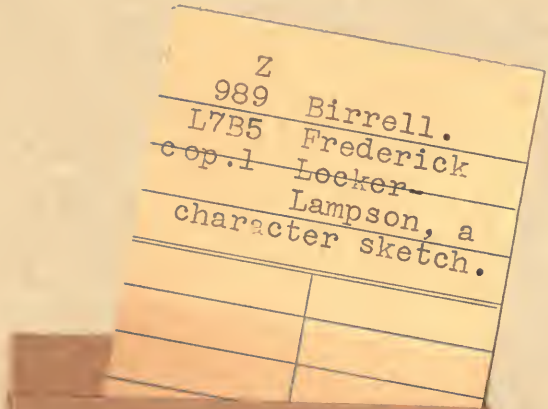

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

A CHARACTER SKETCH

Frederick Locker-Lampson

A CHARACTER SKETCH

WITH A SMALL SELECTION FROM LETTERS ADDRESSED
TO HIM AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON
A FEW OF THE BOOKS FORMERLY
IN THE ROWFANT LIBRARY

COMPOSED AND EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL AND ONE OF THE BENCHERS
OF THE INNER TEMPLE

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1920

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TO

THE ROWFANT QUARTOS (SEE PAGE 71)

WITH BROTHERLY LOVE

A. B.

Christmas, 1919

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The Editor wishes to express his thanks to Mr. Emery Walker for these admirable reproductions.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

PART I

A CHARACTER SKETCH

ALTHOUGH what I am doing is, on this occasion, being done in obedience to a strong, because an affectionate impulse, I feel uneasy about it.

"It may be pardonable," so my conscience argues with me, "to write at large and at leisure, and let those who will, read and grumble, but deliberately to select as your subject a friend and relation, with whom you enjoyed for some happy years the closest intimacy and the completest understanding, and to begin writing about him after a fashion which must, were he still alive, have created in a very sensitive breast, the liveliest amazement (to name no other emotion) seems to be a different thing from making free with Andrew Marvell, or William Hazlitt, or Charlotte Brontë, about whom (though this is between ourselves and not necessarily for publication) you knew no more than anybody else. Nor does the fact that your friend is dead appear to alter the case."

Thus far, but not a line further, may an uneasy conscience be allowed to speak.

To reply by saying that my object is wholly friendly, and

that no touch of malice, or even spitefulness, will impart piquancy to my pen or causticity to my judgement, is good, but only so far good, as any reply is better than none; for it cannot dissipate the doubt a pampered conscience has already engendered. Which of us, who has ever wielded a pen, does not know that the moment one human being begins to write about another, criticism begins. Characterization, like definition of a dogma, involves exclusion and suggests limitation. Even complimentary epithets, among the living, seldom give pleasure. If we are to be praised at all, we would wish to be praised for everything.[1] Charles Lamb never quite forgave his beloved friend Coleridge for calling him "gentle-hearted," and who can wonder? Gentle-hearted indeed! 'Tis a sorry compliment for one man to pay to another.

Some other way out must therefore be found to put an end to a dispute, which after all, belongs to the domestic forum.

Mr. Locker (for shortness I will so call him throughout these few pages) died at Rowfant in Sussex in May 1895 and left behind him five books, each in its own way, but very plainly, bearing his mark:

(1) "My Confidences. An Autobiographical Sketch." Published after his death, 1896.

[1] Prince Henry of England, afterwards King Henry VIII, a much flattered man, both as prince and monarch, in writing to Erasmus makes the following observation, obviously straight from the heart: "It is better not to praise at all than to praise inadequately." Evidently he, too, had suffered in this way.

(2) "London Lyrics." (1st Edition 1857.)
(3) "Patchwork." 1879.
(4) "Lyra Elegantiarum." An anthology. (1st Edition 1867.)
(5) "The Rowfant Catalogue." (1886. Privately printed.)

There are not many people who have had the opportunity, or even if they had, would have cared to avail themselves of it, of reading or examining all these books, but the few who have will agree with me, at least by a majority of votes, that the character of their author and compiler, shy and elusive, and in some aspects complicated, is exhibited, illuminated and illustrated by them almost to its last recesses, and what is more, was so exhibited, illuminated and illustrated intentionally.

If this be so, and the self-revelation is complete, why not leave it alone?

In answering this question—the most searching that can be put to any man with a pen in his hand—I am bound to ask others. Has this attempt at self-delineation missed fire, or has it succeeded? and if it has to some extent missed fire, or has only partially succeeded (and such I think is the case), is there yet a remedy? I hope there may be: Hence these pages.

I can hardly avoid beginning my "remedy," which already wears a doubtful hue, by a little further description of each of the Five Books.

"My Confidences—an Autobiographical Sketch" though

fancifully purporting to be addressed to the descendants of the author, is in reality addressed in blank to anybody, anywhere and at all times, "to whom related or by whom begot," whose ears prove to be attuned to its still, small voice. Despite a vein of half-comic artificiality, and a dash of a studiously, perhaps too studiously, maintained frivolity, "My Confidences" is composed in a strain of almost desperate sincerity, and throughout is what its prefatory mottoes proclaim it to be, a book *de bonne foi*:

> A fever in these pages burns;
> Beneath the calm they feign.
> A wounded human spirit turns
> Here on its bed of pain.

The second book, and the best known, contains "The London Lyrics" which first appeared under that name in 1857 with a charming "Cruikshank" by way of frontispiece. Since 1857 down to 1904 when they were issued in the "Golden Treasury" series, editions of "London Lyrics" with additions, omissions and amendments and with illustrations by Doyle, Caldecott and Miss Greenaway (all the author's friends) have appeared with bewildering multiplicity —though in small numbers. "Occasional Verse," sounds the Voice of Doom, through the mouth of Dr. Johnson, "must be content with occasional praise." Locker's verses have every reason to be content. Thackeray, as good a judge of the *légère main* as any Englishman alive in 1857 (and since), liked "London Lyrics" from the first. "Yes," he said to

their author, "I have a sixpenny talent, and so have you, ours is small beer, but you see it is the right tap."

The letters I am printing in Part II will show that other good judges agreed with Thackeray about the right tap, though none of them go so far as to name the beverage.

Occasional poets have many rivals, who frequently founder on one or another of the numerous rocks which render the navigation of the shallow waters of poesy even more dangerous than its deep seas; but Locker's slender skiff is lucky enough to have escaped submersion, and his verses seem always to have been read even by his rivals with pleasure; nor has his title to occupy an allotment on one of the lower slopes of Parnassus ever been disputed.

He had many little books of poetry claiming kinship with his own, dedicated and presented to him, and though these volumes may not have found their way into the "Rowfant Catalogue," they were welcomed, and whenever it was possible, cordially praised.

Mr. Austin Dobson, for whose verse Mr. Locker had the most unaffected admiration, has described a "London Lyric" in six lines, once for all:

> Apollo made one rhyming day
> A new thing in the rhyming way;
> Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,
> It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear—
> Then Momus gave a touch satiric—
> And it became a "London Lyric."

Locker was, what few men are, however modest their achieve-

ments, really humble, and, what perhaps no man is required to be, on bad terms with himself; yet deep down in his heart he was, I am sure, convinced that he had written some very good verses, and when Abraham Hayward, who did not like him, told him that "London Lyrics" were over-rated, he had no doubt that Hayward was deplorably mistaken: and his reason for this unwonted confidence in himself was that he could not help knowing how much of his inner life and true feeling he had succeeded in squeezing into his rhymes. Old Mr. Barnes in one of the letters in the Second Part, dwells on this; as also does that master amongst the "light weights," Charles Stuart Calverley, whose plaintive reference in one of his letters, also to be found in Part II, to his own deficiency in the expression of feeling, might, had she seen the letter, have softened the criticism passed on this "pet poet" of mine, by one very dear to me, that "his heartlessness was unendurable."

The third book—"Patchwork," published in 1879 by Smith, Elder and Co., and now out of print—is a book of 227 pages, and is neither more or less than a collection of stories, witticisms, anecdotes, reflections, encounters, incidents, occurrences, and whatever other things there may be of the same species or variety. At the most, only one fifth of the book is what is called original, yet owing to the fact that the whole is strung upon one string—the compiler's own taste—"Patchwork" presents from beginning to end most of the notes of originality. Everything in it gave Locker more

pleasure than it possibly could to anybody else; and so it not infrequently happened, that some friend, wishing to please him, would seek him out, and tell him a tale straight out of his own "Patchwork," or at least so much of it as the friend could remember. Such a "telling" could not escape being painful, but Locker always accepted it, after his sorrowful, ironical fashion, as part of that discipline of life which he generally found far too rigid.

What fortune "Patchwork" had when it first appeared I am not in a position to say. Hayward, who regarded anecdotage as his demesne, abused it roundly, but as its author fairly remarks, he was entitled to do so, for did not Locker himself speak "with huge contempt" of Hayward's (privately printed) Lyrics?

Eventually, however, "Patchwork" fell into the hands of readers, of the same kind as those who devour Bagehot's writings—I mean men who stand in need of the raw material for their own manufactured goods. Bagehot supplies thoughts, and "Patchwork" quotations. To what better use can an author or compiler be put?

It might be curious to compose a History of Quotations, tracing where the quotations employed on public occasions were really picked up. I remember, in that very polite place, the House of Commons, receiving after a speech tedious congratulations upon what was thought to be a very apt quotation from the Old Testament—a quotation so apt indeed as only to be accounted for by attributing it to an early training

in that noble field—but as a matter of fact, only the day before making the speech, I had "uplifted" the whole thing from "Bacon's Essays," those veritable mines of quotable quotations. A good quotation, once it gets into the newspapers, travels far, and long after my speech was forgotten, this bit of Scripture was constantly meeting my eye even in the secular press.

Wholly apart, however, from the good services thus rendered by "Patchwork" to the large, and of necessity, considering their daily output, needy tribe of "ready writers," the book itself is an index of the compiler's taste, and a true reflex of his character, and has long been an occupant of the shelf which lies within easy reach of many a confirmed reader.

The fourth volume, "Lyra Elegantiarum" is an anthology of "occasional" English verse, and has by way of preface an admirable criticism of such productions, and an almost classical definition.

The first edition (1867) included no less than forty much pondered over examples of the small poems of that distinguished writer Walter Savage Landor.

This was a noble and much needed tribute to an unpopular poet, but it irritated Landor's executor, that very "arbitrary gent" John Forster, whose permission ought certainly to have been first obtained. Forster, finding a copy of "Lyra Elegantiarum" on the table of the "Athenaeum," tore it up *coram publico*, and the first impression had to be sacrificed; a circumstance not overlooked by the wily race of second-hand

booksellers, the best servants of literature this country possesses, who, when they manage to get hold of one of these early copies, never fail to mark it high, and to advertise it in their catalogues as containing *the suppressed verses*, words which, when printed in italics, seem to possess in the trade a certain, but in this instance, a misleading, significance. In later editions Landor's lovely lines shine with an unabated lustre.

No anthology, even of occasional verse, gives or can give complete satisfaction. One of Mr. Swinburne's most delightful prose criticisms is to be found in his "Studies of Prose and Poetry" (Chatto and Windus, 1894) and has for its text an enlarged edition of the "Lyra" which appeared, with Mr. Kernahan's assistance, in 1891. This volume comes in for a good many hard raps at the hands of this very competent critic, most of which I confess appear to me to be justified. Swinburne took poetry, even occasional poetry (and I love him for doing so) very seriously. He hated parodies and riddles, did not care very much, or even at all, for Canning or Praed, and as for my pet poet, Calverley, he simply could not abide him, and calls him dreadful names. Miss Fanshawe's uncannily clever lines "On the Letter H" which found a place in the "Lyra" stirred his angry passions, and as for that lady's "Imitation of Wordsworth," he calls it "pert and poor." Although I agree about Miss Fanshawe, an anthology, after all, is not the Kingdom of Heaven, and if it can, without actual outrage, give pleasure to as many good people as

possible, it may be pardoned if, in its attempt to do so, it is guilty of some lapses from the canons of perfection.

I remember hearing in the Old Court of Chancery, over whose grave no tear has yet been shed, a young advocate of unusual but ill-placed levity, and of whom but little has since been heard, whilst opposing an application for an injunction restraining the setting-up of a circus and "merry-go-round," on a vacant piece of ground, employ this argument: "Why should the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood be deprived of their accustomed amusements?" Miss Fanshawe's lines are a kind of "merry-go-round," and may still be warranted to give pleasure in many innocent quarters.

Locker, as usual, took enormous trouble with this collection, which is, as Swinburne indeed acknowledges with his usual generosity of appreciation, a very good one. The Preface already referred to is a piece of notable criticism.

The fifth and last book I have to mention is the Catalogue (privately printed) of the Rowfant Library and Drawings. Only a catalogue! None the less it is a tell-tale volume, the diary of a collector's soul.

The Rowfant Library was a small one—hardly bigger than Major Ponto's of the "Snob Papers," containing I suppose, not many more than 2,000 bound volumes, housed uncomfortably enough (but then I am only a half-hearted collector), in a small, low, "strong" room, which, small as it was, contained almost as many places for bumping your head as there were treasures on its fire-proof shelves.

Lord Crewe, who like his old friend is both a poet and collector, is indeed able to sing:

> But chiefly near, his presence seems
> Within that cell, obscure, divine,
> The Mecca of a bookman's dreams,
> A scholar's shrine.

Apart from the housing problem, I can agree with Lord Crewe that this small library contained:

> The bluest blooded race
> That Bookland knows.

The Rowfant Library was no triumph of acquisitiveness. It gave no evidence of wide reading, still less of undigested learning. There was no need to read the Rowfant books, even if there had been accommodation for doing so, for the good reason that (for the most part) you had read them all before; though elsewhere and in other editions.

What then does the catalogue describe?

It enumerates, one after the other, under their author's names, and in the precise, but to the initiated, lover-like language of the bibliographer, without any pretence of rapture, or more than perhaps a hint of rarity, in their earliest or very early forms, *all* the English books, plays, poems, from Shakespeare's time downwards, the bare names of which tug at the heart-strings, irradiate thought, and enliven fancy.

Books disappear. Circumstances alter cases—even book-cases. Death-duties, national and family obligations—but cata-

logues remain. I possess few books, but many catalogues of the books of better men, and one woman. I wish I had more of them. What can be a pleasanter thing to hold in your hand, than the "sale-catalogue" of Dr. Johnson's books; a poor beggarly show from the point of view of a Heber or a Huth, a Bindley or a Perkins, but then, was it not Johnson who composed the "Lives of the Poets," compiled the "Dictionary," and wrote the Preface to Shakespeare? Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford Catalogue is on a vaster scale, and reveals some of the secrets of the great manufactory of the Waverley Novels. There are other Book catalogues better worth mentioning than most things, but it is enough to say here, that the Rowfant Catalogue, as a record of one man's taste, patience and devotion, unaided yet unresting, serious but playful, who never allowed a hobby to degenerate into a trade, or to acquire the least taint of a vile commercialism, or the flavour of self-advertisement, stands out as a catalogue among catalogues.

To those who really knew Locker, the one of all his Five Books, which reveals him most and recalls him best, is his own Catalogue of his own treasures.

Portraits of "self-made men," if such creatures really exist, may dispense with "backgrounds," disagreeable characters being usually self-explanatory; but those of delicate spirits, easily jostled in the crowd, with inherited tastes, and endowed with an intuitive apprehension of exquisite things, whether beautiful or ludicrous, in life, nature and art, require

backgrounds, partly to afford some kind of shelter for the shyness of the sitter and partly to throw cross-lights upon ambiguously expressive features.

The difficulty in supplying a background for a word-portrait of Locker is one of selection. Pots and pans, Urbino and Gubbio ware, *tondiri* and *tazzi*, specimens of *Maestro Georgio* and *Xanto*, an etching by Rembrandt, a sketch by an Old Master, with slight suggestions of the First Folio Shakespeare and the *Editio princeps* of Bacon's Essays on a side shelf, might do well enough for the connoisseur aspect of his character; and by indicating taste and habit, afford the same pleasure which is given us when we gaze with astonishment upon the portrait of a friend with a briar pipe between his teeth, or a golf club in his hand, but for a man who was in reality feverishly allied and bound up with the ties of human existence, and possessed by a "most musical, most melancholy" philosophy of life, some other background must be provided than that of a mere connoisseurship, however choice.

Were it possible by any process of word-spinning to suggest a background indicating, however dimly, his amazing interest (a word deliberately employed instead of affection) not only in his own parents, grandparents and so on, but in all their friends and acquaintances; why then the right background would have been found.

The fact that Locker never himself knew all these ghosts, or shared their friendships, whilst annoying him, in no way impaired this abiding interest. Amongst these "cut-off"

friends, two came to assume great proportions in his mind, Nelson and Washington. Nelson came into his family *ex parte paternâ*, and Washington *ex parte maternâ*, and among the manuscripts at Rowfant none were more honestly cherished and piously handled than the letters of these two men.

How difficult it is to tell the truth without misleading! The truth requires to be so barricaded behind qualifications, limitations and provisoes, that readers not, perhaps, to start with immoderately interested in the subject, soon abandon a pursuit promising to lead them only from one barbed-wire entanglement to another. Yet I must add, after my heightened tones about Horatio Nelson and George Washington, that I never noted a trace of the hero-worshipper in Locker, whose "abiding" interest in the two men simply arose from the accident that they happened to be great friends of his two grandfathers.

Frederick Locker was born in Greenwich Hospital in May 1821, his father being then Civil Commissioner. The early pages of "My Confidences" are full of Greenwich — the Hospital — the pictures, and the river. Hawke, Jervis, Nelson and other Lords of the sea, were to be met with at every corner. "We have a portrait by Lemuel Abbott of Lord Nelson taken shortly after he lost his arm at Teneriffe. It was painted in my grandfather's apartment at Greenwich Hospital, and I have heard my aunt Elizabeth describe how she was allowed to help Nelson on and off with his gold-laced coat before and after each sitting."

Then there was Sir William Beatty who had been surgeon of the *Victory* at Trafalgar, and always carried about with him a snuff box in which he preserved the musket-ball that had given Nelson his death wound. "I remember his carefully placing this unshapen piece of lead in my little outstretched palm. If my child's recollection is not at fault there was a minute shining thread of gold (torn from Nelson's epaulet) embedded in it."

Through the Locker lineage on the paternal side there ran a curious double streak of the Senior Service and the Virtuoso, of the Quarter-deck and Christie's.

Frederick's great-grandfather, John Locker, seems to have led a life in London both sheltered and agreeable. He was a member of the Bar, a Commissioner of Bankrupts, and being in addition the Clerk to the Leathersellers' Company, he had a comfortable residence in Great St. Helens, where in 1730 his son William, the first commander of Nelson, was born.[1] John Locker was one of the early, and too little known, prepension friends of Johnson, and his name in literature is assured more safely than if it had appeared on half-a-dozen title pages, for it is to be found inscribed in Johnson's life of Addison, where he is spoken of as a man "eminent for

[1] Locker's great-great-grandfather was also clerk of the Leathersellers' Company (elected in 1700), and there is at Rowfant a very fine copy of the Book of Common Prayer, 1706, inscribed:

"Stephen Locker
At the Leathersellers' Company
The Eighth of February 1706."

curiosity and learning," who had lent the lexicographer for the purposes of his *magnum opus* a collection of examples selected from the writings of Tillotson, made by no less a hand than Addison's own. The fact that Locker's loan came too late to be of any use need not be dwelt upon, for we all know, by this time, that Johnson was seldom beholden to anybody for extraneous information, getting on very well without it, even in a Dictionary.

John Locker had, like his great grandson, a genius for street adventures. "Coming home late one evening, he was addressed in modern Greek by a poor Greek priest, a man of literature from the Archipelago who had lost his way in the streets of London. He took him to his house, where he and (the famous) Dr. Mead[1] jointly maintained him for some years, and by him was perfected in modern Greek so as to write it fluently, and to be able to translate a part if not the whole of one of Congreve's comedies" (Nichol's "Literary Anecdotes," v. 372). A "part" of "one" Comedy, is no great achievement, but it shows good will.

The Clerk to the Leathersellers' Company was, so Edward Hawke Locker, Frederick's father says, "a staunch Jacobite," and Captain William Locker, Nelson's friend, was often sent by his father, the aforesaid clerk, to the Tower in 1745 with

[1] I call Dr. Mead "famous," not so much on account of his old-world celebrity as a physician, but because Johnson said of him, "Dr. Mead lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man" (see Boswell).

presents to relieve the Highland soldiers there confined after the Rebellion, one of whom gave the boy his leathern belt as a keepsake just before his execution.

This John Locker, despite his Jacobitism, seems to have led a happy life. He was married to Miss Stillingfleet, a grand-daughter of one of the most Christian of Anglican Bishops, and the sister of one of the most ladylike of English authors—the once celebrated patron of the "blue stockings."

John Locker had hugged to his heart for many years a great design—a complete edition of the works of Francis Bacon, whose old chambers in Gray's Inn he had at one time occupied. He did not live to accomplish his purpose, and was perhaps none the less happy on that account. His collected materials fell into the hands of Dr. Thomas Birch who made use of them with suitable acknowledgments.

The Nelson legend came into the family with John's son, William, who after his schooling at Merchant Taylors', to which he took kindly, went into the Navy, and at the end of fifty years of service on blue water, became in 1792 Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. No one ever came into close family relationship with Frederick Locker without becoming the possessor of a small engraving, representing *Le Télémaque* taken by H.M.S. *Experiment* off Alicante on the 19th of June 1757. *Le Télémaque* mounted 20 guns, and had a crew of 460 men. The *Experiment* had the same number of guns and a crew of 140 men. The boarders were led by

Lieutenant William Locker. The *Experiment* had 14 killed and 34 wounded. The *Telemaque* had 125 killed and 110 wounded." The original of this picture (by Dominic Serres, R.A.) is at Greenwich.

William Locker, who was wounded in this gallant action, became a Commander in 1763, and a post-captain in 1768, and during the American War commanded the *Lowestoffe*, on the Jamaica station, and had with him, Horatio Nelson, as 2nd Lieutenant. A naval career is full of chances, and lost opportunities, and though Captain Locker was, according to the family tradition, an epitome of all the most unusual virtues in men—it may yet have occurred to him, whilst sitting in the Hospital, in front of the portraits of Charles the First and Van Tromp, with his wounded leg resting on a footstool, and his Newfoundland dog stretched on the hearth, to contrast the glory of his pupil with his own half century of obscure strain and strife, and to wish and to wonder. . . . But now, the perspective is altered; for who would not agree that it was better luck to be the beloved friend of the heroic Nelson than to have been the hero himself?

The three following letters, though printed in "My Confidences," must be given over again here—for I think they were amongst Mr. Locker's dearest treasures, and as often happens, though only two of them are addressed to, and none were written by Captain Locker, they reveal, as by a kind of "planetary influence" his straightforward and affectionate character.

"Victory," Largos Bay,
14 *February*, 1797.[1]

My dear Locker,

I know you will be desirous of a line from me, and though I have not time to give you anything like detail, I cannot resist telling you that your *elève* Commodore Nelson received the swords of the commanders of a first-rate and an eighty-gun ship of the enemy on their respective quarterdecks.

As you will probably see Mrs. Parker, give my love to her, although unknown, and say "the junction of her husband with the squadron under his command I must ever consider the happiest event of my life." Say everything kind to your young men and be assured

I am ever truly yours,
John Jervis.

Lieutenant-Governor Locker,
Greenwich Hospital.

Palermo,
February 9, 1799.

My dear Friend,

I well know your goodness of heart will make all due allowance for my present situation and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years acquaintance know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a Frenchman by your conduct when in the *Experiment*. It is you who always said "Lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him," and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar.

Our friendship will never end but with my life, but you have

[1] This letter, written on Valentine's Day, immediately after the victory off Cape St. Vincent, exhibits the character of this fierce old disciplinarian in a pleasing light.

always been too partial to me. Pray tell Kingsmill that it was impossible I could attend to his recommendations—indeed I had (not being a commander-in-chief) no power to name an agent—and remember me kindly to him. The Vesuvian Republic being formed, I have now to look out for Sicily; but revolutionary principles are so prevalent in the world that no monarchical government is safe, or sure of lasting ten years. I beg you will make my kindest remembrances to Miss Locker and all your good sons, and

Believe me,

Ever your faithful affectionate friend,

NELSON.

Lieutenant-Governor Locker.

Captain Locker died at Greenwich Hospital in 1800. Lord Nelson came down to the Hospital and followed his old friend to Addington Churchyard, and the day after the funeral, wrote the following letter to John Locker, Frederick Locker's uncle:

December 27, 1800.

MY DEAR JOHN,

From my heart do I condole with you on the great and irreparable loss we have all sustained in the death of your dear worthy Father, a man whom to know was to love, and those who only heard of him honoured. The greatest consolation to us, his friends who remain, is that he has left a character for honour and honesty which none of us can surpass, and very, very few attain.

That the posterity of the righteous will prosper we are taught to believe; and on no occasion can it be more truly verified than from my dear much lamented friend; and that it may be realized in you, your sisters and brothers, is the fervent prayer of

My dear John,

Your affectionate friend,

John Locker, Esq. NELSON.

The stately figure of George Washington came into the

Locker family, through Mr. Locker's maternal grandfather, the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, who died in 1804 the Vicar of Epsom, a piece of preferment he obtained in 1785, and owed, as he was not only content, but proud to acknowledge, to "my late excellent patron the Rev. John Parkhurst," who devoted, to the admiration of Jonathan, thirty-six years of his blameless life to the preparation of a Greek and Hebrew Lexicon, still in a bookseller's phrase "much esteemed" by the student. Jonathan Boucher is a "submerged" character, one of those who play their part by being forgotten, thus making room for others not necessarily better. There is so much material for Boucher's biography that I have never felt any hesitation in urging it upon Commander Locker-Lampson, his great-grandson, who has a lively pen of his own, and has inherited in a large measure the "family" instinct. The Boucher papers may be pronounced dull, for Jonathan did not possess the light hand or the playful humour of his grandson, and his pursuits were as grave as his profession, yet the elucidation of his character, massive, dignified, and indifferent to popularity, is a task well-fitted for a brother-in-law.

Boucher, who "derived" from that excellent stock, a long line of Cumberland "Statesmen," was born in 1738 and educated, uncommonly well, at the Wigtown Grammar School. His parents James and Ann were the salt of the earth, and the affectionateness of their disposition is agreeably displayed in a letter signed by both James and Ann addressed to their son whilst in America, whither he went about 1754 to be a teacher

in Virginian families, where just as Captain Locker taught Nelson how to tackle a Frenchman, so he taught or tried to teach young colonists how to tackle the rudiments of polite learning.

In 1762, in obedience to his parents' piercing cry, "Jonathan, come home and be a priest!" he came home, and became a priest, at the hands of the Bishop of London, but as soon as possible returned to the Colonies where at divers times he held various preferments—in Caroline County, Virginia, then in Annapolis, and finally in Prince George's County, from which Rectory he was ejected at the Revolution.

Jonathan Boucher in his day and generation belonged to that ever interesting, and (in sundry moods) charming variety, the convinced, literate, old-fashioned Tory, happily not of the University or donnish type. He detested Puritanism, but being at the same time a profound, though unemotional Christian, he bears no resemblance whatever to the modern revilers of that creed and practice. His detestation of Puritanism, however, grew pale by the side of his hatred of revolution —rebellion, and Democracy. Could he be told in his grave that the descendants of the rebels who turned him out of his rectory were to-day fighting side by side with his countrymen in the greatest war ever waged, "to make the World safe for Democracy," he could hardly fail to murmur, in his surprise and anxiety, "What can have happened since my departure in 1804 to lead anyone to suppose that there ever can be a Democracy that will be safe for the world?" Jonathan Boucher

was, I cannot doubt it, at heart a Jacobite, even as was John Locker of the Leathersellers' Company; and the once famous Anglican doctrines of the divine Right of Kings, and Passive Obedience, were if not openly proclaimed, yet always gently sheltered under his surplice. This "doctrine of the Cross," Divine Right and Passive Obedience, referred to so tenderly in the last will and testament of Bishop Ken, was hardly less dear, though grown obscured by the rack of time, to the Vicar of Epsom.

When the Revolution came to pass in America, there was no room for doubt in Boucher's mind, friend and companion though he had been of George Washington; he hated *cum animo*, all rebellion, and if he could hate one rebellion more than another, the one he would have hated most was party-rebellion, and to him the American Revolution was a party contest between Whigs and Tories, and he was a Tory of the Tories, in every bone of his body, and by the whole texture of his mind.

He parted company at once with Washington, his friend, but not his patron or his master, and he did so with dignity, though not without indignation. The tradition is that he preached his last sermon in the parish of Queen Anne, Maryland, in 1775 with a pair of pistols on the pulpit cushions, concluding with these words: "As long as I live, whilst I have my being, will I, with Zadok the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, proclaim, *God save the King.*"

Shortly after this episode, which must have given him great

pleasure, he returned home glad to be away from a land where "Committees" were set up in every centre of population to repress "Tory" sentiments and "unpatriotic" speech.

Once again in England, he was condemned to watch with emotions, easy to understand, but hard for him to express, the conduct of the War. He hated the Opposition, and thought that "any government possessed either of energy or vigour" would have impeached the great Earl of Chatham himself for saying in his place in Parliament how he rejoiced that America had resisted. To hate the Opposition is never difficult when your own party is in power, but unhappy is your plight when you have no party, but only principles long out of fashion.

After the War was over and when rebellion had ceased to be rebellion, and the United States had their Minister at St. James, Boucher in 1797, published a very good book entitled "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution; in Thirteen Discourses, Preached in North America between the years 1763 and 1775, with an Historical Preface."

This book is dedicated to George Washington, Esq., of Mount Vernon, in Fairfax County, Virginia. The Dedication is a little long, but it must be printed here, as part of my background, and as a tribute to an honest gentleman. It still glows with a manly and noble fervour, and I can almost bring myself to pity anyone, who in these days can read it without the emotions of pride and hope.

DEDICATION
to
GEORGE WASHINGTON ESQUIRE
of Mount Vernon,
in Fairfax County, Virginia.

SIR,

In prefixing your name to a work avowedly hostile to that Revolution in which you bore a distinguished part, I am not conscious that I deserve to be charged with inconsistency. I do not address myself to the General of a Conventional Army; but to the late dignified President of the United States, the friend of rational and sober freedom.

As a British subject I have observed with pleasure that the form of Government, under which you and your fellow-citizens now hope to find peace and happiness, however defective in many respects, has, in the unity of its executive, and the division of its legislative powers, been framed after a British model. That, in the discharge of your duty as head of this Government, you have resisted those anarchical doctrines, which are hardly less dangerous to America than to Europe, is not more an eulogium on the wisdom of your forefathers, than honourable to your individual wisdom and integrity.

As a Minister of Religion I am equally bound to tender you my respect for having (in your valedictory address to your countrymen) asserted your opinion that "the only firm supports of political prosperity are religion and morality:" and that "morality can be maintained only by religion." Those best friends of mankind, who amidst all the din and uproar of Utopian reforms, persist to think that the affairs of this world can never be well administered by men trained to disregard the God who made it, must ever thank you for this decided protest against the fundamental maxim of modern revolutionists, that religion is no concern of the State.

It is on these grounds, Sir, that I now presume (and I hope not

impertinently) to add my name to the list of those who have dedicated their works to you. One of them, not inconsiderable in fame, from having been your fulsome flatterer, has become your foul calumniator; to such dedicators, I am willing to persuade myself I have no resemblance. I bring no incense to your shrine even in a Dedication. Having never paid court to you whilst you shone in an exalted station, I am not so weak as to steer my little bark across the Atlantic in search of patronage and preferment; or so vain as to imagine that now, in the evening of my life, I may yet be warmed by your setting sun. My utmost ambition will be abundantly gratified by your condescending, as a private Gentleman in America, to eceive with candour and kindness this disinterested testimony of regard from a private Clergyman in England. I was once your neighbour and your friend: the unhappy dispute, which terminated in the disunion of our respective countries, also broke off our personal connexion: but I never was more than your political enemy; and every sentiment even of political animosity has, on my part, long ago subsided. Permit me then to hope, that this tender of renewed amity between us may be received and regarded as giving some promise of that perfect reconciliation between our two countries which it is the sincere aim of this publication to promote. If, on this topic, there be another wish still nearer to my heart, it is that you would not think it beneath you to co-operate with so humble an effort to produce that reconciliation.

