always was a dab at hooking the right Numbers, I must cast for a Share of the SIX £30,000 on the 18th JULY, for it is but "giving a Sprat to catch a Herring" as a body may say, and it is the last chance we shall have in England.

Figure 7. 'Last Lottery', 1826 lottery handbill.

Similarly, Bish updated his handbill 'Run, Neighbours, Run!' (see figure 8), adapting the original text to refer to the imminence of abolition:

[24] Hone, ii. 1499-1500.

Run, Neighbours, run, the Lottery's expiring,
When Fortune's merry wheel, it will never turn more;
She now supplies all *Numbers*, you're desiring,
All Prizes, No Blanks, and Twenty Thousands Four.

Haste, Neighbours, haste, the Chance will never come again,
When, without pain, for little *Cash*—you'll all be rich;
Prizes a plenty of—and such a certain source of gain,
That young and old, and all the world, it must bewitch.
Then run, neighbours, run, &c.

Figure 8. 'Run, Neighbours, Run!', handbill for Thomas Bish (1826).

The footman's physiognomy and the clarity of the cut's line suggest that this is Cruikshank's work, though I have been unable to make the attribution certain from works dealing with the artist. Bish's frenetic wall-posting prompted Coleridge, in an October 1826 letter to James Gillman, Jr., to declare that 'I do not undervalue Wealth, but even if by descent or by Lottery (& since Mr Bish mourns in large Capitals, red, blue, and black, in every - corner over the Last, the downright *Last*, you have but small chance, I suspect, of a snug £30,000 from this latter source'.[25]

Having set the scene in this sketch of the last lottery, the remainder of my paper will examine satirical treatments of Bish and the 'downright last' in anonymous squibs such as the *News of Literature*'s 'The Last of the Lotteries' (1825), in attributed poems such as Thomas Hood's 'To Thomas Bish, Esq.' (1827) and in what is, to my mind, the finest and most important lament for the lottery, Charles Lamb's *New Monthly* essay 'The Illustrious Defunct'. I shall begin with Lamb. In order to appreciate 'The Illustrious Defunct' fully, it is worthwhile examining Lamb's attitudes to the lottery and, indeed, to gambling in general. 'The Illustrious Defunct' apart, Lamb's most sustained mediation on gambling occurs in his sprightly and important essay 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist'. Here Elia makes a distinction between 'mere' gambling and the gambling of the 'imagination'. Gaily-coloured cards make an aesthetic appeal to the imagination rather than to the rational mind. 'Man is not a creature of pure reason', Elia declares to Mrs Battle, and playing cards bereft of their pictorial finery - 'the gay triumph-assuring scarlets - the contrasting deadly-killing sables - the "hoary majesty of spades"' - would deteriorate into simple money-grubbing: 'All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab

[25] Griggs, vi. 629.

paste-board, the game might go on very well. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling'.[26] As Duncan Wu has written, Lamb 'harbours a deep apprehension that the materialist nightmare might turn out to be all there is - that card games might be no more than a form of gambling, and that the world, stripped of magic and beauty, might be only matter in motion'.[27] This is not to say that gambling for money does not form part of Lamb's imaginatively-charged form of gaming. Sarah Battle insists that games of chance must be accompanied by stakes: 'No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*'.[28] Mrs Battle illustrates her point by reference to a lottery draw: 'Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number - and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?'.[29] Finally, it is not too much of a leap of faith to read Lamb's articulation of Sarah Battle's defence of playing for money as a response to contemporary moral panics about the unsavoury consequences of gambling: 'To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other'.[30] From this the essay launches into a fine defence of gaming as an imaginative activity:

> cards are a temporary illusion; in truth a mere drama; for we do but play at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we are as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious games of life, which men play, without esteeming themselves to be such.[31]

I shall now move on to Lamb's attitude to the particular form of gambling under discussion in this paper, the lottery. It appears that the Lambs were enthusiastic and regular players of the lottery and Charles writes to William Hazlitt on 10 November 1805 informing him of their winning a minor, but still a most welcome, prize: 'Our ticket was a £20'. Hazlitt himself, despite holding two tickets, has been unsuccessful: 'Alas!!', writes Lamb, 'are both yours blanks?'.[32] I quote above Lamb's description of his encounter with the lottery as a schoolboy and later in 'The Illustrious Defunct', he declares that 'I have ever since continued to deposit my humble offerings at its shrine whenever the ministers of the Lottery went forth with type and trumpet to announce its periodical dispensations; and though nothing has been doled out to me from its undiscerning coffers but blanks, or those more vexatious tantalizers of the spirit, denominated small prizes, yet do I hold myself largely indebted to this most generous diffuser of universal happiness'.[33] In the

[26] Lucas, ii. 34-5.
[27] Duncan Wu, 'Charles Lamb, *Elia*' in *A Companion to Romanticism*, ed. Duncan Wu (Oxford, 1998), (hereafter Wu), 279.
[28] Lucas, ii. 36.
[29] Ibid.
[30] Lucas, ii. 37.
[31] Ibid.
[32] Lucas, vi. 325.
[33] Lucas, i. 260.