You have shewn great prudence (and, in my estimation, still greater patriotism) in resolving to terminate your days in retirement. To become, however, even at Mount Vernon, a mere private man, by divesting yourself of all public influence, is not in your power. I hope it is not your wish. Unincumbered with the distracting cares of public life, you may now, by the force of a still powerful example, gradually train the people around you to a love of order and subordination; and, above all, to a love of peace. "Hæ tibi erunt artes." That you possessed talents eminently well adapted for the

high post you lately held, friends and foes have concurred in testifying: be it my pleasing task thus publicly to declare that you carry back to your paternal fields virtues equally calculated to bloom in the shade. To resemble Cincinnatus is but small praise: be it yours, Sir, to enjoy the calm repose and holy serenity of a Christian hero; and may "the Lord bless your latter end more than your beginning!"

I have the honour to be,
SIR,
Your very sincere Friend,
And most obedient humble Servant,
JONATHAN BOUCHER.

EPSOM, SURREY,
4th Nov. 1797.

The Historical Preface which covers ninety pages would certainly be found tedious, but it is full of neglected matter, and may be recommended to the few who read History for its own sake. The thirteen discourses which follow, are not likely to interest anyone, though two of them might awaken silenced echoes in Tory hearts, if any such organs are still to be found beating, even in Country Rectories.

That the American War, once so popular should have become unpopular, is quite in the ordinary course of events, but why did it become almost infamous, the moment we were beaten?

One answer is, that it became infamous along with the Ministers and Generals who so ignominously failed to win it.

Another answer is, that it is a British characteristic, a useful and Imperial characteristic, though not an agreeable

one, that when once we are beaten we go over in a body to the successful enemy, and too often abandon and cold-shoulder and snub, both in action and in writing, the suffering few who adhered to our cause in the bad time.

Jonathan Boucher, who may now be forgiven, continued to maintain until his death, two things. *First* that if the war, however disastrously waged, could have been prosecuted a little longer, with more vigour, it would have been won; and if it had, so he opined, subsequent evils connected with the French Revolution would have not been so horrible, and costly to us, as they proved to be. *Secondly* that even after the War had been lost, if Lord North had not resolutely held his tongue, and forbidden the publication of official and private documents, the verdict of History would have been different from the one delivered, in default of pleadings. As Boucher sarcastically observes, the Honour of our Country might have been vindicated by the pen, though disgraced by the sword.

North's reticence was both wise and sympathetic, and it is now pleasant to notice that the new school of American historians write about their Revolutionary War after a different fashion that had become the habit of our own "Whiggish" writers.

Mr. Boucher, immediately after the publication of his book, sent a copy across the sea to the first President of the United States of America, and received in due course the following reply. No further communication, so far as I can ascertain, passed between the two men.

MOUNT VERNON,
15*th Aug.*, 1798.

REV'D SIR,

I know not how it has happened, but the fact is, that your favour of the 8th of Nov'r, last year, is but just received and at a time when public and private business pressed so hard upon me, as to afford no leisure to give the "Views of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution" written by you, and which you have been pleased to send me, a perusal.

For the honor of its Dedication, and for the friendly and favourable sentiments which are therein expressed, I pray you to accept my acknowledgement & thanks.

Not having read the Book, it follows of course that I can express no opinion with respect to Political contents; but I can venture to assert, beforehand, and with confidence, that there is no man in either country, more zealously devoted to peace and good understanding between the two nations than I am—nor one who is more disposed to bury in oblivion all animosities which have subsisted between them & Individuals of each.

PEACE with all the world is my sincere wish. I am sure it is our true policy. But there is a nation whose intermedling, & restless disposition: and attempts to decide, distract & influence the measures of other countries, that will not suffer us, I fear, to enjoy this blessing long, unless we will yield to them our Rights, & submit to greater injuries and insults than we have already sustained, to avoid the calamities resulting from war.

What will be the consequences of our Arming for self-defence, that Providence, that permits these doings in the Disturbers of Mankind & who rules and Governs all things, alone can tell. To its all powerful decrees we submit, whilst we hope that the justice of our Cause if War must ensue will entitle us to its Protection.

With very sincere respect—I am
Rev'd Sir, Your most Obed Servant
GO. WASHINGTON.

It appears from a letter now at Rowfant that Washington's copy of the "Thirteen Discourses," was not the only one their fond author sent across the Atlantic. To leave unprinted any letter proceeding from the pen that afterwards wrote "Rural Rides" and "A History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland," would, with me, be an act of plain dereliction of duty. So here is Cobbett's Letter, from which the reader will observe that in 1798, in America, its writer was almost as good a Tory as was Jonathan Boucher in his Epsom Vicarage.

PHILADELPHIA,
24 *Aug.*, 1798.

SIR,

I duly received your polite and friendly letter of the 18th of January last accompanying a copy of your valuable book. My earnest, though awkward, efforts in the cause of order and religion have procured me the friendship and applause of no contemptible number of persons, but I can truly say I have never looked upon myself as more highly honoured than by this testimony of yours.

I have read your work with much pleasure, particularly that part of your Preface, where you so justly remark on the vile treatment which Great Britain has received at the hands of the *historians of the American Revolution*. One would think indeed that the demon of falsehood had been totally engrossed with the guidance of their prostituted pens. *Truth* may however at last come out. Little by little the mists will be dispelled, and to have been a loyalist will believe me very soon become an honour even in these United States. The dreadful fraternity of France (one of the fruits of the Revolution) now speaks to every man in a language that bids him *reflect*; and you, Sir, know well to what *reflection* must lead. In fact the Tories

begin to congratulate themselves on the part they have acted, while their opponents are growing every day more and more ashamed of their atchievements.

Your work is too serious and too long for an edition of it to sell here. I imagine the people are changed since your time, but I assure you, that a very few copies of anything above a pamphlet will find sale in America. I should like of all things to publish, and if I were not sure that the loss would be at least fifty pounds I would do it. At the same time Sir I beg you to believe that your desire for me to get the first copy has not inspired me with less gratitude on this account.

You have I hope perceived that I bear a most ardent attachment to Old England, and when I tell you that I was born in Surrey and but about 20 miles from Epsom, you will conclude that the date of your letter has awakened in my mind emotions which it could not be easy for me to express. It is long since I saw the word Surrey at the bottom of a letter and it now brings my heart back at a single bound to the delightful, though humble, scenes, where I first beheld the light and where I hope my eyes will be closed. It is probable that I may be in England in a very few years. It is at least a probability with which I flatter myself, and amongst the imaginary pleasures which arise in the prospect the least is not giving a friendly tap at the door of the Vicarage of Epsom.

I am Sir with the greatest respect
Yours, etc. etc.
WILLIAM COBBETT.

Rev. Jona[n] Boucher
Epsom, Surrey.

Cobbett came back to England in 1800, though he returned to America for two years in 1817; his stout heart finally ceased to beat in June, 1835, at Normandy Farm, near Guildford, so his wish to die in Surrey was realized. Subsequently

to the date of this letter, Cobbett changed (as others have done before and since) his political opinions, but his passionate love of Old England, and, in particular, of the County of Surrey, and his hatred of the Reformation of Religion in King Henry's time, remained unabated to the end.

Back once more in his native land, Boucher betook himself to Philology, and the study of local dialects and provincial accents. In these fields he has left deep traces on the sands, but this branch of Boucher's activities I resign to my brother-in-law.

Another pursuit dear to his heart was book collecting. The Epsom Vicarage must have been a dusty place in his day, for when his library was sold in 1804 by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, it had to be divided into two parts, and 8,562 lots, and some of the lots contained many volumes. Thirty-six days were usefully occupied in its dispersion. I possess the sale catalogue. Anything less like the Rowfant Catalogue cannot be imagined. How much the books realized I do not know. Topham Beauclerk's Library, which was somewhat of the same character as Boucher's, though larger, for its dispersion engrossed forty-nine days, only brought £5,011. Two dozen of the Rowfant books, even a hundred years ago, might have equalled in price all Mr. Boucher's. But I blush for myself! This is not the way to write of books. The Boucher Library was a learned library, as well as a dusty one. The classical scholar, the sound divine, and the dictionary-maker all went to its collection. I have sometimes

noted, however, with a kind of pleasure, that though Boucher seldom found a place in his Vicarage, for what the Founder of the Bodleian contemptuously dismissed as "Baggage Books," in other words, light literature; none the less the "Crazy Tales" of Hall Stevenson, as wanton a "baggage" as ever turned up in good company, were to be found among his classics and divinity.

Four of George Washington's letters to Mr. Boucher, relating to the latter's pupil, here follow. "Master Custis" was Washington's step-son, and was at the date of his mother's second marriage (January, 1759) aged six. There was also a daughter aged four, who died in her nineteenth year. "Master Custis" lived to grow up and produce a son, George Washington Parke Custis, who composed a Memoir of his grandmother, Martha Washington.

May 30th, 1768.

Rev. Sir,

Mr. Magowan who lived several years in my Family, as Tutor to Master Custis (my son in Law & ward) having taken his departure for England, leaves the young gentleman without any master at this time. I should be glad therefore to know if it would be convenient for you to add him to the number of your Pupils. He is a boy of good genius, about 14 years of age, untainted in his morals & of innocent manners. Two years and upwards he has been reading of Virgil & was (at the time Mr. Magowan left him) entered upon the Greek Testament.

I presume, he has grown not a little rusty in both having had no benefit of his Tutor since Christmas notwithstanding he left the country in March only. If he comes, he will have a boy (well

acquainted with House business, which may be made as useful as possible in your Family to keep him out of Idleness) & two horses to furnish him with the means of getting to Church & elsewhere as you may permit, for he will be put entirely & absolutely under your Tuition & direction to manage as you think proper in all respects.

Now Sir, if you incline to take Master Custis, I should be glad to know what convenience, it may be necessary for him to bring & how soon he may come; for as to his Board & schooling (provender for his Horses, he may lay in himself), I do not think it necessary to enquire into and will cheerfully pay Ten or Tweve pounds a year, extraordinary to engage your peculiar care of & a watchful eye to him as he is a promising boy, the last of his family & will possess a very large Fortune, add to this my anxiety to make him fit for more useful purposes than Horse Racer.

This letter will be sent to you by my Brother at Fredericksburg & I should be obliged to you for an answer by the first Post to Alexandrai near to which place I live.

I am Sir, your most obed. Servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

P.S. If it is necessary for him to provide a Bed, could one be purchased in your neighbourhood, it would save a long carriage.

Rev. Boucher.

Oct'r 20th 1768.

REV. SIR,

This letter will be delivered to you by Jacky Custis, who has been detain'd from School longer than was intended, owing first to his own ill-health, and then to his Mamma's; who did not care to part with him until she had got the better of an Indisposition which confin'd her for some days. He now promises to stick close to his

Book, and endeavour by diligent study to recover his lost time—he will have nothing (that we know of) to interrupt him till the intervention of the Christmas Hollidays, when you will please to give him leave to return home. My c'mplim'ts attend Miss Boucher & y'self; & I am

Revd. Sir
Y'r Most Obedt. H'ble Serv't.
GO. WASHINGTON.

The Rev'd. Mr. Boucher.
Carolina.
(By Mr. Custis.)

MOUNT VERNON,
May 13th 1770.

SIR,

Your favour of the 9th came to hand last night, but I do not think myself prepared at this time to give any conclusive answer to the question you propounded, respecting Mr. Custis's travelling to perfect his Education.

It is a matter of very great consequence and well deserving of the most serious consideration especially one who stands in the degree of Affinity to him that I do. A natural Parent has only two things principally to consider, the Improvement of his Son, and the Finances to do it with: if he fails in the first (not through his own neglect) he laments it as a misfortune; if he exceeded in the Second, he endeavours to correct it as an abuse unaccountable to any, and regardless of what the World may say, who do not, cannot suspect him of acting upon any other motive than for the good of the Party; he is to satisfy himself only: but this is not the case in respect to Guardians: they are not only to be actuated by the same motives which govern in the other case, but are to consider in what light their conduct may be viewed by those whom the constitution hath placed as a controuling power over them; because a *faux pas* com-

mitted by them often incurs the severest censure, and sometimes punishment; when the Intention may be Strictly laudable.

From what I have said, you may possibly conceive that I am averse to his Travelling, for the completion of his Education; but be assured Sir I am not; there is nothing, in my opinion, more desirable to form the manners and increase the knowledge of observant youth than such a plan as you have sketch'd out; and I beg of you to believe, that there is no Gentleman under whose care Mrs. Washington and myself would so soon entrust Mr. Custis as yourself (after he is sufficiently instructed in Classical knowledge here). It may be depended on therefore, that the gratification of this passion in him, will never meet with any interruption from me, and I think I may venture to add from his mother, provided he is disposed to set out upon such a Plan of Improvement as your good sense is capable of dictating to him; & provided also that you will undertake to accompany & guide him in the pursuit of it. Add to this, that he will be content with such an allowance as his Income can afford; for here it is also necessary to observe, that tho' he is possessed of what is called a good Estate it is not a profitable one. His Lands are poor, consequently the Crops short; and tho' he has a number of slaves, slaves in such cases only add to the Expense. About 60 and from that to 80 Hhds of Tobo, is as much as he generally makes of a year; and if this is cleared, it is as much as can be expected considering the number of people he has to Cloath and the many incident charges attending such an Estate.

This Sir is all the answer I am capable of giving you at present, if you will do me the favour to be more explicit on this subject in another Letter, I will not only think of the matter with the best intention to it I am master of, but advise with some of his, and my friends, whilst I am in Williamsburg as a Justification of my conduct therein,—and as to his being Innoculated for the Small Pox previous to such an Event, the propriety of it is so striking, that it cannot admit of a doubt. In truth my opinion of this is, that it ought to

happen whether he travels or not as this disorder will in the course of a few years be scarce ever out of his own Country,

With very great esteem I remain

Rev'd Sir Your most H'ble Serv't

GO. WASHINGTON.

The Rev'd Mr. Boucher in Caroline Co.

MOUNT VERNON,
April 20. 1771.

To The Rev'd Mr. Boucher,
In
Annapolis.

REV'D SIR

Your favour of the 10th convey'd an unexpected piece of Intelligence, tho' a very agreeable one—Jack left this place with so many doubts and difficulties ab't going to Baltimore, to be Innoculated with the small Pox, that we all concluded nothing was more foreign from his Intention—Mrs. Washington having fully adopted this opinion, I have withheld from her the Information you gave me in respect of his undertaking, and purpose, if possible, to keep her in total ignorance of his having been there, till I hear of his return, or perfect recovery; as one step tow'ds this, I should be obliged to you to address any letter you may write me, under cover to Lund Washington, & in a hand not your own; for notwithstanding it is believed Jack was resolved to postpone this business, yet her anxiety & uneasiness is so great that I am sure she cou'd not rest satisfied without having the Contents of Any Letter to this Family of your writing—Indeed, I believe, was she to come to the knowledge of his being at Baltimore (under Innoculation) it wou'd put an infallible stop to her journey to Williamsburg, & possibly delay mine; which wou'd prove very injurious, as my business requires that I shou'd set off on Friday the 26th Inst. if he is in so favourable a way as to

permit it (instead of visiting him, which I shou'd immediately do; if I am informed of any dangerous or unfavourable symptoms attending his Disorder) for this Reason, I shou'd be glad to hear from him as late as can be (to reach me before Friday) that if all is well, we may proceed without any information to Mrs. Washington of this matter; she having often wished, that Jack wou'd take & go through the disorder without her knowing of it, that she might escape, those Tortures which suspence w'd throw her into little as the cause might be for it. When he is returned to Annapolis you will be so good as to write me a line by Post to Williamsburg which shall be the first information of this affair I purpose to give if I can keep it covered so long.

I am with very great esteem—& thanks for your attention to Jack on this occasion,

D'r Sir
Y'r Most Obed'n H'ble Serv't
Go. Washington.

(*Note added in another hand.* Washington as a young man caught small pox in West Indies and kept marks ever after.)

If it be said these letters are dull, I shall demur to the justice of the criticism. The style of a *patriæ parens* may, not inappropriately, be a little heavy.

So full an account is given in "My Confidences" of Locker's father and mother, that save for a few lines helpful for my "background," little can properly be said here, where my object is to send readers to "My Confidences," and not to cajole them away from it.

Edward Hawke Locker, who though himself a fervent Etonian, failed in one respect to perform his whole duty, for

no one of his sons followed him to that seed-plot of the future, spent most of his days of health and activity on the Civil side of the Admiralty. In 1819, fours years after his marriage to Eleanor Mary Boucher, he became Civil Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital. He inherited the collecting instincts of his family, and in a barbarous age had an eye for pictures, prints, and furniture, and the fruits of his intelligent industry adorned his apartments in the old Hospital and trained the taste of the son.

Though stiff in his opinions, and uncompromising in manner, he was indefatigable in friendship, and a huge correspondent. As his grandfather had known Johnson, so he was an "old and dear friend" of Scott. If he thought a man's principles sound he found it easy to put up with his company. He was, for example, fond of Croker. Southey's political opinions (in later life) endeared his poetry to the Civil Commissioner, who had a large acquaintance in both lay and clerical circles. He once took Frederick to breakfast with the poet Rogers, "an ugly little man, a wrinkled Maecenas; and Mr. Luttrell was there in a brown coat, also rather little and ugly; and as my father was there too, I suppose there were three of them." This comes of asking boys to breakfast.

In 1812 Edward Hawke Locker took a tour in Spain, with Lord John Russell as a travelling companion; and, twelve years later, Mr. Murray published in a handsome volume, full of steel engravings ("Views in Spain," by Edward Hawke

Locker, F.R.S.; John Murray, 1824), the record of these wanderings. If the book is not so animated as Borrow's "Bible in Spain" the fault may have been Lord John's.

It will be seen that the father had a readier pen than the son, and as a friendship with Charles Knight gave him easy access to the printing-press, the interesting narrative of his visit in May, 1814, to Napoleon at Elba, found its way into the "Plain Englishman" (vol. iii) an admirable periodical, perhaps more highly appreciated among the Lockers than anywhere else.[1]

This narrative was inserted by his son in "My Confidences." It would have been impossible for him to leave it out. I am told it has been found tedious. This would stagger me, but for the fact that I find many things almost intolerably dull which other better educated people greedily assimilate. Out of consideration to my background, which already promises to swamp my portrait, I am bound to give a few fragments from so important a family document.

"Count Bertrand, who still retains the office of Grand Maréchal du Palais, received us with much politeness . . . and quitted us to announce our arrival to his Imperial Master. Our curiosity was now raised to a degree of intensity. We were separated by a door from the once great Napoleon.

[1] But for an account of "The Plain Englishman" and also some particulars of other publications of Edward Hawke Locker, see that interesting and most informing book, "Passages of a Working Life" by Charles Knight, 3 vols., 1864.

Presently the door opened, the Man entered and came forward to receive us with much apparent good-humour."

Then followed the presentation of certain papers, including a copy of the Convention for the cessation of hostilities signed in Paris after his departure. "He read it eagerly, and I watched his countenance with great curiosity as the several articles passed under his eye. During this time his features betrayed considerable emotion; and when he came to that passage which denoted that the French frontier was now to be restricted within the limits which existed in 1792, he looked up with an expression of much surprise, repeating 1792 with great emphasis. He made no other comment sufficiently loud to be audible. While Napoleon was thus occupied, of course every eye was fixed intently upon him.

"The address and appearance of Buonaparte was certainly attractive, more especially when we consider the circumstances under which we saw him. He was dressed in a plain uniform of green, faced with red, waistcoat and breeches also green, with Hessian boots and spurs. A silver cross of the Legion of Honour hung at his breast, with another small Order which I could not make out. He is short and somewhat fat; his height, as he stood facing me, apparently not more than five feet five or six inches. His hair is black, and cut quite short; he is rather bald, and wears no whiskers. His complexion is clear brown, without any colour in the cheeks; but though sallow, his appearance is quite healthy. He takes much snuff, and moves with quickness. His features are well

formed; and I should call the head altogether handsome, if it were not too large for his body, and the neck too short. His general aspect has more an air of *bonhomie* than I expected. There was a tranquil serenity in his look, which exhibited no traces of the anxiety he must have lately suffered. His smile is very pleasing, and his voice not disagreeable, excepting his laugh, which is singularly discordant, almost a *neigh*. I imagine his face must have been more handsome before he acquired his present *embonpoint*; and this also deducts a good deal from the gracefulness of his figure, to which, whatever elegance it might once have possessed, it has now no pretensions. It has more the appearance of feminine softness than of muscular activity. His person in general appeared perfectly cleanly, his hand white and delicate; and his limbs have that roundness of form which does not become a man, and especially a soldier.

* * * *

"Napoleon spoke of the extreme difficulty of the English language, saying that, though he had at length acquired the power of reading it readily, he could never overcome the harsh pronunciation. I asked him if he understood it when spoken. He said, 'only sometimes,' and bid me speak a few sentences deliberately, saying as I went on, 'Ah! that I comprehend well enough,' and immediately gave the interpretation in French, but he added, 'When you speak to each other I am soon bewildered—your words are all confusion and discord to

my ear;' and shook his head, saying, '*Ma foi, c'est une langue barbare.*'

"Then followed the dinner which Buonaparte ate with a good appetite, almost wholly in silence, but when the dishes were removed he began to talk freely, and put us all at our ease by the readiness with which he engaged in conversation. Like all other men of eminent ability his manner was plain and unaffected.

"I found he had heard no particulars of the battle of Toulouse, nor of the sortie from Bayonne, with which I now acquainted him. He expressed great concern at the unnecessary bloodshed which had ensued for want of proper intelligence of the cessation of hostilities at Paris, by which all this slaughter might have been spared.

* * * *

"He jested with much apparent good-humour about his present humble dominions, comparing them with the empire he had just lost; talked of obtaining the sovereignty of the little islands of Pianosa and Monte Christo in addition to that of Elba.

* * * *

"We sat some time after dinner, though little wine was drunk, and scarcely any by Napoleon himself. Ice and coffee were then served; and soon after he rose from the table, and we all followed him into the "Audience Chamber" (as I found the next apartment is designated). Here a circle was formed,

and he renewed the conversation for a short time, saying something to each person, as though he were once more holding his *levée* in the Palace of the Tuileries.

* * * *

"He invited us all to breakfast with him to-morrow morning, saying we must not leave him till we had seen his *dominions*. Of course we were delighted with the opportunity of hearing more of his conversation. He proposes to employ to-morrow in riding with us through the island, and finishing the day's amusement by dining at Porto Longono, on the opposite side of the island. About nine o'clock he took leave of us, and withdrew to his own apartment, leaving us highly gratified by his gracious behaviour—so unlike the impressions with which we had approached him.

* * * *

"Considering the tremendous plunge which he had just made from an imperial throne, a throne surrounded with all the pride and splendour of military sovereignty, to the paltry mansion of the Mayor of Porto Ferrajo; that he had suddenly exchanged a crowd of abject Ministers and a bodyguard of marshals and generals for the company of half a dozen foreigners in an obscure island—when all these violent contrasts are remembered to their full extent, his present self-possession surely affords a wonderful proof of the versatility of his mind and the firmness of his resolution in bearing up

against a reverse of fortune so sudden and so complete. Nothing but a latent, though sanguine, hope of restoration could account for this extraordinary equanimity.

"To a man of Napoleon's temper and disposition, I can scarcely conceive any exertion more irksome than this playing the agreeable to persons like ourselves, whom in his heart he must have regarded with profound contempt and dislike; and I apprehend that a British Officer, of all others, must have been the object of his implacable aversion." [1]

* * * *

Edward Hawke Locker died in 1849. There is an inscription to him under the second bay of the arcading of the Dean's Cloisters, Windsor Castle, which states the fact that from 1814 to 1820 he had lived within those precincts where two of his elder children were born. His last days were clouded by ill-health, and pecuniary anxieties which led to the dispersion of

[1] N.B. A relative of my own once came into even closer contact with Napoleon—though it was after "Imperial Caesar" was dead and turned to clay. My great uncle, Charles Mitchell, happened to be the principal medical officer of the Royal Navy on the St. Helena Station during Napoleon's last illness, which, beginning on the 17th of March, ended fatally on the evening of the 6th May, 1821. My Uncle had proffered his services during the illness and they had been declined. But after Napoleon's death Dr. Mitchell, Professor Antommachi, Dr. Shortt, and others, performed an autopsy on the body, a formal report of which, signed by all the doctors, is in print. Dr. Mitchell lived down to my day, and though unfortunately I cannot from my own memory give any record of his conversation, if my elders were to be believed, he had many strange things to tell about this, the most exciting of his *post mortem* experiences.

his treasures; although one of his best possessions, Hogarth's picture of David Garrick and his wife, had previously been sold to that excellent judge of a picture, King George the Fourth, and now hangs in a very good light in one of the galleries of Windsor Castle. Mrs. Locker persuaded her husband to part with this picture on the pretext that the portraits were so life-like "that they frightened the children." . . . The Royal Naval Gallery at Greenwich which Locker founded, is a lasting record of his services to his profession.

Frederick Locker's Mother possessed two qualities which even if they had not been her's would always have appealed to her son. First she was exceedingly good-looking. Bishop Stanley of Norwich (the Dean's father and an indefatigable correspondent) has left on record a striking testimonial to the comeliness of Mrs. Locker's children, "they are quite beautiful, and their manners like their countenances. In a week I should have loved them like my own." But Frederick, though not I hope untouched by this tribute, which indeed he quotes, finds it hard to forgive the good Bishop for not dwelling with at least equal rapture upon the good looks of Mrs. Locker. "I wonder," he adds half reproachfully, "the Bishop did not remark on my mother's good looks." The second quality was her innate merriment of heart that prevailed over the tragedy of life. "She had a delightful laugh, and was as merry as a grig—an innocent Bohemian—with a curious little vein of cynicism in her nature which gave it a delightful flavour."

Yet, if you are born a critic of books, pictures or women,

even your mother cannot wholly escape you, abhorrent as it may be. The son with his inborn perceptions, could not but perceive that this most delightful of mothers, was apt at times to fall under the influence of vulgar intrusionists, of vastly inferior intelligence to her own, and he attributed the long series of tenth-rate "educational establishments," where he was condemned to spend so many of the shivery and sensitive days of his childhood to these obnoxious, and wholly extraneous influences. Of these miserable school days he says quite enough in "My Confidences."

Another influence that grievously affected him in early life, and left scars behind, came from a certain theological atmosphere prevailing for a time in the Hospital.

His mother does not seem to have carried away from either her father's Library or the Epsom pulpit, the notes of old Mr. Boucher's "non-juring" Theology, which though not likely to be attractive to a lively girl, would have been better both for her head and heart than the factitious phraseology and "pet texts" of an Evangelicalism already becoming debased.

"I have said that as a child I suffered from religious tremors. It was about this time that I was more acutely persecuted by them. Thanks to early teaching and a constitutional melancholy, I was deeply impressed with a sense of my extreme wickedness and utterly lost condition, and as, alack! I have never done anything to justify a change of opinion, the impression has never left me, and I fear never will. The

Biblical discussions at Wight's founded on the works of 'blind' Frere, H. Raikes, Cooper ('Crisis'), etc., made my hair stand on end. It was the same, yet different, with the creed and controversy of St. Athanasius, I listened and trembled, the Christian Religion as usually taught is a cruel religion."

Nor did it make things any better when his mother *after* the children had grown up, threw overboard this Evangelicalism (though I dislike having to use a word which properly employed, describes what lies at the root of the Christian Creed) and became so much of an Universalist as to be able to include in the wide sweep of her goodwill, Lord Hertford—the typical wicked nobleman of that era. I understand that Mrs. Sherwood, the terror-inspiring authoress of "The Fairchild Family," underwent the same "conversion" in her later days.

Children vary so much in temperament that it is well to be reminded how sensitive are some small creatures. There are others, no doubt, tough little varlets, who remain wholly unaffected by these dark sayings and gloomy forebodings, and may be warranted to make even the corridors of Hell ring with their merriment and childish glee.

"My dear father and mother! I am cut to the heart when, through these long, dim years, I again seem to see your kind faces, and think of your great virtues, your much affection, your manifold chagrins, your heavy sorrows, your tragical afflictions, and then of the small comfort I must have been to you.

"I wish I could see you, were it only to say one word, and to kiss your poor faces. Troubles came upon you, the income diminished, health failed, and your children, if not a sorrow, were a burden. I fear I was a disappointment to you. You both died in peace. But the end must be tragical, whatever gay comedy there may have been in the first flush of life. Age came, and sickness—twilight, and the inevitable night. We must all cross the black river with the languid wave; we must all die, we must all die alone! My dear father was so high-minded, so able, so upright. My dear mother was so devout, so unselfish, so dear. As I write their clear voices seem to ring out of the silence of the past, but it is too late. I was often graceless in spirit, if not in manner and behaviour; now it is too late, too late," and he adds, characteristically, misquoting Shakespeare—"But things past redress are *not* with me past care."[1]

Now that it has come to the crucial point of beginning the Portrait, it seems more respectful to refer any reader who has got so far, to the FIVE BOOKS: from whence, if they are of those who enjoy fine touches, subtle innuendoes, whispered asides, trivialities, and what Dr. Donne calls "unconvincing things," they will be able to make out a better picture for themselves than anything I can do.

Locker's school-days were not happy ones. His first "big" school was at Greenwich, and in 1834 was kept by a grandson

[1] Shakespeare in "Richard II," act ii, sc. 3, makes the Duke of York say:
"Things past redress are *now* with me past care."

of the father of "Evelina." Had it been kept by Mr. Creakle the small boy could not have been more miserable. After a year of Dr. Burney's establishment Locker was removed to Blackheath to a seminary recommended to his father by a man well read in the Middle Ages, the celebrated Henry Hallam, who, however, knew no more about the particular subject he was dealing with than the fact that a friend of his son had recently been appointed its Principal. Here with his mother's aid Frederick did at least begin to write English verses.

Before these two "big" schools Locker suffered many injuries in "little" ones.

In those days—the "Thirties," and in certain circles, careful and religious parents were strangely indifferent, or at all events, incurious, as to the places of early education they chose for their beloved children. A few chance words, idly spoken without knowledge, about kind treatment, home influences, and a religious atmosphere, often ushered timid, shivering children into veritable infernos. Whenever over-disposed to emotional language, some passage in Carlyle usually affords me relief: "Unspeakable is the damage and defilement I got out of those coarse unguided tyrannous cubs. . . . One way and another I had never been so wretched as here in that school, and the first two years of my time in it still count among the most miserable of my life. Academia! High School Instructors of Youth! oh! unspeakable" (Froude's "Life," vol. i, p. 17).

Locker was not a boy who took kindly to the "grand old

fortifying curriculum"—and was a good bit of a dunce, consequently his elders, though not much in that line themselves, decreed that "Business" was his best chance, and so it came about that the first "sales" Locker ever attended were not of Elizabethans at Sotheby's but of Indigo and Cochineal and Shellac in Mincing Lane.

Mincing Lane in 1837, the year of Pickwick, had its humours, but as a means of livelihood for this particular young man, it was found to be a failure, nor was anything even in the nature of a career discovered for Locker until 1841 when Lord Minto procured for him a temporary clerkship in Somerset House, from which haunt of honest and avowed poverty he was a year later transferred to the Admiralty in Whitehall and placed as a junior in the then First Lord's office (Lord Haddington) and in daily communication with that amiable peer and his private secretary. This was the first piece of good luck that had come Locker's way, and though it would be untrue to say positively that the Author of "London Lyrics" ever came to possess "the departmental mind" he wrote a beautiful and extremely legible hand, could amuse his easily-amused chief with rhyming epistles on the occurrences of official life, was neat in his handling of papers, and finally could make "extracts" from anything, as well as the most slavish quill-driver within a mile of the Abbey.

In these days he was a great dandy and a "graceless junior" with no respect for Chief Clerks though with a keen eye for their manifold absurdities. Whilst Locker was a clerk

in the Admiralty, Trollope was a clerk in the Post Office, and it is amusing to compare "My Confidences" with Trollope's "Autobiography," and with the earliest of Trollope's masterpieces, "The Three Clerks."

Locker's description of Lieutenant Squib, R.N., would have delighted Trollope.

Trollope and Locker were excellent friends and exchanged many letters, particularly when the former's somewhat furious temper had got him into a quarrel from which his kind heart longed to be extricated, but only on the condition precedent, that he was not called upon to apologize.