same essay, Lamb explicitly dissociates himself from the abolitionist position of 'vituperation' against the lottery: 'Never have we joined in the senseless clamour which condemned the only tax whereto we became voluntary contributors, the only resource which gave the stimulus without the danger or infatuation of gambling'.[34]

We also know of the intriguing fact that Lamb himself composed lottery puffs. Mary Lamb writes to Sarah Hazlitt on 7 November 1809 with two pieces of good news: 'A man in the India House has resigned, by which Charles will get twenty pounds a year; and White has prevailed on him to write some more lottery-puffs. If that ends in smoke, the twenty pounds is a sure card, and has made us very joyful'.[35] The White referred to in Mary's letter is Charles's school friend James White (1775-1820). 'Jem' White is a notable figure in the history of English advertising as he was one of the first significant advertising agents. T.R. Nevett, in what remains the standard history of the subject, *Advertising in Britain: A History* (1982), writes that 'One of the most important figures on the advertising scene at the beginning of the nineteenth century came from the unlikely background of the counting-house at Christ's Hospital School. James White . . . founded an agency in 1800 which has continued in business until the present day, though its name has changed several times over the years. Tradition has it that Jem White was called upon to place occasional advertisements for the school, and was thus drawn into the world of newspapers and advertising which had long centred upon the taverns and coffee-houses in and around Fleet Street. Before long, White found himself also handling the advertisements for other people, and for a time acted as agent while still retaining his post in the counting-house - a feat by no means impossible since his own house, from which he operated the agency, was next door to the school'.[36] White was also an author and had made a minor name for himself in 1796 with the *Original Letters &c. of Sir John Falstaff*, a work in which, according to Claude A. Prance, 'he undoubtedly had some help from Lamb who, some think, wrote the Preface and possibly made some suggestions on the rest of the work'.[37] White made good use of his literary skills in his copywriting activities for, as Nevett notes, 'Jem White provides an early indication that agents were actually involved in the writing of advertisements, as distinct from just passing on to various papers copies of something written by the advertiser'.[38] No-one knows for whom Charles Lamb's efforts as a copywriter were extended, whether for Bish or one of his rivals, and nor do we know of any examples of clearly attributable Elian puffery. Nevett nonetheless speculates, without, it has to be said, anything in the way of definite evidence, that Lamb might have been responsible for this puff, which was placed by White's firm in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* in the winter of 1806:

> A SEASONABLE HINT. - Christmas gifts of innumerable descriptions will now pervade this whole kingdom. It is submitted whether any present is capable of being attended with so much good to a dutiful son, an amiable daughter, an industrious apprentice, or a faithful servant, as that of a SHARE of a LOTTERY TICKET, in a scheme in which the smallest share may gain near two thousand pounds?[39]

[34] Lucas, i. 259.
[35] Lucas, vi. 406.
[36] T.R. Nevett, *Advertising in Britain: A History* (London, 1982) (hereafter Nevett), 62.
[37] Claude A. Prance, *Companion to Charles Lamb: A Guide to People and Places 1760-1847* (London, 1983), 345.
[38] Nevett, 63.
[39] Quoted in Nevett, 63.

I have certainly seen lottery puffs of greater ingenuity than this and if this is Lamb, one is grateful that most of our author's time was devoted to other literary activities. There is of course another tantalising reference to Bish and lottery puffery which has been read as referring to Lamb. In February 1825, his friend Thomas Hood writes in the *London Magazine* that 'It is pretty well known, that a celebrated prose writer of the present day was induced by Bish to try his hand at those little corner delicacies of a News-paper, - the Lottery puffs'.[40] As things stand, however, we do not know for certain if Hood actually had Lamb in mind here. However, we do have Lamb's own meditation on the lottery, published in the month before Hood's essay, and it is to this essay that I shall now turn.

As Duncan Wu writes, 'the Elian manner is typically elegiac',[41] and 'The Illustrious Defunct' begins by explicitly declaring itself as a funeral ode: 'we are composing an epicedium upon no less distinguished a personage than the Lottery, whose last breath, after many penultimate puffs, has been sobbed forth by sorrowing contractors, as if the world itself were about to be converted into a blank'.[42] Lamb begins his essay in burlesque fashion with a comparison between the demise of the lottery and the death of Napoleon:

> Napoleon has now sent us back from the grave sufficient echoes of his living renown; the twilight of posthumous fame has lingered enough over the spot where the sun of his glory set, and his name must at length repose in the silence, if not in the darkness of night. In this busy and evanescent scene, other spirits of the age are rapidly snatched away, claiming our undivided sympathies and regrets, until in turn they yield to some newer and more absorbing grief. Another name is now added to the list of the mighty departed.[43]