After some time in Lord Haddington's room, the rules of seniority required Locker to go back to a Department in the Admiralty—the department in his case being the Pension Department where, he says "the work was regulated by precedent," I think I know what those words mean.

In 1849 the hag dyspepsia took possession of his being and he writhed in her accursed embraces. He lived, he says, "in that worst of prisons, the dungeon of myself," and his daily prayer was *libera me ab homine malo, a meipso.*

He was soon to be released from this intense misery, though never cured of the complaint.

In May 1849, he obtained leave of absence, went to Paris, and having renewed an acquaintance with Lady Charlotte Bruce, in the Rue de Varennes, was married to her in July in the following year.

This union, which brought with it much happiness, con-

My daughter, Nelly Locker, begs
You'll make allowance for her legs;
I mean the mode in which they're clad.
The limbs themselves are not so bad.

We went to visit, years ago,
Our kind de Bourkes, at Bois Renaud,
Where skies are blue & woods are charming,
And flowers abound, – but snakes are swarming.

Here's Nel in sash & muslin sleeves,
Berretta red & leather greaves,
Thus Madame draped the legs you see,
And thus she pictured them for me

tinued until 1872 when Lady Charlotte died. There was one child of this marriage, Eleanor Locker, who in the events which have happened, became my wife in 1888 and died on the 10th of March 1915.

Lady Charlotte Locker may not have had the good looks of her husband's mother, but she possessed qualities which no one could possibly have appreciated better or enjoyed more than he, and among them, was one over which to the end of his days he never ceased, almost voluptuously, to linger—the gift of gentle repartee. He doted on her wit and treasured in his memory countless examples of it.

"The garment of piety did not obscure the vesture of daily life, for she walked gaily among us, the unassuming servant of God. Her conversation was a human delight, her extreme lovableness, a perpetual surprise. She never forgot those who had depended upon her, and all such instinctively felt she was their friend as well as the friend of human nature. Hers was the memory of the heart."

Lady Charlotte's two sisters and their mother, Lady Elgin, entered with her into her husband's life. Augusta Bruce became as, what is called the world, once well knew, the wife of Dean Stanley, and for many years the Westminster Deanery was a very dear place to Mr. Locker and his solitary child.

Augusta Stanley, though, as the Dean was fond of quoting,

> Whene'er she chose to sport and play
> No dolphin ever was so gay
> Upon the tropic sea,

had been bred at Court, where she had learnt the discretionary arts, and knew how and when to suppress herself. To a lover of free discourse, any suppression dictated by discretion, is tiresome—but who will say that discretion was not a virtue in the Deanery, where her brave little husband, notwithstanding the Articles he had signed, and the Creeds he loved to recite, ever displayed so unflinching a love of Freedom of Thought within the Church of England, and was indeed so "bonny a fighter," as sometimes to create the impression that he took greater pleasure in a contest over the Faith than in the beatitude of possessing one of his own. He was a gallant and fearless man, and an "eminent Victorian" if ever there was one.

The two brothers-in-law became very attached, though the Dean did not know one bit of porcelain from another, and died (quite cheerfully) in the conviction that on the whole Southey was preferable to Burns, and Scott to Wordsworth.[1] On the other hand, Locker was never deeply interested in either the Jewish or the Eastern Church—but apparently this did not matter.

Lady Frances Baillie, the third sister, who long survived the other two, and was the most maternal of aunts, shared in

[1] The dying Dean might have justified one of these preferences by quoting Landor's lines written on a fly-leaf in Scott's poems:

> "Ye who have lungs to mount the Muse's hill,
> Here slake your thirst aside their liveliest rill:
> Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping hot,
> Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott."

an eminent measure the family characteristics, and chief among them was an unwavering loyalty—first to their Sovereign Lady the Queen, second to their very numerous blood relations, and last, but by no means least, to their friends, amongst whom they were always ready to include the friends of their relations.

After marriage a man's prior tastes either develop or disappear. Locker's inherited taste for "collecting" developed, and assuming the shape of a desire to make his and his wife's abode at once habitable and interesting, it was not very long before the small rooms in Chester Street were full of "things," furniture, porcelain, and curios, which plainly revealed the collector born and bred—but a collector on his own account, in his own way, whose appetite was small (as befitted his purse), whose energy, in pursuit of what he wanted was unresting, and whose determination to get it was strong and abiding. Maxims are, I know, fallacious things, the whole truth about anything never submitting to such compression even by the wisest; but the maxim to be found in almost all the Western languages, that men get the thing on which they have *really* set their hearts, does seem to chime with human experience. As a collector, Locker, though not a man of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows," certainly succeeded on his own lines; and as "collector's books," both "My Confidences" and "Patchwork" may be recommended to those mortals who being only half-bitten with the collector's craze are able to enjoy marking its devastation on

others. As a rule collectors are not a little tiresome, a social fact that did not escape Locker's keen vision, but it is only doing them bare justice to add that they are usually so much occupied in gratifying their lust for acquisitiveness that they seldom rush into print, and though, if their taste runs in that direction, they buy books over your head, they do not compete with you in making them.

After furniture and porcelain had either run their course, or become impossible in price, drawings by the Old Masters and sixteenth-century prints came along, and finally books—little books of poetry and the drama from 1590 to 1610—the later date being extended, somewhat indefinitely as time went on. In the days of which I am writing, "Book prices current" were not in every shop, and courage and patience and shoe-leather, even if unaccompanied by much money, did not go without their due reward.

How easy, yet how heartless it is, to shut up within the narrow bounds of a few sentences a whole life-time; whether it be at the Bar, or in the Senate, in Science or in Medicine, whether the life of a Scholar, or a Traveller or a Thinker, or a Collector of Books!

The Catalogue of the Rowfant Library, now itself a scarce book, is no doubt better reading than would be old Briefs, or Hansard, or clinical notes, or corrected proofs, yet no one who turns its pages, even with the trained, I will not add the malignant eye of a rival, can hope to recall the fierce emotions of the chase.

I doubt very much whether there are in English three books which better consecrate the virtuoso's whim or transmit its fleeting charm than "My Confidences," "Patchwork," and the "Rowfant Catalogue."

If so, they should be cherished.

I have already hinted that virtuosos and antiquaries are apt to be dull and "out of drawing," while writers about rare books are only too frequently false and pretentious, boasting a familiarity they do not always possess, in a spirit of a sham enthusiasm, wholly alien to the true spirit of bookishness, which is a low-toned, well-bred, and quiet spirit, ever averse to the loud cries of the market-place. Had Sir Walter Scott not been caught up in the machinery of his great Novel Manufactory, he could have embellished this subject with knowledge and with sense, and with a humour that was never so happy or so entirely at ease as when poking fun at himself and his hobbies.[1]

Failing Sir Walter Scott, I recommend Locker.

We are not told much in "My Confidences" as to what led up to Locker's first appearance as the poet of "London Lyrics," a slender volume which made its small voice heard in 1857, being then published by Chapman and Hall, prettily

[1] I never read the catalogues
Of rubbish that come thick as rooks,
But most I loathe the dreary dogs
That write in prose, or worse, on books.
(A. LANG, "New Collected Rhymes," 1905, p. 60,
but read the last stanza.)

embellished with a frontispiece by the author's friend, George Cruikshank, "Building Castles in the Air." The poet tells us how uncomfortable he felt when for the first time he saw a copy exposed for sale in Piccadilly. Who can wonder! Authors are proverbially reported to be unduly sensitive, but the fact that they can bring themselves to become authors at all argues quite the opposite. And of verses too!

Of the tiny crew that helped to put the volume of 1857 out upon the restless tide of Piccadilly, some of its members have disappeared, slipped overboard I suppose, for they are not all to be found in the many subsequent editions of "London Lyrics," though it does not do to be too confident even of this, for some of these "men overboard" have the trick of turning up once again, and again disappearing. I do not think Locker ever quite forgot any of his verses, though incapable of mentioning them in company. "Piccadilly," "The Pilgrim of Pall Mall," "Bramble Rise," and "The Widow's Mite" are always among the survivors. I will gratify my own taste by reprinting the last named:

THE WIDOW'S MITE

St. Mark's Gospel, chap. xii, verses 42, 43, 44

The widow had but only one,
A puny and decrepit son;
    But day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak, and small
A loving child, he was her all—
    The widow's Mite.

The widow's might—yes! so sustain'd
She battled onward, nor complain'd
    Though friends were fewer:
And, cheerful at her daily care,
A little crutch upon the stair
    Was music to her.

I saw her then, and now I see,
Though cheerful, and resign'd, still she
    Has sorrow'd much:
She has—He gave it tenderly—
Much faith—and carefully laid by
    A little crutch.

To this I will add, for my own reasons, some verses in a characteristic style, and written later:

GERALDINE

This simple Child has claims
On your sentiment, her name 's
    Geraldine.
Be tender—but beware,—
She's frolicsome as fair,
    And fifteen.

She has gifts that have not cloyed,
For these gifts she has employed,
    And improved:
She has bliss which lives and leans
Upon loving—and that means
    She is loved.

She has grace. A grace refined
By sweet harmony of mind,
    And the Art,
And the blessed Nature, too,
Of a tender and a true
    Little heart—
. . . . .

The spells that move her soul
Are subtle—sad or droll:
She can show
That virtuoso whim
Which consecrates our dim
Long-ago.

A love that is not sham
For Stothard, Blake, and Lamb;
And I've known
Cordelia's sad eyes
Cause angel-tears to rise
In her own.

Her gentle spirit yearns
When she reads of Robin Burns:—
Luckless bard!
Had she blossom'd in thy time,
Oh, how rare had been the rhyme
—And reward!

Thrice happy then is he
Who, planting such a Tree,
Sees it bloom
To shelter him; indeed
We have sorrow as we speed
To our doom!

I'm happy, having grown
Such a Sapling of my own;
And I crave
No garland for my brows
But peace beneath its boughs
To the grave.

Thackeray, for whom and for whose daughters Locker ever entertained a most tender affection, took pleasure, as be-

fitted so famous a sentimentalist, in "London Lyrics," and when the "Cornhill" appeared in 1860 the Author was asked to become an occasional contributor of occasional verse, and we are told that when Thackeray's daughters ran along to Chester Street, bearing in their arms—no heavy burden—the proof sheets of "On a Human Skull," the flood of author's ecstasy arose to the highest watermark it was ever destined to do in the writer's breast.

Locker loved poetry as few men have ever done, but his power of assimilation was, he tells us, feeble, so that a little went a long way. He remained quietly indifferent to some very famous poems, but *per contra* was stirred to his depths by many verses "not generally known." Voracity, either as a collector or reader, was beyond his powers. Violence of thought or language repelled him. He placed lucidity perhaps too high amongst poetical values, at all events no one could place it higher than he did. Though not averse to a playful impropriety, for blasphemy he had no turn. None the less, poetry of the kind he loved, was the solace of his life, and he knew well enough, he had longed to be a poet, though fully alive to all the perils of that enterprise.

Old books, Titian drawings, "Frail vases from remote Cathay," Urbino and Gubbio ware, rare engravings ("The Milk Pails," 1st State), "The Rat Killer" ("with plenty of blurr"); all these were as dust in the balance, compared with the poetry he loved.

Mr. Locker, after his marriage, though retaining his place

in the Pension Department of the Admiralty, was able to pay annual visits to his mother-in-law, Lady Elgin, who had her quarters in Paris in the Rue de Lille, and also to spend three winters in Rome, that old Rome so dear to the soul of the saunterer on palace steps.

"We spent three delightful winters in Rome, arriving at the Piazza di Spagna, No. 31, on 29th December, 1861; at No. 103, Via de' due Macelli on 17th December, 1862; and lastly, at No. 43, Via di Leone (I specify it all with amorous precision), on 17th November, 1866.

"Changed as I hear Rome now is—the Papal Principality shrunk to Vatican and garden—I presume it still possesses its leaping fountains, its ruined temples and shattered porticos, the weird desolation of the Campagna, the scattered tombs, the stretch of Claudian aqueduct, the baths of Caracalla thick with ilex and myrtle, the Colosseum, and the Basilica of St. Peter. I recall the musical functions at the Gesù, the Masses of Pier-Luigi da Palestrina, the Corso de' Barberi, the startling pastime of 'morra,' the 'novena' of the Pifferari; also the much garlic and little soap of the noisy Piazza Novona. Eleanor still has the blue majolica plate that I bought of Saturnino Innocenti, and which Mr. Gladstone greatly admired. But, body of Bacchus! where are Padre Garrucci and his *sozio*; Beppo of the Spanish Steps; Nabucco, our cook (a sort of Leporello—fancy having a cook called Nebuchadnezzar!); and, above all, where is the needlewoman, Lucia Fedeli, Lucia *del biondo crin*? Rome is more agreeably

to be remembered by its Campagna than its cookery, by its women than its wine."

In Paris Locker made many French acquaintances. Foreign names always sound more imposing than our own. It is hard not to believe in Viollet-le-duc until we have seen his restorations. Locker's list still commands respect, and is by no means very dreary. But in conversation with him on this subject, you quickly noticed that he was suffering from a gnawing regret, and that there was a snake in the flowering grasses of his memory. He had called upon Paul de Kock, but had forgotten Heine! He tries to cover this up, though his truthfulness extracts from him the admission, "The people I should have best liked to know—namely, Balzac, Béranger, Musset, A. Dumas, G. Sand, and Heine—I did not even see"; but in talk it was impossible for him not to contrast the unseen with the seen, the visited with the unvisited—and though amongst the former were included V. Hugo, Prosper Mérimée, Tocqueville, Saint-Beuve, Montalembert, Renan, and Turgénieff—still, in his view at all events, amongst the crowd of men *alors célébre*, he had missed the Immortals.[1] Notwithstanding all this, his note on his visit to the miserable Paul is amusing enough.

"To-day, much to Charlotte's amusement, I called on Paul de Kock, 8, Boul. St.-Martin. He received me very

[1] "I never saw Burns. I was within thirty miles of Dumfries when he was living there, and yet I did not go to visit him; which I have regretted ever since." (Rogers' "Table Talk," p. 47.)

amiably in a small inner room containing his bed, a rather untidy washing apparatus, and the remains of his breakfast. I told him that a sense of gratitude for the extreme pleasure his works had given me was the spring of my visit; that I believed His Holiness Pope Gregory and myself were his two most enthusiastic admirers. This pleased him. He is a plump little man, with a small moustache and humorous expression. His walls were covered with rows of his own blessed works. These appeared to be his only books—in fact, there was no room for anybody else's. He pointed out their large number with satisfaction, and gave me one of his songs in autograph. Though he said nothing that was specially interesting, I was much pleased with my visit; on parting we cordially shook hands, and he invited me to his house at Romainville."

As against this melancholy occurrence, it is fair to record a visit to Landor in the Villa Gherardesca, Florence.

"I paid only one visit, and this was a 'quattr' occhi.' I found him reading a Waverley novel, and congratulated him on having so pleasant a companion in his retirement. 'Yes,' said he, with a winning dignity, 'and there is another novelist whom I equally admire, my old friend (G. P. R.) James.' In the course of conversation he placed Southey on a level with Wordsworth. He was interesting about Addison. He said that an engaging simplicity shone through all that he wrote; that there was coyness in his style, the archness and shyness of a graceful and beautiful girl. This struck me as delightful criticism, and I felt glad that I had come to see Landor.

Landor's face put me in mind of the portraits of Hogarth. He had a diabolical laugh—a prolonged mockery, with apparently no heart or happiness in it, and when you thought he had done he went on and on; perhaps his extreme age was the cause of its prolongation, but not of its *timbre*. He gave me an *aperçu* of his views on art, politics, and literature."

Of all the vain pursuits of men, that of hunting "celebrities" to their lairs, is the most disappointing. Very often it is not even a healthy pursuit. Though Locker's endless curiosity led him occasionally to join the hunt, his ironical humour and critical faculty prevented it from doing him serious injury.

A considerable part during this period of Locker's life was played by his mother-in-law, Lady Elgin, a charming lady both of *esprit* and reading, whose rooms in the Rue de Lille were much frequented by her friends, and those of her neighbours in the Rue de Bac, M. and Mme. Mohl. Browning, who like Locker's father, expanded in the society of elderly ladies, was often to be found in the Rue de Lille reading poetry (not his own) to a very appreciative listener. But here I can only introduce her as the subject of a story which is so much in Locker's style that it may serve as a single example of the very miscellaneous stories exhibited in "Patchwork," although it is to be found in "My Confidences."[1]

"Elizabeth, Countess of Elgin, was my mother-in-law.

[1] "My Guardian Angel" is perhaps the best example of Locker's gift of story-telling. See "Patchwork," p. 47.

She was gifted, had many virtues and a few oddities. She had a passion for cold air.

"In 1850, not very long after my marriage, she honoured me with a visit at 19 Chester Street. You know that through all my life I have been more or less of a valetudinarian, a shivery animal. I have also been a person of gentle manners. Well, one unlucky winter afternoon, on returning from the Admiralty, I found my home desolate—cold, empty, and comfortless; the drawing-room was nearly pitch-dark and very cheerless, for the fire had been allowed to go out, and though the curtains were drawn, a window was wide open. All this depressed me and constrained me to heave a wholly languid and only half-audible malediction. I had an unlighted flat candlestick in my hand, and my first act was to drop out the candle. This produced another, a more audible imprecation. I rapped out a good round oath—an oath as round as possible. However, having picked up and replaced the candle, I continued to grope my way to the writing-table for a match; but in doing so I stumbled badly over an abominable footstool and dropped candlestick, candle, and extinguisher with a clatter on the carpet. This completely demoralized me. I broke into a storm of execration long, deep, and prolonged, but not launched at anything in particular. I again essayed to find the table, but, stretching forth my hand in the darkness, I laid it, not on the lucifers, but—can you conceive it?—on the upturned face of my respected mother-in-law, who all this time had been lying prostrate on the sofa. I do not know if she had been asleep—

that I shall never know—but I should think not, for she said, in the most wide-awake, mellifluous tones of her very pleasing voice, 'Is that you, dear Mr. Locker?' This was all she said; she *never* said anything more. Heaven bless her!"

Life, which in this respect, as indeed in many others, is quite unlike Biography, is not a series of episodes, or of sentimental adventures, or of descriptive scenes, or even the drudgery of daily existence, but consists in *the passage of Time*; that "wildish destiny" of perpetually stepping towards the westering sun. To describe the passage of time, to record the changes wrought by the chiming hours, is beyond the reach of the artist in words, and it is but seldom that even the artist in colours can catch the evanescent expression which as we gaze appears about to change, though it is noticeable, as Mr. Locker frequently observed, in the pictures of Hals and Hogarth.

For more than twenty years the household in Chester Street, Chesham Place, Victoria Street, was a party of three, father, mother, and daughter, the last growing up a solitary child in an atmosphere of books and bindings—Stothard's and Chodiowecki's, and for some time preferable to all—live pets, selected from an unusually large area of choice, and led a town life varied by visits, not always found intensely interesting, to northern relatives, and by educational pursuits in France and Germany. There was also constant and pleasant intercourse with the Deanery at Westminster Abbey, though there, the Dean's fervent faith in the plenary inspiration of Sir Walter

Scott, and his conviction that every girl, worth her salt, had *all* the Waverley Novels by heart, was not a little alarming.

There was one trouble over which Mr. Locker never grudged toil or time, and that was in the selection and bestowal of gifts on those whom he loved or liked, or who stood in need or recognition. On this matter his ingenuity was so remarkable as sometimes to lead the recipients to overlook the generosity and to attribute the gift to the pleasure it gave the giver. Naturally the daughter, who early shared her father's tastes—without imposing any particular restrictions upon others of her own—became the small owner of many pretty things. In later years any intimate friend of hers could hardly escape wondering, for example, how she came to possess quite so many books of poetry and prose, all exquisitely bound, and in very early issues, which appeared to have been presented to her by their authors, with suitable inscriptions on one or another of their numerous fly-leaves. Not indeed that it occurred to any of us as odd that so delectable a person should in her childhood have received beautiful gifts, but that authors and poets, some old and crusty, others lazy and self-absorbed, should have been at the pains of procuring editions of their works long out of print, and causing them to be bound in a taste beyond their own, and then of inscribing and presenting them as they did, could not but strike you as a little out of the way. Suspicion once aroused, the secret could no longer be kept from any one persistently curious. These were no author's gifts, but a father's. He it was who procured them, and

caused them to be bound, and it was he who, producing them at the right moments out of his pocket, obtained, if he did not suggest, the delicately-worded inscriptions. Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, George Eliot, Rossetti, William Morris, Arnold and Swinburne were only some of these "donors."

Another device he practised was to copy out in his own clear hand, on loose sheets, his daughter's favourite poems; and then to have the leaves stitched together and clad in red morocco; and if any of the authors had the luck to be alive, to get them to add their names at the foot of their verses. Presents of this kind may have the savour of the collector about them—and why not? It is a pleasant savour, and still lingers.

This small household was broken up in 1872 by the death of Lady Charlotte Locker.

We seldom study closely the psychology of our friends, being for the most part content to take what may be called a "bird's-eye" view of them, and there is strangely little speculation in the eye of a bird.

When it was discovered, towards the end of 1873, that Locker contemplated a second marriage, there was some flutter in the Deanery and other places which had not yet been disorganized. There was nothing to be surprised about. Mr. Locker's chronic complaint was low spirits, or to refine a little on that phrase, an inborn depression of spirit. He could never shake it off, and thought all he had done, however well done, was contemptible, and all he was, insignificant.

Lord Morley in the course of a searching criticism of that fascinating book, Mark Pattison's "Memoirs," quotes D'Alembert as saying that low spirits are only a particular name for the mood in which we see our aims and acts for what they really are.

Locker was not only a man of low spirits—but was, by the calibre of his mind, cut off from fecundity as an author. His output was of necessity doomed to be both small and slight, and of that power, gift I will not call it, of exuberant expatiation on the output of others, he was entirely destitute. He could appreciate, but not expatiate. A remark of La Bruyère's was often on his lips "Nobody regrets having said too little." [1]

But it is no cure for low spirits—indeed, according to D'Alembert, it is the cause of them, to recognize that all you can do, however well done, is very little.

And Locker was not only depressed in spirits—but he was very restless in body, and so needed to be tethered somewhere.

When therefore he made up his mind to marry, if he could, a lady much younger than himself, who was always and everywhere in the best of all possible spirits, and who likewise possessed most unmistakably that quality of *goodness* without

[1] La Bruyère's remark may contain good advice for Frenchmen but hardly for Englishmen and Scotsmen, whose bitterest stabs of memory are too often occasioned by the recollections of tongue-tied silences on wrong occasions.

THE ROWFANT QUARTOS

DEDICATED TO
GODFREY, DOROTHY, OLIVER & MAUD
CHILDREN OF FREDERICK LOCKER ESQ.

Illustrations from "Little Ann" by Kate Greenaway
by arrangement with F. Warne & Co., Ltd.

which no woman, however attractive or well-to-do, could have been otherwise than most unpleasing to him, he was obeying a wise instinct of his nature; and though some of his friends, "in the fancy line," may have wondered, their wonder was foolish, for it was wisely done.

The chapter entitled "Silvio's Complaint" in "My Confidences" throws light on some aspects of this new life. It is a remarkable chapter.

The latter part of Locker's life was spent amidst the larches of Rowfant, as the earlier had been near the not inferior sylvan scenery of Greenwich Park. Some of his town friends, because he had written pretty lines about Piccadilly, Pall Mall and St. James Street, and was the author of "London Lyrics," would have it that he was a banished courtier, who, like the melancholy Jacques in the Forest, "moralized the spectacle" under the greenwood tree, without enjoying it. There is no reason to believe that these friends were right. The sweetest poet of "greenery" that ever sang in England was Andrew Marvell, a townsman of Hull, and a member of Parliament to boot.

Rowfant became a happy home, and Locker, who though now an elderly father, was none the less, perhaps all the more a deeply interested one, and he watched the dispositions of the four children who were soon, for there were twins amongst them, gathered round him, with the unflagging interest and keen eye of the collector. Had they been Shakespearean quartos, they could not have been, though all unconscious of

it, more carefully measured, as to margins, or collated as to contents.

It was a cheerful house and made a great deal of noise, and noise was what Locker hated most. Yet once, when louder yells than usual forced my fingers to my ears, he gently reproved my impatience by remarking, "what a terrible thing it would be if I had four young children who made *no* noise."

A critic in every fibre, he could not fail to criticize his own children and even his compliments were sometimes inextricably entangled with his criticisms. My sister having once asked him how the four children were getting along, he replied with the gravest of faces, and as if pondering deeply: "I think Godfrey is, perhaps, the least stupid, and I cannot bring myself to believe that Dorothy will ever be vicious. Oliver will, I expect, always find some people to think him attractive, whilst I feel quite certain that Maud will never be really plain."

I do not think it can be confidently asserted that marked similarities of tastes when fully developed in sensitive persons flourish prosperously side by side. Possibly the best cement for a household is made up of community of sentiment, differences of opinion and dissimilarity of tastes.

Locker got on extraordinarily well with his new father-in-law, Sir Curtis Lampson, a Vermonter by birth, who came over to England as a very young man, and became naturalized and remained here for the rest of his days. He owed his title to his being concerned with the First Atlantic Cable. Like his daughter Jane, he was cheerful at all costs, and in

all circumstances. He might have found it difficult to recognize at first sight the differences between an Aldine and a Caxton, but in the intervals of the business of the Hudson Bay Company, he bred Shorthorns at Rowfant, and when his pet bull died suddenly (as such costly beasts will) he neither invoked the Muses, nor cursed the nature of things, but at once began looking about for another bull. This manly fortitude, when combined with simplicity of character and the sternest uprightness in behaviour, was exceedingly agreeable to the new son-in-law, who could not but contrast the pagan stoicism of Sir Curtis Lampson over the death of the bull with the fevered dream which (so he alleged) often visited his own couch and exhibited to him, one after another, all his title pages in *facsimile*.

However it happened, the two got on together famously well for eleven years; and when Sir Curtis died in 1885, Locker, his wife and young children, under the terms of a settlement made after the births of the latter, took possession of Rowfant; and short-lived bulls gave place to old books, and the name of Lampson was added to that of Locker.

In the meantime the elder daughter had married Lionel Tennyson, the second son of the Poet Laureate.

The Rowfant days are still happy, but with a difference. Godfrey, Dorothy, and Maud are married, and have children of their own who never terrify their parents by their silence, and though Oliver is not married he has had other adventures in Russia during the War, and has not yet found time to write

the life of his great grandfather, the Vicar of Epsom, who in his day also witnessed a Revolution mighty in its far-reaching consequences.

Mr. Locker died at Rowfant on the 30th of May 1895, and was buried in Worth Churchyard. His ever cheerful wife followed him in 1915 to the same resting place, removed suddenly in the full swing of her beneficence, to the sorrow of all who knew her best, and to the abiding grief of her children, for whom she would at any time have cut both herself and her principles into pieces.

After Mr. Locker's death many kindly notices of him appeared in print, but it has always been my opinion that failing a Boswell or an honest Autobiography (such as "My Confidences") there is nothing better, as a transmitter of personality from one generation to the next, than a spiteful account given by some one who did not like the personality he was describing.

Spitefulness in Literature has never had full justice done to it. We owe it much.

I have only come across one spiteful account of Mr. Locker, which I have just re-read with—I feel bound to add—gratitude, so vividly does it recall to me the image of the man I loved. If we were all wise, and yet not so wise as to wish to be entirely forgotten, we would prefer to be described by a spiteful pen than to be praised, usually for the wrong things, by the blunted faculties of those friends who think they have a turn for obituary notices.

The book which contains this spiteful account of Mr. Locker, is an interesting, though badly constructed one, put together by the younger William Hazlitt, the grandson of the resplendent Essayist who has made the name famous, and the son of an old Commissioner in Bankruptcy whom I remember sitting in a dusty den in the purlieus of Lincoln's Inn—and whenever I thought of his father, a "gusto" was imparted to proceedings in Bankruptcy.[1]

I must not of course sully my pages with the whole of this account, although could Mr. Locker read it *in extenso*, it would, I know, give him the utmost pleasure, and extract many humorous comments.

Here follow one or two little bits:

"Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, always struck me as a droll figure—his main title to notice was that he did in *vers de société*—some very clever and pretty things, but assuredly no poetry. Like Tennyson he was destitute of humour, but of course he lacked Tennyson's power.

* * * *

"It was one of the most grotesque sights possible to see

[1] There were two other officials in those happy days spent so long ago in Lincoln's Inn, on whom I gazed with an interest I could never bring myself to do upon Lord Justices or Vice-Chancellors. One was Mr. Registrar Ward, the son of Nelson's Horatia, who though not romantic to look upon, brought a whiff of Trafalgar even into Malins' Court; the other was Mr. Registrar Disraeli, the son of "The Curiosities of Literature," and the brother of the author of "Sybil."

him, as I did one day, arrive in a high-pitched chariot at Coutts, with some of his belongings. He was packed up on a seat which placed him on a level with the top of an omnibus or a hay cart, and his expression and air were ludicrously coxcombical." (I wish I had seen this.)

"But it was when I had occasion to call at his residence one evening and he was in full dress, that I was most amused. I had met him in town just before in a stupendous fur coat, in which he might have passed for a man of fifteen stone, and in his swallow-tails with his attenuated frame and wizen face, you felt as if you could lift him with one hand."

* * * *

"He honoured me by sending me a volume called 'Patchwork,' published in 1879, but he did not mention that it was on the exact lines of one edited by myself a few years before. He might be supposed not to be aware of it. We moved in such different circles."

* * * *

"Locker also gave me a copy of his 'London Lyrics,' with a request that I would send him a written opinion of it. I did so with a certain difficulty, as in a budget of *vers de société*, not of the highest class, one scarcely knew what to say. I have not looked into the book for years; it left on my mind—the same fault which the writer displayed as a collector—an absence of breadth and strength. I remember that Locker characteristically asked me to call for the little volume at a wine shop in Piccadilly in which he had an interest.

"Locker in his parsimonious ways curiously resembled his relative by marriage the late Poet Laureate. I met him in the Strand, shortly after his accession to Rowfant and complimented him. He looked rather grave, and said, 'Ah! yes, but it is terrible to think of the expense I have to incur for repairs.'"

* * * *

"He was very manneristic in the way in which he approached you as an applicant for information on bibliographical matters. He assumed an air of bland and almost infantile simplicity, and was apt to draw you out, unless you were on your guard."

* * * *

"He was a very poor and injudicious buyer. He selected, it is true, for the reputation rather than the rarity, and was so far wise. His collection was formed without any particular method, and its importance has been greatly over-rated. *Most of his rarest books are miserable copies.*" (Spitefulness here degenerates into falsehood. At the most there were not more than four or five of the Rowfant books open even partially to this horrible accusation.)

* * * *

"He had agreed that if I would come to Chesham Place he would let me see a rare Elizabethan tract, but when I went everyone was out, the book was in charge of a domestic, apparently a kitchenmaid, who said I might look at it, but that I was on no account, so her master said, to take it away.

I archly feigned unawareness of this superfluous communication for the sake of the highly welcome addition to my stores, yet thinking how differently Huth would have behaved."

* * * *

"Locker was eminently a gentleman, however, and his manners were courtly yet virile."

I have given more of Hazlitt than I at first intended. "How unlike Huth" (over the formation of whose huge collection Hazlitt long presided), is the burden of the complaint. I am quite prepared to believe that Huth would never have entrusted a rare Elizabethan tract to the care of a kitchen-maid, even with the humorous injunction that "the gentleman" was on no account to take it away.

Hazlitt's "spitefulness" may be accounted for by the fact that his advice was never sought in the formation of the Rowfant Library. It is not a very bad excuse. But spitefulness though, like the onion, an excellent ingredient in a salad, must not be allowed to dominate the dish, or to have the last word in a sketch, however slight, of Mr. Locker. But how hard it is to put down in words what you liked about a man! To express your dislike is contemptibly easy. It is all the more difficult for me, because in this case I have already attempted to do it some years ago. See "A Connoisseur" in Selected Essays (Thomas Nelson and Sons).

Properly to describe Mr. Locker, you ought to be able to explain what you mean by taste. He sometimes seemed to

me to be *all* taste. Whatever subject he approached—was it the mystery of religion, or the moralities of life, a poem or a print, a bit of old china or a human being—whatever it might be, it was along the avenue of taste that he gently made his way up to it. His favourite word of commendation was "pleasing," and if he ever brought himself to say (and he was not a man who scattered his judgements, rather was he extremely reticent of them) of a man, and still more of a woman, that he or she was "unpleasing," you almost shuddered at the fierceness of the condemnation, knowing, as all Locker's intimate friends could not help doing, what the word meant to him. "Attractive" was another of his critical instruments. He meets Lord Palmerston, and does not find him "attractive" ("My Confidences," p. 155).

This is a temperament which when cultivated, as it was in Mr. Locker's case, by a life-long familiarity with beautiful things in all the arts and crafts, is apt to make its owner very susceptible to what some stirring folk may not unjustly consider the trifles of life. Sometimes Locker might seem to overlook the dominant features, the main object of the existence either of a man or of some piece of man's work, in his sensitively keen perception of the beauty, or the lapse from beauty, of some trait of character or bit of workmanship. This may have been so. Mr. Locker was more at home, more entirely his own delightful self, when he was calling your attention to some humorous touch in one of Bewick's tail-pieces, or to some plump figure in a group by his favourite Stothard, than when

handling a Michael Angelo drawing, or an amazing Blake. Yet, had it been his humour, he could have played the showman to Michael Angelo and Blake at least as well as to Bewick, Stothard, or Chodowiecki. But a modesty, marvellously mingled with irony, was of the very essence of his nature. No man expatiated less. He never expounded anything in his born days; he very soon wearied of those he called "strong" talkers. His critical method was in a conversational manner to direct your attention to something in a poem or a picture, to make a brief suggestion or two, perhaps to apply an epithet, and it was all over—but your eyes were opened. Rapture he never professed, his tones were never loud enough to express enthusiasm, but his enjoyment of what he considered good, wherever he found it—and he was regardless of the set judgements of the critics—was most intense and intimate. His feeling for anything he liked was fibrous; he clung to it. For all his rare books and prints, if he liked a thing he was very tolerant of its *format*. He would cut a drawing out of a newspaper, frame it, hang it up, and be just as tender towards it as if it were an impression with the unique *remarque*.

Spitefulness having already provided us with one picture, characteristic enough, of Mr. Locker, perched on high, taking his treasures to Coutts, affection may supply us with another of him with a nicely graduated foot-rule in his delicate hand, measuring with grave precision the height to a hair of his copy of "Robinson Cruso (1719)" for the purpose of ascertaining

whether it was taller or shorter than one vaunted for sale in a Bookseller's Catalogue just to hand. His face was a study, exhibiting alike a fixed determination to discover the exact truth about the copy, and a humorous realization of the essential triviality of the whole business.

But stronger even than his taste was his almost laborious love of kindness. He really took too much pains about it, exposing himself to rebuffs and misunderstandings; but he was not without his rewards. All down-hearted folk, sorrowful, disappointed people, the unlucky, the ill-considered, the *mésestimés*—those who found themselves condemned to discharge uncongenial duties in unsympathetic society, turned instinctively to Mr. Locker for a consolation, so softly administered that it was hard to say it was intended. He had friends everywhere, in all ranks of life, who found in him an infinity of solace, and for his friends there was nothing he would not do. It seemed as if he could not spare himself. I remember his calling at my chambers one hot day in July, when he happened to have with him some presents he was in course of delivering. Among them I noticed a bust of Voltaire and an unusually lively tortoise, generally half way out of a paper bag. Wherever he went he found occasion for kindness, and his whimsical adventures would fill a volume. I sometimes thought it would really be worth while to leave off the struggle for existence, and gently to subside into one of Lord Rowton's homes in order to have the pleasure of receiving in my new quarters a first visit from Mr. Locker. How pleasantly he

would have mounted the stair, laden with who knows what small gifts? a box of mignonette for the window-sill, an old book or two, as likely as not a live kitten, for indeed there was never an end to the variety and ingenuity of his offerings! How felicitous would have been his greeting! How cordial his compliments! How abiding the sense of his unpatronizing friendliness.

Taste and kindness, however, did not make up the whole "composition of this man."

Lately whilst turning over the pages of that interesting book by William James, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," Longmans, 1902, I found the author had placed under his microscope the following words that are to be found in the last chapter of "My Confidences."

"I am so far resigned to my lot that I feel small pain at the thought of having to part from what has been called the pleasant habit of existence, the sweet fable of life. I would not care to live my wasted life over again, and so prolong my span. Strange to say, I have but little wish to be younger. I submit with a chill at my heart. I humbly submit because it is the Divine Will and my appointed destiny. I dread the increase of infirmities that will make me a burden to those around me, those dear to me. No! let me slip away as quietly and comfortably as I can. Let the end come, if peace come with it.

* * * *

"I do not know that there is a great deal to be said for this world, or our sojourn here upon it; but it has pleased God so to place us, and it must please me also. I ask you, What is human life? Is not it a maimed happiness—care and weariness, weariness and care, with the baseless expectation, the strange cozenage of a brighter to-morrow? At best it is but a froward child, that must be played with and humoured, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

Mr. James finds the state of mind here revealed, to be tender, submissive and graceful, and one, which speaking for himself he should not object to call on the whole, a religious state of mind; yet as a collector of religious experiences he refuses to catalogue it, on the ground that it is "too insignificant for our instruction" and one "which we can perfectly afford to let go."

Whether a settled resignation to the will of God is a variety of religious experience worth recording, is no question for me in this place, and as to imparting "instruction" on so tremendous a theme to his fellow sufferers, so ambitious a thought would never have occurred to the humble-minded man, who at the close of his sensitive life penned the words quoted by Mr. James; but none the less the words were written after looking into his own heart, with a sad sincerity.

Religious and philosophical controversy or the deliberate search after truth, lie outside those minds which are wholly

intuitive. In their case assimilation must go first, and if it does, there is no great need for argument or discussion, and if it does not, there remains little to be said.

The creed of Christendom, as presented in early days to Locker's highly-strung mind and body, by his tenth-rate teachers, and even by his affectionate parents, struck a chill in his heart, and seemed to him "a cruel religion," and being temperamentally incapable of prolonged attention to mysteries, and having none of the inborn instincts of either the rebel or the slave, the creed in question remained neither assimilated nor repudiated, and he was forced to construct, as best he could, out of his affections, quick feelings, natural piety, and a most genuine humility, a shelter for himself; under the cover of which he lived out his days after a fashion which left his heart as tender as a child's: and though the life he led must, I suppose, be called that of "a man of the World" (a phrase I abominate) it was a life which though led in the world, was to an unusual degree unspoilt by it.

END OF PART I

APPENDIX

Certificate for Lieutenant Nelson 1778

These are to certify the Right Honorable Lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland that Lieutenant Horatio Nelson served on Board His Majesty's Ship Lowestoft under my Command from the 10th day of April 1777 to the 1st day of July 1778 (when he was superceeded [*sic*] by Lieutenant Cuthbert Collingwood and appointed for His Majesty's Ship Bristol) during which time he complied with the General Printed Instructions.

Given under my Hand on Board His Majesty's Ship Lowestoft Port Royal Harbour Jamaica the 1st day of July 1778.

W. Locker.

WITH one happy exception the writers of the following letters have all passed away.

I have done my best to secure the consent to publication of the authorized representatives of the writers, and in the five cases where I have not known to whom to apply for leave I hope I may be forgiven for doing what I am sure can give pain to no one.

A. B.

PART II

A SMALL SELECTION FROM LETTERS ADDRESSED TO MR. LOCKER

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859).
25th November, 1858; 27th January, 1859.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894).
3rd April, 1858; 19th November, 1862; 16th December, 1866; 14th January, 1873; 13th March, 1878.

Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892).
1st Feb., 1858; 6th August, 1869; 22nd Jan., 1872.

Robert Browning (1812-1889).
26th July, 1858; 17th June, 1866; 20th February 1874; 27th March, 1878; 18th March, 1881.

Sarianna Browning.
27th February, 1866; 7th March, 1890.

Abraham Hayward (1801-1884).
3 Dec., 1857.

W. M. Thackeray (1811-1863).
January, 1861; Feb. 11, 1861.

John Ruskin (1819-1900).
13th August, 1868; 15th March, 1869; 25th January 1870; 23rd January, 1871; 2nd May, 1873.

George Eliot (1819-1880).
23rd May, 1870; 16th December, 1871; 17th April, 1875; 7th March, 1878.

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831-1884).
14th December, 1868; 21st November, 1869; 25th March, 1872; 19th August, 1872; 6th November, 1872; 8th April, 1878; 21st February, 1884 (from Mrs. Calverley).

J. A. Froude (1818-1894).
30th August, 1889.

Matthew Arnold (1822-1880).
20th November, 1862; 4th February, 1865; 5th May, 1869; 17th April, 1876.

Rev. William Barnes (1801-1886).
25th October, 1870; 30th August, 1879.

George Cruikshank (1792-1878).
21st September, 1860; 4th August, 1863; 9th March, 1868.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870).
13th June, 1869; 17th January, 1870.

Richard Doyle (1824-1883).
1st March, 1865.

George du Maurier (1834-1896).
24th August, 1867; 27 May, 1872.

D. G. Rossetti (1828-1882).
13th August, 1868.

A. C. Swinburne (1837-1909).
17th May, 1871.

Leslie Stephen (1832-1904).
30th March, 1877.

Walt Whitman (1820-1892).
26th May, 1880.

Thomas Hardy.
2nd May, 1880.

R. S. Stevenson (1850-1894).
5th Feb., 1887.

W. E. Henley (1849-1903).
5th July, 1890.

Rev. Whitwell Elwin (1816-1900).
24th October, 1891; 23rd June, 1892; 10th March, 1893; 10th May, 1895.

LEIGH HUNT

(1784-1859)

HAMMERSMITH, *No.* 26. (1858)

DEAR SIR,

The world of verse has lately been in such an ultra-ambitious and ostentatious condition, thinking it necessary to be so excessively thinking, so imaginative, so analogical—scoring every other word, as it were in italics, and so intensifying great and small alike, as to leave no keeping in its pages of light and shade, that a book like the one which you have been so good as to send me is really a surprise as well as refreshment. Not that you want thinking either. Far from it but your deepest thoughts sometimes take the slightest aspects, as is natural to men who have suffered as well as reflected and who therefore learn to conciliate pains by playing with them. For such appears to me to have been your case, perhaps (pardon me) on a principle of extremes meeting, that is to say from having had too much or too early a glut of prosperity, which may also be the reason why you do not seem to write more at a time or to make a more serious, continued effort; as I think you might do with advantage, for you have exactness, expression, and finish, and need not fear running into the fault of the time—overdoing: only though a punster myself (which I take to be the privilege of the humourist) I would beg you in your lighter moods, not to pun quite so often, and notwithstanding your powers of expression, I find you sometimes a little obscure, and requiring some study to get at your meaning. You may judge how pleased as well as surprised I was with your fresh and gallant manner, when I tell you I read the book through before I went to bed. I find myself particularly pleased with *The Wish*, *Bramble-Rose*, *Piccadilly*, the *Widow's Mite*, *Old Letters*, the cat that "by some mistake" was "nearly famished," the line

He hopes she is happy, he knows she is fat,

and divers happy rhymes and epigrammatic endings, especially the two last words in *St. George's Hanover Square* and what ought to have been the last word in the *Cradle*, namely that at page 11.

As to the noble looking tea, will you write me word to say how much or how little of it ought to be put into the pot, for we have nervous people among us, also whether there is any green in it. I am so fond of tea and a reasonable amount of it does me so much good that it is an old and habitual pun of mine to say that the last syllable of *tranquillity* ought to be spelt with an *ea* instead of a *y*. This tea of yours, however is so substantial to the feeling, and of so grand an aspect that I hold it in some awe, and think it should terminate the word *majesty* or *grandiosity*, or perhaps, as it comes from the Flowery Land, *floudity*. I expect a very little of it will go a great way with us.

Trusting you found all well at home, when you doubtfully went thither, and heartily well pleased to think I shall see you again,

I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

HAMMERSMITH,
27 January 1859.

DEAR MR. LOCKER,

I shall now take occasion of another mistake which I have made myself before I was criticised upon it to mention the only fault I can find with the verses on the *Charming Neighbour* which otherwise are charming & that is the rhyme to *pianoforte*. The Italians, the Tuscans at all events, roughen some of the consonants of their language in order to invigorate its softness; you know that they roll the r, in consequence, very strongly, as Milton is said to have done, who had been in Italy & was also theoretically nice in such matters. So as verses like yours have a right to have nice demands made upon them & you have a proper poet's tendency to write all straight-forward

and put "the properest words in the properest places," I must exact not only as a critic privileged by his old age to be presumptuous, but as the veritable friend and admirer of the vein you undoubtedly possess, that good and desirable as the function of the two words is itself, for their characteristic sakes you will undo the said rhyme and get another. I would also recommend, in order to make the plot of the thing clear as possible to the reader at once (for the age of the heroine at first a little perplexed me) that a second title be given to the poem, as thus, "My next door neighbour" or "child," "damsel," "bride" or some such thing. Perhaps you could find a better intermediate word than damsel, but I have tried in vain. The whole effusion, depend upon it, is an excellent thing of its kind & memory will retain it.

Let me thank you very much for this last letter of yours, which has emotion in it as well as witty and general verses & pardon this overflowing manuscript of mine for I am most sincerely yours

LEIGH HUNT.

[In the various published versions of "My Neighbour Rose" in the different editions of "London Lyrics"—the peccant rhyme to *pianoforte* has disappeared, but together with the instrument itself.]

[These letters are printed in the *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, 2 vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co., 1862), a somewhat neglected book to which, were it in my power, I would call renewed attention. The tea referred to in the first of the letters was a portion of some which had been sent to Mr. Locker from China by Lord Elgin.

When I was in Ireland I discovered that the Irish book-lover, a fierce variety, was apt to prefer Leigh Hunt's humour and method of treating his subject to Charles Lamb's, and was able to make out a case for himself which it was less painful to ignore than to contest.]

O. W. HOLMES

(1809-1894)

BOSTON, *April* 3, 1858.

I MUST apologise, my dear Sir, for my delay in answering your kind note, and in thanking you for the pleasant and elegant little volume you have sent me. My excuse is that I had had so many cares and duties for the past five months that such lighter obligations as promised only pleasure in their performance had to wait for their turn.

You play with most of your subjects in an off hand easy way, touching the guitar, one might say, not banging at the keys of the great organ—perhaps pleasing many ears better than if you did.

To shew you how carefully I have read your poems I must take the liberty of pointing out a couple of rhymes of that class which the profane have called "cockney," p. 30 "shorter" and "water"—p. 69 "corner" and "fawner." These are inadmissible, you know, though Keats allowed one or two to get in among his poems. Critics take advantage of these little slips and R is much too good respectable a consonant to be trifled with in this way.

I like best those poems of yours which dress up an anecdote in gauzy verse, such as "My first-born" which is very neatly told and "The Orange."

Perhaps a little more patience in bringing out the full effect of the more serious poems might have saved you from occasional incompleteness or obscurity, as in the last verse of "The Widow's Mite" for instance "St. George's Hanover Square" is piquant, and its epigram in the two last words snaps like the crack of a coach-whip.

"A Sketch in Seven Dials" is jaunty and jolly; reminds one of a funny old book, I daresay you know all about "Drunken Barnaby's Journey" or "Tour"—I forget which.

I find your book very pleasant; it shows a sense of humour, and a kindly poetic heart. I shake hands with you across the ocean. We

love Old England more than you dream of, and every kind word that is blown across the Atlantic finds our hearts in a moment.

Whenever I have a book to send you, and I trust I shall by and by, be assured I shall not forget it. You have a volume of mine, it holds many puerilities but you must pass them by when you look at it. I have been in England twice in former years but I do not know whether I am like to see the dear home of our fathers again—I can't see my paper for thinking of it. I hope to hear from you again and I mean that you shall from me.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Very truly yours
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

No. 19. 1862.

MY DEAR LOCKER,

I am very much obliged to you for your charming little volume received the other day and now I send you the last Edition of my poems. The second part "Songs in many Keys" contains those of my later years—the first, has a good many boyish crudities which being liked by the young folks my publishers will always reprint.

I also send you a volume of Essays and addresses on professional subjects, one or two of which may possibly entertain you. If you find them dull and unintelligible hand them to some clever medical man who has rubbed his eyes long enough to know in what century he was born, and ask him what he can make of them.

We cannot get over the fact that you Englishmen have failed to give us of the North your entire and universal sympathy in our great struggle to prevent an empire devoted to breeding and colonization of slaves from taking our strongholds and our capital, and standing as the perpetual antagonist of our peaceful development. We must trust to John Stuart Mill and Cairnes, to Count Gasparin and Laboulaye to enlighten the public sentiment which many of your statesmen have

misled. This revolution or rebellion of ours has waved its flambeaux over a great gulf, the breadth and depth of which was hardly suspected. It was born of a moral sentiment manifesting itself in an organised attempt to check the expansion of Slavery. It has already practically broken-up the clandestine slave-trade. It has made the Capital of the Country the home of Freedom instead of a slave-pen. It is getting on in the face of all obstacles to assert and maintain the rights of humanity just as fast and as far as the strength and weakness of human materials allow the machinery to be perfected. If the people are good and sincere enough we shall succeed now—if for our sins we should fail, in a generation or two, if not sooner we must renew the contest. The Devil always makes a good fight—he wouldn't be the Devil if he didn't. We will have his horns off yet—and I rather think this time.

Faithfully Yours
O. W. Holmes.

Boston, *Dec.* 16. 1866.

Dear Mr. Locker,

Your note of 4th. of Nov. from Parma came to me in a pleasant letter from your brother-in-law, Sir Frederick Bruce. I cannot help telling you how much we all liked him when he made us of Boston a short visit. I have hardly seen anyone who so immediately recommended himself by all the natural and social graces.

Though I never write criticisms now-a-days and could hardly write in praise of a book which treats me I fear too kindly I shall try to have your volume placed in friendly hands. And whatever gratifying notices I may find it will be a pleasure to me to send you. I hope you are not one of them that like to read ill-natured remarks on yourself and your writings. I remember Longfellow telling me a great while ago that he never did read them, and of late years I tell my publisher to send me anything that will make me feel contented with myself,

and leave to my enemies (if I have so flattering a constituency) the delight of reading any and everything that abuses me. I do not mean that I have special cause of complaint, but it is a good rule.

I do not forget your acts of kindness. My cartoons have never faded, and if they did they would leave unchanging impressions on a living tablet, nor has my son forgotten Albert Durer in these eventful years which have been given to a sterner art than cuts deeper than the graver, and colours higher than the painter. He is now a Colonel with five bullet holes in his integument from three bullets but without externally visible mark of harm, though twice within a hair's breadth of death from two of them. Poor, foolish fathers! the young men never talk of these things. He was in England and Scotland and on the Continent last spring and was fêted to his hearts content. He is nearly ready to become a member of the bar, and like all our citizen-soldiers has become as lamb-like as if he had never known the smoke of battles.

You are so ready to do me a favour that I am going to ask for one.

I want a paper stereoscopic picture of Bologna. I have a large collection—but I have tried in vain for a stereograph shewing the Towers of Assinelli and Garrisenda which greatly impressed me when I was there years ago. It will cost a franc perhaps which I do not inclose because you may never find the picture, and *de minimis non curat amicitia*. I saw Bologna in your letter and that put this into my head, but you will be at Rome—don't think of it again.

I am very sorry to hear you are not well, but you have I am sure the best of companions. My son desires to be remembered to the Dean and Lady Augusta who was very kind to him in London.

Always very truly your
O. W. Holmes.

BOSTON,
Jan. 14 1873.

MY DEAR MR. LOCKER,

You will always leave me, I think, in your debt. I have to thank you for a very kind letter, an admirable sketch by a process I am afraid I do not understand, but looking as if Du Maurier's own hand might have done it, the *editio princeps* of a famous poem, and an autograph which would oblige me to put a lock on my album if I had such a volume. The shy laureate is not I think a profligate with his signatures. My friend Mr. Field has some of his, but he has everybodys I am ashamed to receive so many favours & yet pleased always with what your generosity prompts you to send me I have a few curious books, some half dozen *incunabula* and other rarities & I will see that the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* shall stand in company it need not be ashamed of. What a pleasure it is to read the old books in their old dresses. My mother was brought up on the literature of Queen Anne's men & used to quote Pope & I am afraid sometimes Prior without knowing the length to which his vivacities sometimes went, I am quite certain. So I love to see Bernard Lintot's name on a title page, you may be sure & such a folio specimen of a poem as it came out is better still, a delight to my eyes.

I am very sorry to hear of the trials you have been passing through. Though I have never had the pleasure of meeting you I have often heard of you through my friends, & you have taken good care by the choice mementoes you have sent me from time to time that I should not forget to count you among the friends into whose eyes I never looked & whose hands I have never taken.

I am going to send you what we call here a cabinet photograph which was taken a few years ago & does as well for me as nature would allow the sunbeam to do. I wish I could show you a set of features as clearly cut and nicely finished as your own but I will not quarrel with the roof under which my thinking essence has dwelt

some scores of years & which is still pretty well thatched, much better than those of many of my contemporaries.

It has been very pleasant to me to see how kindly my last book has been treated by the English periodicals; there is a good deal of myself in it under these disguises, & I find it is making me many friends. I had some before. I suppose we all like to please & to be loved & to be praised and perhaps a little over-rated & so conveyed along the gentle declivity that leads to oblivion, marching to the music of our illusions—it is all right & sweet & proper & I am glad we are so easily made fools of, if we can be happier for it. You know all about it I have no doubt, unless you are too wise—I hope you are not.

Believe me
dear Mr. Locker
Always faithfully yours
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IN RESPONSE TO AN INVITATION TO A WEDDING IN THE ABBEY

BOSTON. *March* 13. 1878.

MY DEAR MR. LOCKER,

It is too late for an Epithalamium, and it would be like sending orange-flowers to Florida or roses to Damascus. But I thought and felt one on reading your kind note of invitation. If only Mr. Tennyson or yourself would have put it in words for me.

I do not know when I have received a letter of remembrance which has so pleased me. . . .

"The Jerusalem Chamber." I have heard of that before not merely in History and Drama but on an occasion like this. When the daughter of my dear friend Motley was married to Sir William

Harcourt, Motley wrote to me an account of the whole ceremony which was as brilliant a piece of description as almost any in any of his histories. So that now I feel as if I had assisted (in the French sense of the word) in Westminster Abbey. . . .

I am just coming to the time when fixed habits and love of the fireside are the two anchors that keep one moored.

I often think of Mr. Tennyson in one point of view which has never occurred to him. There is a little group of us who were all born in 1809. The new Pope is one, Mr. Gladstone another, Lord Houghton is a third and Mr. Tennyson if he will consult the biographies will find himself the fourth. The thrice-illustrious Mr. Barnum may be added to the list. An old almanac of my fathers of the year 1809, opposite August 29 I see written in his hand "Son b." The sand which he threw upon the fresh ink is still adherent. Will my memory last as long? In reading Boswell we can keep company with Johnson more easily than common readers for he was born in 1709, just a hundred years before our little group, which one touch not of nature but of the almanac makes in some sense kin.

Forgive me for thinking of anything but your happiness and your kindness and believe me, dear Mr. Locker,

Faithfully yours,
O. W. Holmes.

296 Beacon Street,
Boston
April 17th, 1886.

My dear Mr. Locker,

I was delighted to receive your letter and the Catalogue which soon followed it.

Delighted but for one thing, that you speak of "failing health." I hope that since December 1885 your health has been moving in the

other direction, and I may have the pleasure of meeting you in good condition. For you must know since I myself tell you so, that I am coming with my daughter Mrs Turner Sargent to England and expect to sail on the 29th of this month for Liverpool in the Cephalonia of the Cunard line.

It is fifty-two years, very nearly, since I saw England. I have written for the "Atlantic Monthly"—the July number a fragmentary sketch of my early European experiences. It is a very exciting thought to me, that of revisiting scenes which I saw in the first flush of my early manhood.

Your Catalogue interests me much. I have been having a catalogue of my own made out, but I am almost ashamed of the great amount of trash and trumpery it contains. I have a few incunabula, a few choice editions, but an appalling collection of presentation volumes which perch on the shelves of my attics for the most part. To look at the list of your rarities makes me blush to think how little I should have to shew you.

This letter does not admit of an answer for I shall sail before it would reach me. I shall hope to see you in person & thank you for the Catalogue & many other kindly tokens of your good will.

Believe me always
Faithfully yours
O. W. Holmes

I enclose one of my book-plates. A poem of mine called "The Chambered Nautilus" contains the same thought amplified.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

(1809-1892)

Feb. 1. 1858.

SIR,

Thanks for your clever little book. I have such reams of verses to acknowledge that I cannot even get through the work of thanking the Authors for them. A furious letter of insult from one whom I had neglected has so alarmed me just now that I dared not put off acknowledging your book any longer—but I *read* your book otherwise I should not have called it clever. Now, there are twenty more to answer.

Farewell
Yours
A. TENNYSON.
(in the 8th year of my persecution).

Aug. 6, 1869.

MY DEAR LOCKER,

I am rather shocked at receiving your magnificent M. Antonio & Guercino. I feel myself (as compared with you who know so much more of these matters) unworthy to be the possessor—at least blameworthy in accepting them. Nevertheless I do accept them & value them not only as they are beautiful but as memorials of your friendship.

We have got into our house which is very charming. Nothing in it pleases me more than the bath, a perennial stream which falls through the house & where I take three baths a day.

I hope that presently when we get things a little arranged you will come & see us.

Yours ever
A. TENNYSON.

[This letter has already appeared in Lord Tennyson's "Life" by his son].

Jan. 22. 72.

My dear Locker,

Your *London Lyrics* are very good & skilful. They are even better than I thought.

With regard to your dear Wife I can but express my hope that as the year improves she may improve with it. With love to her & Eleanor.

Believe me
Affectionately yours
A. Tennyson.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1889)

July 26 1858.

My dear Locker,

I shall tell you the exact truth in saying that I have been very much pleased (and a little inspired) by your poems—if you succeed so well when professing to attempt comparatively little, I should certainly advise you to try & do something higher—if you then hit, as exactly, what you aim at, the effort will have rewarded itself indeed.

We earnestly hope that dear Lady Elgin continues in the favorable state we had the real delight of witnessing—the least word of news will be a great favour as you know I am sure.

With kindest regards to Lady Charlotte & Lady Augusta Renewed congratulations to yourself.

Pray Believe me to be
Yours very truly
Robert Browning.

151 Rue de Grenelle
St. Germains
June 17 1866

My dear Locker,

I know you & dear Lady Charlotte will feel with my sister & myself when I tell you that my father died on the 14th. I was called by telegram, but arrived contrary to my expectation, in time for one twenty-four hours more with that unworldly, simple, good & admirable man—who might have been a notable man too, had he owned one touch of vanity or ambition. His faculties remained to the very last, I almost wish it had been otherwise—but his perfect gentleness & consideration for everybody rather than himself would not have been so striking as they were in the great suffering prolonged by his strength of constitution. He was absolutely indifferent to death, did not care to know the opinions of the doctors who consulted about his case—he repeatedly told us he was "quite happy." The kindness of both of you lets us say this to your sympathy of which I am sure.

I believe my sister will soon come & live with me in London—she loses a long use of her life, but feels the comfort of having done all in her power. She sends her kindest regards to Lady Charlotte & yourself—mine go with them always.

Most truly yours
Robert Browning.

19 Warwick Crescent, W.
Feb. 20. 74.

My dear Locker,

The business-relation between me & Moxon was what you shall hear. He printed on five occasions, nine poems of mine, wholly at my expense—that is he printed them, & subtracting the very moderate returns, sent me in duly the bill of the remainder of

the expense. When I married, I proposed that he should publish a New Edition at his own risk which he declined—wherefore I made the same proposal to Chapman & Hall, or Forster did it for me & they accepted. Moxon was kind & civil, made no profit by me, I am sure & never tried to help me to any, he would have assured you. When I left England he was wealthy enough to all appearance & I poor enough. I always liked him & never saw his family at all. What constitutes the claim of them upon me, nearly thirty years after I have paid my last farthing to the 'House,' you must counsel me. I think the Appeal should be made to benefitted Authorship or actual acquaintance in neither of which categories ought you to account

Yours truly ever
ROBERT BROWNING.

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.
March 18 1881.

[In reply to a request to be allowed to nominate him as a Steward of an impending dinner of the Royal Literary Fund with the then Earl of Derby in the Chair & Mr. Lowell as Guest.]

MY DEAR LOCKER,

I only got your letter last evening not having been at the Club for some days. I suppose that in the course of my life I have received a dozen special applications from and inspired by friends of mine who were about to figure as Presidents at the Dinner in question—all of which I was obliged to refuse because of something that happened, not worth remembering—on the occasion when I went to the festivity perhaps forty years ago. What I began by saying I cannot of course unsay now, much as I regard the actual

dignitary. As for the fee, I have sent it to the Carlyle fund & am with a free conscience

Yours affectionately
ROBERT BROWNING.

[What the "something" was, "not worth remembering" but for all that unforgetable is (I hope) now undiscoverable. Men composed, as Browning was, on a large scale containing much combustible matter, find it—though easy to forgive, sometimes hard to forget, whilst other mortals of slighter build usually find it so easy to forget that they are seldom required to forgive.]

SARIANNA BROWNING

(THE POET'S SISTER)

151 RUE DE GRENELLE,
Feb. 24 1866.

MY DEAR MR. LOCKER,

In my father's name and my own I return you true thanks for the valuable Hogarth prints which have just reached us. With some of them, those which he presumes to be illustrations of the Cassandra, he was quite unacquainted with & I suppose only a Collector can fully enter into the feelings with which a fellow-collector approaches such a generous gift. I thank you most heartily for the pleasure you have given him & I am also your debtor for a photograph you sent me some time since that is now adorning my album.

The late long continued severe weather has prevented my father, who dislikes cold, from getting out much—but he is in good health. I hope you have not suffered. How is your sweet little girl?

Pray give my kindest regards to Lady Charlotte
& Believe me ever most truly yours
SARIANNA BROWNING.

29 De Vere Gardens,
March 7th 1890.

My dear Mr. Locker,

Your kind letter touched me deeply. I thank you from my heart for your expressions of affection for Robert. You know how much he loved you, & valued your friendship—the feeling lasted unabated to the end.

It was an unexpected blow—he seemed in such excellent health and exuberant spirits. I thank God for sparing him pain & decay. I have been confined to my room for weeks with acute neuralgia which lately has attacked the facial nerve in a distressing way & my recovery will be slow. I am not always able to write so you will forgive my delay. Pen & his Wife are here at present. This house now belongs to him & will probably be my residence for my short future.

Pray remember me very kindly to Mrs. Locker.
Yours affectionately
Sarianna Browning.

ABRAHAM HAYWARD

(1801-1884)

Athenæum,
Dec. 3. 1857.

Dear Locker,

Many thanks for London Lyrics. Which I think shew a lively and graceful fancy and command of good idiomatic English. The book is also capitally got up so as to make a pretty Christmas present.

Ever truly Yours
A. Hayward.

[*Note.* I doubted for some time whether it was worth while printing so slight a letter as this is, but having made up my mind to include it, I soon discovered three good reasons for doing so. *First*, after all these years, it still simmers, most agreeably, with personal dislike. *Second*, it is the only letter of the kind I have discovered in the whole of Mr. Locker's voluminous and well-preserved correspondence, and yet, I am sure, had there been others of the same kind, their recipient would have preserved them with the utmost scrupulosity and welcomed their publication. *Third*, it enables me to call attention to the short sketch of Hayward in "My Confidences," which unless I am much mistaken, is in its way, as perfect a bit of word-portraiture as is to be found. As a sacrifice to the *manes* of Hayward I would recommend anyone who has not done so already to read his little book on the *Art of Dining*. New Edition, John Murray, 1883].

W. M. THACKERAY

(1811-1863)

GARRICK CLUB

[*January* 1861]

(Refers to a mishap at the Garrick Club.)

MY DEAR LOCKER,

I hope you bear your ● [1] of Saturday equanimiously.[2] I ought to have been here to prevent it, for you was only b—k b—ll—d because there was nobody to speak for you, and there should have been such a friend.[3] But I was in bed, Thursday, Friday and ½

[1] This blob of ink signifies a black-ball.

[2] This odd word is vouched for in the New English Dictionary, and an authority for it is cited from "Pendennis."