However, soon after this mock elegy is replaced by something much subtler. The Elian yearning for lost prelapsarian states manifests itself beautifully in Lamb's description of the pleasures of the lottery: 'Let it be termed a delusion; a fool's paradise is better than the wise man's Tartarus: be it branded an Ignis fatuus, it was at least a benevolent one, which instead of beguiling its followers into swamps, caverns, and pitfalls, allured them on with all the blandishments of enchantment to a garden of Eden, an ever-blooming elysium of delight'.[44] The abolition of the lottery becomes another version of the fall of man, an expulsion from an elysium which will bloom no more. With the drawing of what Lamb calls 'the last of the Lotteries', man is returned to that materialist state, evoked in the Sarah Battle essay, of being 'Stripped of all that is imaginative': 'Life will now become a flat, prosaic routine of matter-of-fact, and sleep itself, erst so prolific of numerical configurations and mysterious stimulants to lottery adventure, will be disfurnished of its figures and stimulants'.[45] 'Flat, 'prosaic', 'matter-of-fact'; it is hard to imagine words more abhorrent to the Elian sensibility. 'Verily', he continues, 'the abolitionists have much to answer for!'.

As in 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist', it is the imaginative impact of gambling rather than

[40] [Thomas Hood] 'The Art of Advertising Made Easy', *London Magazine and Review* (February 1825), 246.
[41] Wu, 280.
[42] Lucas, i. 259.
[43] Ibid.
[44] Lucas, i. 261-2.
[45] Lucas, i. 262-3.

its financial rewards which Lamb celebrates. The lottery, like De Quincey's opiate or Wordsworth's spot of time, fires the imagination into activity, being described by Lamb as 'the only alembic which in these plodding days sublimised our imaginations, and filled them with more delicious dreams than ever flitted athwart the sensorium of Alnaschar'.[46] And as for Wordsworth, it is childhood experience which still retains the capacity to sublimise the imagination of the adult. After describing his youthful experience at the Guildhall, Lamb states that 'Reason and experience, ever at their old spiteful work of catching and destroying the bubbles which youth delighted to follow'[47] have not yet managed to dissipate the illusion fully. Despite these shades of the prison-house, the materialist threat to the imaginative experience felt as a child, a sense of the potency of that moment survives into adulthood. The lottery remains 'the most generous diffuser of universal happiness':

> Ingrates that we are! are we to be thankful for no benefits that are not palpable to sense, to recognise no favours that are not of marketable value, to acknowledge no wealth unless it can be counted with the five fingers? if we admit the mind to be the sole depositary of genuine joy, where is the bosom that has not been elevated into a temporary elysium by the magic of the Lottery? Which of us has not converted his ticket, or even his sixteenth share of one, into a nest-egg of Hope, upon which he has sate brooding in the secret roosting-places of his heart, and hatched it into a thousand fantastical apparitions?[48]

Lamb goes on to argue that the joy of the lottery lies not in its monetary rewards but in what he calls its 'imaginary prizes', a concept which simultaneously evokes the pleasurable contemplation of winning and the lottery's value to the imagination:

> 'The true mental epicure always purchased his ticket early, and postponed enquiry into its fate to the last possible moment, during the whole of which intervening period he had an imaginary twenty thousand locked up in his desk, - and was not this well worth all the money? Who would scruple to give twenty pounds interest for even the ideal enjoyment of as many thousands during two or three months? . . . we can no longer succeed in such splendid failures; all our chances of making such a miss have vanished with the last of the Lotteries'.[49]

Though to my mind by far the most significant example, 'The Illustrious Defunct' is but one of a series of laments for the lottery, and I shall end with a brief consideration of this body of work, which provides an important context for Lamb's essay. As well as parodic epitaphs for the lottery, such as the 'Epitaph. In Memory of the State Lottery' published in the *Every-Day Book*, there are also a number of occasional poems on the subject. Most notable is Hood's burlesque 'To Thomas Bish, Esq.', a fine example of the advertising-related mock ode, which offers a jocular elegy for the last of the lotteries: 'Hear Lottery's last funereal call/O'er all her vanished treasures'.[50] Hood begins thus:

[46] Lucas, i. 259-60.
[47] Lucas, i. 260.
[48] Ibid.
[49] Lucas, i. 262.
[50] *The Works of Thomas Hood. Comic and Serious: In Prose and Verse. Edited, with notes, by his son*, 7 vols. (London, 1862-3) (hereafter Hood), i. 422. Readers may wish to know that despite the loss of his

My Bish, since fickle Fortune's dead,
Where throbs thy speculating head
That hatch'd such matchless stories
Of gaining, like Napoleon, all
Success on every capital,
And thirty thousand glories?[51]

I would argue that this stanza alludes to Lamb, given that 'The Illustrious Defunct' begins with the same comparison between Bish and Napoleon (and Hood later describes Bish as 'Charing Cross's Bonaparte'). And Hood, like Lamb, mourns the fact that modern puffery has lost one of its champions. The laurel wreath of advertising now belongs to others: to Wright the champagne manufacturer, to Henry Hunt the blacking manufacturer, and to Rowland the macassar oil proprietor:

The puff to others now belongs,
The Wrights have risen upon thy wrongs,
Rowlands to Hunts recoil!
The wheel of Fortune, now forlorn,
Turns but to grind the roasted corn,
Greased with Macassar oil[52]

Hood ends with a reference to perhaps the greatest English burlesque, *The Rape of the Lock*, with a vision of Bish ascending into heaven in a lottery wheel drawn - note the pun - by Christ's Hospital boys:

And when - but Heaven protract the day -
The time is come for Life's decay,
Prolonged shall be thy joys.
A favourite wheel shall carry thee,
And like thy darling Lottery,
Be drawn by Blue-coat boys.[53]

In similar vein is an anonymous squib published in the *News of Literature* in 1825, 'The Last of the Lotteries', which holds Frederick Robinson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, responsible for the abolitionist victory:

---

core business, Thomas Bish did not fall into insolvency, given that he had prudently developed, to use the modern business terminology, a diverse income stream. Bish had a profitable sideline as a wine merchant and shortly before the abolition of the Lottery purchased the noted London pleasure resort Vauxhall Gardens.

[51] Ibid.

[52] Hood, i. 423.

[53] Hood, i. 424.

The cruel voice of Robinson decrees
That we must have the Lottery no more!
...
A wailing voice - 'tis Bish's own - we hear
...
No more shall we behold the thronging street,
Fill'd with placards with figures scribbled o'er -
No more shall we the outstretched handbill greet,
Or hail the pole which thousands bore;[54]

Like both Lamb and Hood, the author mourns the impact of abolition upon contemporary advertising, portraying a forlorn copywriter lamenting the opportunities now lost to him:

Woe unto us poor devils of the quill,
For closed against us is one bounteous mart.
No more shall we compose the sentence, terse,
Or hymn Tom Bish in floods of numerous verse.

One mighty advertising source is dried -
One subject for the puffing tribe is gone;
Praised, therefore, though thou beest on every side,
Yet still I curse thee, Frederick Robinson![55]

In this poem and in Hood's, we see a more tolerant and Horatian satirical spirit replacing the acerbic Juvenalianism of earlier abolitionist satire on lotteries.

I shall conclude by quoting *Blackwood's*, which in 1849 rejoiced in the abolition of the lottery: 'It was not until 1826 that this abominable system was finally crushed. The image of the vans, placards, and handbills of Bish is fresh in our memory, and we pray devoutly that succeeding generations may never behold a similar spectacle'.[56] As we know, such a prayer was offered in vain. Though Charles Lamb would doubtless have been bemused by the inanities of the modern draw, we can be assured that the Elian spirit has made at least one small modern triumph in recently offering us the opportunity, once again, of 'lottery adventure'.

University of Sunderland

[54] I quote from the poem's most accessible form, in the republication in *The Spirit of the Public Journals, for the Year M.DCCC.XXV: Being an Impartial Selection of the Most Exquisite Essays, Jeux D'Esprit, and Tales of Humour, Prose and Verse. With Explanatory Notes* (London, 1826) (hereafter *SPJ*), 51.
[55] *SPJ*, 52.
[56] *BEM*, 66, 672.

Reviews

ELEANOR M. GATES, ED. *Leigh Hunt: A Life in Letters.* Essex, Connecticut: Falls River Publications, 1998. Pp. xxxi + 693. $44.95 hardback. Those interested in acquiring this volume should contact the publisher direct: Falls River Publications, P.O. Box 524, Essex, Connecticut 06426, USA (tel.: 001 860 767 0839).

THIS VOLUME CONTAINS some 422 letters to or by Leigh Hunt, as well as 14 letters of Hazlitt, and is the product of more than 10 years' research. The rarity of Hazlitt letters, and the somewhat disorganized state of scholarly resources relating to Hunt at present, makes it one of exceptional usefulness. Until now, Huntians have been compelled to refer either to manuscript sources or to Thornton Leigh Hunt's bowdlerized and highly selective edition of his father's correspondence first published in 1862. A number of letters not included in that edition found their way into print in articles by John Payne Collier (1862), William Carew Hazlitt (1867-8), S.R. Townshend Mayer (1874-6), Robert Browning (1883) and Ethel Ireland (1898); others appeared in volumes by R.H. Horne (1877), Charles Cowden Clarke (1878), Edmund Blunden (1930), Louis Landre (1935-6), and Luther A. Brewer (1932-8). Letters of Hunt continue to surface in the hands of collectors and dealers, as do those of Hazlitt.

This is, therefore, a volume to be welcomed, as it assembles scholarly texts of many hitherto unpublished letters (four-fifths of those presented), and correct and full texts of a number of those known, until now, only from less than accurate renderings. The vast majority appear for the first time in print, or in full for the first time, and are the fruit of fresh transcriptions. (Some readers may be intrigued to learn that the vast majority of Hunt letters are now in America.) Fifty or so are in the Payson G. Gates collection, few of which have been published before.