[3] When the same thing happened to me at Brooks, my supporter—Lord James of Hereford—sought to console me with the first of the reasons here given, viz., that though I had no more than the usual number of black balls I had not been able, in his absence, to secure the necessary number of white balls. I derived my best consolation from the last of Mr. Thackeray's reasons.

Saturday, with one of my spasm fits, & too sick to think of anything but the basin. I had to go out on Saturday to see Fred Elliot, & just as I was driving away, his sister-in-law, poor Miss Perry said she would like to see me. When I arrived here, all was over. Bear up like a man. You are none the worse and 28 guineas the richer.

Yours
W. M. T.

36 Onslow Square
Febr. 11. 1861.

[Refers to an alteration in the last line of *My Neighbour Rose* (see "London Lyrics")].

My dear L,

Might we say *Joy* go with her & not God? the name of Allah jars rather in the pleasant little composition, & I never like using it if it can be turned or avoided. If I don't hear from you I shall therefore print "Joy" instead of —— when I use the poem. Not this month however.

Yours always
W. M. T.

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819-1900)

To Mr. Wilson, Gt. Russell St.
Denmark Hill,
13 *August* 1868.

Sir,

I beg you to convey my thanks to Mr. Locker for the volume of his poems. They are entirely delightful to me, their quaintness, rightness and tender playfulness being in their way quite without

equal in any literary work I know—and I receive Mr. Locker's wish that I should possess them as a true and high personal compliment I like his thinking that I should understand them.

I am Sir
Yours very sincerely
J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, S.E.
15 *March* 1869.

Dear Mr. Locker,

I cannot always give chapter never verse (I wish I could) of my own books. I like better remembering the *Verses* in other peoples, and my own chapters I fortunately forget but for once I can give you the page you want for Dean Stanley 169 Vol. II. Mod. Painters—near the bottom.

The girls enjoyed their talk with you much last night. I had not quite as much as I wished—but you must come again.

I stupidly misunderstood your enquiry about Joanna, I have no one to chaperone her, so that she always gets her invitations at second hand through somebody good enough to take charge of her. But this way she gets out often enough as my mother has frequently need of her in the evening.

Believe me, most truly yours
J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, S.E.
25 *January* 1870.

Dear Mr. Locker,

How very good and kind you are. After all my apparent carelessness to send me so kind and more than friendly letter. But I was not careless—only I have now got the things done I want done, above all I never see the people I want to see.

My whole life is more or less mischanced. I oughtn't to have to write books at all. It wearies me—it is not my real gift. I ought to be quiet, painting sticks, or straws or stones and moss—and I'm always dragged into writing again or lecturing—and I have just sense of duty enough to make me uncomfortable if I don't do it—not enough to give me any joy in doing it. And I'm so tired just now I can't see even you till I have got the main bit of Oxford work done—only please don't think that I did not write from any hearing of your canvassing against me. *I never had heard one word of it*, and I am *quite* sure you would have canvassed for me if you had known I was standing—and I am altogether glad and proud in your regard for me, and I like you more than almost anybody I know, and I'm ever with sincerest regards and thanks for her message to lady Eleanor (Charlotte?)

Faithfully yours
J. Ruskin.

Yes. I meant the little Titian drawing entirely as a gift. How badly I must have expressed myself to leave you in doubt.

23rd January 1871.

[With a copy of "The Queen of the Air" inscribed "Frederick Locker with John Ruskin's grateful regards."]

Dear Mr. Locker.

The 'grateful' regards means that you have often refreshed and cheered me in a light sweet way wholly good for me. When other people either don't amuse me or amuse me so as to put me off my work, which you never do.

I bought one of the hundred copies with Cruikshanks vignettes the other day. You ought to get some of the good draughtsmen of *Punch* to draw a really pretty little boot with some fairies about it.

Cruikshank is a man of the highest gifts, but as you must well

have seen when you saw the vignette he is not the man to draw a girl's boot.

Ever—

[*bottom of the page*] stay I won't run myself to the last verge of paper-precipice like that in sending my most true and devoted respects to Lady Charlotte & in praying you to think of me always as most faithfully yours

JOHN RUSKIN.

[Cruikshank's vignette (1868) has a boot, of a largish size, in the foreground. Locker had already taken Ruskin's advice, and in the Moxon edition of "London Lyrics" (1865), p. 75, had persuaded Doyle to draw a pair of girl's boots held up for the inspection of fairies.]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD,
2nd. May 1873.

DEAR MR. LOCKER,

I am always glad of an occasion which reminds you of me.

I wrote a simple cheque for One thousand pounds £1000. 0. 0 with all the satisfaction of Mr. Micawber writing an acceptance at six months—and I cannot doubt that the said cheque in its quite original form was remitted to Mr. Clement by Mr. Reid of the British Museum —my only intermediary.

With sincere regards to Lady Charlotte and best remembrances to the pretty young lady whom I have indeed not forgotten since my glimpse of her in St. James Street.

Faithfully and always yours
J. RUSKIN.

[The £1,000 was for a book of old Italian drawings, then attributed to Mantegna, declined by the British Museum. In 1888 the

Museum wanted the book, and Ruskin let them have it at the price he had given for it. Professor Colvin attributed it to Maso Finiquerra, and ten years later it was published with an introduction by him, under the title of *A Florentine Picture Chronicle* (Quaritch, 1898).

GEORGE ELIOT

(1819-1880)

The Priory
North Bank
Regents Park,
May 23. 70.

Dear Mr. Locker,

I send the book, of which the binding at least is irreproachable with such an inscription as I believe you desired.[1]

Permit me to take this opportunity of mentioning a point of no moment, to anyone but myself, but kindly allowed for my friends namely that it is my habit (quite necessary to me as a part of mental & bodily hygiene) never to return visits, & to depend on the indulgence of those who come to see me.

May I hope that Lady Charlotte & yourself will be among the number.

I remain
Yours sincerely
M. A. Lewes.

[1] This refers to a copy of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, which Mr. Locker had bound for the purpose described on page 68.

The Priory
North Bank
Regent's Park.
Dec. 16. 71.

Dear Mr. Locker,

Pray thank Mrs. Tollemache on my behalf for her kind gift, I read a long way in "Spanish Towns and Spanish Pictures" immediately on opening the cover led on by the fascination whereby the subject always has for me. Some day, I hope we shall go to Spain again along the route taken by Mrs. Tollemache, and carry her book with us. We have not yet seen Burgos and the north-western towns. Our course was from San Sebastian to Saragona and Barcelona and then Southward, and we returned from Seville and Madrid. After the pleasant introduction this book gives me to Mrs. Tollemache I shall think agreeably of the possibility that I may make her personal acquaintance.

Your cares about Lady Charlotte are such as I can enter into with much fellow feeling. We pay a heavy price in anxiety for the blessedness of living. Our evening which gave me a little vision of her will always be a memory that I shall like to recal.

Do not forget us and believe me

Always sincerely yours
M. A. Lewes.

The Priory
North Bank
Regent's Park,
Feb. 6 1875.

My Dear Mr. Locker,

It is always a real pleasure to me to see you and we shall be very glad to make Mrs. Locker's acquaintance. But at present I find a difficulty in making any appointment for a week day. Sunday is the

only day on which I can promise to be at home. I will hope we may have the benefit of an exception to Mrs. Locker's rule. We belong entirely to our friends from ½ past two till 6 on a Sunday.

I am grieved to hear that gentle Mrs. Tennyson is an invalid. She must be very precious to both husband and sons. With our united remembrances

I am always
Yours sincerely
M. A. Lewes.

The Priory
North Bank
Regent's Park.
Thursday 7 *March* 1878

My dear Mr. Locker,

The bride-cake is proudly and gratefully valued as a sign of the sweet bride's remembrance and yours.

I cannot help feeling rather exasperated against unpunishable Chance for leaving me ignorant that we might have gone into the Jerusalem Chamber after the ceremony, and had a greeting and parting which would always have been a favourite memory with us. I should have had a real joy in being there.

As it is however I feel the richer for having witnessed the scene in the Chapel and enjoyed some exquisite moments of sympathy with the beautiful young creatures for whom we are hoping all good, and with the elders for whom the "rapid of life shoots to the fall."

Perhaps when you are writing to the dear Bride you will find room to give her my affectionate thanks for thinking of me in the hour when her head must have been very full, and please tell her also that I would not have chosen to miss writing my name as one of the loving group around her—if I had only known that I might do so.

I hope they will find Madrid with its unsurpassed picture galleries as much beyond their expectations as we did.

With cordial thanks from both of us.

Yours always truly
M. A. LEWES.

REV. WILLIAM BARNES

(1801-1886)

[Mr. Barnes' *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset dialect*, with a Dissertation and Glossary, was first published in 1844, and saw a second edition in 1847. In 1879 they appeared again. His daughter, "Leader Scott," wrote her father's Life (1887) and there is an excellent account of him in the First Supplemental volume to the D.N.B., which proclaims him to be like Chaucer, "filled with the joy of life." Barnes (like Jonathan Boucher) was a great authority on dialects, and I notice that Mr. Swinburne, writing to Lady Ritchie, asks her whether she does not like Barnes better as a lexicographer than as a poet—but then Swinburne ranked Barnes *very* high as a lexicographer, for having discovered or invented the word, "pushwainling," in lieu of that abomination, "perambulator"; see *Swinburne's Letters*, vol. ii, p. 274. In the fifth volume of *The English Poets*, edited by T. H. Ward (Macmillan), will be found a selection from Barnes' poems made by Mr. Hardy.]

CARNE RECTORY
DORCHESTER
25 *Oct.* 1870.

MY DEAR MR. LOCKER,

Many thanks for your welcome gift of your sparklingly witty Poems, full of markworthy truths I shall often enjoy.

Though I have handled the poetry of rural life which I best understand, it is no reason why I should not enjoy the poetry of

another form of life. Whenever there is a painter there is a picture, and there is a poetry to be found wherever beats the heart of man and the poet can see it.

Yours very truly,
WM. BARNES.

CARNE RECTORY,
DORCHESTER
30 *August* 1879.

DEAR MR. LOCKER,

Many thanks for your kind thought of me and the cutting from the "Scotsman." It so happened that by the same post I received from the writer of the notice, Mr. Selkirk, a copy of the "Scotsman," with one of his books on Modern Poetry and a very kindly letter. I am very glad of his good opinion of my ditties as I am to find that you have found in them anything worth a place in your mind. *Laus a laudato* must always be highly welcome. You go to North Britain, I wonder if you ever come down here to the South. I should be very glad to see you in my cottage near a wood.

I am,
Yours truly,
WM. BARNES.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY
(1831-1884)

[*Verses and Translations* by C. S. C. appeared in 1862, and *Fly Leaves* followed ten years later, both slim volumes, published in Cambridge, which enjoyed a great sale for many years. When I belonged to the race "called emphatically men" (1869-1872) C. S. C. was, far more emphatically, the pet poet of the Cambridge undergraduate. I well remember the rapture that hailed the appear-

ance of *Fly Leaves*, and the greed that devoured its contents. Calverley's fame at the University was not confined to any clique or coterie. The admirer of the *Blessed Damosel*, *Eden Bower*, and the *Burden of Nineveh* (to be had of all Cambridge booksellers in that *annus mirabilis*, 1870), also knew by heart, *Gemini et Virgo*, *Hic Vir*, *Hic Est*, and the two glorious Odes to *Tobacco* and *Beer*.

It would, I suppose, be exaggeration to say that these lines of Calverley's were then on everybody's lips in Cambridge, for Universities always contain some residents who read nothing, yet it is plain truth to say that for at least two decades since the publication of *Fly Leaves*, Calverley's muse was "current coin o' the realm" by the Cam. How lucky we were to have for our pet poet so sound a scholar, so ripe a wit, and one so well endowed with a vocabulary so choice and so well attuned! He has since found a rival in J. K. S.

Calverley left Cambridge for London in 1861, and in my time beyond the usual half-a-dozen stories, purporting to retail a few of his feats of intellectual and physical daring (some of which, as is often the case with University stories, might have been read in *Facetiæ Cantabrigiensis* before Calverley was born), there was little to be heard about him. The fact that the University of Oxford had previously dismissed C. S. C. excited no surprise and small interest. Had she not treated both Shirley and Shelley after the same scurvy fashion? I had, as I now remember, one sentimental friend who professed deeply to regret that Shelley had not, following Shirley's example, and providing another precedent to Calverley, proceeded to Cambridge in the Easter Term of 1811, where, as my friend used to observe, he might have gone to Pembroke, the College of Spenser, or to Christ's, the College of Milton, or to the Hall, the College of Herrick, or to Trinity, the College of Dryden, or even to S. Catherine's, the College of Shirley.

Calverley was called to the Bar and had begun to practise when, in the winter of 1866, whilst skating, he met with an accident, which, though leaving his intellect unclouded, and many of his gifts unim-

paired, made an active life impossible. He died in February, 1884.] (See also *Translations into English and Latin*; *Theocritus translated into English Verse*, and *Literary Remains*, with Memoir. All published by G. Bell and Sons.)

17, Devonshire Terrace,
Hyde Park,
Dec. 14. 1868.

My dear Sir,

I beg your pardon most heartily for not having thanked you before for your book. We have been away, and Bell and Daldy did not know where to address, so that I only got in lately. I have been entirely delighted with the poems and the new ones (new to me at any rate) seem to me quite as charming as the old—though I still maintain my old favourite "To my Grandmother" is unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

I take an especial fancy to the last three in the book and to the "Reply to an Invitation," but the best of all in my judgment, "Her quiet resting place is far away." That, I should say, is absolutely perfect.

I may mention, as a passing tribute to my own sagacity, that I had conjectured when I first read "Circumstances" in the published edition of 1862, that the true reading of the last line was exactly as you have given it now. I thought you had thereby disguised it under "find my proper level" in deference to the feelings of Mrs. Grundy or Lady Grundy, but that you meant the unscrupulous male reader to detect and supply the real line which I have always done. I am glad to see my conjectural emendation confirmed by the present text, and I think it entitles me to some rank among modern commentators.

With very many thanks,
Believe me, truly yours,
C. S. Calverley.

17, Devonshire Terrace,
Nov. 21 1869.

My dear Locker,

Your last note to me is my precedent for addressing you thus familiarly. I'm afraid I have nothing to send to Mr. Clay, having never translated any Tennyson except some fragments already printed (by him, at the University Press) in a book entitled Translations, published in 1866 by Deighton and Bell.

They were:

1. In Memoriam, cvi. Minus 1st stanza.

2. "Tears, idle tears," on which a reviewer remarked that it did not read quite like Latin, and I perfectly agreed with him. And lastly, a few lines from Œnone, beginning:

> O Mother, hear me yet before I die
> Hear me O Earth [down to]
> All earth and air seem only burning fire.

where I perceive "Dorica" is misprinted for "Dardana."

Of course any of these are at the disposal of Mr. Church, and I would send the book, but I suppose Clay has it. If Mr. Church wants, as is probable, translations which have not appeared before, I fear I am a dry tree—for my powers of composing in Latin are extinct.

I shall be very glad to meet you again. Just now I am starting circuitwards. My wife's kind remembrance to Lady Charlotte.

Ever truly yours,
C. S. Calverley.

17 Devonshire Terrace,
Hyde Park,
March 25 1872.

My dear Locker,

I have to apologize to you *ad libitum*. I was very glad to get your kind letter, and I only delayed thanking you for it, because

I daily expected your book from the library which has come at last.

I certainly prefer myself the old preposterous statement about the things eyes dropping out, to the present version, pretty as that is. But I am sure I shall be in a minority. I liked the Horatian abruptness of the former ending. This seems to me to be comparatively commonplace, but it is very good.

I am glad Lady Charlotte found something to laugh at in my small book. This is all I am good for. You can do as Thackeray did and as I could not, "fusing of the grave with the festive," if I may quote myself. A few of the things in the book I never saw before and am much delighted with them e.g. "The Music Palace," "The creature of impulse in scanty attire," and "a coin may be light but it need not be bad" is a sermon in itself, and I should think the line will become a proverb.

Looking into the Notes, I have no doubt Thackeray altered your stanza on a Human skull because of the word "sped." I think "ages sped" is not quite right, and I stuck at it when I read the line. But I should say he entirely spoilt the stanza. Barring "sped" your version seems to me infinitely better, and I have a strong belief that one man cannot correct another's work.[1]

I demur to your dictum that we have no better rhymers than

[1] *Original.*

Did she live yesterday, or ages sped?
What colour were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair—poor little head?
Poor little heart! that long has done with aching.

Altered by W. M. T.

Did she live yesterday or ages back?
What colour were her eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair, or brown or black
Poor little head that long has done with aching?

Butler, Byron, etc. Hood makes good rhymes occasionally—for instance, in the only work I possess of his, I observe:

> Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
> Had got his fingers in his shockhead—

But the next rhyme is "yet worse" and "wet nurse," and within a few pages he has "coffin," "orphan," "drawer-full," "awful," and "draw," "for," etc., *passim*. The fact is, I should say, that Hood, unapproachable as a humourist, after his kind, had a defective ear for rhyme, and made ten bad rhymes to every good one.

Also that neither Hood, Butler, or Byron come near Barham in this particular matter. Your dicta on the subject are thought much of, and I think you ought to give Barham his due. You quote a good, but not a faultless line of his—and I think he has many that are utterly faultless, and withal he has hardly ever had a bad one, as is the case with Hudibras, Byron, everybody almost. Do you remember these lines of Barham's:

> Let no run of bad luck, or despair of some Jewess-eyed
> Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide.
>
> Setebos storming because Mephistopheles
> Dashed in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees.

I agree with most of what you lay down in the Notes—with the remark, amongst others, that brevity is essential in light verse, and consequently with your remark in your letter that *I* want curtailing here and there. Only it is hard to curtail.

I have gone off at a tangent, and left unsaid things which I ought to have said and *vice versa*. But I hope to see you soon. We cannot come to lunch, having visitors here. I want to ask you about one or two things. I want to know something more about O. W. Holmes and about Leigh. I got Leigh's "Carols of Cockaigne," and took precisely the same objection to him that you do, in that he is of music halls, music hallish.

And so to bed. And let me observe (this is quite irrelevant) that I believe you first sent to Miss Ingelow the scandalous travesty on her which I have now published—and she seemed to be simply amused by it.[1]

Very truly yours,
C. S. CALVERLEY.

17 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE
HYDE PARK
August 19. 1872.

DEAR LOCKER,

I feel heartily ashamed of myself for never having written to you yet. I delayed doing so purposely for some time on the principle of doing to others, etc. I did not like to bother you with small matters about rhyme and rhythm—and then we went gadding about here and there and I put it off to a more convenient season. Believe me that we felt utterly sorry for you in your great distress. We feared there was trouble to come the day we made that very pleasant visit to you at Hampstead. I hope you and my friend (if I may call her so), Miss Locker, are well and having a holiday somewhere. My Wife begs to be kindly remembered to you and to her.

I dined as appointed with Seeley and Abbott, and duly propounded to them your queries about rhymes. They agreed with you in all points but said modestly that we knew more about the matter than they did. We were all clear that "give her" and "river"—"Chatham" and "atom" were perfectly good rhymes, because the "h" is almost or quite silent in such cases, but that Browning's "silence" and "a mile hence" was utterly bad. The more I read

[1] C. S. C. seems to show a little annoyance at Miss Ingelow's good humour as if it were a proof of her sheer insensibility to the fierceness of his travesty (see *Lovers and a Reflection* in Fly Leaves). But Miss Ingelow's temper was perfect. I remember once almost asking Browning what he thought of C. S. C's. famous parody on "The Ring and the Book." I am glad my courage failed me.

Browning, I regret to say, the more I dislike him—so much for my taste. Having in one place to describe a lady who paints, he says she is "a master-plaster from scalp to udder." But I'm afraid to begin on Browning.[1]

I entirely coincide with your estimate of Holmes. It seems to me that he could hold his own against any American or Englishman, taking him all round. He can write very good Dryden but then, of course, that has been done before—by Dryden. He writes after you palpably in one or two cases as you doubtless observed. But when he is purely original I should say he is quite unmatched. Nobody on our side of the water, and nobody that I have seen on the other comes near the sheer sublime absurdity of the "One Horse Shay," "The Height of the Ridiculous," and one or two others. Some of the small pathetic things towards the end I thought very admirable and original too. But Englishmen and perhaps women have equalled them—for fun, pure and simple "howling" fun as one says, I regard him as unmatched, by Hood, Lowell, or anybody else. The book fairly delighted me and I am very glad to have got it.

Bye the bye, I wish some time you would ask your friend Du Maurier, if he was up at Christ's College, Cambridge, and had supper or something in a man's rooms (mine to wit) about the year 1856, anyhow between /50 and /60. He would remember it, if so, by this token. He sang a song of Byron's, "There be none of Beauty's daughters." That is a man of his name did, in an excellent tenor voice, and I observed some time ago that the Du M. of Punch sang several tenor songs at some private and semi-private theatricals. Also I remember that the man who came up to my rooms, took up a piece of paper and sketched several things with astounding skill and rapidity. So I think I have a case to go to a jury. He would not remember my name, he came in as a friend of somebody's. . . .

[1] These obnoxious words occur in that otherwise glorious open-air poem, "The Flight of the Duchess." In another short letter from the *Athenæum* Calverley says, "I observe your friend Browning i' the Club."

There were lots of us, but he would hardly forget his song if it were he that sang it.

Very truly yours,
C. S. CALVERLEY.

[I think we may assume, after the lapse of sixty years, and as the singing, even in Milton's College, of a song by Byron, is neither a crime nor a misdemeanour, that this accomplished stranger *was* George Du Maurier.]

17 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE
HYDE PARK
Nov. 6. 1872

MY DEAR LOCKER,

We have just got back to London and I promptly went in quest of your picture which I found at Bell and Daldy's *quondam* shop opposite the Temple. They now inhabit York Street.

I think it is very good, very clever as a picture and very satisfactory as a likeness, and so does my Wife, I am much obliged to you for sending it, nor shall I by any means bury it under a bushel as you suggested.

I also found "Gareth and Lynette" awaiting me, sent thoughtfully by Bumpus, and I have just read it with much delight. I agree (myself) with the "Saturday" upon one point, viz., that we hear too much about the maiden's nose,[1] and I dislike the Epithet "tiptilted" as much as they seem to do.

I have no idea why it is (if it is) that the human nose cannot be introduced into serious poetry. I think it cannot, and I imagine Tennyson wishes to protest against my notion, and the received notion, by steadily mentioning it by name, not by subterfuge such as "nostrils."

[1] C. S. C. might here have recalled the fact that the failure of Fielding's "Amelia" in 1752 was attributed by Johnson to her "broken nose," due to a carriage accident, "by which as some may well remember her lovely nose was beat all to pieces." The public of 1752 would not stand this.

I cannot quarrel with the "tears coursing down his innocent nose"—but then that was a stag's nose. "The glory of his nose is terrible," would sound rather horrible,[1] it just struck me. I am not, however, prepared to say why.

My kind regards and my Wife's,
Yours,
C. S. CALVERLEY.

17 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE
HYDE PARK W.
8 *April* 1877.

DEAR LOCKER,

I agree entirely with the review, and think it is a very good one. I wish the man had expressed himself in less etherialized English. I can hardly believe that our language has no equivalent for *Charmante*, *delicate* and *elegante*. I hope to see you before long.

Yours ever,
C. S. CALVERLEY.

[FROM MRS. CALVERLEY]

17 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE
HYDE PARK
21*st Feb.* (1884).

DEAR MR. LOCKER,

It is very good of you to wish to come, and I have had a multitude of letters all asking the same thing, but I decided to have it quite quiet, and therefore can only thank you very much for your thought.

It would also have been very inconvenient for many as my dearest husband is to be buried at Folkestone by our only little girl. He bought a "parcel of land" there some time since. We are going down on Saturday morning by 10 o'clock train.

[1] See Job, xxxix, 20.

The blank in my life is fearful still. I am thankful he was spared the distressing part of the complaint, and spoke brightly to the last. You have lost in him a warm admirer—he was a true friend.

Very truly yours,

ELLEN CALVERLEY.

J. A. FROUDE

(1818-1894)

THE MOLT
SALCOMBE
KINGSBRIDGE.
August 30. 89.

MY DEAR LOCKER,

A letter from an old friend is always welcome, and though yours with its enclosure has been some days on the road it has found its way to me at last. I was driven out of London by dyspepsia in the spring, and have been ever since in this remote place, where I think I shall remain permanently. Each London season is as like the past as this year's turnip crop is like last. The individuals change, but the general effect has as little novelty about it, and one wearies of the energetic monotony which teaches one nothing and loses its power to amuse.

You I gather have forsaken London also, and think and produce like Horace at his farm. As to me I feel as if I was done; of all that I have written little has any permanent value, except Carlyle's life. You, I am pleased to hear have found it interesting—but as to the general reception it has met with ever since it came out, I have been like a dog with a tin-kettle tied to its tail, and all the women in the parish shrieking and throwing stones after me. It will find its place in time.

Yours ever truly,

J. A. FROUDE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822-1880)

THE ATHENÆUM,
Nov. 20 1862.

MY DEAR LOCKER,

I have as yet had time only to glance at your book—what I have seen makes me wish to see more—but as you are going away I must not put off thanking you for it until I have read it through, which I hope to do as soon as Elementary schools cease to compel me to inspect them all day, and report on them half the night. So few English writers of poetry have *la main legère* that poetry where this is visible has always a great interest for me.

I am quite well again, and wish I could hope that you too were, and that your going to Rome again had nothing to do with illness; still, I think I would myself rather go to Rome as an invalid than not at all.

With kind remembrances to Lady Charlotte believe me,

Sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CHESTER SQUARE,
No. 4. 1865.

MY DEAR LOCKER,

You ought to have been thanked before this for the birds and beast you were kind enough to bestow on us the other day, but I did not get home till late on the night of their arrival. The next morning I started for Staffordshire and have only just returned. Accept all our thanks now.

The different things I have published lately in magazines and reviews are just reprinted—they will be at the Athenæum in a week

or so.[1] I want you to look at the preface. I hope you will think it done with that *light hand* we have both of us such an affection for

Ever truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE ATHENÆUM
May 5. 1869.

MY DEAR LOCKER,

The book is beautiful. I have done what you wish, but I had rather you had waited for the New Version which you will have in a week or two, and in which two or three blemishes are I hope got rid of.

Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[*Note by Mr. Locker at foot of letter.*—"This refers to a Poem *Urania* which I copied into Eleanor's book which I asked M. A. to sign," see *ante*, p. 69. *Urania* first appeared in Macmillan's Magazine, and was reprinted, with a stanza omitted and some verbal alterations, in the 2nd volume of the collected edition, Macmillan, 1869.]

PAINS HILL COTTAGE
COBHAM, SURREY
Easter Monday
(17 *April* 1876).

MY DEAR LOCKER,

Lucy will be established tomorrow in the neighbourhood of the Zoological Gardens! Even your good nature would be staggered at the proposal that you should fetch her from thence. I will bring her to the theatre, but we shall be earlyish as our arrival is governed by the train from here. But I suppose I may ask for Mr. Hallam Tennyson's box and establish her there. Then I shall go and dine at

[1] *Essays in Criticism*, 1865 (Second Edition, 1869).

the Athenæum, and will you bring her there to me after the play. We will then set out to the North together—Lucy and I. I hope she will be a good girl at the play and not annoy you by sucking oranges or committing any other impropriety.

Ever yours sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

(1792-1878)

[This great artist wrote many letters to Mr. Locker and his Wife, each one concluding with a signature as complicated as Queen Elizabeth's, but as all of them are couched in the same vein of artless simplicity and old-fashioned courtesy, three of them will suffice to tell the whole tale.

It would be hard to over-describe one's debt of gratitude to George Cruikshank. To have had easy access in boyhood to his illustrations of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, and to the early editions of *Oliver Twist*, and thus to be able quickly to descend from the airy height of Rumpelstiltzchen and The Elves and the Shoemaker, to the shuddering horrors of Sykes and Fagin is almost enough to make amends for having been born in the very bulls-eye of the last century.]

263 HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.

DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

My letter to my dear friend Mr. Locker was posted before your very kind note arrived.

I am delighted to find that your Ladyship, your dear little daughter and her Papa are all well, and intending to do myself the honour and the pleasure of seeing you all in a few days.

I remain,

Dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

GEO. CRUIKSHANK.

48 Mornington Place, N.W.
Sept. 21 1860.

Dear Locker,

Uncertainty about being in town on Tuesday next prevented me from accepting *at once as I* now do, your kind friendly and tempting invitation viz—a good dinner without any mixture of *bad* spirit, i.e "brandy in the pudding" but on the contrary *good* spirit, with the good cheer, and then to meet two charming young ladies with the additional pleasure of again meeting your good lady, Lady Charlotte, to whom please to present my best respects and believe me to be yours very truly

Geo Cruikshank

263, Hampstead Road,
late Mornington Place, N.W.
August 4, 1863.

Dear Mr. Locker,

As I supposed that Lady Charlotte, yourself & dear little daughter were in Italy, your note just received was a most agreeable surprise as well as conveying a most agreeable invitation, which my dear Wife & myself have very much pleasure in accepting and will do ourselves the honour and the pleasure of presenting ourselves "at Court" on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in a friendly way well knowing that we shall have a friendly welcome from Lady Charlotte & yourself, & with our united respects best wishes & regards I remain dear Mr. Locker Yours very truly

Geo Cruikshank

P.S. I shall be glad to have the opportunity of telling you under what obligations I feel towards Lady Augusta Bruce for her friendly kindness to me when I was presenting my picture "The Worship of Bacchus" to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle in May last.

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812-1870)

Gadshill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent
Sunday thirteenth *June* 1869.

My dear Mr. Locker,

I have been for the last ten days perpetually journeying and sight-seeing with some friends from America, and been out of the way of all letters. Thus I have missed yours until now. If this should reach you while Tennyson is with you pray give him my love, and tell him I am heartily sorry to have missed your kindly opportunity of meeting him, and pray accept my thanks on your own account. I shall leave to my daughter to thank Mrs. Locker for her proffered kindness and to tell her we shall hope to see you both here.

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

5 Hyde Park Place, W.
Monday seventeenth *January* 1870

My dear Locker,

It unfortunately happens that I am hopelessly engaged both for the 28th and 29th. I have the greatest respect for and interest in the Dean of Westminster, and should be unusually grateful for any available opportunity of knowing him better. He is to my thinking foremost among the generous and wise spirits of the time.

Always
Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

RICHARD DOYLE

(1824-1883)

[This letter refers to the drawings this delightful artist was making for a selection from Mr. Locker's poems which appeared in 1865 in *Moxon's Miniature Poets*.]

54 Clifton Gardens
Tuesday [*March* 1 1865].

Dear Mr. Locker,

I hope you will not come before five to-morrow. I have been trying very hard to get all done by to-morrow afternoon, and I assure you that any delay that has occurred has not been owing to any carelessness on my part. But I confess I have not got on as easily as I expected at first. Not that the poems are at all wanting in subject, but my difficulty has been to avoid a literal or prose illustration of an incident, and my anxiety on this point has made me more and more anxious as I have gone on, and not the less so that it seemed to me that you were very anxious yourself. The consequence of this has been that I have altered over and over again, being quite willing to take any amount of trouble, my only object being that the illustrations should please you and please the public, I wish you to know this because it is so natural to judge by results only, and the fact is that often after the hardest day's work I have produced less than nothing, because I end by destroying all I have done.

These are the sorrows of an artist who is above all desirous that you should not think he has been wanting in attention to a book of poems to which in the course of the work of illustration he has taken a great fancy.

Very sincerely yours,
R. Doyle.

G. DU MAURIER
(1834-1896)

91 Great Russell Street
Saturday *August* 24 1867

Dear Mr. Locker,

I am much obliged to you for the details about Etretat, after much deliberation, however, we have decided upon either Margate or Broadstairs. The temptation of the cheap journey is too great to resist, besides which three such very young children would be very awkward to take such a long way. We are to start on Thursday and I am trying to get through my work as best I can.

Pray give our thanks to Lady Charlotte for her kind offers of information, I have not the slightest doubt that Etretat is a far more fascinating place than Margate, and that if it were possible for us in the midst of all this bustle of packing up and working against time to go and lunch with you as you kindly suggest we should become much unsettled in our minds as to our trip. As it is, however, we are up to our necks in business, and shall have to stop up all day without stirring until Thursday.

Your sketch, or rather my sketch to your poem looked very gorgeous when it was done I thought. Whether it will look well in Punch I can't say.

I saw Simon Solomon yesterday, some of his pictures are very fine, one of Love amongst the Poppies most lovely. He told me he had been to lunch with you lately, but I forgot to ask him whether you had seen his pictures.

I hope we shall meet again when holiday-making is over as we are not very likely to meet at Margate.

Yours very truly,
George Du Maurier.

27 Church Row,
Hampstead
Monday (*May* 27. 1872)

My dear Locker,

We were much delighted to get your note last night and trust that you and Miss Locker are in good health.

I am very proud of the portrait. My friends Armstrong and Lamont who were here said they thought the face was one of the most successful bits of drawing I have yet done.[1]

I much look forward to seeing you again.

With our united kind regards to Miss Locker and yourself.

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
George Du Maurier.

D. G. ROSSETTI

(1828-1882)

16 Cheyne Walk
Chelsea.
13 *August* 1868.

My dear Sir,

Coming for a few days to town I find your kind present sent when I was away. Allow me to thank you Sincerely for including me among the recipients of so small an edition. Some of the poems were known to me already in print. I especially remember "My Neighbour Rose," and the curiosity I felt at the *F.L.* at the end of so accomplished a piece of writing. Your name not being so familiar to me

[1] See Frontispiece.

then as now. I here find the poem in company with many others well worthy of it, and am thankful to you for admitting me to so pleasant a circle.

Believe me,
My dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
D. G. Rossetti.

Frederick Locker, Esq.

[This letter might well serve as a model of politeness and dexterity of language.]

A. C. SWINBURNE

(1837-1909)

Holmwood
Shiplake
Henley on Thames
May 17 1871.

My dear Locker,

I hope you got back your copy of Atalanta safe from Thomson. Thanks for your note of enquiry after me. I am very well, & have just sent off an essay on Ford's plays to the Fortnightly—my last month's work. I am going to write a paper on Simeon Solomon, a short notice for a magazine, as he tells me it would be useful for him just now, & another such paper on J. Miller, whose *Songs of the Sierras* you may have seen or met the man in London. Both he & they are very interesting. The second poem in the book is full of fresh force as indeed is the whole book, though with crudities of style & wanting in composition of parts. But it has life enough to set up scores of Longfellows. I always thought the far West of America would produce better and more natural poets than the Boston School, and this Californian sample is racy of new soil &

strong sunlights. What is faulty or immature *saute aux yeux* the more reason to do justice to its merits & its high promise.

I should very much like to have rooms in your neighbourhood, if I knew of any I could afford & should find convenient. I should be very much obliged & grateful if you found any for me, though I could not have trespassed on your kindness by making such a request. I shall not come to London just at present for reasons sanitary & pecuniary, & others. It is nice here at this season, & the grounds & views are very pretty in spring. I hope Lady Charlotte is the better for country and sea air, and that you are all well now.

Ever yours sincerely,
A. C. SWINBURNE.

WALT WHITMAN
(1820-1892)

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY
U.S. AMERICA,
May 26, 1880.

Frederic Locker

DEAR FRIEND,

I rec'd yours of April 7th and believe me, I fully respond to your cheery greetings and kind wishes. I am pretty well for me (call myself now a *half-paralytic*) am much of the time in the country and on the water, yet take deep interest in the world and all its bustle (though perhaps keeping it at arm's length). I send you a Boston paper, same Mail with this, an "Emerson number" that may interest you; a piece by me in it. After you are through with it send it to Mr. Tennyson, if you think proper, and should you do me the kindness to write me again (I hope you will) send me Mr. Tennyson's

post-office address (a good permanent one that whatever sent to will finally reach him).

We are having a dash of the hottest weather here ever known, and I am standing it finely. I believe I sent you a month ago a little paper with my late piece "Riddle-Song."

The early summer is very fine here and I am enjoying it, even heat and all. I live on the banks of the Delaware River. I wish you could know my dear friend Mrs. Gilchrist and her family, now 5 Mount Vernon, Hampstead, they were three years here in America.

Best respects and love to you,

WALT WHITMAN.

LESLIE STEPHEN

11 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
S.W.
30, 3, 77.

MY DEAR LOCKER.

I am afraid I have done a dreadfully stupid thing. I took your poem out of my pocket as I walked across the park, read it once or twice, mentally accepted it with thanks & put it back (as I thought), in my pocket. Now I cannot find it! I have looked & am looking everywhere but so far in vain. I write at once hoping that you have another copy at home & then I shall only give you or your daughter the trouble of copying it out again. I am grievously ashamed of myself for I never did such a thing before (except once when the loss was no loss) & blush at my stupidity. As I did not read often enough to know your verses by heart I must bother you. Please set my mind at rest as soon as you can

Yours (in sackcloth & ashes)
L. STEPHEN.

I don't think that Hutton can have picked my pocket & I saw no other Editor about.

WILLIAM EDWARD HENLEY
(1849-1903)

[This moving and original poet and intrepid critic was described by George Meredith as "one of the main supports of good literature in our time," but good literature in our time has not always got its full deserts. If anyone were to draw the name of Henley in a nineteenth century lottery for poetic immortality he would do well to keep his ticket and to back his luck.]

"The Scots Observer,"
9 Thistle Street,
Edinburgh.

Dear Locker

It is a real pleasure to know that you are pleased. What I wrote in *London* I meant & I mean what I say in *Views & Reviews*. If I am wrong, then on my head lie it. But I do not believe I am.

I am no longer a Londoner but an excellent Scotsman. I left to edit the *Scots Observer* which I am told is going to be a great success. I can honestly say that I've spared no pains to make it so. I never knew what work was until I took it up.

The *Book of Verses* has been a kind of success. We don't despair of a third editon within the year & I've *actually made a little money by it*. In two or three years (if I live so long), I may have the material of another. *Qui vivra vena*? Anyhow your praise will always be precious to me & it is good of you not to spare it.

Always sincerely yours
W. E. Henley

[What Henley wrote in *London* and represented in *Views and Reviews* was (half of it) as follows: "Mr. Locker's verse has charmed so wisely & so long that it has travelled the full circle of compliment & exhausted one part of the lexicon of eulogy. As you turn his pages

you feel as freshly as ever the sweet, old-world elegance, the courtly amiability, the mannerly restraint, the measured & accomplished ease. True, they are colourless, & in these days we are deboshed with colour, but then they are so luminously limpid & serene, they are so sprightly & graceful & gay. In the gallantry they affect there is a something at once exquisite & paternal. If they pun 'tis with an air; even thus might Chesterfield have stooped to folly. And then, how clear the English, how light yet vigorous the touch, the manner how elegant and staid! There is wit in them, & that so genial & unassuming that as like as not it gets leave to beam on unperceived. There is humour too, but humour so polite as to look half unconscious, so dandified that it leaves you in doubt whether you should laugh or only smile. And withal there is a vein of well-bred wisdom never breathed but to the delight no less than to the profit of the student. And for those of them that are touched with passion as in the *Unrealised Ideal* & that lovely odelet to Mabel's pearls, why they are, I think, the best & the least approachable of all."

No wonder, Locker was pleased and wrote to say so. To be praised for exactly the right things in precisely the right words rarely falls to the lot of an artist.

R. L. STEVENSON

(1850-1894)

SKERRYMORE,
BOURNEMOUTH,
Feb. 5, 1887.

MY DEAR LOCKER

Here I am in my bed as usual, & it is indeed a long while since I went out to dinner. You do not know what a crazy fellow this is. My winter has not so far been luckily passed, & all hope of paying visits at Easter has vanished for twelve calendar months. But because I am a beastly & indurated invalid I am not dead to human

feelings; & I neither have forgotten you nor will forget you. Some day the wind may round to the right quarter & we may meet; till then I am still

truly yours
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

1 ARUNDEL TERRACE,
TRINITY ROAD,
UPPER TOOTING, S.W.
Feb. 2, 1880.

DEAR MR. LOCKER.

I can hardly express to you how grateful I am to get your letter. When I consider the perfect literary taste that is shown in all your own writings apart from the other merits I am not sure that I do not value your expressions of pleasure more highly than all the printed criticisms put together. It is very generous of you to pass over those defects of style in the book[1] which whenever I look into it seem blunders that any child might have avoided.

In enjoying your poems over again, I felt, will you mind my saying it? quite ill-used to find that you had altered two of my favourite lines which I had been in the habit of muttering to myself for some years past I mean

They never do so now, because
I'm not so handsome as I was.

I shall stick to the old reading as much the nicest whatever you may choose to do in new editions.

One other remark of quite a different sort. I unhesitatingly affirm that nothing more beautiful or powerful, for its length, than the "Old Stonemason" has been done by any modern poet. The only poem

[1] "Far from the Madding Crowd."

which has ever affected me in at all the same way is Wordsworth's "Two April Mornings" but this being less condensed than yours does not strike through one with such sudden power as yours in the last verse.

I will not forget to give myself the pleasure of calling some Sunday afternoon meanwhile I shall hope that you will be so kindly disposed as to give us a few more "Old Stonemasons" as well as ballads of a lighter kind.

Believe me
Yours very truly
THOS. HARDY

WHITWELL ELWIN
(1816-1900)

[The friendship between Locker and Elwin, though, as the following letters will reveal, of a very close description, was an old man's friendship on both sides, for they did not know one another until the end of their lives.

The Booton Rectory was not very far, as the crow flies, from Cromer, where Mrs. Locker-Lampson had under the guidance of her father, built herself a house—pleasingly, though not perhaps endearingly described, in the following lines written by Mr. Locker under a photograph.

This is the house by Cromer town,
Its bricks are red, though they look so brown.
It faces the sea on a wind-swept hill—
In winter it 's empty, in summer it 's chill:
Indeed it is one of Earth's windiest spots
As we know from the smashing of chimney-pots.
In August I ask for an extra quilt—
This is the house that Jane built.

Norfolk has many charms, but it would be churlish to include amongst them the fact that however many friends you may happen to have within her bounds, they are not often, however much you may desire their company, easy of access. In this respect, Norfolk is the county of unfulfilled desires, and it was only occasionally that the two friends were able to overcome their local obstacles.

The little Church and Rectory of Booton which Mr. Elwin had built and brooded over, during a long course of years, and where he lived, in the midst of a tiny agricultural parish, the life of a humble country parson, are things which once seen by any of his friends could not be forgotten, so congruous were they with the life and character of their Architect, Builder and Clerk of the Works.

Elwin, who succeeded Lockhart as Editor of the Quarterly Review (1853-60), had imbibed the full literary traditions of the eighteenth century, though enlarged and controlled by an enlightened taste, anchored on the firm ground of good sense and good feeling.

His temper for both Men and Books was almost perfect. At one time his acquaintance was large and his society in great demand. For example, he had known Lord Brougham very well, travelled with him on the Continent, and yet that wayward mortal had never even insulted him; and to the end of his days Elwin, though vigorously truthful in conversation, was able to speak of Brougham with liking and regard. This is I am sure the best thing that ever can be said of this particular Lord Chancellor.

Dr. Boyle, once Dean of Salisbury, writing to Mr. Locker, in reply to an invitation to come to Cromer to meet Tennyson and Elwin, says "Is it possible? There are two men I have yearned to know all my life. The one is Tennyson, the other is Mr. Elwin."]

Booton Rectory,
Norwich,
Oct. 24, 1891.

My dear Locker,

Any day suits us which suits you. What we want is to see you.

I return Calverley's Poems to-day. We have all relished them exceedingly. That Swinburne does not, shows that he is destitute of any sense for a particular class of humour in its very best form. The idiomatic language and easy flow of the verse are delightful, & the points are selected as happily as they are expressed. I do not even feel the want of heart. He avowedly takes a subject in its ludicrous side, & only professes to deal with its facetious aspects. We think highly of "Tommy." We are your debtors for this new & merry & gifted acquaintance. I am ashamed to have been hitherto ignorant of him.

Always
Affectionately yours
W. Elwin.

Booton Rectory
Norwich
June 23, 1892.

My dear Locker,

You sent me a very welcome present & I should have acknowledged it the day it came if I had not expected to read it immediately. Visitors & a fluster of business from deaths & other causes interfered. A book is spoilt to me when it is a good book unless I can go through it leisurely. I kept Birrell for my hours of ease. Besides the attraction it had from its author there was the second charm that I happened at some period or other to have been familiar with all the works of which the Essays treat. Much as has been written of Richardson & the rest, the criticism is extremely fresh & independent. This is its

characteristic throughout. It is also very lively. I should say almost too smart for a continuance. What may suit short essays especially in periodicals would be apt to pall in a longer work.

I share his opinion of Borrow, but suspect that is less general than Birrell supposes. Murray often told me that his books after the "Bible in Spain" which was not his best, had but a small & not a continuous sale. His, works according to the account he gave me himself were the product of excessive labour. In their first draught they were extremely diffuse (in their last also to some extent) & he reduced them by successive revisions. The style in their final form, equally cost him abundance of labour. Though he was conceited & dogmatic he did not care for the credit of extemporaneous power. His chief boast was his personal prowess & daring which were considerable, but he positively crouched before a vulgar plebeian wife, the widow I think of a butcher whom he married, I take it for a small property she possessed. He had none of his own. His books contain all he had to tell. His knowledge was superficial & what there was of it assumed the shape of flimsy, baseless, linguistic theories. I greatly enjoyed Birrell's appreciation of him. I add that several people described by Borrow in "Lavengro" were my own familiar acquaintances in my boyhood. I regret not to have known Isopel Berners.

Always
Affectionately yours
W. Elwin.

Booton Rectory
Norwich
March 10, 1893.

My dear Locker,

You rightly say I should go to you if I could. I can picture no visit that would have more charm for me than a stay at Rowfant, but I am tied here, a little by my age but most by my occupations. Our church work after next week will be in full swing & as for

economy's sake, I take the superintendence upon myself & have neither architect nor clerk of the works, nor overseer of any kind I am obliged to be at home or something goes wrong.

Now that everybody else has ceased to read Lord Houghton's life, I have begun it, and finished the first volume last night. There are far too many letters that have nothing in them even at this short distance of time, to interest the world at large, & Reid, I think, has made the mistake of representing Milnes to have been a grander person than he seemed. Not being troubled with diffidence, there was nothing in him which he did not bring out. He spoke, & wrote, & talked to the best of his ability on all occasions when the humour prompted him, his opportunities being unlimited. In my fancy he would have appeared to more advantage in a smaller book, depicted, as he really was, a man of many gifts and accomplishments up to a certain level, & radically so good-natured and social that he was attractive in spite of those notorious peculiarities which, in strict truth, were impertinences. Even his talk is, I should say, exaggerated by Reid. It was bright & pleasant, & had a touch of humour in it, but it could hardly be called brilliant. I had a strong liking for him, & yet am compelled to feel that the Monckton Milnes that Reid would hand down to posterity is not the Monckton Milnes of contemporaries. Bob Lowe said to me, "What false ideas people will have hereafter of the men of our time if they trust to biographies."

We are glad to hear good news of you, and to know that time does nothing worse by you than to fly too quickly. That of itself indicates ease. As for me I believe that a week in my boyhood was sometimes longer than a year is now. That, too, has its advantages. It will bring you sooner back to Cromer, & then we shall meet.

Always
Affectionately yours,
W. Elwin.

Booton Rectory
Norwich
May 10, 1895.

My dearest Locker,

It seems to my sensation a long time (though I believe by the almanac it is not many years since) we first took you into our hearts, where you have remained ever since. At very short intervals we are sure to *talk* of you, & there is probably not a day in which we do not *think* of you, & always with the same affection & delight. No, not the same either. I ought to have written with ever-increasing affection & delight. It is but a week or so since Mrs. Elwin had a charming letter from Mr. Martineau, & we have been talking doubly of you in the interval, & reckoning on the approaching season of your return to Norfolk, & the joy it would bring to us if we were all spared. Now comes a note from Dolly to say you are ill, & we are all impatience to hear you are better. I have an irresistible impulse to say that myself to you, & to tell you how dear you are to us, & what a precious part you have been of our lives from the day I first set foot in your house & you in ours. I know well from the many talks we have had together that illness will bring its own peculiar peace to you, which is an excellent satisfaction to us, but I am craving the enjoyment of your presence among us that obliges me to long for this boon also, & until good news comes it is a relief to give a vent for my feelings by writing them to you. All blessings be with you my ever-prized friend. Mrs. E. will have spoken for herself. She & I have one identical thought of you.

Always
Yours very affectionately,
W. Elwin.

PART III

SIX LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO A SON AT ETON WHO WAS SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF "PENNING STANZAS."

ROWFANT,
CRAWLEY,
SUSSEX,
14 *May*. 1888.

MY DEAR BOY,

I have read your verses several times, and *they interest me very much*. Your metre rather reminds me of the metre in which Macaulay wrote his Armada; but you have not made it so regular as he did. I do not know if you did this on purpose, but if you did I like his way of writing it better than yours. Get some one to lend you Macaulay's Poems, and read the Armada, read it several times, and then read yours, and I think you will recognize what I say.

You see you have chosen a very ambitious subject, and you have treated it in a spirited way, but, as I say, I think your metre is often too irregular.

In line two I think "giving back" would convey your meaning better than "*muttering forth*," tho' I like *muttering forth* very much.

I do not quite understand the meaning of the line,

And were in good sooth cursing

& in fact the last three lines of the poem want clearness—you say,

I did end their struggles

Do you mean you put them out of their pain by killing them? Try and get the Armada and read it well, and please send me back the

Verses, and on another piece of paper write them out in prose, as clearly as you can, so that I may know exactly what you mean. I am glad you like Mr. Smith.

Your affectionate
Father.

ROWFANT,
17 *June* 1888.

MY DEAR GODFREY,

I have read your poems which are creditable to you, but at the same time they are *very defective*, and I had better at once tell you that in doing them, especially the sonnet, you were undertaking something far, far, far beyond your powers, and wasting your precious time. Hardly any poets have written good sonnets—Keats wrote one or two—Shelley one—Byron one—Milton four or five—Wordsworth eight or ten. I will give you 13 Rules, which *must* be obeyed before you can write a good sonnet.

*1. Two rhymes to the octave & not more than three to the sestette.

2. It must confine itself to one leading idea, thought, or feeling.

3. It must treat this one idea, thought, or feeling in such a manner as to leave on the reader's mind no sense of insufficiency.

4. No speck of obscurity.

5. No forced rhyme.

6. No superfluous word.

7. Not a word too little—that means no confusion for the sake of convenience.

8. No word out of place.

9. No very long word, or any other that tends to lessen the number of accents & so weaken the verse.

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*No. 1 means that the first, fourth, fifth & eighth lines must rhyme, & that the second, third, sixth & seventh must rhyme, & that the six last lines may have two, or three, rhymes among them.

10. Its rhymes must be properly varied & contrasted, & not beat upon the same vowel.

11. Its music must be varied.

12. It must increase in interest to the end.

13. The close must be impressive, not epigrammatic.

My advice to you is not to write any more poetry at present—& when you begin again, to write in one simple metre, & to keep to that till you can write clearly, correctly & grammatically. Try the eight syllable rhyme—W. Collins wrote in it, & see how beautiful he could make it—

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Farewell, dear boy.

NEWHAVEN COURT,
CROMER.
22 *July*, 1888.

DEAR GODFREY,

We have been wondering when we should hear from you, & lo! your letter! There is a good deal to be said for Solitude, & something to be said against it. Some Frenchman wittily said,

How sweet, how passing sweet is Solitude,
But let me have a friend in my retreat
Whom I may whisper, "Solitude is sweet!"

In some verses I once wrote I said that the best of company was

> Those graver thoughts in Solitude
> That hold us fast, & never pall.

Some one else said that Solitude was good for fine minds but bad for mean minds. Do you remember those fine lines that begin

> My mind to me a kingdom is

Now the poet who wrote that, was worthy of Solitude.

We like your poem very much & it gets stronger towards the conclusion, which is a merit. One word we cannot decypher in the seventh line.

You must be careful in the scansion of your lines. Line one has six beats instead of five. In it you might have left out the two words "one might," & you might have said by *a* lonely pool—read Milton & see how careful he is about his metre.

Mother wants to add a line, only seven or eight days more!

Your loving
F. L. L.

Do you like me to tell you of anything in your poetry which I think might be improved? I always do it to Lord Rosslyn, he hates it at the time, & hates me also, but in the end he is glad. When people send me their poems for an opinion, I always criticize.

Newhaven Court,
Cromer,
3 *October*, 1888.

My dear Godfrey,

I am very sorry to hear that the boys tease you—bear it as well as you can, & if you are amiable, & kindly, & obliging, & show a bold front, they will *very* soon leave off, & will *very soon end by making a good deal of you.* We have all had to pass thro' the sort

of thing you complain of. When you complained & were out of temper with your Mother & me I told you that you must not be so at school, so remember that, & try and be jolly with the boys, they are not worse, and not better than other boys, & as you cannot get away from your fellow creatures, you must do your best, & put up with them. I am *very glad* you have written to me about the boys, & I am *very sorry* for you, but it can't be helped, & you must learn to take care of yourself, & to meet the world on the best terms you can. I have no doubt that many of these boys are not bad boys, & you may end, if you are wise, in liking them very much.

I shall see you on Tuesday, which will soon be here. I KNOW the advice I am giving you is the best possible advice. I have been bullied at school, & kicked & cuffed—far worse than you are, & yet here I am.

Your affec. father.

If you ask boys to tea to meet us ask those who are not pleasant to you.

ROWFANT,
30 *January*, 1893.

DEAR BOY,

I send you the engraving after Leslie. You may remember that he painted that picture in the National Gallery of Sancho before the Duchess. I do not know if you care for the subject but it is a beautiful impression, a proof before letters.

I have seen the article in Athenæum & do not care for it, the writer is more occupied in showing his own cleverness, than in revealing the merits of Lord Lytton. I think it is a spiteful article, probably written by Mr. Theodore Watts. As regards that quotation from Aylmer's Field—I think the repetition of the same words adds to the beauty of the passage.

Then, I think the young man returning from service in India to

his friends in England, they expecting him to be almost as fresh & strong, as he was when he left England, not long before, & finding him "a worn out man," is simply & affectingly expressed,—but perhaps you differ with me in these two points (Crabbe & Tennyson), if so, it is of no consequence, difference of opinion is the salt of conversation.

Yr. affec. Father.

ROWFANT,
3 *March*, 1892.

DEAR BOY,

I have been reading & re-reading your poem, till I have no time to write a letter. I suppose you write when a spirit moves you to write, but I think you choose *violent* subjects, however if you feel what you say, you are right to write about it.

However I think you choose too difficult subjects, too *abstract* ones, & you are gruelled (exhausted) by the difficulty. Why not take a more commonplace one.

A day in class, up to Mr. James, with a sketch of one or two of the boys, & the class generally—or a conversation with Graves about the last purchase.

Or a conversation between Rowland and an Eton boy about how much he owes, & asking for tick.

You should write in a very simple metre—& thus you would gradually get a power of expressing your thoughts, clearly and forcibly.

Now the following is a complete poem:

Mrs. Boem
Wrote a poem
In praise of Teignmouth air,
Mr. Boem
Read that poem,
And built a cottage there.

Yes, that, as far as it goes, is perfectly clear and complete, & could not possibly be better expressed,—write something like it.

Your loving
F. L. L.

FINAL EFFORT OF THE SON AGE SEVENTEEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF HIS GODFATHER, LORD TENNYSON.

THE sorrowing nations weep and mourn for thee,
And voices of the dead cry from their graves,
And send sad echoes sighing thro' the sea
Of dark eternity; and shadowy waves
Roll on the ocean of men's minds
And rise and break and utter thoughts in verse
Born of thy mighty soul; and moaning winds
Cry past the laurels on thy fateful hearse.
Thus is thy fame to live, when battles rage,
And all the earth is overthrown in night:
Thus shall thy monument from age to age
Stand for a witness of thy country's might.
And still the mournful measures come and sigh.
So, rest thy bones, where the still hours have lain
Thro' centuries; thy verse shall never die,
So sleep to rise, and wake, to sing again.

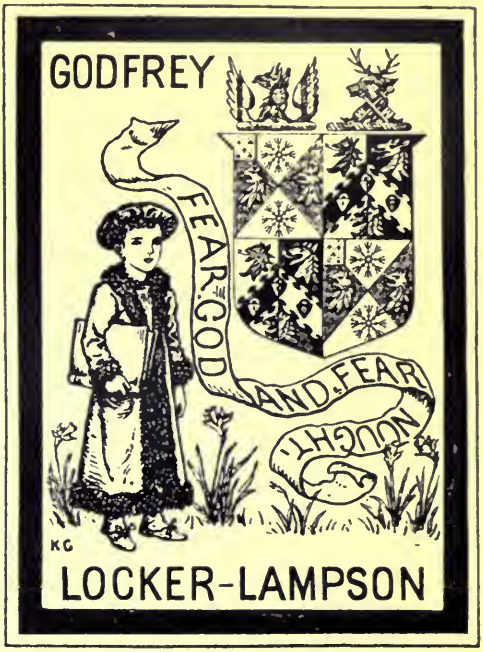
PART IV

SOME FAMILY BOOK-PLATES

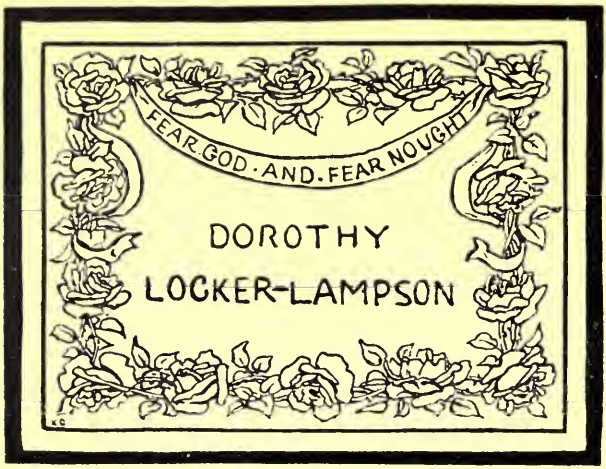
IV

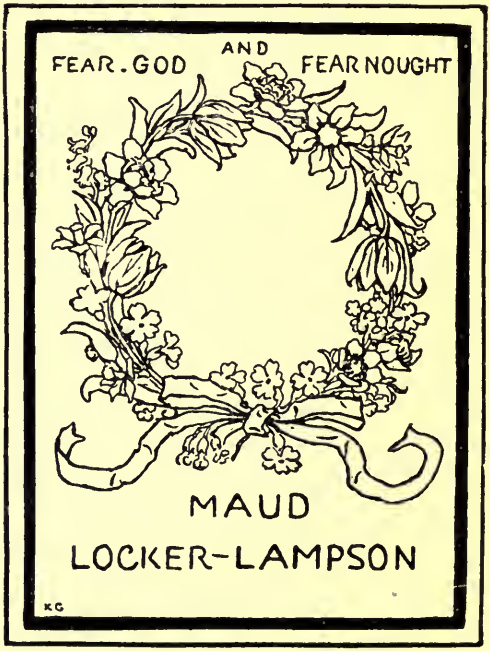
SOME FAMILY BOOKPLATES

SOME FAMILY BOOKPLATES



SOME FAMILY BOOKPLATES





SOME FAMILY BOOKPLATES

PART V

THE TWELVE GOOD RULES OF FAMILIAR VERSE

By Austin Dobson

Reprinted, with the Compiler's consent, from Mr. Brander Matthews' book "Pen and Ink" (Longmans, Green, and Co).

1. Never be vulgar.
2. Avoid slang and puns.
3. Avoid inversions.
4. Be sparing of long words.
5. Be colloquial, but not commonplace.
6. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures.
7. Let the rhymes be frequent, but not forced.
8. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear.
9. Be as witty as you like.
10. Be serious by accident.
11. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion.
12. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

PART VI

CATALOGUE VERSES

(*First printed in "An Appendix to the Rowfant Library,"* 1900)

"His books." Oh yes, his books I know,—
  Each worth a monarch's ransom;
But now, beside their row on row,
  I see, erect and handsome,

The courtly Owner, glass in eye,
  With half-sad smile, forerunning
Some triumph of an apt reply,—
  Some master-stroke of punning.

Where shall we meet his like again?
  Where hear, in such perfection,
Such genial talk of things and men,—
  Such store of recollection;

Or where discern a verse so neat,
  So well-bred and so witty,—
So finished in its least conceit,
  So mixed of mirth and pity?

Pope taught him rhythm, Prior ease,
  Praed buoyancy and banter;
What modern bard would learn from these?
  Ah, *tempora mutantur!*

The old régime departs,—departs;
  Our days of mime and mocker,
For all their imitative arts,
  Produce no Frederick Locker.

Austin Dobson.

June 21st, 1899.

THE yellow autumn sunset falls
On copse and lane and shaven green,
And gilds the russet Rowfant walls
Their trees between.

Still glows the hearth, the genial face
Of all the ancient home remains,
And where he sat, a mastering grace
Of memory reigns;—

The tilted brow—the smile that made
All mirth, to pity yet akin—
The half-shut eyes, as merrier played
The wit within;

And when did Nature, doubly kind,
Since love was love, and art was art,
Enrich with so urbane a mind
So large a heart?

But chiefly near his presence seems
Within that cell, obscure, divine,
The Mecca of a bookman's dreams,
A scholar's shrine;

For there the Avon folios sleep,
And Lovelace sings his knightly quest,
There Izaack shrinks in modest sheep,—
That princely vest!

And Poquelin, mirth-compelling sage,
Bedecked in crimson livery trim,
And gaunt Quichotte's stately page,—
All linked with him.

What hope but this his heart could ask,
As thick the shadows gathered round,
That hands he loved should take the task
He left uncrowned?

And thus as years are rolled apace,
New comrades gather—these to those,
Alike the bluest-blooded race
That Bookland knows.

'Tis well! We bid thee no good-night,
Dear master of the lyric strain;
That life that made the hours so bright
Lives here again.

CREWE.

Feb. 4, 1900.

PART VII

NOTES ON A FEW OF THE BOOKS FORMERLY IN THE ROWFANT LIBRARY COLLECTED BY MR. LOCKER

Eheu, fugaces,

[*If any Reader of these Notes is struck by the oddity, variety, or inconsistency of the* spelling, *he should not hastily charge the Editor or any living Printer with indifference or carelessness.*]

BACON, Francis (Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban). Essayes. Religious Meditations. Places of persvasion and disswasion. Seene and allowed. *At London, Printed for Humfrey Hooper, and are to be sold at the black Beare in Chancery Lane.* 1597. *Printed at London by John Windet for Humfrey Hooper* 1597. Sm. 8vo. (1st Edition.)

This is the first edition of ten of the essays, which, in the second edition of 1612, were increased to forty, and in 1625 to fifty-eight. The "Religious Meditations" are on twelve topics, and are in Latin. The "Places of persvasion and disswasion" are better known as the "Colours of Good and Evil." *See* Spedding's edition of Bacon's "Works," vii, pp. 77 and 233.

BARBOUR, John. The Actis and Lyfe of the maist Victorious Conquerour, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Quhairin alswa ar cõntenit the martial deidis of the Vailzeand Princes; Edward Bruce, Schir James Dowglas: Erle Thomas Randell, Walter

Stewart, and sindrie otheris. *Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik* (? John Scott) *at the expensis of Henri Charteris.* Anno DO MDLXXI. 8vo.

Imperfect; wanting the title-page.

"Address to the Reidar," three leaves.

This copy of the 1571 edition supposed to be unique.

BARCLAY, ALEXANDER. Here begynneth the Egloges of Alexander Barclay, priest, whereof the first thre conteineth the miseries of courters and courtes, of all Princes in general. The matter whereof was translated into Englysshe by the said Alexander in form of dialoges, out of a boke named in latin *Miserie Curialium* compiled by Æneas Silvius, Poete and Oratour which after was Pope of Rome and named Pius. In the whiche the interloqutors be Cornix & Coridon. Thus endeth the thyrde and last Eglogue of the Misery of Court and Courtiers. Composed by Alexander Barclay preest in his youth. *Imprinted at London by Humfrey Powell.* No date. 4to.

This book was first printed by Pynson, without date, then by John Herforde, without date. This is the third impression and very rare. These Eclogues were probably composed *circa* 1512. "Though Barclay's execution is rude as his style is prosy, his realistic complaints furnish a lively picture of contemporary manners, and in the Third Eclogue there is an excellent description of an Inn." See D.N.B., vol. iii. Barclay, who died in 1552, is best known, not by these Eclogues, but by his verse translation of the "Ship of Fools," published by Pynson in 1509.