Eleanor Gates' presentation of her work is excellent; each letter is accompanied by a note providing background information as to the biographical context in which it should be read. These are very accurate and detailed, on occasion amounting to short essays on particular aspects of Hunt's or Hazlitt's lives; sometimes they solve long-standing conundrums, such as when Gates proposes that the fact that Hunt's third son was called Swinburne indicates that his indebtedness to Sir John Swinburne dated from before 1816. Gates meticulously notes the address on each letter, its present location, and postmark.

The subtitle of this volume is 'A Life in Letters', which may give the impression that it comprises a kind of biography. But this isn't the kind of volume most of us would want to read consecutively, page by page. It is, rather, a meticulously well-edited collection of primary materials towards a biographical or critical account of the poet's life. That is its main virtue, and on that count alone it is well worth owning.

The appendix, with the 14 letters of Hazlitt, is really a different book—but we should be grateful that in this volume we are being given two volumes for the price of one. Those of us who have struggled with Sikes's disastrous edition of Hazlitt's *Letters* (1978) will be grateful for Gates' more precise redaction of the items included here; for instance, the important letter to Constable about *The Round Table*, to Cadell about *Blackwood's*, and to Charles Armitage Brown about *Table Talk*, all of which cast important light on Hazlitt's relations with his publishers. The letter from James Sheridan Knowles to Hazlitt of November 1823 is intriguing too. None of Hazlitt's alleged letters to Knowles, titivated and refurbished for *Liber Armoris* (1823) Part III have ever surfaced or been acknowledged to exist in that form. This letter confirms the existence

of an ongoing correspondence between the two within months of the appearance of the notorious volume.

The last of these letters, from Hazlitt to Charles Kemble, October 1829, shows the essayist in fine fettle, imploring his correspondent to fight the ongoing campaign of the day by which prostitutes would be banned from theatres. As an admirer of Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Wycherley, it was hardly a move Hazlitt would have endorsed. It is bracing, too, to find that though less than a year from his death, he is as infatuated as ever, this time with his correspondent's daughter Fanny. It was Procter who wrote most eloquently of Hazlitt's feelings: 'His estimate of Miss Fanny Kemble was different from that of Mr. Hunt. He acknowledged the dawn of great qualities in her; he admired (not quite without exceptions) her Juliet, and liked exceedingly to listen to the music of her voice. I met him one evening accidentally at the play, when he spoke very pleasantly of her, and said that he thought she would succeed in Lady Constance—a great compliment from him'.

This is an invaluable volume, the fruit of much painstaking and exacting labour, and is a must for anyone with a serious interest in the two essayists represented here. Duncan Wu

ROBERT WOOF AND STEPHEN HEBRON, *Romantic Icons. The National Portrait Gallery at Dove Cottage, Grasmere*, The Wordsworth Trust, 1999. ISBN 1-8707-8760-9. £14.99.

VISITORS TO Saltwood Castle, the home of the late Alan Clark, have remarked upon the gallery of portraits of the former minister's father that filled the walls as the art historian's fine collection of paintings was sold to avoid death duties. The portrait is no mere guilty substitute for more serious art but it can provoke strong reactions in the viewer, and we can surely call to mind paintings that represent nothing so singular as the self-importance of the sitter. Benjamin Robert Haydon implied as much in his *Autobiography*, writing that "vanity, folly and wealth" are the true subjects of portraiture, which is, "always independent of Art and has little or nothing to do with it." Remembering the *Catalogue raisonné*, he continues: "It is one of the staple manufactures of the empire. Wherever the British settle, wherever they colonise, they carry and will ever carry trial by jury, horse racing and portrait painting." Few who know his startling representation of Wordsworth upon Helvellyn would concur but, in spite of the bitter facetiousness of his words, we are aware of the political character of the portrait and, in viewing the works of The National Portrait Gallery, we can scarcely be blind to the fact that these faces are to be taken as representative of the cultural and political history of the nation.

Robert Woof's splendid exhibition *Romantic Icons* removes the paintings from their familiar setting. His excellent introduction suggests that we ask whether there are common characteristics that make these paintings Romantic and influence our understanding of visual representation in the period. Following Haydon, we may well inquire into the Romantics own vexed relationship to portraiture itself. While works as well known as Haydon's or Thomas Phillips's portrait of Byron in Albanian dress appear to fuse portraiture with a certain Romantic sensibility, these are paintings that intend not only to record appearances for posterity but also to canonise an almost mythic image of the poet. It is possible that no portrait in the period, with the exception of Tischbein's painting of Goethe in the Campagna, goes further than Phillips's Byron in its attempt to place the writer in a context that we may recognise as self-constructed. The object of such paintings is clearly, to adapt Theaetetus's question, the man himself portrayed in the Romantic context and an inseparable construct as such. It is not simply a realistic representation of the sitter but is part of a larger project of self-projection inaugurated by the poet himself. In a very

different way, the earliest portrait present achieves something similar though the sentiment projected is not Romantic. It is one attributed to Jonathan Richardson in which Pope is crowned with bay leaves. In fact, a specifically 'Romantic' style does not really emerge in the portraits present here, but the importance of the portrait to self-creation is throughout apparent.

Given the situation of this exhibition, it is unsurprising that Robert Woof's introduction deals abidingly with the poets that are represented here. He suggests that the term 'icon' is useful as it suggests both what is present in the portrait image before the viewer, and the connections to the other images that together make up the group of figures by which we contrive to constitute the Romantic period as a whole. As such, he ends by considering Haydon's pencil sketch of Wordsworth that provides the basis for both the Helvellyn portrait and for *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, in which Keats and Berwick are grouped behind Wordsworth. Woof contends that Keats remains a significant presence in Haydon's portrait of Wordsworth for all that know the earlier painting, and shows that he was in Haydon's own thoughts in 1842 when he wrote to Wordsworth. In similar ways, other of portraits seem to suggest one another: we can hardly look at Van Dyke's Coleridge, for example, without being reminded of the contemporary painting of Southey.

Keats figures in the section of Haydon's *Autobiography* that follows his disparaging comments on portraiture. There he remembers the immortal dinner of 1817 and writes tellingly: "It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age, and my solemn Jerusalem flashing up by the flame of the fire, with Christ hanging over us like a vision, all made up a picture which will long glow upon 'the inward eye / Which is the bliss of solitude.'" The Keats that is memorable is the anti-Newtonian with an "eager, inspired look" and there is little of this in Joseph Severn's portrait of the poet reading. He is canonised as a relaxed model of studiousness, ripe for recreation as the sentimental figure of his Victorian afterlife, both removed from the world and at one with the printed text and the idealised summer landscape beyond his window. While these portraits help to bring the period to life, they also remind us that the painting produces and glorifies an aspect of the complex character of the subject.

Robert Woof begins his essay with Coleridge's thesis that the portrait "refers not so much to the senses, as to the ideal sense of the friend not present." We do not require the visual portrait to present the same complexity as the literary portrait: it works instead to trigger the memory and, as Woof states, to lead us on to make our own mental connections to other images and recollections. As such, the act of recognition is vital, and is that which draws us back to these images again and again. The paintings here are for the most part very familiar, and even as we realise that they are partial, we become lost in their very familiarity and comfortable in the act of recognising the subjects as they are presented. For the essential act of recognition that takes place in looking at these portraits is one in which we recognise that we are ourselves within the history of representation that has constructed the period before us. To see old friends again is of course a pleasure, and this catalogue does full justice to the exhibition and to the often beautifully seductive paintings. It continues the Dove Cottage tradition of high quality reproduction, and Robert Woof accompanies each portrait with an intelligent introduction so that readers may turn to the catalogue as a pleasant and speedy source of information on many of the period's less well known faces.

Matthew Scott

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. *Last Poems, 1821-1850.* Ed. Jared Curtis; with Associate Editors Apryl Lea Denny-Ferris and Jillian Heydt-Stevenson. Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1999. Pp. lxxxv + 852. ISBN 0-8014-3625-7. £75.95 hardback.

WORDSWORTH'S *Last Poems* isn't the last volume of the Cornell Wordsworth Series to come—*The Excursion* is still in the pipeline—but it is one of the most useful. The title might lead you to expect a slim volume containing such delights as the sonnets on capital punishment; in fact, the sonnets await treatment in a volume of their own, and in any case this hefty tome of some 850 pages delivers much else of value. Jared Curtis and his collaborators have taken the period 1821-50 as the final phase of this great poet's development, so that here the reader will be pleased to find, among other things, fresh and reliable texts of 'To the Cuckoo', 'The Wishing-gate', 'The Triad', 'On the Power of Sound' (two versions), 'The Egyptian Maid' (two versions), 'The Russian Fugitive', 'The Armenian Lady's Love', 'Gold and Silver Fishes, in a Vase', 'Evening Voluntaries', 'Airey-Force Valley', 'Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg', 'The Cuckoo-clock', 'The Norman Boy', and 'The Wishing-gate Destroyed'. As with other works which have appeared in this fine series, this is the first time since De Selincourt that many of these poems have been subjected to scholarly examination. The importance of Curtis' work is established by the manuscript census alone, which itself constitutes a remarkable scholarly achievement (it spans 65 pages). Many of the sources listed by Curtis have not previously contributed to an editorial effort of this kind; some were simply not known in De Selincourt's day, while others were not accessible to him. The result is the most exhaustive, and accurate, textual rendering of the works concerned which we are likely to see for a very long time.

A good deal of nonsense has been sputtered by those who have wished to find fault with the Cornell Series, including the argument that the project would in some way downgrade the later works of the poet. This volume provides a conclusive refutation, were one needed, of that argument. As with all the component parts of the series, this volume promotes the works included by lavishing on them all the attentions that late twentieth-century scholarship can offer. The reading texts, as always, are beautifully presented with a comprehensive *apparatus criticus* collating variants from all known sources (verbal and non-verbal). Curtis' notes, as one would expect from an editor of this stature, are fully informative, offering quotation from letters, Fenwick notes, and other sources, information about circumstances of publication, bibliographical minutiae, and detailed annotation on points of interest. About a quarter of the volume is taken up with facsimile reproductions of manuscripts of significance in the production of these fine texts, with transcriptions on facing pages. It is bracing to find Wordsworth continuing the irritating transcription habits of his earlier career (use of blunted pens, crossing-outs, illegible ampersands and the like) into middle and old age.

I have sometimes wondered who exactly this section of the Cornell editions could be intended for. The answer is: people like me; though I'd have to admit that these materials won't appeal to everyone. Nonetheless, if you're lucky enough to be able to buy this volume, or borrow a copy, do take a look at the facsimile and transcriptions of 'On the Power of Sound' if you want some idea of how challenging the editor's lot can be (pages 685-93).

Elians will want to own this book for one obvious reason: it contains the most authoritative texts we have to date of Wordsworth's 'Poems Written after the Death of Charles Lamb'—that's right, poem*s*. It's under that rubric that Curtis presents three versions of the famous memorial verses. Evidently the textual situation here is of some interest, but there is no space to go into it

here, and in any case Curtis summarises it far better than I could. The upshot is that each version of this famous poem is very different from the others, in some quite unexpected ways. Most of us will know the 1836 text; it was preceded by two others deriving from manuscripts in the Huntingdon library. It's fascinating to find, in both cases, Coleridge's notion of the 'gentle-hearted' Lamb, in spite of Lamb's own resistance to it, reaching a kind of apotheosis in Wordsworth's lines. But that is matter for another time.

This is Jared Curtis' third volume for the Cornell Series either as editor or co-editor, and like its predecessors it does him proud. His labours have set a benchmark for Wordsworth scholarship for decades to come. This volume is, needless to add, essential for institutional libraries everywhere, and for anyone else who can afford it. Duncan Wu

Society Notes and News From Members

NOTES AND NEWS FROM MEMBERS

Mr H------ and Miss H------

The Archives of The Clothworkers' Company contain a reference to John Hogsflesh, son of Edward Hogsflesh, schoolmaster, of Westham [West Ham?] in Essex. The father was dead by 16 April 1695, the day on which the son was apprenticed for seven years to Thomas King.

The Daily Telegraph for 29 January 1997 printed a death notice for Eileen Hogsflesh, who had died peacefully on 26 January 1997 in her 90th year, probably of a stroke. Her funeral service was to be held at St Clement's Church in Leigh-on-Sea, also in Essex.

'If dirt were trumps': A Note for the Record

E.V. Lucas' *Life* of Charles Lamb, Chapter 20 for 1803, refers to the following joke as attributed to Ayrton and as his only joke. The chapter and verse for the original reference, however, are W. Carew Hazlitt's *Offspring of Thought in Solitude: Modern Essays*, 1884, page 44: 'The story of Lamb and Martin Burney's dirty hands ['If dirt was trumps . . .'] is too well known to need repetition here. We believe that the *jeu d'esprit* was not Lamb's at all, but was made by a gentleman who never uttered a second witticism in the whole course of his life, and who thought it a *little* hard to be robbed of this unique achievement! The real person, we have understood, was the father of the late Mr. Commissioner Ayrton.'

FROM D.E. WICKHAM

To See Ourselves . . .

The following note is from *The Journal of William Charles Macready 1832-1851*, abridged and edited by J.C. Trewin, 1967. E.V. Lucas' *Life* of Charles Lamb, Chapter 50 for 1834, mentions the supper and the pun but not the remark about Emma Isola.

> **9 January 1834** Went to Talfourd's (from whom I had received a note of invitation to supper in the morning) to meet Charles Lamb; met there Price, Forster, Mr and Mrs [Barron] Field (I fancy a Gibraltar judge), Charles Lamb, Moxon the publisher, and *not* Mrs Moxon [Emma Isola as was] whose absence was noted by those present as a most ungrateful omission of respect and duty, as he (Lamb) had literally brought her up, and wanted her attention and assistance. I noted one odd saying of Lamb's that the last breath he drew in he wished might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun.' Spent a pleasant evening and walked home under a 'pitiless storm' with Price.

Two notes. (1) Claude Prance's *Companion* quotes an opinion that Macready was 'surpassed only by Garrick and equaled only by Kean'. (2) Who is 'Price', mentioned by the great tragedian first and without further identification? Might he be Stephen Price (1783-1840), an outstanding American theatre manager who held the tenancy of Drury Lane from 1826 to 1830? He was noted for his love of spectacular effects, like real horses and tigers on stage.

Lamb's Letters Counted: For the Record

These details appear in a cutting from the *Journal of the Bookman Circle* for September 1935, preserved in the Society's Samuel Rich Collection (Rich.VIII.48). They are noted here for the record, despite possible errors and potential mis-counting because, for example, letters by Mary Lamb may or may not always be included. The figures should at least encourage Elians to re-read the Introduction to the current edition of the Letters by our member, Professor Edwin W. Marrs, Jr., particularly the fascinating Section III on pages lxii-xcii of his first volume, which gives an analytical summary of how the letters have been brought together and edited.

The totals of Charles Lamb's letters printed in the 1935 article are:

Ainger's last edition	467
Everyman's (or Dent?)	572
E.V. Lucas' 1912 edition	617
A Boston edition (Bibliophiles, 1905?)	762
Lucas' 1935 three-volume edition	c.1200

Though the last figure is definitely an error for c. 1000.

One might add that Professor Marrs' first three volumes print 331 letters and that his No. 330 is Lucas' (1935) No. 300. Allowing for any disagreements over dating of undated items, this suggests that the complete Marrs edition will be about ten per cent longer than Lucas' version – and further unpublished items still appear occasionally.

Cornwall in Two Volumes

Our old friend the Assiduous Reader may recall my reference (*CLB* NS 78 [1992] 208) to a copy of Barry Cornwall's *Charles Lamb* 'marvellously extra-illustrated and enlarged and extended from a single octavo to two quarto volumes' in the Society's collection at Guildhall Library. The work wavered between being regarded as books and as ephemera but it is not in Deborah Hedgecock's Handlist (Supplement to *CLB* NS 89 [1995][) and so is presumably now regarded as books.

Inspection of the two volumes, finely bound in crimson leather by Palmer and Howe of Manchester, showed that they contained the signature, dated 1874, of a Darnton of Ashton-under-Lyme. They later belonged to Mr A.T. Ellis of Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, who joined the Charles Lamb Society in 1957 and is last listed in 1962. His executors sold the books to Thomas Thorp, the dealer of 170 High Street, Guildford, Surrey. They became Item 813 in Thorp's Catalogue 637, and were bought by Ernest Crowsley, in August 1963, for £15 plus 5s.9d [almost 29p] postage.

After such a build-up I regret to say that there is nothing amazing among the extra-illustration material. There are the usual numbers of engravings of portraits and places: one can only say that they would be more scarce or difficult to find today. There are several Ackermann plates as well as a few attractive sepia aquatints of the Inns of Court and some views of Christ's Hospital which were new to me. There are no pieces of manuscript and no autographs.

A Cornwallism: For the Record

'Charles Lamb was fifty-nine years old at his death; of the same age as Cromwell; between whom and himself there was of course no other similitude.'

This comment is to be found in Barry Cornwall's *Charles Lamb: A Memoir*, 1866, page 228. I do not ask what it means – but do you suppose there is a point to be made in it?

50 Years Ago: *CLS Bulletin* no. 93 (January 1950)

Charles Lamb and his Hertfordshire: by Reginald L. Hine (Dent 18s.) . . . This is the last book from the pen of Reginald Hine and owing to his untimely death there will not be another. Melancholy it is to reflect that neither he nor Samuel Morris Rich, who read the proofs and checked the references, lived to see the fruit of their labours. How delighted they would have been to handle and read this volume and lovingly place it in an honoured niche among their Elian treasures. . . . The dedication is typical of the author: 'I dedicate whatever is of sound learning and good report in the following pages to my Fellow Members of the Charles Lamb Society.' . . . Into this book has gone much research and scholarship, imagination, and his own great quality of enthusiasm. It is a book that every Elian should possess and keep handy for dipping into . . . H.G.S.

THE CHARLES LAMB SOCIETY

Postal Address: BM - ELIA, London WC1N 3XX, UK

Objects. To advance and publish studies of the life, works, and times of Charles Lamb and his circle. To form and preserve for the public a collection of Eliana.
Membership. Enquiries as to membership should be directed to the Membership Secretary.
Subscription. Annual personal subscriptions cost £12.00 (single), £18.00 (double), and £18.00 (corporate). Overseas subscriptions cost US$28 (single), US$42 (double), and US$42 (corporate). All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer, made payable to the Charles Lamb Society.
Meetings. A programme of meetings held in London is circulated before the commencement of each season. Admission is free of charge to members and non-members. Offers of papers to be read should be directed to the Chairman.

Editorial correspondence should be directed to the Editor: Richard S. Tomlinson, 669 South Monroe St., Decatur, IL 62522-3225, USA; (e-mail: rtomlin@richland.cc.il.us). This journal operates a peer review system whereby full-length articles submitted for publication are read by at least two, and in most cases three, members of the editorial board. Requests for back issues and replacement copies should be directed to Professor D. Wu, Department of English Literature, University of Glasgow, Glasgow G12 8QQ, Scotland (e-mail: D.Wu@englit.arts.gla.ac.us)

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editor would be grateful if, wherever possible, articles are submitted both as hard copy and on floppy disk. Articles submitted in this manner should be typed on Microsoft Word and sent in on a 3.5" diskette or disk accompanied by a hard copy printout. All contributions should be typed, on one side of the paper, double-spaced (*including* footnotes), and with reasonable margins.

Printed by the Stanhope Press, London NW5 3EN (0171 387 0041)

Registered Charity number 803222: a company limited by guarantee

ISSN 0308-0951