BARNFIELD, RICHARD.

In this volume are bound up, each with a separate title-page, with the same date and printer's name, *four* separate publications.

(1). The Encomion of Lady Pecunia or the Praise of Money—quærenda pecunia primum est, Virtus post nummos. Horace.

By Richard Barnfeild, Graduate in Oxford. *London, Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard and are to be sold at his shoppe neare Temple barre at the Signe of the Hand and Starre.* 1598. 4to.

(2). The Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie. *Vivit post funera virtus.*

(3). The Combat between Conscience and Covetousness, in the minde of Man—"quid non mortalia pectora cogis, Auri sacra fames?" (Virgil).

(4). Poems in divers humors. "Trahit sua quæmque voluptas." (Virgil).

It is in this *fourth* part that the sonnet appears

> If music and sweet poetry agree
> As they must needs, the sister and the brother, etc.

and the happy lines

> As it fell upon a day
> In the merry month of May, etc.

which being in 1599 included in "The Passionate Pilgrim," with a title-page bearing the name of "W. Shakespeare" have been often attributed to that fountain of inspiration, but the researches of Mr. Grosart show that they were rightly included in Barnfield's "Poems. In divers humours."

This volume is excessively rare. The only other copy known is in the Bodleian.

BLAKE, William. Songs of Innocence and of Experience. Shewing the two Contrary states of the Human Soul. Songs of Innocence. The Author & Printer W. Blake 1789. Songs of Experience 1794. The Author and Printer W. Blake. 8vo.

Although the two parts were published separately the pagination is continuous.

This copy belonged to Blake's friend, Mr. Butts, but was cut

down by a subsequent owner to meet the dimensions of an old washing book from the covers of which Mr. Locker rescued it, and had it bound in green morocco by Bedford—a binder to whom he was perhaps too partial.

BODENHAM, JOHN.

Bodenham, so we are assured by Mr. Bullen, did not really "edit any of the Elizabethan miscellanies attributed to him by bibliographers—he projected their publications and befriended the editors." In the Rowfant Library there were three out of four of these collections, namely, Wits Theater of the Little World. 1599. Belvedere or the Garden of the Muses 1600, and the famous England's Helicon, with the motto

Casta placent superis,
pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
sumite fortis aquam.

At London. Printed by I. R. for John Flasket and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Beare. 1st Edition. 1600.

BRETON, NICHOLAS. The Passionate Shepheard, or the Shephearde's Love, set down in Passions to his Shepheardesse Aglaia. With many excellent conceited Poems and Pleasant Sonnets, fit for young heads to pass away idle hours. *London imprinted by E. Allde, for Iohn Tappe, and are to bee solde at his Shop, at the Tower Hill, near the Bulwarke Gate* 1604. 4to.

Published without the author's name, the only copy known. Breton's best lyrics are in this volume and in "England's Helicon."

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS. Religio Medici. Printed for Andrew Crooke (1642). Sm. 8vo. (First issue of unauthorized 1st Edition.)

——— Hydriotaphia, Urne-Burial, or a Discourse of the Sepulchrall

Urnes lately found in Norfolk. Together with the Garden of Cyrus, or the Quincunciall Lozenge, or Net-Work Plantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically Considered. With sundry observations. By Thomas Browne D. of Physick. *London. Printed for Hen. Brome at the Signe of the Gun in Ivy Lane.* 1658. (1st Edition.)

BROWNE, WILLIAM. Britannia's Pastorals. *Lond.: print. for Geo Norton, dwell: at Temple-Barr* (1613). The Second Booke. Horat Carmine Dij superi placantur, carmine Manes. *London: Printed by Thomas Snodham for George Norton and are to be sold at the Signe of the Red Bull Without Temple Barre.* (1616). Folio.

BUNYAN, JOHN. The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to That which is to come Delivered under the similitude of a Dream Wherein is Discovered, the Manner of his setting out, His dangerous Iourney and Safe Arrival at the desired Countrey. By Iohn Bunyan. The Third Edition with Additions. I have used Similitudes Hosea 12. 10. Licensed and entred according to order. *London. Printed for Nath. Ponder at the Peacock in the Poultry near Cornhill.* 1679. Sm. 8vo.

With portrait of the Author.

This is the first *complete* edition. The conference between the friend of Mr. Bye-ends and the Pilgrims first appears in it. No other copy of this edition is known (since Mr. Offor's copy was burnt.)

For a long time it was supposed that no copy of the First Edition (1678) had escaped the enraptured fingers of childhood, but five copies are now believed to be in existence, three of which are imperfect. A perfect copy of the first edition was sold at Sotheby's on the 9th of May, 1901, and realized £1,475, a large price for a "Pilgrim' Progress" in which the name of Mr. Worldly Wiseman does not occur, and where Giant Despair is a bachelor.

BURNS, ROBERT. Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns.

> THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
> He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
> And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
> Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.
> *Anonymous.*

Kilmarnock. Printed by John Wilson. 1786. 8vo. (1st edition.)

BUTLER, SAMUEL. Hudibras. The first part. Written in the time of the late War. [Emblem, Rose and Thistle each crowned.] *London. Printed in the year* 1663. [The first issue—probably pirated.] Sm. 8vo.

The Second part by the Authour of the First. London. *Printed by T. R. for John Martyn and James Allestry at the Bell in St. Pauls Church Yard* 1664. 8vo. (1st Edition.)

The Third and last Part. Written by the Author of the First and Second Parts. *London, printed for Simon Miller, at the Sign of the Star, at the West End of St. Pauls.* 1678. 8vo. [1st Edition.]

BYRD, WILLIAM. Songs of Sundrie natures, some of gravitie, and others of myrth, fit for all companies and voyces. Lately made and composed into Musick of 3. 4. 5. and 6 parts, and published for the delight of all such as take pleasure in the exercise of that Art. By William Byrd, one of the Gentlemen of the Queenes Majesties honorable Chappell. *Imprinted at London by T. E. dwelling in Aldersgate street at the signe of the Black Horse* 1589. 4to. (First Edition.)

CAREW, THOMAS. Poems by Thomas Carew Esquire, one of the Gentleman of the Privie-Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to His Majesty. *London printed by I. D. for Thomas Walkley and*

are to be sold at the signe of the Flying Horse between Brittains Burse, and York House 1640. Cælum Brittanicum. A Masque at Whitehall in the Banquetting house on Shrove Tuesday-night the 18 of February 1633. The Inventors Thos. Carew, Inigo Jones. *London printed for Thomas Walkley.* 1640. 8vo.

Two of the poems, "The Enquiry" and "The Primrose," with slight variations, are to be found amongst Herrick's poems.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE. The History of Don Qvichote. The first parte. Printed for Edward Blounte (n.d.)—The Second Part of the History of the Valorous & worthy Knight-Errant Don Quixote of the Mancha. Written in Spanish by Michael Cervantes. And now Translated into English. *London, Printed for Edward Blount.* 1620. 4to. (1st Edition.)

This is Shelton's translation from the Spanish edition of Brussels, 1607.

CHAPMAN, GEORGE. The Blinde begger of Alexandria, most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of Conceite and Pleasure. By George Chapman, Gentleman. *Imprinted at London for William Iones dwelling at the signe of the Gun, near Holburne Conduict.* 1598. 4to. (1st Edition.)

The earliest dramatic publication of Chapman's and a piece of the highest rarity. First represented 12 February, 1595.

——— The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois. A Tragedie. As it hath often been presented at the private Play-House in the White-Fryers. Written by George Chapman Gentleman. *London printed by T. S. & are to be solde by Iohn Helme at his shop in St. Dunstones Church-yard in Fleet Street.* 1613. (2nd edition.)

CHAPMAN, GEORGE. Seaven Books of the Iliades of Homore, Prince of Poets. Translated according to the Greeke, in Judgment of his best Commentaries by George Chapman Gent. Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons. *London. Printed by Iohn Windet, and are to be sold at the sign of the Cross-Keyes, near Paules Wharffe.* 1598. 4to. (1st edition.)

——— The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets. Never before in any language truely translated. With a Cōment upon some of his chief places. Donne according to the Greeke. By Geo. Chapman *At London printed for Nathaniell Buller.* 1611. Folio.

On this fly-leaf of the Folio in the autograph of Pope, "Ex libris Alexandri Popei. Pret. 3 s.s."

Inserted were Pope's autograph receipt for a subscription to his translation of the Iliads, and MS. leaf of the first pages of Iliad Book VIII in his Autograph. Pope had also noted in this copy many of Chapman's interpolations.

——— JONSON AND MARSTON. Eastward Hoe. As it was played in the Black friers. By the Children of her Majesties Revels. Made by Geo. Chapman. Ben. Ionson, Ioh. Marston. *At London printed for William Apsley.* 1605. 4to. (1st edition.)

In consequence of the reflections upon the Scotch the three authors were imprisoned in the Fleet by our new Scotch king.

"The comedy thus celebrated for the peril it brought upon the ears and the noses of its authors has of itself merit enough to have won for writers of less previous note a sufficient share of more enviable celebrity. It is one of the most spirited and brilliant plays belonging to that class of which the two most famous examples are the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Every Man in his Humour*. . . . The London of Hogarth as set forth in that immortal series of engravings for which he is said to have taken the hint from this comedy, does not seem

nearer or more actual than this elder London of Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, and the more high-flying genius of Frank Quicksilver is as real and life-like as the humbler debauchery and darker doom of Tom Idle. The parts of Mistress Touchstone and Gertrude are worthy of Molière in his homelier mood, and but for one or two momentary indecencies, dropped here and there to attest the passage of Marston, the scenes in which they figure would be as perfect and blameless examples of pure broad comedy as any stage can show." "George Chapman," by A. C. Swinburne, p. 55.)

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR. The Fall of Robespierre. An Historic Drama. By S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge. *Cambridge.* 1794.

Poems on various subjects by S. T. Coleridge late of Jesus College, Cambridge. *Printed for G. G. and F. Robinsons & J. Cottle Bookseller Bristol.* 1796.

COLLINS, WILLIAM. Odes on several Descriptive and Allegoric Subjects by William Collins (Quotation from Pindar). *London: Printed for A. Millar in the Strand.* 1747. *Price one shilling.*

These famous Odes actually appeared in December, 1746.

COWLEY, ABRAHAM. The Mistresse, or severall copies of Love-Verses. Written by Mr. A. Cowley.

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

London. Printed for Humphrey Moseley & are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Church-yard Anno Domini 1647. Small 8vo. (1st Edition.)

COWPER, WILLIAM. Poems by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple (Quotations from the *Æneid*, Book VIII, ll. 22, 25), and Nous sommes nés pour la Vérité. *London: Printed for J. Johnson No 72 St. Pauls Church-yard.* 1782. [1st Edition, first issue with suppressed Preface.]

CRABBE, GEORGE. Inebriety, a Poem, In three parts (Quotation). *Ipswich: Printed and sold by C. Punchard, Bookseller in the Butter-Market and by the rest of the Booksellers.* 1775. (Price one shilling and sixpence.) Pp. 47.

This is the earliest and by far the rarest volume of the great favourite of Scott, Byron, Newman, and Fitzgerald. It begins thus:

> The mighty spirit and its power, which stains
> The bloodless cheek and vivifies the brains
> I sing.

This poem has never been wholly reprinted.

——— The Library, a Poem. *London, Printed for J. Dodsley.* 1781.

The publication of this poem was due to the good offices of Burke, to whom Crabbe wrote: "Sir, I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, Sir, procure me pardon: I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment & without bread."

Never was an unlucky poet so completely "rescued" as Crabbe. The cure was perhaps too complete.

CRASHAW, RICHARD. Steps to the Temple. Sacred Poems. With other Delights of the Muses. By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of S. Peters Coll. in Cambridge. Printed and Published according to Order. *London* (same impress as Cowley). 1646. 12mo. (1st Edition.)

DANIEL, SAMUEL. Delia Contayning certayne Sonnets. With the Complaint of Rosamond.

Aetas prima canat Veneres postrema tumultis.

At London. Printed by I. C. for Simon Waterson dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the sign of the Crowne. 1592. 4to.

Believed to be the only copy of this edition known. The sonnets are sixty in number, and are addressed to an unknown lady. Mr. Grosart is able to recognize in them a "a human passion," and "not mere sportive wit," "love, not rhyme-craft." One of them is to be found in the "Golden Treasury," (xlvi) and seven in the "Oxford Book of English Verse," so the reader may judge for himself.

DAVIES, JOHN (of Hereford). Microcosmos. The Discovery of the Little World with the government thereof. Manilius. An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro? Exemplumq: Dei quisq: est sub imagine paruâ. By John Davies. *At Oxford printed by Ioseph Barnes & are to be solde in Fleete streete at the sign of the Turkes head by John Barnes.* 1603. 4to.

This edition is believed to be the only copy known. Though its contents are varied, it is dull throughout, save for an interesting reference on p. 215 to Shakespeare and Burbage.

——— The Scourge of Folly. Consisting of satyrical Epigramms and others in honor of many noble and worthy Persons of our Land. Together with a pleasant (though discordant) Descant upon most English Proverbes and others. *At London printed by E: A: for Richard Redmor sould at his shop at ye west gate of Paules.* 1610. 8vo.

It has an engraved title of Wit scourging Folly on the back of Time, and if it be true that the figure being "horsed" on Time's back was a recognizable portrait of a rival contemporary epigram-

matist called Parrot, the author of "Springes to catch Woodcocks," it may have excited an interest now expired.

The epigrams are addressed to a host of the author's friends and acquaintances, Jonson, Shakespeare, Donne, Daniel, Bishop Hall and others. Shakespeare is spoken of as "our English Terence."

This John Davies (of Hereford) must not for a moment be confounded with another poet and epigrammatist of the same names and almost an exact contemporary, the author of "Hymnes to Astræa, in Acrosticke" (1597) and the better known "Nosce teipsum" (1599).

The author of "Microcosmos" and "The Scourge of Folly" was the most famous writing master of his day and had the honour to teach Prince Henry (the heir to the throne, whose death in 1612 opened floodgates of poetical tears) how to write. Though a poor poet he had a rich acquaintance. The author of "Nosce teipsum" was the Sir John Davies of Irish notoriety, who though an Englishman was once an Irish Attorney-General and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. This Attorney-General and Speaker was a better poet than the writing master, but had not so pleasant a life or so many friends worth knowing.

DAVISON, Francis. A Poetical Rapsodie, Containing, Diverse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigalls, and other like Poesies both in Rime and Measured Verse. Never yet published.

> The Bee and Spider by a diverse power,
> Sucke Hony and Poyson from the selfe same flower.

Printed at London by V. S. for John Baily and are to be sold at his Shoppe in Chancery Lane neere to the office of the Six Clarkes. 1602. 12mo. (1st edition.)

Mr. Locker had also the 2nd edition, 1608, and the 3rd edition, 1611, with Pope's autograph on fly-leaf.

DE FOE, DANIEL. The Life and Strange surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York Mariner, Who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone, in an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Great River of Uroonoque, Having been cast on shore by Ship wreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by Pyrates. Written by Himself. *London, Printed for W. Taylor at the Ship in Paternoster Row.* 1719. 8vo.

Frontispiece of Robinson Crusoe by Clarke and Pine.

——— The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Being the Second and Last Part of his Life, and of the Strange Surprizing Accounts of his Travels Round three parts of the Globe. Written by Himself. To which is added a map of the World in which is Delineated the Voyages of Robinson Crusoe. *London, Printed for W. Taylor at the Ship in Paternoster Row.* 1719.

——— Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelick world. Written by Himself. *London, Printed for W. Taylor at the Ship and Black Swan in Paternoster Row.* 1720.

These are all of the First Editions. It is not "surprizing" to be told that W. Taylor of Paternoster Row made a large sum by the sale of The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. "Of the myriads of those who have read 'Robinson Crusoe,' very few are aware of the existence of his 'Serious Reflections' which contain a mine of intellectual, moral and religious thought surpassed by very few books in the English language.' *See* "Life of De Foe," by William Lee (*J. C. Hotten. London*, 1869).

DEKKER, THOMAS. Satiro-mastrix or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poets. As it hath bin presented publickly by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants, and privately by the Children of Paules. By Thomas Dekker. Non recito cuiquam nisi amicis idq coactus. *London. Printed for Edward White and are to be solde at his Shop neere the little North doore of Paules Church at the signe of the Gun.* 1602. 4to. (1st edition.)

This play was an answer to Jonson's "Poetaster," printed in the same year, when Dekker had been introduced as Crispinus. In this piece Jonson is Young Horace.

It is stated somewhere that a copy of this first edition was one of the books burnt by Betty Barnes, Mr. John Warburton's cook, who whilst pursuing her honourable calling destroyed so many rare books as to win for herself a measure of immortality in both verse and prose. (See Introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel" and Mr. Lang's "Ballads of Books" and other places.)

DENHAM, SIR JOHN. Cooper's Hill. A Poeme. *London, Printed for Tho Walkley and are to be sold at his Shop at the signe of the Flying Horse between York-House and Britains Burse.* 1642. 4to.

This is the first Edition and of some rarity, but as it does not contain the only stanza in the poem worth reading, "O could I flow like thee," etc., no one need covet its possession.

DONNE, JOHN. Poems by J. D. with Elegies on the Author's Death. *London, Printed by M. F. for John Marriot and are to be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleet Street.* 1633. 4to. (1st Edition.)

DRAYTON, MICHAEL. England's Heroicall Epistles. Newly corrected with Idea, by Michael Drayton. *At London Printed by I R for N L and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard.* 1600.

——— Poemes Lyrick and Pastorall { Odes / Eglogs / The Man in the Moone } by Michael Drayton Esquier.
At London. Printed by R. B. for N. L. and J. Flasket. No date. *Circa* 1605. 8vo.

Only one other copy known. The Ballad of Agincourt appears here for the first time.

DRYDEN, JOHN. Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Musique. An Ode, In Honour of St. Cecilia's Day. By Mr. Dryden. *London. Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's Head near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleet Street.* 1697. Folio. (1st Edition.)

EDWARDES, RICHARD. The Paradyse of daynty devises. Conteyning sundry pithy preceptes, learned Counsels, and excellent intentions, right pleasant and profitable for all estates. Devised and written for the most part by M. Edwardes, sometime of her Majesties Chappell, the rest, by sundry learned Gentlemen, both of honor and worship whose names hereafter folowe. *Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the Southwest doore of Saint Paules Church and are there to be solde* 1578 (3rd Edition). 4to.

The first Edition is dated 1576. This copy is supposed to be unique, the Edition having for some reason been withdrawn from publication. Other editions, down to 1600, followed in quick succession.

This Anthology, though inferior to "England's Helicon," or to

Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," makes a good third in a series which, were all the books of English Poesie blotted out, would establish for our Race a clear title to a mansion in the sky.

FIELDING, HENRY. The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews And of his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams. Written in Imitation of the Manner of Cervantes, Author of Don Quixote. In two volumes. *London. Printed for A. Millar, over against St. Clements Church in the Strand.* 1742. 12mo.

——— The History of Tom Jones, A Foundling. In six volumes. By Henry Fielding;—Mores hominum multorum vidit— *London: Printed for A. Millar over against Catherine Street in the Strand.* 1749. In boards.

——— Amelia. By Henry Fielding, Esq. Felices ter & amplius, Quos irrupta tenet Copula. *In Four Volumes. Printed for A. Millar in the Strand.* 1752.

FLETCHER, JOHN. The Faithfull Shepheardnesse, by John Fletcher. *Printed at London for R. Bonian and H. Walley and are to be sold at the spred Eagle over against the great North dore of S. Paules* (no date). 4to. 1st Edition.

With complimentary Verses by Francis Beaumont, Ben Jonson, and George Chapman.

——— and WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. The Two Noble Kinsmen. Presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Majesties Servants With great applause. Written by the memorable Worthies of their time.

Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare } Gent. *Printed at London by Thos. Cotes, for John Waterson and are to be sold at the Crowne in Pauls Churchyard.* 1634. 4to. (1st Edition.)

FORD, JOHN. The Broken Heart. A Tragedy. Acted by the King's Majesties Servants at the private House in the Black-Friers. Fide Honor. *London, Printed by I. B. for Hugh Beeston, and are to be sold at his Shop neare the Castle in Cornhill.* 1633. 4to. (1st Edition.)

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. The Traveller or a Prospect of Society. A Poem. *Printed for J. Newbery, in St. Pauls Church-yard.* 1764. 4to. [1st Edition.]

——— The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. Sperate miseri, cavete fælices. Vols. 1, 2. *Salisbury: Printed by R. Collins for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster Row London.* 1766. 12mo.

——— The Good Natured Man; a Comedy. As performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. By Mr. Goldsmith. *London: Printed for W. Griffin in Catherine Street Strand.* 1768. 8vo.

——— The Deserted Village, A Poem. By Dr. Goldsmith. *London: Printed by W. Griffin, at Garrick's Head in Catherine Street, Strand.* 1770. Folio.

——— She Stoops to Conquer; or The Mistakes of a Night. A Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. Written by Dr. Goldsmith. *Printed for F. Newbury, in St. Pauls' Churchyard.* 1773. 8vo.

——— Retaliation: A Poem, by Dr. Goldsmith, including Epitaphs on the most distinguished Wits of this Metropolis. *London: Printed for G. Kearsley at No.* 46 *in Fleet Street.* 1774. Folio.

Bound up with it is The Haunch of Venison, a Poetical Epistle to Lord Clare. By the late Dr. Goldsmith. With a Head of the Author, drawn by Henry Bunbury, Esq., and etched by Bretherton. *Printed for G. Kearsley in Fleet Street and J. Ridley in St. James Street.* 1776.

GRAY, THOMAS. An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard. *Printed at London for R. Dodsley in Pall-Mall. And sold by M. Cooper in Pater-noster Rowe.* 1751. [Price sixpence. 4to. 6 leaves. 1st Edition.]

This masterpiece first slipt into the world, quite unauthorized, with some lamentable mis-prints, in the February number, 1751, of "The Magazine of Magazines," and in the following month, it twice appeared, after the same piratical fashion, in two other magazines—"The Grand Magazine of Magazines" and "The London Magazine," Horace Walpole, justly irritated by the first of these outrages, placed a copy of the poem—with its Author's consent—into the hands of Dodsley, who by the middle of February, put upon the market, not very well or quite accurately, the sixpenny leaflet above described.

I was once, and long had been, the owner of an immaculate copy of this so-called first edition of the Elegy, which I had acquired in a London auction room for the "easy equivalent" of half-a-crown, it being loosely bound up in a shabby volume of otherwise worthless miscellanies. Quite lately, deeming I was approaching my end, and in a fit of unwonted financial depression, I turned my half-a-crown into £320. The present value of the book is probably not far short of £1000. This occurrence occasionally assumes an almost tragic hue.

I often try to believe that the Third Edition (which I still possess), of the same year, and precisely the same appearance, save that it contains for the first and last time the stanza some people think pretty, and call the "Red-breast stanza" (which Gray's faultless taste, after seeing it in print, led him to reject) is the better copy. But the attempt is useless. To have both, side by side, was once interesting. But to hear the Robin "warbling" alone is depressing. "How can ye chant ye little bird?" The moral is so good, *Never part with your Treasures!* that this anecdote may be forgiven.

HABINGTON, WILLIAM. Castara. The First part. Carmina non prius Audita. Musarum sacerdos Virginibus 1634. Castara, the Second part. Vatumque lasciva triumphos Calcor Amor pede conjugali. *London. Printed by Anne Griffin for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop near Furnivalls Inn gate in Holburne.* 1634. 4to.

[There are no graver stanzas than those composing Habington's poem, entitled: *Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam.* See *The Golden Treasury* and the *Oxford Book of Verses.*]

HARVEY, GABRIEL. Four Letters and certain Sonnets. Especially touching Robert Greene and other parties by him abused. But incidentally of divers excellent persons, and some matters of note. To all courteous mindes, that will vouchsafe the reading. *London. Printed by John Wolfe.* 1592. 4to.

"There is no tract in the English language which contains so many contemporary literary notices of the Elizabethan reign" (Lowndes). Harvey's quarrel with Greene and Nash was so prolonged that it was at last stopped by public authority, and by the seizure and destruction of all the pamphlets concerned in it. The prelates, Whitgift and Bancroft, issued an injunction that none of them should ever be reprinted. A high-handed, yet attractive proceeding.

HERBERT, GEORGE. The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert. Psal. 29. In his temple doth every man speak of his honour. *Cambridge. Printed by Thom. Buck and Roger Daniel printers to the Universitie.* 1633. 12mo.

An early copy of the first edition, which appeared a few weeks after Herbert's death.

HERRICK, ROBERT. Hesperides; or the Works, both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq., Ovid, Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos. *London. Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be solde at the Crowne and Marygold in Saint Pauls Church-yard.* 1648.

Herrick's life was so extended that he might have known both Marlowe and Addison!

HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY. Songes and Sonettes, written by the right honourable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey and other. *Apud Ricardum Tottel. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum* 1557. *Imprinted at London in Flete Strete within Temple barre at the sygne of the hand and starre by Richard Tottell the xxxi day of July.* An. 1557. 4to. 2nd edition.

This famous book, the first collection of lyrical verse in English, contains 280 poems—40 by Henry Howard and 96 by Sir Thomas Wyatt. The seventh edition appeared in 1585. Slender observes in the "Merry Wives": "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here."

JOHNSON, SAMUEL. London; A Poem, In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.

Quis ineptae
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?
—*Juv.*

London Printed for R. Doddesley at Tully's Head in Pall Mall. 1738. Folio, pp. 19.

——— The Plan of a Dictionary of the English Language; Addressed to the Right Honourable Earl of Chesterfield, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. *London, Printed for I. and P. Knapton, T. Longman, and T. Shewell, C. Hitch, A. Millar and R. Dodsley.* 1747. 4to. pp. 34.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL. The Vanity of Human Wishes. The Tenth Satire of Juvenal, imitated by Samuel Johnson. *London. Printed for R. Dodsley at Tully's Head in Pall Mall and sold by R. Cooper in Paternoster Row.* 1749.

JONSON, BENJAMIN. The Comicall Satyre of Every Man out of His Humor. As it was first composed by the Author B. I. Containing more than hath been Publickly Spoken or Acted. With the severall Character of every Person. Non aliena meo pressi pede, si propius stes, Te capient magis—et decies repetita placebunt. *London, Printed for William Holme and are to be sold at his Shop at Sarjeants Inn Gate in Fleet Street.* 1600. 4to. (1st Edition.)

Gifford observes that Jonson patched up a motto for this comedy out of Horace, "most of which is true, and all perhaps might have remained undisputed had it been advanced by anyone but the Author."

——— Every Man in his Humor. As it hath beene sundry times publickly acted by the right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by Ben. Jonson. Quod non dant Proceres, dabit Histrio. Haud tamen iniudeas vati, quem pulpita pascunt. *Imprinted at London for Walter Burre, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Paule Church-yard.* 1601. 4to. (1st Edition.)

——— Poetaster or The Arraignment; as it hath been sundry times privately acted in the Blacke Friers by the Children of her Majesties Chappell. Composed by Ben Jonson. Et mihi de nullo fama rubere placet. *London. Printed for M. L—— and are to be sould in St. Dunstan's Church-yarde.* 1602. 4to. [1st Edition.]

A satire on the poets of the age, more particularly Dekker, who retorted in his Satiro-mastix. The first edition is very rare.

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE. The Poems of Walter Savage Landor. *London. Printed for I. Cadell, Junr. and W. Davies in the Strand.* 1795. 8vo.

LAWES, HENRY AND WILLIAM. Choice Psalmes put into Musick, For Three Voices. The most of which may properly be sung by any three with a Thorough Base. Composed by

Henry and William } Lawes, Brothers; and Servants to his Majestie.

With divers Elegies, set in Musick; by sev'rall Friends upon the death of William Lawes. And at the end of the Thorough Base are added Nine Canons of Three and Four Voices made by William Lawes, *London. Printed by James Young for Humphrey Moseley at the Prince's Armes in Pauls Church-yard and for Richard Doderothe at the Star under S. Peters Church in Cornhill.* 1648. 4to.

Two portraits of Charles the First, to whom the book is dedicated, with commendatory Verses by Townshend, Herrington, *John Milton* and F. Sambrooke, with an address to the Reader by Henry Lawes. This book is of great rarity in so complete a state. Milton's sonnet beginning "Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd song" was here printed for the first time, in a book dedicated to the king, and in 1648!

LODGE, THOMAS. Rosalynd. Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes nursed up with their Father in England. Fetched from the Canaries by T. L. Gent. *London. Printed for N. Lyng and T. Gubbins.* 1598.

[Note by Mr. Locker.] Read the interesting preface, Lodge's best work. No one could lyrically express the jubilant exuberance of love

with a fuller note than Lodge, with a more luxurious music, with more affluent and redundant imagery, and he does all this completely in one or two songs. He failed as a play-wright and satirist, and he was servile as an imitator of Lyly; but he introduced the romantic epic, the heroic satire and the heroic Epistle.

LOVELACE, RICHARD. Lucasta. Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc. To which is added Aramantha. A Pastorall. By Richard Lovelace, Esq. *London. Printed by Tho. Harper, and are to be sold by Tho. Evvster, at the Gun in Ivy Lane.* 1649. (1st Edition.)

Dedicated to Lady Anne Lovelace with complimentary verses by Francis Lovelace (his brother), Andrew Marvell and others.

From the library of Thomas Moore.

[Note by Mr. Locker.] Phillips calls Lovelace an approved soldier, gentleman and lover, and he might have added poet.

LYDGATE. Here beginneth a lytell treatyse of the horse, the shepe, and the goos. Westminster 1480?

Lydgate, one of the most voluminous and long-winded of English Poets and Authors, was greatly admired by Gray. He lived about 1430, and had the good sense to call Chaucer his Master, and the happiness to be his friend. This copy has Caxton's mark on the last page but was printed by W. de Worde.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER. The Famous Tragedie of the rich Jew of Malta. As it was playd before the King and Queene in his Majesties Theatre at Whitehall by his Majesties' servants at the Cockpit by Christopher Marlo. *London. Printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple, neere the Church.* 1633.

No earlier Edition is known.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER. The Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus. With new additions. Written by Ch. Mar. *Printed at London for John Wright and are to be sold at his shop Without Newgate.* 1631. 4to.

The first edition is dated 1604—there were later quartos, 1616, 1624, and this one.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, AND CHAPMAN, GEORGE. Hero and Leander. Begunne by Christopher Marlowe and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. *At London, imprinted for John Flasket and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare.* 1606. 4th Ed.

"Two Editions of Hero and Leander appeared in 1598. The first containing only Marlowe's portion. The whole poem was reprinted in 1600, and again in 1606, and four times in the next twenty-one years." See Mr. Bullen's "Marlowe."

MARVELL, ANDREW. Miscellaneous Poems, by Andrew Marvell, Esq. Late Member of the Honourable House of Commons. *London. Printed for Robert Boulter, at the Turks Head in Cornhill.* 1681. 1st Ed. Sm. folio.

"Notes and Queries" on 1 June 1907 announced the discovery of a copy of this small folio of 1681, containing several more pages than any other of the copies previously known to exist, and on these pages are printed Marvell's three Cromwellian Poems—the famous Horation Ode, which contains the memorable and moving lines on the death on the scaffold of Charles the First—on the First Anniversary of Oliver's government, and on his Death. Until June 1907 it had always been supposed that these three Poems were first printed in 1776 in what is called "Captain Thompson's Edition of Marvell's Works," in three volumes. This captain, a naval officer of hasty temper, on finding that the authority of the MS. from which he had

printed in his edition not only these Cromwellian poems but others undoubtedly *not* Marvell's, rudely called into question, "in a fit of disgust" destroyed the MS. and thereby gave occasion for doubts in certain minds as to the authorship of these Cromwell poems—doubts now happily set at rest. Political reasons easily account for their suppression at the last moment.

MERES, FRANCIS. Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury. Being the second part of Wit's Commonwealth, by Francis Meres Maister of Arts of both Universities. Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt. *At London. Printed by P. Short for Cuthbert Burbie and are to be sold at his shop at the Royall Exchange.* 1598. Sm. 8vo.

The title of this entertaining and most important book was in facsimile. It also lacked the Table of the Authors about whom Meres discoursed, and they included Shakespeare and Marlowe!

MILTON, JOHN. A maske presented at Ludlow Castle 1634; On Michaelmasse night before the Right Honorable John Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount Brackly, Lord President of Wales, and one of his Majesties most honorable Privie Counsel.

Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum Perditus.

London, printed for Humphrey Robinson at the sign of the Three Pidgeons in Pauls Church-Yard, 1637. 4to. (1st Edition.)

At the foot of p. 35 is a note: "The principall persons in this Maske were

The Lord Bracly
Mr Thomas Egerton } The Lady Alice Egerton.

The first printed book by Milton.

"Milton's thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which Massinger's Virgin Martyr sent down from the gardens of

Paradise to the Earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and heal."

MILTON, JOHN. Poems of M^r John Milton, both English and Latin. Compos'd at several times. Printed by his true copies. The Songs were set in Musick by M^r Henry Lawes Gentleman of the Kings Chappel and one of His Majesties Private Musick.

Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
—Virgil, Eclog. VII.

Printed and published according to order. *London. Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley and are to be solde at the signe of the Princes Arms in Paul's Church-yard.* 1645. Sm. 8vo.

This is the first collected Edition and the first volume bearing Milton's name. It has Marshall's ugly portrait with Milton's sarcastic lines (in Greek) underneath.

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL DE. The Essayes or Morall, Politike and Millitarie Discourses of Ld. Michaell de Montaigne Knight of the noble Order of S^t Michaell, and one of the Gentlemen in Ordinary of the French King Henry the third his Chamber. The first Booke first written by him in French. And now done into English by him that hath inviolably vowed his labours to the Æternitie of their Honors whose names he hath severally inscribed on these his consecrated Altares. The first Booke, to the Right Honorable Lucie Co. of Bedford. And Ladie Anne Harrington, Her Ho. Mother. The Second Booke, To the Right Honorable Elizabeth Co. of Rutland, And Lady Penelope Riche. The Third Booke To the Right Honorable

Ladie Elizabeth Grey and Ladie Marie Nevill. John Florio. *Printed at London by Val. Sims for Edward Blount dwelling in Paules Church-yard.* 1603. Folio. (1st English Edition.)

Mr. Locker wrote the following verses on the fly-leaf of this copy:

Of yore, when books were few and fine
Will Shakespeare cut these leaves of mine.
But when he passed, I went astray
Till bought by Pope, a gift for Gay.
Then later on, between my pages
A nose was poked—the Bolt Court Sages.
But though the fame began with Rawleigh
And had not dwindled with Macaulay,
Though still I tincture many tomes
Like Lowell's pointed sense, and Holmes
For me the halcyon days are passed—
I'm here, and with a dunce at last.

MORLEY, THOMAS. Cantus of Thomas Morley. The First Booke of Balletts to five voyces. *In London by Thomas Este.* CIↃ.IↃXCV. 4to.

Five parts. Cantus Altus Quintus and Bassus. Each has a title-page with a different dedication. Drayton appends spirited commendatory verses.

——— Canzonets. Or little short songs to foure voyces, celected out of the best and approved Italian Authors. By Thomas Morley Gent of His Majesties Chappell. *Imprinted at London by Peter Short, dwelling at Bredstreet Hill at the signe of the Star & are there to be sold.* 1597. 4to.

In 1598 Morley obtained a patent (after the expiration of one granted to Tallis and Byrd) for the exclusive printing of music-books.

PAINTER, WILLIAM. The Palace of Pleasure Beautified, adorned & well furnished with Pleasant Histories and excellent Novelles selected out of divers good and commendable Authors. By William Painter Clarke of the Ordinance and Armarie. 1566. *Imprinted at London by Henry Denham for Richard Tottell and William Jones.*

——— The Second Tome of the Palace of Pleasure conteyning manifolde store of Goodly Histories, Tragicall Matters and other morall argument very requisite for delight & profit. Chosen and selected out of divers good & commendable Authors. By William Painter, Clarke of the Ordinance and Armarie. Anno 1567. *Imprinted at London in Paternoster Rowe by Henrie Bynneman for Nicholas Englande.*[1]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS; or the Scourge of Simony. Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint John's Colledge in Cambridge. *At London. Printed by G. Eld for John Wright and are to be sold at his shop at Christchurch Gate.* 1606. 4to. (1st Edition.)

This intensely interesting production (authorship unknown) expresses the opinions of its Author and of the "Intellectuals" of Cambridge upon poetry, poets, plays, players, learning, and life, as those opinions were current at the University *circa* 1598-1602. These opinions were University opinions, not those of London where the Actor-Managers were apt to look down upon Cambridge playwrights, and boasted, not without reason, "why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down." See an article in the *Times* of June the 3rd, 1919, by Mr. Boas, written with reference to Mr. Poel's

[1] "Had it not been for Painter, the English drama would have taken another path. . . . The tale of borrowing from Painter's 'Palace' is a long one" (see Mr. Whibley's "Library Studies," p. 70).

recent spirited reproduction of "The Return from Parnassus" in the Apothecaries' Hall. The piece teems with interest to all good Elizabethans.

PIERS, THE PLOUGHMAN. Pierce the Ploughmans Crede. *Imprinted at London by Reynold Wolfe.* Anno Domini MDLIII.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN. Al Araaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems. By Edgar A. Poe. *Baltimore, Hatch and Dunning,* 1829. 8vo. 71 pages.

A copy of "Tamerlane and other Poems," by a Bostonian, 1827, was recently sold in New York for £2,320. I am glad to know that there is another copy in the British Museum.

POPE, ALEXANDER. An Essay on Criticism.

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.—HOR.

London. Printed for W. Lewis in Russel Street, Covt. Garden. And sold by W. Taylor at the Ship in Paternoster Row. 1711. 4to.

——— The Rape of the Lock. An Heroi-comical Poem. In Five Cantos. Written by Mr. Pope:

A tonso est hoc nomen adepta capello.—OVID.

London: Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross Keys in Fleet Street. 1714. 8vo.

Frontispiece and five plates. This is the first edition containing the Sylphs. In the 1717 Collected Edition of Pope's Works a new motto from Martial was discovered:

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

PRIOR, MATHEW. Poems on Several Occasions. *London. Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays Inn Gate next Grays Inn Lane.* 1709. 8vo. (1st authorized Edition.)

——— The Conversation. A Tale. *Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespeare's Head over against Katherine Street in the Strand.* 1720. Folio. Pp. 7.

PUTTENHAM, GEORGE. The Arte of English Poesie. Contrived into three Bookes. The first of Poets and Poesie, the second of Proportion, the third of Ornament. *At London, printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Black-Friers, neere Ludgate.* 1589. 4to. (1st Edition.)

Frontispiece, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

QUARLES, FRANCIS. Emblemes by Fra. Quarles. *Printed by G. M. and sold at John Marriots Shope in St. Dunstans Church Yard.* 1635. Sm. 8vo. (1st edition.)

With the autograph of the Author on third fly-leaf.

RICHARDSON, SAMUEL. Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady; comprehending the most Important Concerns of Private Life. And particularly shewing the Distresses that may attend the Misconduct Both of Parents and Children in relation to marriage. Published by the Editor of "Pamela." *London. Printed for S. Richardson and sold by Rivington in St. Pauls Church Yard (& others).* 1748. 7 vols. 12mo.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. Lucrece. *London printed by Richard Field for John Harrison and are to be sold at the signe of the White Grey-hound in Paules Churchyard.* 1594. 4to. (1st edition.)

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. Shake-speare's Sonnets. Never before Imprinted. *At London by G. Eld for T. T. and are to be sold by William Apsley.* 1609. 4to. (1st edition.)

When this identical copy was lately exposed for sale in New York it was discovered just before the hammer fell that the Title-page and Dedication were in facsimile. I am afraid Mr. W. C. Hazlitt would have chuckled. But even as it was the little book was sold for £2,100!

——— Poems. Written by Wil. Shake-speare Gent. *Printed at London by Tho. Cotes and are to be sold by John Benson dwelling in S. Dunstans Church Yard.* 1640. Sm. 8vo.

Engraved frontispiece of Shakespeare with eight lines of laudatory verse beneath portrait.

[The Rowfant Library also contained a first Folio and 30 copies of different editions of the Quartos.]

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP. The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philippe Sidnei. *London. Printed for William Ponsonbie. Anno Domini* 1590. 4to. (1st edition.)

——— The defence of Poesie. By Sir Philip Sidney Knight. *London. Printed for William Ponsonbie.* 1595. 4to. (1st edition.)

SMOLLETT, TOBIAS. The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker. By the author of Roderick Random. In three volumes.

—— Quorsum hæc tam putita tendunt
Furcifer? ad te inquam——
—Hor.

London, Printed for W. Johnston in Ludgate Street and B. Collins in Salisbury. 1771. Crown 12mo.

This is the first issue of the 1st edition. Smollett wrote Humphrey Clinker when dying at Leghorn in 1770.

SPENSER, EDMUND. Amoretti and Epithalamium. Written not long since by Edmunde Spenser. *Printed for William Ponsonby.* 1595. (1st edition.)

——— Colin Clouts Come home againe. By Ed. Spenser. *London. Printed for William Ponsonbie.* 1595. 4to. (1st edition.)

——— The Faerie Queene. Disposed into twelve books. Fashioning XII Morall vertues. *London. Printed for William Ponsonbie.* 1590. The Second part of the Faerie Queene. Containing the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Bookes. By Ed. Spenser. *Imprinted at London for William Ponsonbie.* 1596. 4to. (1st Edition.)

On p. 184 is a full page woodcut of S^{t} George and the Dragon. On p. 332 there is a blank space for the Welsh words.

The book is dedicated "To the Most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth." There are a number of complimentary sonnets.

——— Prothalamion. Or a Spousal Verse made by Edm. Spenser in honour of the Double mariage of the two Honorable and vertuous Ladies, the Lady Elizabeth and the late Katherine Somerset, Daughters to the Right Honorable the Earle of Worcester and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter Esquyers. *At London printed for William Ponsonbie.* 1596. 4to.

——— The Shepheards Calender, Containing twelve Æglogues proportionable to the twelve moneths. Entitled to the noble and virtuous Gentleman most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry Maister Philip Sidney. *Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the Younger, dwelling in Paternoster Row at the signe of the Anker and are there to be sold.* 1586. 4to. (4th Edition.)

STAPLYTON, RICHARD. The Phœnix Nest. Built up with the most rare and refined Workes of Noble men, Woorthy Knights, Gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Art, and brave Schollers. Full of variety, excellent invention and singular delight. Never before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple Gentleman. *Imprinted at London by John Jackson.* 1593. 4to.

The contributors are supposed to have been Richard Staplyton, Vere, Earl of Oxford, George Peele, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir W. Herbert, Dr. T. Lodge, W. S. (*either William Shakespeare or William Smith*), Watson, and Breton.

STERNE, LAURENCE. A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. by Mr Yorick. *London. Printed for T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt in the Strand.* 1758. Sm. 8vo. 2 vols. (1st Edition.) Large paper.

——— The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. Vols. I-II., 1760. (No imprint). Vols. III-IV. *London. Printed for R. and I. Dodsley, Pall Mall.* 1761. Vols. V-IX. *London, for T. Becket and P. A. Dehondt in the Strand.* 1762.

The first two volumes, bearing no imprint, were printed at York and are rare. The other seven volumes, though three of them (V, VII, and IX) bear as usual Sterne's autograph, are not uncommon.

STILL, JOHN (Bishop of Bath and Wells). A Ryght Pithy Pleasaunt and merie Comedie Intytuled Gammer Gurtons Nedle. Played on Stage not long ago in Christes College in Cambridge. Made by Mr S. Mr. of Art. *Imprinted at London in Fleete Street beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Evangelist by Thomas Colwell.* 1575. 4to.

The point of this piece of rustic humour turns on the loss and

recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was mending the breeches of her man Hodge. Its chief merit as a play is the *crescendo* of its interest. Diccon the Bedlam, who is preying about the cottage, accuses Dame Chat, the ale-wife, of stealing the needle. This sets all the village by the ears. Parsons, bailey, and constables are drawn into the medley. Heads are broken, ancient feuds are exacerbated, the confusion seems hopeless, when the needle is suddenly found in Hodge's breeches.

The effigy of the supposed Author may still be seen in dignified repose under its canopy in Wells Cathedral. Until the discovery of Nicholas Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister," Bishop Still was always credited with being the author of the Earliest Comedy in the English language, but he then had to yield this pride of place to the Headmaster of Eton. Now I am sorry to be compelled to believe that this good bishop was after all *not* the Author of "Gammer Gurton."

SWIFT, JONATHAN. Travels into several Remote Nations of the World. In four parts. By Lemuel Gulliver, first a Surgeon and then a Captain of several Ships. *London. Printed for Benj. Motte at the Middle Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet.* 1726. 3 vols.

The four parts are separately paged. Vol. I has a portrait of Gulliver in an oval and Vol. III a frontispiece of Gulliver in Lilliput. Two Charts.

TOURNEUR, CYRIL. The Revengers Tragædie. As it hath been sundry times Acted by the Kings Majesties Servants. *At London. Printed by G. Eld and are to be sold at his house in Fleet-lane at the signe of the Printers Presse.* 1607. Sm. 4to.

Published without the author's name.

TOURNEUR, Cyril. The Atheists. Tragedie, or the Honest Man's Revenge. As in divers places it hath often been acted. Written by Cyril Tourneur. *At London. Printed for John Sletneth and Richard Redman.* 1611. Sm. 4to.

VAUGHAN, Henry. Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations by Henry Vaughan Silurist. *London. Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden at ye Castle in Cornehill.* 1650. Small 8vo. 1st edition.

——— Thalia Redeviva. The Pass Times and Diversions of a Country Muse, In Choice Poems On Several Occasions. With Some Learned Remains of the Eminent Eugenius Philalethes. Never made Publick till now.

Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.
—Virgil.

Licensed. Roger L'Estrange. London. Printed for Robert Pawlet at the Bible in Chancery Lane near Fleetstreet. 1678. Sm. 8vo.

[Note by Mr Locker.] As a religious poet Vaughan has an intensity of feeling only inferior to Crashaw. Only one other copy is known to exist.

WALTON, Izaac. The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, Not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. Simon Peter said, I go a fishing, and they said We also will go with thee. John 21. 3. *London. Printed by T. Maxey for Rich. Marriot at S. Dunstans Church-yard Fleetstreet.* 1653. Sm. 8vo. (1st Edition.) In the original sheep-skin.

WALTON, Izaak. The Lives Of { Dr John Donne. / Sir Henry Wotton. / Mr Richard Hooker. / Mr George Herbert.

Written by Izaak Walton, To which are added some Letters written by Mr George Herbert, at his being in Cambridge; with others to his Mother Lady Magdalen Herbert written by John Donne afterwards Dean of St Pauls. Eccles. 44. 7. These were honourable men in their Generations. *London. Printed by Tho. Newcomb for Richard Marriott. Sold by Most Booksellers.* 1670. 8vo.

First collected Edition in four parts with three portraits and separate title page. Autograph corrections by Walton.

WEBSTER, John. The Tragedie of the Dutchesse of Malfy. As it was Presented privately at the Black-Friers, and publiquely at the Globe. By the Kings Majesties Servants. The perfect and exact Coppy, with diverse things Printed, that the length of the Play would not bear in the Presentment. Written by John Webster. Hora Si quid Candidus Imperti; si non his utere mecum. *London: Printed for Nicholas Okes, for John Waterson and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in Paules Church-yard.* 1623. 4to. [1st Edition.]

——— The White Divel or the Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants. Written by John Webster. Non inferiora secutus. *London. Printed by N. O. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's Head Palace neere the Royall Exchange.* 1612. 4to. [1st Edition.]

This tremendous play was prefaced by a spirited prose address To the Reader, which concludes as follows:

"Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance; for mine own part, I have ever cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson; the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named) that right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Dekker and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori."

WHITE, GILBERT. The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne in the County of Southampton. With Engravings and an Appendix [Quotations]. *Printed by T. Bensley; for B. White and Sons, at Horace's Head, Fleet Street.* 1789. 4to.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. Descriptive Sketches. In Verse. Taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps. By W. Wordsworth, B.A. of St. Johns Cambridge—Loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia. Lucret. Castella in tumulis, Et longe saltus lateque vacantes. Virgil. *London. Printed for J. Johnson St. Pauls Churchyard.* 1793. 4to.

——— An Evening Walk. An Epistle; In Verse. Addressed to a Young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England. By W. Wordsworth, B.A. of St. Johns, Cambridge. *London: Printed for J. Johnson St. Pauls Church Yard.* 1793. 4to. Pp. 27.

——— Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems. *London. Printed by J. and A. Arch, Gracechurch Street.* 1798. 8vo. Pp. 210.

FOREIGN BOOKS

I have added to these Notes a few on twelve of the Foreign Books formerly in the Rowfant Library.

CAMOENS, Louis de. Os Lvsiades de Luis de Camoēs Com Privelegio real. *Impressos em Lisbon, com licença da sancta Inquisiçaō &c. do Ordinario: em casa de Antonio Gōçalnez Impressor.* 1572. 8vo. (1st Edition.)

A large part of this poem was written in exile at Macoa. On the poet's way thence to Goa, he was shipwrecked, but managed to swim ashore, manuscript in hand or mouth; an incident he does not fail to record in his Tenth book. Twelve years after the shipwreck the first edition appeared in Lisbon. Only one other perfect copy is known—in the Royal Library of Lisbon.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, Miguel de. El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Qvixote de la Mancha. Compuesto por Miguel de Ceruantes Saauedra, Dirigido al dvqve de Beiar, Marques de Gibraleon, Conde de Benalcaçar, y Bañares, Vizconde de la Puebla de Alcozer, Señor de las Villas de Capilla, Curiel, y Burgillos Con Privilegio. *En Madrid Por Iuan de la Cuesta.* [Printer's device. 1605.] *Vendese en casa de Francesco de Robles, librero del Rey. nro señor.* (1st issue of 1st Edition.)

The test passage of primacy is in that passage when the Don desiring to pray, and being without his rosary, makes one for himself out of the tail of his shirt. The Spanish divines took umbrage, and the passage was suppressed in all unsold copies and in succeeding editions with the exception of the Lisbon reprint which appeared immediately after this *Editio princeps*. The title in this copy was in facsimile.

CORNEILLE, PIERRE. Le Cid Tragi-Comedie. *A Paris, Chez François Targa, au premier pillier de la grand' Salle du Palais, devant la Chappelle au Soleil d'or.* M.DCXXXVII. Avec privilege du Roy. 4to. (1st Edition.)

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, FRANCOIS, DUC DE. Reflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales. *A Paris, Chez Claude Barbin, vis à vis le Portail de la Sainte Chappelle, au signe de la Croix.* MDCLXV. Avec Privilege du Roy. 12mo. (1st Paris Edition, 1st issue.)

An unauthorized Elzever edition was printed at the Hague in 1664 of which three copies only are known. Of this Paris 1st edition eleven various readings have been noted. So often did the Author have "cancels" inscribed in the unsold copies.

LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ. Histoire de Gil Blas Santillane. Par Monsieur Le Sage. Enrichie des Figures. Tome Premier. *A Paris, Chez Pierre Ribou Quay des Augustins, à la descente du Pont Neuf, a l'Image Saint Louis.* MDCCXV. Avec approbation & Privilege du Roy. 12mo. (1st Edition.)

——— Tome Seconde. MDCCXV. 12mo. (1st Edition.)

——— Tome Troisième. Edition Nouvelle. *A Paris, Chez la veuve Pierre Ribou Quay des Augustins, a l'Image S. Louis.* MDCCXXIV &c. (1st Edition.)

——— Tome IV. *A Paris, Chez Pierre-Jacques Ribou vis à vis la Comedie Françoise, a l'Image S. Louis.* MDCCXXXV. Avec approbation &c. (1st Edition.)

LORRIS, GUILLAUME and MEUNG, JEHAN DE. Le Roman de la Rose (*circa* 1479 Jean Croquet.) 4to.

This famous book was probably printed at Geneva about 1479, and certainly before the edition printed by Guillame le Roy about 1485. The woodcuts are rougher and less elaborate. Only one other copy of this edition is known and it is imperfect. "Le Roman de la Rose" was begun by de Lorris towards the end of the thirteenth century and finished by de Meung at the beginning of the fourteenth. It may be considered as the fountain head of French poetry.

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL DE. Essays de Messire Michel Seigneur de Montaigne, Chevalier de l'ordre du Roy, & Gentil-homme ordinaire de sa Chambre. Livre Premier & second. *A Bordeaux, Par S. Millangis Impremeur ordinaire du Roy.* MDLXXX. Avec Privilege du Roy. 8vo. (1st Edition.)

PASCAL, BLAISE. Pensées de M. Pascal sur La Religion et sur quelques Autres Sujets, Qui ont este trouvées après sa mort parmy ses papiers. *A Paris, Chez Guillaume Despuez, rue Saint-Jacques, à Saint Prosper.* MDCLXX. Avec Privilege and Approbation. 12mo. (1st Edition.)

RACINE, JEAN. Athalie Tragédie. Tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte. *A Paris, Chez Denis Thierry, rue Sainte-Jacques, a la Ville de Paris.* MDCXCI. Avec Privilege du Roy. 4to. (1st Edition.)

RONSARD, PIERRE DE. Les Œvvres de P. de Ronsard Gentilhomme Vandomois. Tome premier Contenant ses Amours, divisées en deux parties. La premiere commentée par M. A. de Marat. La seconde par R. Belleau (Printers vignette with motto "omnia mea mecum porto."). *A Paris, Chez Gabriel Buon, au clos Bruneau, a l'enseigne S. Claude.* 1560. Avec Privilege du Roy. Sm. 8vo.

——— Le Second Livre des Amours de P. De Ronsard commenté par Remy Belleav de Nogent de Perche. *A Paris*, as before, 1560.

——— Les Odes de P. De Ronsard Gentilhomme Vandomois av Roy Henry II De Ce Nom. Tome Second. *A Paris*, as before, 1560.

——— Les Poemes de P. De Ronsard, Gentilhomme Vandomois. Tome Troisiesme. *A Paris*, as before, 1560.

——— Les Hymnes De P. De Ronsard Gentilhomme en deux livres &c. Tome Quatriesme. *A. Paris*, as before, 1560.

The first four books of Ronsard's Odes appeared in 1550, the Amours in 1552 and the Hymns in 1555. The collection of 1560 is said to be due to Mary Stuart, Queen of Francis II. Ronsard died in 1585, and between that date and 1630 ten complete editions of his works appeared, the best known being the Paris folio of 1609. From 1630 they were not reprinted for more than two centuries.

VILLON, FRANÇOIS. Les Œuvres Maistre Francoys Villon. Le Monologue du franc Archier de Baignollet. Le Dyalogue de Malle paye & Bailleuent. MDXXXIII. *On les vent a Paris a la rue neufue nostre dame a lenseigne de Lescu de France.* Sm. 8vo.

One of the last editions published before Clement Marot's revision

of Villon's works. Marot rejected as spurious the Monologue and Dyalogue included with Villon's other works in the above edition. Marot's edition was undertaken by the order of Francis the First.

VOLTAIRE, François Marie Arouet de. Candide ou l'Optimisme. Traduit d L'Allemand de Mr. Le Docteur Ralph. MDCCLIX. Cr. 12mo. (1st Edition.)

——— Seconde Parte. MDCCLXI. Cr. 12mo.

PART VIII

THE ROWFANT CLUB

Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary gives us four definitions of a Club. 1. A heavy stick. 2. The name of one of the suits of cards. 3. The reckoning or shot paid by a company in just proportions, and 4. An assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions. These definitions, though varied, are not without a subtle congruity.

Some book-lovers of Cleveland, U.S.A., having, perhaps in their minds the model of the Philobiblon Society of London, so long presided over by the Duc d'Aumale, met together on the evening of the 23rd of February 1892, at a Tavern, and spent the time so well that when they parted they had agreed upon the fundamental principles of a Book Club, and had set up a small Committee to advise as to an appropriate name. Six days later, and at the same cheerful rendezvous, the Committee submitted "The Rowfant Club" as a title happily adapted for the purpose, and this choice was unanimously adopted. Club Rooms, on the recommendation of another Committee, were at once acquired, and dedicated to the use of "The Rowfant Club" on the 23rd of March 1892.

The main object of the Club, as expressed in its printed Code of Regulations (the first of its publications), was "the critical study of *Books* in their various capacities to please the mind of Man; and, secondarily, the *Publication* from time to time of Privately Printed Editions of books for its Members."

The Membership of the Club was limited to sixty Resident, and fifteen Non-resident Members, and its government was vested in a

Council of fifteen of its Resident Members, styled the Fellowes of the Rowfant Club.

The Annual Meeting was fixed to take place at Candlemas at eight o'clock p.m., but the Fellowes met monthly. The Fees were Fifty dollars for Resident, and Twenty-five dollars for Non-resident Members.

The practice of the Club with regard to its publications, appears to be—to publish a very small edition, and to allow each member to subscribe for two copies at a fixed price.

Blessed with so excellent a Constitution, and possessing so happy a name, and having so good an object, there is no need to wonder that "The Rowfant Club" still flourishes in Cleveland.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ROWFANT CLUB

[*This is not a complete List, but it is the best now obtainable*]

THE CODE OF REGULATIONS OF THE ROWFANT CLUB, with Foreword telling of the origin of the Club, names of members, officers, etc. (The Old Code.)
16mo, square, 50 pp. 1892. 250 copies printed.

THE CULPRIT FAY and other poems, by Joseph Rodman Drake. Portraits.
8vo, 96 pp. 1893. 100 copies printed (first 5 on vellum).

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Compiled by Samuel Arthur Jones.
12mo, 80 pp. 1894. 90 copies printed.

SOME REMARKS CONCERNING MR. LONGFELLOW'S "EXCELSIOR," by a Fellowe of The Rowfant Club.
16mo, 38 pp. 1894. 69 copies printed.

LANDOR'S LETTER TO EMERSON,[1] with an Appendix containing Emerson's paper on Landor from "The Dial." Introductory note by Samuel Arthur Jones.
12mo, 83 pp. 1895. 108 copies printed.

ROWFANT RHYMES, by Frederick Locker. Introduction by Austin Dobson. Printed on Japanese paper. Portrait by Du Maurier.
16mo, 143 pp. 1895. 127 copies printed.

THE CODE OF REGULATIONS OF THE ROWFANT CLUB. (The New Code.) Title-page and illuminated initials by Sinclair.
16mo, cloth, decorated, 56 pp. 1896. 176 copies printed.

EX LIBRIS, THE ROWFANT CLUB. Set of three. In colour. Paper. 1896. 193 sets printed.

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH POETS, by James Russell Lowell.
8vo, half-morocco, 210 pp. 1897. 224 copies printed.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Introduction by Liberty Emery Holden. Handmade paper. Printed on a hand-press in two forms.
8vo, boards, 224 pp. 1898. 155 copies printed.

[1] This is, I think, one of the most interesting of these publications. It is a reprint of a "Letter from W. S. Landor to R. W. Emerson. *Bath. Published by E. Williams, Circulating Library & News Agent, 42 Milsom Street, and all Booksellers.* [1856.] [Price one shilling.]"

Emerson had just published (1856) his "English Traits," in the course of which he describes a visit he had paid to Landor in Florence, twenty-three years earlier, namely in May 1833, and records some of his host's animated conversation. The Bath pamphlet is very hard to lay hands on, and though Forster in his Biography of Landor (vol. ii, pp. 266-70) paraphrases some portions of it, the *whole* Letter is a delightful addition to the Library. It concludes with some observations on Tyrranicide. By way of appendix to this reprint is a striking criticism upon Landor by Emerson from "The Dial," October, 1841.

PUCKLE'S CLUB. Bibliographical Notes on a Collection of Editions of the book known as Puckle's Club, as shown at the Club House, March, 1896. Introduction by Austin Dobson. Hand-made paper.

Royal 8vo, 69 pp. 1899. 175 copies printed.

AN APPENDIX TO THE ROWFANT LIBRARY of Frederick Locker Lampson. A catalogue of Books, MSS., Autograph Letters, etc., collected since the first catalogue of 1886. Introduction by Augustine Birrell. Memorial Poems by Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang and others.

8vo, 181 pp. 1900. 100 copies printed for The Rowfant Club.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC, by Charles Nodier. Foreword by Frank H. Ginn. Rowfantia, Number One.

12mo, paper, 49 pp. 1900. 124 copies printed.

LETTERS OF ARTEMUS WARD to Charles E. Wilson, 1858-1861. Portrait and facsimile letter.

12mo, boards, 86 pp. 1900. 119 copies printed.

NOTES ON THE LIFE OF JOHN BASKERVILLE, Eighteenth century Printer, by Edward Hooker Harvey. THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM, by Howard Neff. Rowfantia, Number Two.

12mo, paper, 63 pp. 1901. 124 copies printed.

THE DIAL. A Quarterly Magazine, July 1840, to April 1844. 16 vols. The Rowfant reprint. Also the two supplementary volumes, edited by George Willis Cooke. 1902. 125 sets printed.

HAWTHORNE READING. An Essay, by Julian Hawthorne. Written for and printed by The Rowfant Club.

12mo, 133 pp. 1902. 140 copies printed.

NOTES ON THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF "THE ARK," by Eckstein Case.

4to, 47 pp. 1902. 130 copies printed.

SOME AMERICAN SONGS AND THEIR WRITERS, by Charles Asa Post. Rowfantia, Number Three. Portrait and illustrations.

12mo, paper, 42 pp. 1902. 124 copies printed.

THE ROWFANT CLUB CANDLESTICK MODELLED FROM HIS OWN DESIGN, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Cast in bronze, by Tiffany. 1903. 100 bronzes published.

AUCTION PRICES OF AMERICAN BOOK CLUB PUBLICATIONS, 1857-1901. Prepared for The Rowfant Club, by Charles F. Roden. 1904. 125 copies printed.

THE LEAVES OF A DECADE. A descriptive list of all Notices issued by the Club from its beginning to Candlemas, 1902. Compiled by F. H. N. Rowfantia, Number Four.

12mo, paper, 76 pp. 1904. 125 copies printed.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, by W. H. Cathcart. Portraits, facsimiles of title-pages, etc., and auction prices.

8vo, boards, 208 pp. 1905. 91 copies printed.

A SEARCH AFTER A FIRST FOLIO, by Willis Vickery. Rowfantia, Number Five.

12mo, paper, 43 pp. 1905. 102 copies printed.

A MEMORIAL OF WILLIAM HENRY GAYLORD. Being the minutes of a special meeting of the Fellowes, and of meetings and proceedings of the Club.

Portraits. Full morocco. 58 pp. 1906. 150 copies printed.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.[1] An Essay, by Thomas Keightly. Taken from the pages of Fraser's Magazine, and edited by Frederick Stoever Dickson.

4to, half leather, 163 pp. 1907. 110 copies printed.

THE SENTIMENT OF BOOK COLLECTING. Rowfantia, Number Six. Read at the Rowfant Club by Paul Louis Feiss, April, 1908.

12mo, paper, 31 pp. 1908. 98 copies printed.

BOOK PLATES AND MY RELATIONS THERETO, by W. F. Hopson. Title page by the author. Rowfantia, Number Seven.

12mo, paper, 45 pp. 1911. 100 copies printed.

THE TEMPEST. The Shakespeare text of the folio of 1623. The text of D'Avenant and Dryden, edition of 1670, and a translation of Renan's Caliban from the French edition of 1878. Introduction by Sidney Lee. Engraved title-page by Hopson. 7 portraits. Bound by the Rowfant Bindery.

1 vol., 8vo, full crushed levant. 236 pp. 1911. 100 copies printed.

FINE BOOKBINDING. Rowfantia, Number Eight. Read at the Rowfant Club by Thomas James Holmes, 4 December 1909. Three photogravures of bindings, by The Rowfant Bindery.

12mo, 50 pp. 1912. 100 copies printed.

A LOVER'S MOODS, by Bertram Dobell. Introduction by Charles Clinch Bubb.

16mo, boards, 62 pp. 1914. 200 copies printed.

SATYRICAL CHARACTERS AND HANDSOME DESCRIPTIONS, by Cyrano de Bergerac. Introduction, by Benjamin Bourland.

16mo, 221 pp. 1914. 125 copies printed.

THE ROWFANT CLUB YEAR BOOKS from 1897 onwards.

[1] This is a valuable reprint.

LONDON : PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE