CHAPTER FOUR ✿
THE ARTS

PART I: THE LAKE POETS

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE [ff. 37-41]

Of Coleridge I saw little: but I have heard much about him from those who knew him well, and who all agreed in regretting that he should have bewildered himself and others in the mazes of metaphysics, instead of writing verse. Surely, as a picture-poet he has been excelled by few: he paints objects with a vividness which would seem to show that they must have been before his eyes with almost the strength of realities. In this respect what can be more striking than portions of Christabel? e.g. . . . Or than the description of the sea-snakes in The Ancient Mariner? . . .

Byron, Hodgson, and Harness used to rave about The Ancient Mariner, and were constantly quoting it: whenever they were guilty of any unfortunate piece of awkwardness,—such as breaking a wine-glass, or spilling a cup of coffee,—they would exclaim, in allusion to their favourite poem, “Dear me, I have shot an albatross!”

I have repeatedly heard my friend, the late John Kenyon, cite the following instance of Coleridge’s fatal passion for opium. One night, after a dinner at Kenyon’s house in London, Coleridge proceeded to walk home to his lodgings; and, as the weather was very fine, Kenyon, for the sake of exercise, accompanied him part of the way. It was nearly twelve o’clock, and the shops were all shut. When they came
to a chemist's shop (in what street I forget), Coleridge suddenly stopped, and knocked at the door. No attention being paid to his knocking, he continued it more and more violently, till he had wrought himself up to a state of great excitement. At last the chemist appeared at a window, and asked rather angrily, "What was the matter?" On learning who had knocked, he said in a milder tone of voice, "O, Mr. Coleridge? very well"; and, shutting the window, presently came down stairs, and opened the door to serve his old customer. The fact was, Coleridge happened to be "out of opium," and consequently felt so miserable, that he could not return home till he had procured a fresh supply.

Southey was a somewhat impatient listener to Coleridge's metaphysical and long-winded talk. When Southey was engaged on his History of Brazil, Coleridge said to him, "My dear Southey, I wish to know how you intend to treat of man in that important work. Do you mean, like Herodotus, to treat of man as man in general? or do you mean, like Thucydides, to treat of man as man political? or do you mean, like Polybius, to treat of man as man military? or do you mean—" "Coleridge," cried Southey, "I mean to write the History of Brazil."

Coleridge had a mortal antipathy to Scotchmen, produced perhaps, or at any rate strengthened, by the remarks of the Edinburgh reviewers on the Lake poets. Speaking of a certain North-Briton *[Sir James Mackintosh?], he said, "Sir, he is a Scotchman and a rascal, and I do not lay the emphasis on rascal."  

Coleridge, when thinking aloud, would address any one he met: and I have heard the elder Charles Mathews act, with matchless humour, a scene (founded, he said, on fact), of which the following is a fragment,—mimicking to the life the solemn tones of Coleridge, and the surprise and squeaking voice of the urchin whom he addressed:—

"Coleridge, walking near Highgate, meets an apothecary's boy.  

Coleridge. I have been considering, boy, that though I have known several persons good because they were religious, I have seldom known persons religious because they were good—  

Boy. Sir?"
Coleridge. Boy, did you never reflect on the magnificence and beauty of the external universe?

Boy. No, sir, never;" &c, &c.

Mathews was a very frequent visitor to Coleridge, who had a great regard for him.

James Wallack was present among the other actors in the Green-room of Drurylane Theatre when Coleridge read to them his tragedy of *Remorse*, and gave them particular directions how certain passages were to be delivered. His reading was a sort of high musical chant; and his ideas of stage-effect were so exquisitely ridiculous, that the actors had great difficulty in listening to him without bursting out into laughter. Wallack used to describe this scene and to imitate Coleridge very amusingly. (In that tragedy Wallack played the trifling part of Naomi, having not yet risen to the position which he afterwards held in the theatre. He indeed never became a first-rate actor except in melodrame; and he had received little education, having been on the stage from his childhood: but nature had endowed him with talents which, if they had been properly cultivated, would have ensured him success in any profession.)

I add here three poems by Coleridge which have not been inserted in any edition of his Works.

i.


Mrs. Robinson—the Perdita of George the Fourth when Prince of Wales—towards the close of her life was entirely deprived of the use of her limbs by a torturing and incurable rheumatism. She, however, bore this affliction with great fortitude and patience; and still took pleasure in the society of various literary men, who were drawn to her by the fascination of her manners and the charms of her conversation, and were anxious to soothe her sufferings to the utmost of their power. It does not appear that Coleridge frequented the reunions of the brilliant Perdita: but we find him paying his court to her in
verse a short time previous to her decease; for, among the "Tributary lines addressed to Mrs. Robinson, during her life-time, by different friends, with her answers," in vol. iv. p[p]. 141[-44] of her Memoirs [London, 1801], is included. . . .

The preceding poem is followed by lines headed Mrs. Robinson to the Poet Coleridge,9 dated Oct' 1800; which lines show that she was then familiar with his Kubla Khan, though that remarkable composition was not printed till 1816.9

iii.

Mrs. Robinson died Dec' 26, 1800 (see Gent. Mag.:—the date of her death is wrongly given in Chalmers's Biog. Dict. and in the French Biog. Univ.),10 leaving an only child, Maria Elizabeth Robinson, to whom she was deeply attached, and by whom her affection was fully returned. In 1804 was published a small volume entitled The Wild Wreath. Dedicated (by Permission) to H. R. H. the Duchess of York, by M. E. Robinson. It contains various poems by Mrs. Robinson, Merry, M. G. Lewis, Southey, Darwin, &c; and, among others. . . .11

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH [ff. 213-23']

With this great man, whose genius has been slowly but at last fully acknowledged by the multitude, and now exercises such a powerful influence on the more recent poetic literature of his country, I was on very intimate terms, the admiration I had expressed for his Excursion having led to our acquaintance; and several letters, which at various times he addressed to me, are printed in his Memoirs [London, 1851] by his nephew [Christopher Wordsworth]; see vol. ii. p.p. 214, 219, 220, 225, 274, 275, 278, 281, 284, 350. Though he invited me over and over again to pass some days with him at Rydal Mount, I unfortunately could not make it convenient to do so; for at that period it was my duty, not my choice, to spend a large portion of the year in the north of Scotland: but whenever Wordsworth visited London, which latterly he occasionally did, we used to meet very frequently both at my Chambers in Gray's Inn and at the houses of our mutual friends.
His wife generally accompanied him to London, and sometimes their daughter Dora.—Mrs. Wordsworth was the exemplar of all that is amiable in woman; and moreover is shown to have been endowed with true poetic genius by the fact, that, while Wordsworth was composing his verses on the Daffodils ("I wander'd lonely as a cloud," &c), and had left a blank after the lines,

"For oft, when on my couch I lie
   In vacant or in pensive mood,"

uncertain how to complete the stanza,—Mrs. Wordsworth filled up the lacuna thus,

"They flash upon that inward eye
   Which is the bliss of solitude":

yet such was her modesty, that she positively forbade any mention being made, in any edition of her husband's Works, that these two lines (perhaps the best in the poem) were supplied by her.—Dora, the darling of her parents, married the late Mr. Edward Quillinan, a gentleman who published sundry clever things both in verse and prose. In spite of his high esteem for Quillinan, who looked up to him with all the reverence of a votary, Wordsworth had long objected to this marriage with great earnestness, because Quillinan was a widower with two daughters, because he was a Roman Catholic, and because he was poor and had incurred the most serious liabilities in consequence of his connection with the Brydges family, his first wife having been a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges. Wordsworth, however, at last ceased to oppose the marriage, which took place in 1841; nor could there possibly have been a happier union till it was dissolved in 1847, when Dora, whose constitution was always delicate, died in her father's house, to the inexpressible grief of her husband, her parents, and all her family. Her talents were much above the common order; she inherited a love of literature, and wrote prose with grace and spirit: see her Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain, whither, in the hope
that a more genial climate might improve her health, she had gone in 1845, along with her husband and one of her step-daughters.

But to return to Wordsworth's London life. Being now an acknowledged "lion," his society was eagerly courted by the fashionable world: "To-day," he would say, "I dine with Miss Coutts, who takes me in the evening to a party at Sir Francis Burdett’s; tomorrow I dine with Lady," &c, &c. "And can it be," I asked Mrs. Wordsworth (who kept quite aloof from these festivities), "can it be that he really finds pleasure in such a whirl round of gaiety?" "Yes," she replied, "he really does, because it is something new to him; but he will soon tire of it, and gladly return to our quiet home."

While poet-laureate (in which office he succeeded Southey), and resident at Rydal Mount, Wordsworth received an invitation to a state-ball to be given by Queen Victoria; and, as such an invitation was not to be slighted, he rather unwillingly came to London. For this important occasion he borrowed Rogers's court-suit (which, by the by, must have possessed a marvellous power of adapting itself to the varieties of the human frame, since another celebrated poet had figured in it at Buckingham-Palace); and he brought to town a dress-sword, lent to him by the late Dr. John Davy of Ambleside (the brother of Sir Humphry); as also a soiled pair of white kid-gloves, which poor Moxon laboured so hard to purify by means of Indian rubber that he threw himself into a violent perspiration.— That our poet laureate went to the ball not without some flutter of spirits and some degree of uneasiness is certain; but his interview with royalty proved highly satisfactory; and he told me soon after, that "the Queen talked to him very kindly and at considerable length both about his own poetry and on other subjects."

I subjoin some miscellaneous fragments of Wordsworth's conversation: whatever may be thought of them, I can vouch for their accuracy."

"It was very wrong in me to say in the earlier editions of my Poems, that Pope pilfered from the older English poets; for it was not the fashion of his day to acknowledge in notes any borrowed expressions. I have the highest admiration of Pope; still I think he had little poetic feeling."
“Dryden’s *Juvenal* is in many parts excellent,—even superior to the original.” . . .

“Gray’s *Installation Ode* is certainly, on the whole, a fine one.”

“Yardley Oak, which Hayley found among Cowper’s papers, differs remarkably both in boldness of style and in versification from his acknowledged works: but I don’t mean to say that it is not Cowper’s.”

“When I was very young I read a novel called *The Sisters of Ashton*, which affected me so much that I absolutely washed it with my tears:—I met with it lately, and found that it was a wretched piece of stuff.”

“The pleasure I derive from architecture, sculpture, and painting (which I have perhaps vainly endeavoured to express in parts of my poetry) is only second to the pleasure which I derive from nature.”

“I should like very well to reside in London during several months of the year: but I cannot say that I relish the short visits I pay to it, during which I live in a constant bustle, breakfasting and dining out every day, and keeping much later hours than suit my habits. I delight in the walks about London, to which no one, no poet at least, has done justice: how charming is the walk along the Serpentine! There is no nobler view in London than that of Cheapside and the rise of Ludgate Hill. To me the streets present objects of great picturesqueness: even a butcher’s shop by candle-light, with its varieties of colour, light, and shade is very striking.” . . .

“When I first saw the Rialto at Venice I was greatly disappointed: it had so many associations in my mind! and I expected something very different from a mean-looking bridge.”

“The scenery of Switzerland, with its sharp peaks and precipices, its dark fir-trees and pure white snow, is not well adapted for pictures; the forms and combination of colour are bad.”

“I have given up my intention of publishing a *selection* from Thomson’s *Works* (poems and plays), because I think I ought not to treat in that manner so distinguished a poet. I have the most ardent admira-
tion and profound respect for Thomson. I doubt if any writer since Milton has shown so much poetic feeling. Parts of *The Castle of Indolence* are divine. I say nothing of his taste; and Burns had more passion."

"Dyer is another writer full of poetic feeling, and a great favourite of mine. The subject of *The Fleece* is an unfortunate one; but what fine and minute observation of external nature it exhibits! Dyer was originally a painter, and is exquisitely picturesque as well as imaginative in his writings. Recollect the passage in his *Ruins of Rome*:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{The pilgrim oft} \\
\text{At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears} \\
\text{Aghast the voice of Time dispersing towers,} \\
\text{Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,} \\
\text{Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.'}
\end{align*}
\]

[ll. 38-42]

Now, common descriptive poets—Sir Walter Scott, for instance—if they had been describing the fall of a ruin, would have entered into a detail of its appearance,—they would have told us of the clouds of dust that consequently arose, of the birds that were startled from their nests, &c.; but they never could have hit on that most striking thought,—

\[
\text{The voice of Time dispersing towers.'}^{18} \ldots
\]

"Lady Winchelsea is really a charming writer."^{19}

"In Logan's *Ode to the Cuckoo*^{20} is one beautiful stanza;

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,} \\
\text{Thy sky is ever clear;} \\
\text{Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,} \\
\text{No winter in thy year.'}
\end{align*}
\]

[st. vi]

His *Braes of Yarrow* is very good. In this passage the repetition of the word 'promis'd' has a fine effect;

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{He promis'd me a milk-white steed} \\
\text{To bear me to his father's bowers;}
\end{align*}
\]
He promis'd me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers.'

But the best stanza by far of that ballad is,

'They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.'

"Joanna Baillie, with all her genius, does not understand the art of writing: she is strangely deficient in poetic diction."

"What is stated in some review or magazine,—that I said, Coleridge was the only person whose intellect ever astonished me,—is quite true. His talk was even finer in his youth than in his later days; for, as he advanced in life, it became a little dreamy and hyper-metaphysical. The quantity of opium, too, which he took had an unfavourable effect on him: by the by, when he was travelling with me and my daughter, we both knew perfectly by his manner and conversation whether he had been taking much or little opium. He certainly wrote no more of Christabel than has appeared in print; if he had, I must have known it. The Ancient Mariner was founded on a strange dream which one of Coleridge's friends had, who fancied he saw a skeleton ship with figures in it. Coleridge and I had both determined to write some poetry for a monthly magazine, the profits of which were to defray the expenses of a little excursion we proposed to make together. The Ancient Mariner was intended for this periodical, but was too long. I had a very small share in the composition of it; for I soon found that the style of Coleridge would not assimilate with mine. Besides [ll. 226–27] I supplied the verse, [ll. 13–16] and four or five lines more in different places of the poem. The idea of making the Mariner shoot an albatross was mine; for I had been reading in S[helvocke's Voyages] a description of albatrosses hovering over a vessel. I also suggested the re-animation of the dead bodies to work the ship. Coleridge did not excel in sonnet-writing; he had not given much thought to the construction of sonnets."
“Gifford’s editions of the early dramatists are undoubtedly valuable: but he had no taste in poetry. His verses, ‘I wish I was where Anna lies,’ &c, are not poetry,—no, sir, they are not poetry.”

“... After all, Sir Walter Scott’s Poems are merely melodramas in rhyme.” [Deleted:] I was on a visit at Abbotsford, just before Scott set out for the continent; and it was melancholy to witness how his mind was impaired. In my daughter’s Album is an affecting memorial of it,—some lines (quatrains), which he wrote at her earnest request.

“Speaking to Scott about his edition of Dryden, I asked him if he had collated the text with the old copies. ‘No,’ he replied: ‘do you suppose that I could spare time for such labour?’”

“Rogers’s Italy has a very extensive sale on account of the illustrations: as a poem, there is really nothing in it.”

“De Quincey, the opium-eater, is a person of great intellect and great attainments; I am sorry to add that he is a great liar and rascal: he has lately contributed to *Tait’s Magazine* a series of papers on Coleridge, which are full of the grossest falsehoods. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is another liar of the first magnitude.”

“Thomas Moore is now in London, working (as I heard him say) against time for *Lardner’s Cyclopædia*. There is very great cleverness in all he does.”

“There’s old Sotheby walking about as brisk and active as ever! He has just sent me his translation of Homer. Quillinan read me a page or two of it; till he came to some expressions which I thought so faulty that I really was obliged to stop him,—I could not stand it.”

“I remember nothing, throughout the whole range of poetry, in worse taste than the passage in Pollok’s *Course of Time*, where he describes a corpse beneath the dissector’s knife rising to new life at the sound of the last trumpet;

‘And as the anatomist, with all his band
Of rude disciples, o’er the subject hung,
And impolitely hew’d his way through bones
And muscles of the sacred human form,
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
The mysteries of nature, joint embrac'd
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
And suddenly the injur'd man awoke
Among their hands, and stood array'd complete
In immortality—forgiving scarce
The insult offer'd to his clay in death.'

Book vii [191–201]." . . .

"In my lines on St. Bees' Heads, I adopted the unusual form of stanza from Charlotte Smith's St. Monica, a very pleasing poem which I had never read till I saw it in your Specimens of British Poetesses. Charlotte Smith was a personal friend of mine."

"When I compose a poem I generally begin with the most striking and prominent part; and if I feel pleased with my execution of that, I then proceed to fill up the other parts."

"In writing poetical descriptions of natural objects, it is better not to write them on the spot, because if you do, you will enter into a great deal of unnecessary detail: you should write just after the object is removed from your sight, and then its great features only will remain impressed upon your mind."

Wordsworth died April 23, 1850

SOUTHEY [ff. 234–35]

I had no intimacy with Southey; but I always found him friendly; and he took much interest in most of the books I edited, more particularly in my edition of that very original and remarkable writer, Skelton, though he did not live to see it published. He once recommended me to edit Marston, whom he praised, I think, somewhat beyond his merits.

The last time I saw Southey was not long before the commencement of that lamentable illness under which his mental powers completely gave way. It was in London,—at the lodgings of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, a gentleman who had formed an acquaintance with Southey and
Wordsworth, in consequence, I believe, of his having done clerical duty in their neighbourhood. One forenoon I met Wordsworth in the street, who said to me; "Southey is in town, and would like to see you; but he returns home tomorrow morning. He and I dine today at Mr. Johnson's; and there is no reason why you should not drop in there after dinner: your not knowing Mr. Johnson need not be any obstacle; he will be very glad to receive you." I accordingly went, in the evening, to the lodgings of Mr. Johnson (in The Quadrant, Regent Street), and was ushered into the dining-room, which the ladies—Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Wordsworth—had just quitted. A handsome dessert was on the table, at which, besides the host, Wordsworth, and Southey, were seated four or five grave and rather odd-looking personages. My entrance caused a slight bustle; but after I had been introduced to Mr. Johnson and had shaken hands with Southey, the tranquillity of the party was restored, and I took a chair next to Wordsworth. What was my surprise, when the grave and rather odd-looking personages, one after the other, proceeded to speechify about education, schools, school-rooms, classes, &c, each speaker addressing himself exclusively to Southey, who listened with great attention, and kept nodding his head in token that he fully comprehended the various details. This curious performance, which my entrance had interrupted, was at last concluded; and I then learned who the grave and rather odd-looking personages were, and the reason of their haranguing:—Southey had undertaken to write the Life of Doctor Bell;¹⁰ and, in order to furnish him with certain information necessary for the proper execution of the work, Mr. Johnson had invited a posse of Bell and Lancaster schoolmasters to meet him.— At that time there was nothing in Southey's appearance to indicate the dreadful calamity which was impending over him. His figure was well-made and slight; his countenance handsome, in spite of a rather too aquiline nose; his eyes were brilliant; and his snow-white curly hair gave, at first sight, the idea of his having just escaped from the tongs and powder-puff of a friseur.— After we had taken tea in the drawing-room along with Mrs. Johnson and dear old Mrs. Wordsworth, Southey and I left the house together: he pressed me to pay him a visit at the Lakes; and we parted at the street-door in the Quadrant.
Southey, no doubt, had violent political prejudices, which sometimes led him to judge unfairly and uncharitably of others: but, on the whole, there could not well be a more amiable man. How fondly he was loved by all his relations and friends! Some time after his death, at a dinner-party given by John Kenyon, I sat beside that highly-gifted woman Mrs. Nelson Coleridge (who, though dying slowly of a cancer, was still extremely beautiful); and when I mentioned Southey to her, the tears came into her eyes, and she said in a low voice, “Ah, dear uncle Southey!”

What a heluuo librorum he was, is shown by his Common-place Book published after his decease. The great business of his life was reading and writing. “Southey,” said John Kenyon to me, “cares for nothing that does not come to him through the medium of a book. He once accompanied me and some other friends to the continent; and one day, at Paris, while the rest of the party sallied forth from the hotel ‘to see sights,’ Southey preferred remaining in his own room (which looked out on a dead-wall) and reading Lucani Pharsalia.”

When a man with grown-up children marries a second time, the marriage seldom is a happy one; and in Southey’s case it certainly produced much family discord. Of the talents of the second Mrs. Southey (Miss Caroline Bowles) the world has had proof in her writings; and I have heard those who knew her intimately declare that her virtues were equal to her talents: yet in the quarrels between her and her step-children, which reached their height after Southey’s death, both Wordsworth and Mrs. Wordsworth (who were not likely to judge rashly) took the part of the children.

Like Sir Walter Scott and Moore, Southey was latterly in a state of idiocy. “How is Southey?” I once asked Wordsworth; who replied, “Well enough in bodily health; but his intellect is utterly gone. He stares in his children’s faces, and says, ‘Who are you?’ ”

Though during his life his poetry was decidedly popular, it is now almost entirely neglected, very few of the younger readers of the present time having ever looked into it, “because,” as one of them said to me, “they have been given to understand that Southey was not a true poet.” Yet I know for certain that both Savage Landor and Byron pronounced his Roderick to be the greatest poem of the day; and if the opinion of
the former was biassed by friendship for the author, that of the latter
was at least unprejudiced. John Mitford always talked of his Madoc
with admiration: and I must confess that for me his Thalaba has lost
none of its charm.

PART 2: OTHER ROMANTICS

LORD AND LADY BYRON, &c. [f. 31]

Thomas Campbell, who, on the appearance of Moore's Life of
Byron, came forward as the champion of Lady Byron, and made him-
self rather ridiculous (as in his later days he did in other instances)
by "advertisements" on the subject and by talking of it in a state of
over-excitement,—told me, as an undoubted fact, what follows: and
Harness, who was ready enough on most occasions to defend Lord
Byron, confessed that he feared it was true.— Some hours after Ada
was born, Lord Byron came into his wife's room, and, seating himself
on the bed, informed her that Lady Milbanke was in town. "My
mother in town!" she replied; "good heavens, why, then, is she not
with me?" "Nay," answered he, "you cannot see her." "For what
reason," asked Lady Byron in great surprise. "Because," he rejoined
in a bitter tone of voice, "because she is laid up at Mivart's Hotel
with the erysipelas in her head; and I hope in God that she will die."31

Campbell was the only one of Byron's friends who seemed to like
Lady Byron. She was no favourite of Harness. Moore, in my presence,
called her "a disappointing person," adding that "when you entered
the room, she advanced to receive you with a smile, but as soon as
you began to talk to her, you were petrified by the coldness of her
manners."

A want of sincerity pervades Moore's Life of [Lord] Byron. He
there tells us (vol. i. p. 231, ed. duod. [London, 1832]) that the opinion
of Rogers's genius expressed by the noble poet in 1809, remained ever
after unchanged. Yet I heard Moore say, sometime before the publica-
tion of his book, that he had in his possession verses on Rogers by
Byron which were so "furiously satirical" that they could never see
the light,—alluding no doubt to those which were first printed in *Fraser's Magazine* [VII (1833), 81–84], and which will be found under the article “Samuel Rogers” in the present work.

Moore complained that he could learn few or no particulars concerning Byron from his faithful servant Fletcher, who always began to cry when his master’s name was mentioned; “Fletcher gives me plenty of tears, but scarcely any information.”

Byron ridiculed Sotheby in *Don Juan* [i.e., *Beppo*] under the name of Botherby from a mistaken idea that Sotheby was the author of an anonymous letter which he had received in Italy, and which contained severe strictures on his conduct and writings.32

Ada Byron (Lady Lovelace) died, as is well known, after a lingering illness from a torturing disease. From all accounts she appears to have had a slight taint of insanity; but she certainly was endowed with an intellect of a high order: indeed, I remember hearing Babbage say, that she was the only woman he ever was acquainted with who could “generalize.”

**THOMAS CAMPBELL** [ff. 33–35]

To this celebrated man, whom I knew intimately for years, I was first introduced by the son of his sister-in-law, Dr. Wiss of Heidelberg, a person of some literary attainments, who died of consumption at about the age of thirty.

Besides the juvenile pieces which may be found in his *Works*, Campbell wrote a good deal in verse, while a student at the University of Glasgow. One of these early effusions, as he told me, was a satirical ballad on a certain preacher, whose conduct did not by any means accord with the doctrines he delivered from the pulpit; and it became so popular at Glasgow, that it was sung in the streets.

During his youth, in Edinburgh, he took part with Brougham and Horner in the composition of a burlesque novel; “which,” he said, “we were obliged to leave unfinished, because our heroine got involved in adventures from which it was really impossible to rescue her.”

His domestic felicity was not a little clouded. His wife (Miss Sinclair), a very handsome and pleasing woman, whom he loved ex-
tremely, used to say that “she believed the wives of poets were never happy.” His son (and only surviving child) was subject to fits of insanity, and had been placed, for a while, in an asylum. I have frequently seen [?] him in society at his father’s house; and a very affecting scene it was: Campbell, in anxiety lest he should comport himself improperly, kept his eye upon him constantly; and if, in the course of conversation, the young man ventured to throw out any remark, the father’s face lighted up with pleasure.

When Lord Byron’s severe character of Lady Holland appeared in Lady Blessington’s Journal Campbell remarked to me that he was not sorry to see it there, “for her ladyship deserved all the ill that could be spoken of her.” Yet she and Campbell were once dear friends, and used to compare notes on the various cutting things Lord Byron had said to the one concerning the other: she used to tell Campbell how Byron had quizzed his wig and smart coat, &c; and Campbell, in return, would let her know what horror Byron had expressed of her “large fat feet,” &c.

In [William] Beattie’s Life [and Letters] of [Thomas] Campbell [London, 1849] (vol. ii. p. 303) is a letter from Campbell to Mrs. Fletcher, dated Dec’ 24, 1815, wherein he complains that Richard Heber, the well-known bibliomaniac, had broken his promise of lending him certain books which were absolutely necessary for the completion of The Specimens of the British Poets: “I believe now, at the expiration of three years, and after a hundred delays, he will at last, thus late, give me the volumes; but he has kept me in suspense (had I not learnt a little philosophy, it would have been despairing vexation) respecting my publication, which could not come out without his aid. . . . Strange to say, though he has been to me ‘more treacherous than Ney to Louis XVIII,’ he is really a good-hearted fellow; and is—excepting practical penitence—quite as much hurt, surprised, and indignant at his own conduct, as I am myself.” We learn, however, from a letter in an earlier portion of the same Life (vol. ii. p. 240) that Campbell had already profited not a little by occasional loans of Heber’s literary treasures; for on Dec’ 30, 1813, the great book-collector wrote to him as follows; “I hope you received my second parcel safe, as I did the first, containing Greene’s pieces, which you returned. I now forward a third to St. James’s Place, composed entirely
of Elizabethan poetry, most of which will, I hope, prove useful. By dint of rummaging, I think others, of the same era, may yet be furnished; but whether before I leave town, or not until my return in February, is uncertain.” The fact is, that Campbell was under the greatest obligations to Heber; who (as I know by experience), unlike the generality of bibliomaniacs, was ever ready to afford to others the use of even his choicest rarities; and if he was somewhat slow in meeting the wants of Campbell, the delay must have arisen from the difficulty of finding the volumes required; for his matchless collection of English poetry was stowed away, without arrangement, in [eight houses]. Indeed, his continued liberality to the compiler of the *Specimens* was the more praise-worthy, inasmuch as the latter treated the books he borrowed from him with much the same carelessness as Johnson treated Garrick’s early editions of Shakespeare’s plays. This I was told by Heber himself: “Campbell,” he said, “used to send back to me my precious little tomes, tumbled loose into a dirty bag, and when I took them out, I had to brush off the bits of straw that were sticking to them.” As Campbell put forth his *Specimens* without a word of Preface, his obligations to Heber were never publicly acknowledged.

After the loss of his wife, which he felt the more acutely in consequence of the malady of his son, Campbell (though he ought not to be described as an habitual drunkard) was so often intoxicated that he greatly lowered himself in the estimation of the world. He would sometimes call on me in Gray’s Inn during the forenoon on his way from Highgate, when he had lodgings there; and he seldom failed to ask for a glass of brandy and water. The last time I ever saw Thomas Hill (the prototype of Paul Pry), about three years before Campbell’s death, he said to me, “I met our friend Campbell in the street this morning at eleven o’clock, and he was more than half drunk.”

Another failing of Campbell,—which showed his lamentable want of self-respect, and how completely he slighted the precept in *The Minstrel*,

> “Know thine own worth and reverence the lyre” [I, vii],—

was his indulging in language of extreme grossness. While dining with me in Gray’s Inn he has touched on such subjects and used such
expressions as made me and the rest of the company equally uncomfortable: and Serjeant Talfourd told me that he was present at a dinner-party given by Lord Jeffrey in Edinburgh when Campbell talked in a style which absolutely tortured his host. Those who met him for the first time were consequently often shocked and disappointed: Captain Sherer, a great admirer of his poetry, was introduced to him at the table of one of the Messrs. Longman; and [ . . . ] departure, said, "Yesterday, I would have given a hundred pounds to meet the author of Gertrude; today I would give a hundred that I had never seen him."

Campbell had been very handsome in his youth; and could not help feeling mortified at the change which was gradually wrought upon his outward man by the hand of time. One night in the back-drawing-room of Charles Kemble's house (in St. James's [at Park Place]), when he thought himself alone, he walked up to the mirror, and after carefully surveying the reflection of his features and giving his wig a pull, he muttered, in a tone of vexation, "Ugh! what it is to look like an auld cat!" He was not aware that Mrs. C. Kemble was close behind him.

He occasionally gave way to jokes which were little relished by those to whom they were addressed. He told me that Sheridan Knowles, while teaching elocution in Glasgow, invited him to hear his pupils recite. After the performance, Knowles asked him what he thought of it. Campbell replied, "I think you have done wonders, for you have engrafted your own Irish brogue on their native Scotch."

It would certainly seem that Campbell was in the habit of amusing his friends with anecdotes of himself which he did not scruple to alter ad libitum, relating them sometimes in one version and sometimes in another: at least I have heard him tell the following anecdote over and over again exactly as I now give it; and yet in his Life by Beattie (vol. iii. p[p]. 395[-97]) I find what is evidently the same anecdote strangely varied and enlarged:— Having bought some books at a stall in Holborn, he was asked by the bookseller, "Where shall I send them, sir?"— "To Mr. Campbell, Whitehall Place."— "Pray, sir, may I inquire if you are the great Mr. Campbell."— Here the purchaser thought it prudent to inquire, in his turn, "Whom do you mean by the great
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Mr. Campbell?”— "Oh," answered the man without a moment's hesitation, "I, of course, mean the missionary who published the travels in Africa."

Another story which he used to relate concerning himself (and which, as he once ventured to tell it to Mrs. Siddons, I may insert here) was this. When a young man, and during a journey from London to Edinburgh, he stopt for the night at (I believe) Dumfries. He had scarcely slipped into bed, when the door opened, and a pretty chambermaid, advancing towards him, said, "Hae ye ony objection, sir, to a bedfellow?"— "Not the least, my [de]ar," cried Campbell in considerable excitement.— "Eh, sir," rejoined the maiden, "I'm sae glad! for our Jock the driver has jist come hame, drunk; and as we dinna ken what to do wi' him, we'll pit him into the bed wi' you."

That Campbell was subject to fits of great depression [. . .] be believed. Horace Smith one day met him at Brigh[. . . ] are you?" said Smith.— "Miserable! I am going to drown myself [. . . ] can endure life no longer. I shall take a boat and when the [. . . ] has rowed me out a sufficient distance, I shall throw myself into the sea."— "Pooh! you can drown yourself tomorrow: come and dine with me to-day." Campbell was prevailed on to do so without much difficulty; dined, had plenty of wine, and was happy enough.

In his Life by Beattie (vol. iii. p[p]. 66[–67]) a portion of a letter from Campbell to Sir Walter Scott, May 30th, 1830, runs thus: 'When Napier of 'the Edinburgh' returns to you, he will probably tell in your city how heartily I laughed at the regrets of my Edinburgh friends, for my supposed intended marriage with a certain lady . . . The baseless fabric of a vision! . . . I thank you nevertheless for having been concerned about me." But in stating to Scott that his "supposed intended marriage was the baseless fabric of a vision," Campbell most certainly deviated from the truth. The "lady" in question was Miss Crumpe, an Irishwoman of considerable beauty, an accomplished musician, and authoress of some novels, Geraldine of Desmond, &c. Her mother, a clever and rather vulgar matron, had the highest admiration not only of her daughter's talents but of her personal charms; and was much vexed to find that an artist who happened to be painting a half-length of Miss Crumpe was necessarily precluded from giving a representa-
tion of the young lady's ankles, which were notoriously fine. "Dear me, sir," said Mrs. Crumpe, "what a pity! But could you not introduce my daughter's ankles, by themselves, in the corner of your picture, just as they introduce the Islands in the corner of the map of Scotland?"—Campbell had been carrying on for some time a flirtation with Miss Crumpe, resorting (as he informed me) to the rustic mode of love-making, by treading on her toes under the table; till, one fatal evening, he was so fascinated by her singing to the harp, her literary talk, and her "ankles," that he fairly "proposed" to her; and was accepted by the [lady] in due form. Next morning, like Macbeth, he was "afraid to think what he had done," and, in great tribulation, entreated Dr. Beattie to get him out of the scrape, if possible. His friend accordingly went on a very disagreeable embassy to Miss Crumpe, and with great difficulty, and much to the young lady's indignation, contrived at last to break off the engagement into which the poet had so rashly entered.

Haydon and Leigh Hunt having quarrelled, all intercourse ceased between them. Soon after this rupture, John Keats said to the former, "Haydon, as I was lately walking near Hampstead, I met Leigh Hunt and his family, some of whom were carrying baskets. I asked where they were going, and Hunt replied that 'they had set apart the day to hold a sort of festival in honour of you,—that they were to dine in the fields and drink your health.'" Haydon was much gratified by this account; for what a kindness Leigh Hunt must have for him, if even after their quarrel, he showed such respect for his character and talents! When some one told Hunt how delighted the painter was by this circumstance, the author of Rimini exclaimed, with a hearty laugh, "Haydon!! why, we never thought of him: we were keeping the birthday of Hadyn [sic] the composer."

Haydon was very anxious to become acquainted with Mrs. Siddons, and at last contrived to introduce himself to her. He regularly attended the same church as the great actress, and sat in a pew as near to hers as possible. He continued his devotions there for some time without succeeding in his wish, till one Sunday after service, as Mrs. Siddons was
walking down the aisle, he, in the most respectful manner, offered her his arm. She took it; probably knowing who he was, and pleased with the homage which he paid her.

When Haydon asked her to dine with him, he invited Hazlitt also. "I shall not come," said Hazlitt; "for I have been accustomed to see Mrs. Siddons only on the stage, and to regard her as something almost above humanity; and I do not choose to have the charm broken."

In order to mortify Northcote, Haydon called at his door with Mrs. Siddons hanging on his arm. Northcote could not bear him; and had told him one day, "Sir, if this gallery *[his painting-room] were crammed of gold, I would not give you a single coin."

To return to Leigh Hunt. His conversation was truly fascinating: if it evinced no great depth of thought, it was full of fancy and delicate playfulness, and proved him to be possessed of great variety of knowledge. He read both Greek and Latin with facility, though not critically; he was a good Italian and French scholar; and was familiar with all the more elegant literature of his own country. He had quite a passion for old forgotten novels: the last time I ever saw him, not long before his death, he was regretting that he had not been able to meet with a complete copy of The Adventures of David Simple, written by Miss Fielding, sister to the author of Tom Jones! Admiring as he did—and as Hazlitt did also—many parts of Mrs. Radcliffe's works, he would have felt indignant at the mention of her by my friend Thackeray, who strangely and unjustly classes her—as well as the two Misses Porter—with Anne of Swansea, the authoress of sundry volumes of unendurable nonsense in the shape of romances.

As a poet, though Leigh Hunt has not much vigour, he certainly shows considerable fancy, and a fine eye for the picturesque. He perhaps ventured on dangerous ground when he treated in Rimini an incident so marvellously sung by Dante; and the line in the English poem,—

"And kiss'd her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble" [III, 604],—

sounds vulgar indeed when compared with the matchless Italian one from which it is imitated,—

"La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante" [Inf. V, 136].
But in the same portion of his tale Leigh Hunt has an original simile of great beauty;

“And Paulo by degrees gently embrac’d
With one permitted arm her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Lean’d with a touch together, thrillingly.”

[III, 591-94]

Another passage very happily descriptive occurs in Rimini;

“And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
A lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact, till, at its height o’er-run,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.”

[1, 81-84]

Wordsworth related to me, as illustrative of the powerful influence of The Edinburgh Review, the following fact. When Lamb had Chambers in The Temple, there lived on the same stair-case a gentleman with whom he had no acquaintance, but who, when Lamb occasionally came home late at night, obligingly used to furnish him with a light, hot water for tea, &c. Now, the article on Lamb’s John Woodvil in The Edinburgh Review put an end to these civilities for ever; from the moment of its appearance the candle and kettle of the gentleman were no longer at the service of the unfortunate author.

Coleridge was talking once with great praise of Shakespeare’s Troilus and Cressida, when some one remarked that it contained strange anachronisms, such as Hector quoting Aristotle. Upon this, Coleridge proceeded to defend Shakespeare, maintaining that he had introduced those anachronisms to show his contempt for chronology. “I suppose, then,” observed Lamb, “that Johnson must have alluded to that, when, speaking of Shakespeare, he said,—
'And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.'

Lamb, who had such a serious and almost methodistical turn in his youth, was latterly indifferent about religion. He never indeed talked profanely,—for when he said that "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ for the French," he certainly did not intend to be profane;—but he seemed to have lost all religious feeling, and to hate all conversation concerning religion. When he was on his death-bed, Talfourd called to see him: "I hope," murmured Lamb, "you have not brought a parson with you."

It is on record that several eminent men have had their favourite dainties: Pope could not resist the fascinations of stewed lampreys; Quin never missed an opportunity of feasting on John-Dories; and Dr. Parr (whose digestive powers must have been astonishing) would eat up a quantity of lobster-sauce or shrimp-sauce without any of the fish which they were intended to accompany. Nor is Lamb's fondness for roast pig less notorious; see the "Dissertation" on that dish in his Elia; and compare the following letter—the original of which is in my possession—addressed by him to the mother of Mr. John Payne Collier.

Miss Lamb, it is well known, stabbed her mother to the heart in a fit of the periodical insanity to which she was always subject; and as during her sane hours she was perfectly aware of the dreadful deed she had committed during her madness, one would have supposed that the recollection of it would have rendered her very unhappy: but, strange to say, such was not the case. My friend and publisher, the late Edward Moxon (on whom, as the husband of Lamb's adopted daughter, the care of Miss Lamb had devolved after her brother's death) has repeatedly assured me that the murder of her mother had left no painful impression on her mind,—that she never by any chance alluded to it, and that it had become to her not unlike a half-forgotten dream.

Shortly before Miss Lamb's death, I happened to call on Moxon in Dover-street, when he told me that she was then residing with him in a state of decided though calm insanity: "We do not allow her," he said. "to see strangers; but I am sure she would like to see you": and ac-
cordingly I was shown into the room where she was sitting. She looked very old and shrunken, and was begrimed with snuff, in which she indulged largely. At first there was nothing in her talk that betrayed a diseased intellect: at last our conversation took the following turn:—

"D. I suppose, Miss Lamb, you still continue to read novels."
"MISS L. Yes, a great many."
"D. Of course, you are fond of Charles Dickens's works."
"MISS L. I am indeed: and now, by the by, I'll tell you a curious anecdote of Dickens. The other forenoon he paid a visit to one of his friends; and while he was in the drawing-room, he inquired if they had pease for dinner that day. It appeared they had: so he desired the pease to be brought up to him; and putting on an apron, he good-naturedly shelled them for the benefit of the family."

When I had taken my leave of her, I said to Moxon, "Where could she have possibly picked up that nonsensical story about Dickens?" "O," he replied, "it was a sudden invention of her disordered brain: the name 'Dickens' suggested it; and she no doubt thought she was relating the truth."— Poor Miss Lamb! I afterwards learned that she was much gratified by having seen me on that occasion: "Didn't I," she said, "make myself agreeable to Mr. Dyce!"

While Moxon was meditating a new edition of Lamb's poetical works, he intended to include among them the following poem; but, ridiculously enough, he was unable to procure a copy, though it had been published by himself! Those who relish the author's peculiar humour (and it is Lamb "all over") cannot fail to be amused by it. As far as I recollect, it is not mentioned by any of his biographers. . . .

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS [ff. 116–18]

Not only in every bookseller's Catalogue which I happen to take up, but even in Lowndes's Manual, I find that the volume of poems entitled Tales of Terror is unhesitatingly assigned to Lewis;" though so far
is it from warranting such an attribution, that in several places it contains positive evidence of his having had nothing to do with it. The mistake, I presume, was founded on the idea, that, because Lewis wrote *Tales of Wonder*, he must also have been the author of the *Tales of Terror*. I have been informed, with what truth I know not, that the latter, which is a very poor production, was composed by a set of young men, one of whom was the late Lord Aberdeen.

A melodrama, called [*Raymond and Agnes*] and taken from Lewis's *Monk*, is also wrongly printed as by him in Cumberland's *British Theatre*. It was written, I believe, by Farley the actor.48

In the *Reminiscences of Captain Gronow* is the following tissue of misstatements about Lewis. “The charges brought against him *[for writing *The Monk*, chiefly in Mathias's *Pursuits of Literature*49] cooled his friends, and heated his enemies; the young ladies were forbidden to speak to him, matrons even feared him . . . 'Monk' Lewis, unable to stand [against] the outcry thus raised against him, determined to try the effects of absence, and took his departure for the island in which his property was: but unfortunately for those who dissented from the ferocious judgment that was passed upon him, and for those who had discrimination enough to know that after all there was nothing very objectionable in his romance, and felt assured that posterity would do him justice, this amiable and kind-hearted man died on his passage out; leaving a blank in one variety of literature which has never been filled up.” vol. i [London, 1862]. p[p]. 198 [,199].

1. Captain Gronow most ridiculously exaggerates the behaviour of “the young ladies” to Lewis and the “fear” he excited among the matrons. 2. Whatever outcry was occasioned by *The Monk* on its first appearance, that outcry had long ceased, and Lewis had been for many years a welcome guest and an especial favourite in the highest class of London society, when he visited Jamaica on two occasions (tearing himself away from his numerous noble and literary associates), with the sole object of ameliorating the condition of the negroes on his extensive estates; which, during his residence there, he spared no pains to effect (see his very interesting posthumous work, *The Journal of a West-India Proprietor, &c*): and instead of “dying on his passage out,” he died on his second voyage homewards in 1818. 3. As to Captain
Gronow’s remark that “after all there was nothing very objectionable in his romance,” we must charitably suppose that we have here only another instance of the Captain’s downright ignorance; for the main plot of the book—the loves of Ambrosio and Matilda, and the rape of Antonia—is polluted by an indecency which is scarcely to be paralleled except in productions expressly intended for the brothel (and which was not to be done away by the omission of certain passages in the second [i.e., fourth] edition); besides, *The Monk* contains a gross attack on the Scriptures: and all this from the pen of a gentleman who, in the second edition, boldly put his name on the title-page, and proclaimed himself a member of the British Parliament!—The under-plot—the story of Raymond and Agnes and the Bleeding Nun—is harmless enough: for how much of it Lewis was indebted to the German I know not; but there is great merit in the description of the escape of Raymond and the Baroness of Lindenberg from the robbers’ hut in the forest, and in the extravagant incident of Raymond’s carrying off the real Bleeding Nun instead of Agnes disguised to represent her. Very picturesque, too, is the account of a procession of nuns on the Festival of St. Clare, during which the Domina is violently put to death by the enraged populace, who are led to believe that she had murdered Agnes.

In a very small volume, little known, entitled *Poems by M. G. Lewis, Esq., 1812*, is an Italian version of one of them by no less a personage than C. J. Fox. I give here both the original and the translation. . . .

I conclude this article with some pretty and ingenious lines by Lewis, which are printed in the *Journal* mentioned above. . . .

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD [ff. 125–37°]

The earlier literary attempts of this lady gave no indication of her ever being able to compose such a drama as *Rienzi*, which certainly ranks with the best tragedies of the time,—with those of Sheridan Knowles and Lord Lytton. The great curse of her life was her father, a swaggering extravagant dissolute old man, who seduced her maids, squandered her money, and kept her in a constant state of poverty and
agitation. (He had been remarkably handsome in his youth; nor did he scruple to confess to some of his friends that [. . . ].) Her health was very indifferent; and her habit of taking opium rendered it still worse. She would pass the whole night in reading. She seemed almost a cham[. . . ]; for she lived on the smallest possible quantity of food: during the last visit I ever paid her at Three-Mile-Cross cottage, near Reading, she did not taste dinner; and on my asking why, she replied, that she was not hungry, having had "a substantial breakfast, a cup of pease-soup."

When Rienzi was first running its very successful course at Drury-Lane Theatre, she came up to town to see it, accompanied by her father; and, in her primitive simplicity, she brought with her on the top of the stage-coach an old lame faithful female servant to witness her triumph. I joined her in her private box: and, on the fall of the curtain, she went round to the Green-Room, where she was complimented to her heart's content by the various performers in her tragedy. Nay, even Harley, who had no part in the piece, offered her his congratulations, and entreated her to write a farce containing a character that would suit him; which she promised to do.

Miss Mitford's plays have been collected into two volumes; wherein, besides Rienzi, are several striking things,—particularly in Otto of Wittelsbach, a tragedy which has never been acted. . . .

"Three Mile Cross
Wednesday

I beg your pardon my dear friend from the bottom of my heart. I should have asked & waited for your answer—but I had enquired about you amongst the Walters & Dowsons, & one had heard of you at your Chapel & another at your school, so that I fully believed you to be well & in full activity—& this suspense & anxiety which I have been enduring for the last six months has had an effect on my nerves & health & temper which sometimes frightens me—& I have been so out of spirits that I have felt as if the whole world (except for Talfourd) was forsaking me—& your friendship is one of the things which I could least afford to lose—& so I wrote that foolish letter—for which once again I sincerely ask your pardon. The dividends I was sure had
escaped your memory.— Mr. Kemble has certainly behaved very unkindly—very. Although Mr. Talfourd saw him immediately on his return from the circuit before he came here for the Sessions, yet we (that is Mr. Talfourd) never got his final answer till about ten days ago—and even if he could not have induced Mr. Young to take the part (which I firmly believe that he could have done) yet surely the point might have been earlier ascertained & the suspense & expectation removed.— But he never answered my letters—his first conversation with Mr. Talfourd was a long tirade against my father for showing the play to Miss Kelly—and his answer when given at last was in one word No—an incivility which to such a person as Mr. Talfourd is quite unjustifiable—he did not add one single word but hurried [?] off as soon as he had announced [?] his determination. Now the great evil of all this is that I might certainly have brought Rienzi out at Drury Lane this season (as Kemble well knew) if I had not considered myself as pledged to him & him as pledged to Inez—and now the season is over, lost—a great loss to people so poor—and God knows whether the opportunity may recur [?]. However I have not quarrelled with him & do not mean to do so—I never cared enough for him to be tempted into that folly—I never do quarrel except with those whom I like very much indeed.— Can you tell whether Kemble is likely to be Manager next season? or whether the newspaper report is true that he is going to America? And if Manager do you think from the tenor of his conversation that he is likely to bring Inez out then?

Have you seen Mrs. St. Quentin & Emily? They were three or four days last week at Dr. Valpy's & I saw a good deal of them. Mrs. St. Quentin is a very amiable Methodist—and Emily a charming girl—not perhaps pretty except from expression—but very delightful in manners & mind. Mary would like her exceedingly—Mrs. St. Quentin spoke of course of your dear sister with the affection which all who know her must feel for that sweetest person—our kindest love to her—and once again pray forgive me. I might have waited till I had to acknowledge [?] the money—and ought perhaps rather to have done so than have troubled you with this—but I got your note this evening & really could not sleep until I had written an ample apology & sent it forth on its way—It is right to state that the injustice [?] was all my
own—my father & mother were kinder & wiser. I earnestly hope that you are quite recovered—God bless you— Ever yours M R M

To

The Rev'd William Harness
17 Heathcote Street
Mecklenburgh Square
[Postmark: 9 May?]

"Three Mile Cross
July 2nd, 1828

I am quite sorry my dear friend to find from the tone of your last letter that you are a good deal worried & harassed & tired of Town. How I wish you had a good living hereabouts!—for selfish as the wish seems, it is not purely selfish— The country is just of the character you describe, pretty & pastoral— The country ladies are really of a good class in mind & manner although one cannot say quite so much for the gentlemen, & you would have your friend Mr. Milman & your other friend Mr. Hitchins [?] to make up for the deficiency of literary intercourse. You know I suppose that Mr. Hitchins has a living about ten miles off—hardly perhaps so much—& is exceedingly popular in all ways. I met him at a friend’s house in the winter & liked him much—he happened to mention your name, & that was Open Sesame to both our feelings. I have never heard one man speak of another with more delightful warmth than he did of you—for generally speaking I observe that you lords of the creation seem ashamed of letting out the strength of your friendships, & talk of the man you would go to Cairo [?] to serve just as if he were a common acquaintance.— Mrs. St. Quentin speaks of dear Mary just in the same way—but she’s a woman—so the wonder is less—besides which nobody could talk coldly of Mary Harness.— Now to the drama— Many thanks for your kind attempts to find out Mr. Kemble’s intentions—I believe the theatre is in so unsettled a state that he hardly knows them himself— I believe moreover that Miss Kemble is writing or has written a play which will prove to [?] be his first object— Under these circumstances I have thought it best (without making any quarrel & still leaving Inez in his hands) to
withdraw Rienzi from Covent Garden & transfer it to Drury Lane, where it is to be the first new Tragedy produced with Mr. Young next season— You & I both know that Mr. Young is not exactly the actor we should have chosen—& had it pleased Mr. Kemble to let me know at the proper time that Inez would not be done last season, we should have brought out Rienzi with Macready & made an immense hit—but as matters stand I think that I have done right in giving the play to Mr. Price—Macready is not likely to be in London—Kean is quite out of the question—Young is very popular—is enamoured of the part, in which Mr. Price says he becomes more & more interested every day, & means to take the play with him to study during the vacation & to spare no pains to make himself perfect— Price is also full of hope respecting the Play, has engaged a new actress, who if she succeeds in Juliet & Belvidera is to play Claudia, & means to produce it with every advantage that the Theatre can furnish. Tell me if I have done right? At all events the thing will be off my mind—& if the tragedy were to be acted at all it seemed the only chance—to say nothing of Price's terms being much better than Kemble's. Do tell me if you think me right? Adieu my very dear friend—kindest love from all to all—

Ever most faithfully yours

M. R. Mitford

To

The Rev'd Wm Harness
17 Heathcote Street
Mecklenburgh Square
[Postmark: 3 July 1828]"

"Three Mile Cross"

Saturday

My dear friend— You will be glad to hear that my Play *[Rienzi]* is now to come out certainly on Saturday week—i.e. Saturday the 11th of October *[1828]*—& I think under very favourable auspices—Mr. Young has been studying the part for the last three months—Stanfield is painting the scenery, & amongst the new scenes is an exact
representation of Rienzi’s house which is still standing at Rome & is shewn as a curious specimen of the domestic architecture of the middle ages— They have procured the sketch on purpose— The songs are setting in the best manner—the costume is to be in highest degree splendid & exact— & the new actress *[Miss Phil[lips]] makes her first appearance in the heroine. This looks like a very bold as well as novel experiment—but the truth is that Mr. Talfourd has heard her rehearse the principal scenes out on the stage of Drury Lane & he is sure of her— Mr. Price *[the manager] & Mr. Cooper are most sanguine respecting her success—so is Mr. Young who writes me word that she never omits working hard with him every day, & that he shall continue to instruct her in the character to the very hour of representation— This is very kind. She has great sensibility, a very pretty figure, an attractive countenance—no affectation—a delightful voice, & a most pure & perfect intonation. In short nobody fears or doubts my young actress. We may fail—for in the drama there is always danger—but it will not be the fault of the manager or his actors—for never were a set of people so sanguine & zealous & hearty in the cause. They really astonish me.— The only danger is in the earliness [of] the season & the emptiness of [London]. Do get every body to go that you can.—

I think to be in Town somewhere about Thursday week—or perhaps before & will let you know where we pitch our tent. I quite long to see Mary whom it is so very long since we have seen.

Pray excuse the wafer—I am sending a frankfull of notes to Mr. Talfourd & am afraid of over weight.

Adieu my dear friend. Kindest regards from all to all—

Ever very faithfully yours

M. R. Mitford

Will Henry be with you still? It would be a great pleasure to see him before his departure. Mr. Young read the play in the Greenroom yesterday.

To

The Rev* Wm Harness
17 Heathcote Street
Mecklenburgh Square

[Postmark: 29 Sept. 1828]"
"Three Mile Cross
Friday Night.

A thousand thanks my dear friend for Otto— It will be of the greatest use—especially as regards the character of the hero, which is not only well adapted to the age & country—quite what one fancies of an old German Knight, but dramatically effective, & what is still better within my actor's compass. As soon as I have arranged my whole scheme old & new together I'll send it you—I should like your opinion & Mr. Dyce's—(make my best comp" to him & tell him that I have now read Peele through & am charmed with the David Play!)—You got my packet I hope—I was much disappointed—but I am convinced that the lesson is want of space. Nothing can be more unaccountable than Mr. Walter's shyness about that paper—but so it is—If it were a pawnbroker's shop that supplied his income he could not be more ashamed of the source—more desirous to get quit of it (for a proper consideration understand) or more anxious that people should believe he had got quit of it. It is the only subject on which he tells fibs.—I think you did qu[ite] right about the chaplaincy—you are not by any means a fit subject for martial law with your fine spirit of independence—your habit of thinking for yourself & of saying what you think. Besides I don't at all think it the road to preferment—You would be less known, less talked of there than in Town—& some day or other your celebrity must bear its proper & natural finit—a stoll or a great living—or both—for when Fortune does come she will come with both hands full.—God grant it may happen soon!—Adieu my very dear friend—Once more a thousand thanks. Love to dear Mary Everyone's

M. R. Mitford

Reading November twenty nine 1828
Rev W Harness
17 Heathcote St.
Mecklenburgh Sq:
J. B. Monck London
[Postmark: 1 Dec. 1828]"

THOMAS MOORE [f. 138]

Moore not merely disliked people to talk while he was singing, but felt unable to go on if they did so. One night, at Bowood, as he was
about to sit down to the piano, Lord Lansdowne went round the draw-
ing-room, and requested his other guests, among whom was Senior, to be silent; which, of course, they promised to be; and Moore began his song. At the same time Senior moved to a table not far from the piano, and proceeded to write letters with great vigour, the scratching of his pen on the paper forming a sort of accompaniment to the poet’s song. This completely upset Moore, and he suddenly ceased singing. Upon which Senior exclaimed, “O, pray, Mr. Moore, don’t stop on my account; I assure you, you don’t annoy me in the least.” On the authority of a person present.

Sad, sad was the gradual darkening of Moore’s brilliant intellect. During his last visit to Bowood he forgot in what part of the house his room was; and asked Lutt[ . . . ] to find it for him. And I remember that, while he was staying a day or two in St. James’s Place, Rogers gave strict orders to his servants not to go to bed till they had ascer-
tained that “Mr. Moore’s candle was extinguished.”

PART 3: THE ROGERS CIRCLE

SAMUEL ROGERS [ff. 159–76, 18r']

My acquaintance, or rather, my intimacy with Rogers extended over a period of many years, during which, in “the London season,” I was in the habit not only of occasionally dining, but of breakfasting two or three times a week, at his house in St. James’s Place; till at last the treasures of art and the numberless curiosities which it con-
tained, became as familiar to me as to their owner himself: nor is there any affectation in my saying that I never catch even a distant view of that “[ . . . ] suburban dwelling,” without such feelings of regret as are awakened by no other locality associated with recollec-
tions of the past.

During his later years, when the friends of his youth, with one or two exceptions, had all passed away, and when many of the friends of his middle age had also gone down to the grave,—Rogers confined his hospitalities chiefly to breakfast-parties, which he had always pre-
ferred to dinner-parties, because at the former there was comparatively an absence of restraint and ceremony, and because the guests arrived with their spirits fresh and unimpaired by the business of the day. Ten was the nominal hour of those morning-meetings, which seldom broke up till two in the afternoon; for the conversation turning chiefly on literature and art was so interesting to the venerable host that he always showed an unwillingness to let his visitors depart. Indeed, no man in the prime of life could have felt more enthusiastic admiration for whatever was beautiful in writing, in painting, and in sculpture than Rogers did when an octogenarian: nor, I must add, was he less sensible to the \( \kappa \alpha \lambda \nu \) in human conduct; for his eye would glisten, and his voice falter, if he mentioned any instance of true heroism or generosity. The charm of those breakfasts was enhanced by the adornments and accompaniments of the room where they were held,—a room which had its walls entirely covered by pictures of the highest class, and which, looking out on the Green-Park, through a small garden full of shrubs and flowers, gave one the idea of being in the country rather than in London. It was pleasing, too, to recollect how many distinguished characters had at various times been assembled in that room,—writers, statesmen, dignitaries of the church, warriors, and even royalty itself,—from the year 18[03], when Rogers celebrated his removal to St. James's Place, by a dinner-party, at which Fox so simple and so wise, and Sheridan so artificial and so witty, were, at their own instance, "the chief-invited guests."

The oldest and most confidential friend of Rogers was William Maltby (a cousin of the Bishop of Durham's). Their friendship commenced while they were little boys at the same school, and was only terminated by the death of Maltby, which preceded that of Rogers by [nearly two years]: together, in the bloom of youth, they walked up Bolt Court with a determination to introduce themselves to Johnson, but wanted courage to knock at his door; and together, in the extremity of age, they dined at Miss Burdett-Coutts's, when that lady, to gratify a wish of Maltby, had kindly invited him to meet the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham. Though Maltby had been entered as a student at Cambridge, and had resided there for some time, he quitted the university without taking a degree. He afterwards prac-
tised as a solicitor in London; but his love of literature, both ancient and modern, was so engrossing as to be almost incompatible with success in his profession; and, on the decease of Porson (with whom for years he had been very intimate), he obtained an employment in perfect accordance with his tastes and habits, being appointed in 1809 to succeed that illustrious scholar as Principal Librarian to the London Institution. During the long period of his holding that office, he materially improved the library by the addition of many volumes which were purchased at his recommendation. In 1834 he was superannuated from all duty: he, however, continued to occupy handsome apartments in the Institution, which were crammed with books that it had been the great pleasure of his life to collect; and there, poring over some favourite volume to the very last, though blind of one eye, he died towards the close of his ninetieth year, January 5th, 1854. In Greek and Latin Maltby might be termed a fair scholar; he was well read in Italian; his acquaintance with French and English literature was most extensive and accurate; in a knowledge of bibliography he could hardly have been surpassed: and the wonder of every body was, that, with all his devotion to study and with all his admiration of the makers of books, he should never have come before the public in the character of an author.— On more than one occasion Rogers profited by the extensive reading of Maltby; who, for instance, assisted him in consulting various works which served to furnish materials for the poem of Columbus.

Accompanied by the old friend whom I have just described, Rogers, for a series of years, went to Broadstairs, and established himself at the chief inn, where his coming was looked forward to as an important event, and where he usually spent several weeks. Indeed, he greatly enjoyed the quiet of Broadstairs, which he always spoke of as "the beau ideal of a watering-place": but I suspect that, if he had lived to see it as it now is when the rail-way brings to it so many visitors, he would have been inclined to retract that encomium.

As I frequently was staying at Margate during Rogers's periodical sojourns at Broadstairs, he kindly insisted that I should breakfast with him nearly every other day,—Margate being only about two miles from Broadstairs. Thither, accordingly, in the bright summer mornings I
walked across the fields, and through the beautiful church-yard of St. Peter's, where Rogers by appointment used to meet me, and where I generally found him sitting on a tomb-stone in deep meditation: sometimes, if I happened to be a little past my hour, I would find the tomb-stone deserted; and, on coming out into the high-road, would see Rogers at a considerable distance trudging back to Broadstairs with his peculiar shambling gait. When in all haste I had overtaken him, I was sure to be scolded for my want of punctuality; but, before we reached Broadstairs, his ill-humour had evaporated.

I was not always the only guest at Rogers's Broadstairs breakfasts: for he occasionally invited to them such acquaintances as he chanced to fall in with among the sojourners at Ramsgate, to which place he drove over nearly every day. Most of these, however well born and well bred, were persons of no mark; but among them I particularly remember Mr. John Hardwick the London police-magistrate, and Poole the successful dramatist, who owed much to the patronage of Mr. Hardwick and was then residing with him at Ramsgate. A more polished gentleman or a more lively and intelligent companion than Mr. Hardwick is not often to be met with; and the author of *Paul Pry* overflowed, of course, with amusing reminiscences of players and playwrights.

Whatever guests there might be at those breakfasts, I remained till they had all taken leave, in order that I might accompany Rogers in his daily drive, and walk about with him during certain intervals of the excursion. Maltby, who had neither the bodily vigour nor the animal spirits which his friend so wonderfully retained, seldom went with us: he preferred strolling on the heights of Broadstairs, or poring with his single eye on some favourite volume.— About two o'clock Rogers's carriage was ready at the inn-door. We generally proceeded first to Ramsgate; where we sauntered repeatedly up and down the very long and noble pier, my companion showing no symptoms of fatigue, and, with equal activity of mind, taking an interest in all the objects that met his view,—the rosy-cheeked children that were sporting past us, the steamers that were smoking in the far distance, and the vessels that were leaving or entering the harbour. Sometimes we drove to Pegwell
Bay; a scene now familiar to many who have never been there by the exquisite picture of my relative William Dyce, in which, however, he has rather embellished its features, and rather misrepresented the colour of its cliffs. One afternoon at Ramsgate we unexpectedly encountered the Duke of Wellington, who forthwith carried Rogers off to Wolmer. The furthest limit of our drive was Margate, where I was then lodging; and where a very tolerable band, which played every afternoon on the pier, had great attractions for Rogers, who was so passionately fond of music that he could relish a performance even of an inferior kind: indeed, with that true wisdom which essentially contributes to the happiness of life, he was always "easily pleased." When the band had ceased playing, he dropt me at my lodgings, and returned to Broadstairs.—I may notice here what Rogers often dwelt on with surprise,—the difference as a place of resort between the Margate of his youth and the Margate of his old age. "I remember," he would say, "when the Duke of York and his party were staying at the York Hotel, and when the town was so crammed with company of the very highest rank, that it was scarcely possible to procure a lodging."

But to resume the account of Rogers's London life. He had long been accustomed to walk to public places and to evening-parties, and also to walk home from them, however late the hour; and when he had reached the age of eighty-six, his faithful servants, fearing that an accident might befall him in consequence of his deafness, urged him, but in vain, to make use of his carriage on those occasions. Even in the day-time he walked about at a considerable risk; for one forenoon, just as he stepped upon the pavement after crossing Regent Street, he was startled by the scream of a woman close beside him; and to his inquiry "what was the matter?" she replied, "I screamed because you were on the point of being run over." At last the dreaded event took place. He was returning on foot and alone from an evening assembly at Lady Londonderry's, when, attempting to avoid the cabriolet of a gentleman, whose first warning to stand aside he had not heard, he fell with great violence, [...]. As soon as this catastrophe was known, it caused no ordinary sensation in the London world, and drew to his door such a host of inquirers of various ranks that his servants were under the
necessity of placarding a daily bulletin for their information: among those who sent to make particular inquiries concerning him were her Majesty and Prince Albert.

Though his general health was not materially injured by the shock he had received, Rogers was never again able to set foot on the ground: he was carried, like a child, from room to room and to and from his carriage when he took an airing. But yet under these melancholy circumstances he showed the most perfect resignation and even cheerfulness; and, now that he could no longer mix in society at others' houses, he enjoyed more than ever his almost daily breakfast-parties, at which sometimes two, sometimes three or four, and sometimes as many as six of his friends were present. His most frequent guests were his nephew Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the Reverend John Mitford, Dr. Alexander Henderson, and myself: next to these in frequency were his niece Miss Martha Rogers, Luttrell, Lord Glenelg, Crabb Robinson, Dr. Beattie, and Moxon the protégé of Rogers and the publisher of the latest editions of his works; while occasionally the requisite number for the breakfast table was made up from a very ample list of persons male and female, some of them of high rank and fashion, some of them of distinguished talents, and all of them equally ready to testify their respect for the aged poet and to contribute to his amusement.

His lady friends and lady visitors were nearly, if not quite, as numerous as his friends and visitors of the other sex.

Among the former, whether titled or untitled, two were pre-eminently his favourites,—Mrs. Carrick-Moore and Mrs. Forster. He had known them long, and almost always spoke of them familiarly by their maiden names, as "Harriet Henderson" and "Lavinia Banks,"—Mrs. Moore being the posthumous child of the celebrated actor Henderson, and Mrs. Forster the daughter of the sculptor Banks, whose fine genius was not sufficiently appreciated by the public during his life-time. Both ladies were not merely accomplished; they were highly intellectual: and Mrs. Moore in her youth must have possessed extraordinary personal charms; for even in her old age, when I used to meet her in St. James's Place, she might still have been called beautiful. The last years of both were saddened by the same calamity,—the loss of sight.

As Lady Holland was the wife of one of Rogers's most valued
friends, he could not fail to be intimate with her also; and to the world in general their intimacy wore the semblance of friendship: but I believe that there never was much cordiality between them; and it was no secret to their mutual confidants that latterly they felt for each other what was nearly akin to strong dislike.— "Suppose," said Rogers to Lady H. when she was once complaining of want of amusement and ennui, "suppose you were to try, just by way of variety and as a new means of excitement, the doing [of] some kind and generous action."— She had on more occasions than one fallen so violently in love with pictures of moderate value in Rogers's possession that he thought himself obliged to make her a present of them. At last she took a prodigious fancy to a beautiful little piece by Stothard from a story in The Spectator: knowing, however, that it was a favourite with Rogers, she told him that she should be quite content if he would lend it to her for a time, that she might have the pleasure of looking at it as it hung in her dressing-room. Her wish was granted. Weeks, months, and years crept on: Rogers threw out sundry hints that he should like to have the picture back again; but all in vain: nor even after her ladyship's death was it returned to him; for she had bequeathed it, as a token of her regard, to the Duke of Sutherland.— One forenoon in St. James's Place a visitor mentioned his having read a paragraph in some newspaper where by mistake Lady Holland was spoken of as being still in existence. "Perhaps," said Mitford laughing, "she is come back from the grave." "O, God forbid!" cried Rogers.

Of the acting of Mrs. Siddons, who was among the earliest of his friends, Rogers always spoke with admiration; and he fully appreciated the talent of her not-unworthy successor Miss O'Neill, who, when Lady Becher and a widow, was, during the last years of his life, an occasional guest at his breakfast-table, and sometimes also passed an evening at his house. She generally concluded her evening-visits by reading a scene of Shakespeare or a chapter of the Bible. Her serious turn of mind led her to propose readings from the latter book; and Rogers always assented to the proposal with the utmost willingness: but he was not always equally willing to listen to her, when, with more zeal than discretion, she ventured to lecture him on points of faith.— A rather ludicrous scene occurred, when, about[... ] after Rogers had
met with his accident, I first became aware that Lady Becher was in
the habit of reading the Bible in company. She, two other ladies,
Rogers, and myself, formed the whole party. It was a winter-evening,
and we were gathered round the table at which, not long before, Rogers
had dined (for being then a complete cripple, he used to remain in the
dining-room till his servants carried him upstairs to bed). I supposed
that she was about to give us something from Shakespeare, as on the
former occasions when I had been present at her readings; and she not
a little puzzled me by saying, "But I fear, Mr. Dyce, that I am intruding
on your province." I could only answer that "Mr. Rogers would cer­
tainly prefer her reading to mine." She then, addressing our host, said,
"Should you like to hear me read the fortieth chapter of the prophet
Isaiah?" "I should like it of all things" was his reply. Accordingly,
after altering the position of the table-lamp, and clearing her throat by
some preliminary hems, she proceeded with "Comfort ye, [comfort ye
my people'] in a deep full voice, distinctly articulating every word,
without any approach to a theatrical tone or manner. Rogers, seated in
his arm-chair, listened at first very attentively; but the rather monoto­
nous reading, combined with the drowsiness incident to old people after
dinner, gradually overpowered him: his head sunk lower and lower on
his breast, till at last nothing of it, except the bald crown, was visible
above the high standing-collar of his large loose coat; and, before her
ladyship had reached the end of the chapter, he was in the land of
dreams. On finishing her performance, the only notice she took of the
sleeper was by a side-long glance with a countenance "more in sorrow
than in anger." Presently, he awoke with a great start; and perceiving
how he had committed himself, he, without losing a moment, made an
ingenious attempt to get out of the scrape: clasping his hands together,
he exclaimed in an affected rapture, "O, I could listen forever to those
divine words and that enchanting voice!" Lady B., taking the compli­
ment at what it was worth, acknowledged it by the slightest possible
bow.

With the exception of Maltby, his friend from boyhood to extreme
old age, there was, I believe, no one with whom Rogers was so inti­
mate, or for whom he entertained so sincere a regard, as Lord Holland;
and after the death of that benevolent and accomplished nobleman he
loved to dwell on the recollection of the many happy days he had passed at Holland-House, where genius and learning won for their possessors as much respect and attention as were elsewhere paid to rank and wealth. One circumstance connected with that mansion he would frequently relate as an instance of the astonishing powers of Lord (then Mr.) Brougham. They both slept at Holland-House the night previous to the day when Brougham made his celebrated speech in Westminster Hall during the trial of Queen Caroline: on that night they both, as well as Lord Holland, sat up rather late, discussing various literary subjects, particularly the merits of Boswell’s Life of Johnson: next morning after breakfast Rogers and Brougham walked together in the garden, and renewed the subject of Boswell’s book, about which Brougham—apparently quite regardless of the task which he had to perform so soon—continued talking with great earnestness, till it was time to start for Westminster Hall, to which Lord Holland conveyed him in his carriage.

In consequence of some perhaps groundless report that Rogers had spoken of him in unfriendly terms, Byron wrote that venomous satire, of which John Murray told me he possessed a manuscript copy long before it was printed in Fraser’s Magazine [VII (1833), 81–84]; and in allusion to which, one morning in St. James’s Place when Rogers happened to be out of the room, Beckford remarked, “I have just been reading some verses so damnably ill-natured that one would almost think they must have been the devil’s own composition: I should like to know if Rogers has seen them.”—Rogers doubtless had seen them.

On one occasion, by an ill-timed jest, Rogers unintentionally gave great offense to the person for whom, of all others, he entertained the most unfeigned admiration and respect. He told me the circumstance in the following words. “I was on a visit to the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye. A small party consisting chiefly of ladies, the Duke, and myself, were in the drawing-room: it was an intensely cold forenoon; and the Duke having seated himself close to the fire, seemingly without any regard to the comfort of his guests, I unfortunately remarked that ‘gentlemen sometimes showed great consideration in screening ladies from the fire.’ No sooner had I spoken than up started the Duke in a violent passion: ‘O, pray, sir, come as near the fire as you
please,—pray, sir, sit in the fire, if you prefer it.' My visit expired next morning; and I left Strath[fieldsaye] under the idea that I should never be there again, and that my intercourse with its master was at an end. But not so: some time after this, the Duke, who perhaps thought he had been rather hasty, sent Lord Douro to invite me to his house: I went; and we were as good friends as ever."— Not only was Rogers a frequent guest of the Duke, but the Duke frequently dined with Rogers in St. James's Place.

Rogers used to say, "Kings and queens are personages of a rank so exalted, so utterly above their subjects even of the highest degree, that I should never dream of being offended however insolently they might treat me; but in my intercourse with dukes and lords I expect that they are to behave to me as one gentleman does to another, without any assumption of superiority": and I have heard him mention that he broke with the Duke of Gordon, because his grace was not content to be his acquaintance on terms of equality.

While Earl (then Lord John) Russell was preparing for the press [Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence] of Thomas Moore, he sent to St. James's Place a packet of letters which Rogers at various periods had written to Moore, in order that the writer might look them over, and select such as he thought the most fit for publication. Rogers had not yet examined the letters, when one evening, after I had dined with him tête-à-tête, he desired his faithful attendant Edmund Payne to bring them to him, and requested me to read some of them aloud. I proceeded to do so; and Rogers listened for some time without interrupting me by any remarks: but, on my reading a letter which contained an account of Sheridan's funeral, he suddenly stopped me, exclaiming, "I will not allow that letter to be printed." The truth was, his pride was hurt by its containing some mention of his having been rather slighted by certain great people during the funeral. "I will not allow that letter to be printed," he repeated; "I will tear it in pieces at once": and he was on the point of making good his words, when Edmund Payne, who was standing a little way off at the side-board, instantly came forward with a melodramatic rush, and seized the offensive letter. "Sir," he cried; "you really must not destroy it; it is not your property; you are answerable to Lord John Russell for all these
letters." So saying, he swept up the whole series, and forthwith carried them away: nor did I ever hear Rogers speak of them again.

On the death of his father in 17[93], Rogers became possessed of so ample an income that he was enabled not only to indulge his taste by purchasing works of art, but to gratify the natural generosity of his disposition, during the remainder of his very long life. Of the assistance he lent to Sheridan and to one or two other men of genius there is a permanent record, because they happened to be individuals in whom the public took an interest: but his many unostentatious charities,—his readiness to hold out a helping hand to misfortune in all its forms,—were known only to his own family and to his more intimate friends,—and, indeed, not always even to them. His bounty could hardly fail to be sometimes wasted on undeserving objects; and it would seem that he had not always resolution enough to break off at once all connection with those whose worthlessness he had discovered: at least, I well remember that he continued patiently to endure the visits of a certain gentleman who, under various pretenses, had borrowed from him sums which he knew would never be repaid; and that one morning before breakfast when he saw him about to enter the dining-room by the glass-door which opened into the garden, he whispered to me, in a tone of resignation, "Here comes the enemy."

The face and figure of Rogers were very peculiar. Though he had a fine ample forehead, his eyes were heavy and lustreless, his under-jaw was too prominent, his chin of more than ordinary length, and his complexion deadly pale. He was of the middle size, and strongly-built; but ill-made in the lower limbs, and so awkward and shambling in his gait, that he sometimes attracted the notice of strangers in the street: yet in his youth he had been fond of dancing, and talked with pleasure of having had Miss De Camp (Mrs. Charles Kemble) for his partner at dancing parties given by Mrs. Siddons when she lived in Gt. Marlbro' Street; nay, at a much later period, as I have elsewhere recorded, he danced with Queen Caroline at Kensington Palace, and did not foot it with sufficient quickness to satisfy that undignified piece of royalty.—The portrait engraved from a picture by Hoppner, representing Rogers in his forty-sixth year, is not an agreeable one, though the painter has endeavoured to soften whatever was faulty in his features, and con-
cealed the prominence of his chin by leaning it on his hand, a device on which Hoppner prided himself, as his daughter Mrs. Galway told me. Sir Thomas Lawrence has had recourse to the same artifice in what may be called the popular portrait of Rogers, which is prefixed to his works and which exhibits him as a comely middle-aged gentleman, the flattery of the pencil being carried to the utmost. But whoever is curious to know how the poet looked while seated, a cripple, in his chair a year or two before his death, ought to procure the perfectly faithful likeness of him lithographed from a photograph taken by his attendant Mr. Edmund Payne.— Not only had the personal appearance of Rogers been wantonly and unfeelingly ridiculed, at various times, by writers in newspapers, &c, but even Byron stooped to make it a subject of reproach in a copy of verses which will be given presently: and probably some of my readers have not forgotten the copper-plate caricature of the old poet in *Fraser’s Magazine* (of which he once complained to Southey), and the lithograph by H. B. which represents him defending himself with his umbrella against the “ladies” who mobbed him in the Green Park. All this considered, Rogers may perhaps be excused for showing a rather unphilosophic anxiety about the treatment of his features by those artists to whom he latterly sat. I once mentioned to him that I just saw his portrait (painfully like) in the studio of Linnell, who was only waiting for another sitting to finish it. “I wish I could finish it,” replied Rogers; who really did perform that operation on a picture of himself by Jackson, indignantly thrusting his foot through the canvas, and leaving it to lie, torn and unframed, on the floor of a lumber-room,—a catastrophe the less to be regretted, because, as a work of art, it was quite unworthy of that eminent painter. Even not very long before his death, he was equally offended by a portrait for which he had sat at the request of a youthful artist. He desired his servant to set it on a chair opposite to him; and after examining it very attentively, he said, “If I look like that thing, I am enough to frighten women and children: take it away, and never let me see it again.” On such occasions he invariably turned for consolation to his portrait after Lawrence. . . .

Though nature had endowed Rogers with a very feeling heart and a very generous disposition, she had not bestowed on him the best of
tempers. At times he would show a touchiness which, as his old friend Maltby assured me, had involved him in sundry quarrels during his youth, and which the associates of his later days, with all their respect for his age and position, sometimes found it not always easy to endure.— While travelling on the continent with his sister and Sir James Mackintosh, he had such a quarrel with the knight, that, for a considerable part of the tour, they ceased speaking to each other: which was, no doubt, a great vexation to Rogers, who decidedly thought that Mackintosh's conversational powers were unequalled by those of any of his contemporaries. When Rogers gave an account of this quarrel, it assumed the form of a pleasant fiction (for he was fond of indulging in caricature): “Sir James and my sister,” he said, “rode in the dickey of the carriage and talked incessantly, while I was left inside, solus. On arriving at any town, Sir James—without making the slightest mention of me—booked himself and my sister as ‘Sir James Mackintosh, knight, membre du Parlement Britannique, &c, et Miss Rogers, sa femme,’—thus taking away my sister's character over a quarter of Europe.”

So prevalent was the notion of Rogers' being in the habit of satirizing his friends, that I know Sir Walter Scott remarked on one occasion, “It matters not what ill we say of Rogers behind his back, since we may be pretty certain that he has said as much of us behind our backs.” And, no doubt, Rogers had great quickness in discovering the faults and weaknesses of those with whom he associated; nor was he slow in proclaiming his discoveries: but I believe that, being aware of the opinion which had gone abroad of his maledicentia, he at last would frequently amuse himself by supporting the character of a back-biter, and would utter, in pure jest, things which were afterwards repeated as proofs of his ill-nature.— One forenoon, at the Deepdene, the conversation turned on Lady Lansd[owne]. Rogers bestowed the highest encomium on her, and then quitted the drawing-room. “Well,” said Mrs. Hope as he went out, “I am not sure that I ever before heard Rogers allow so much merit to any human being.” She had scarcely spoken when the door opened, and Rogers, putting in his head, added, “But there are spots in the sun.”

I have heard it asserted that Rogers had little sense of religion; a
misconception which perhaps originated in the vulgar idea that a man who passes for a wit is not unfrequently a free-thinker. The truth is, he never alluded to the Deity or to the Saviour without reverential awe; and, I am sure, that at his own house he would have checked any tendency in others to treat religious subjects with levity: he prized his English Bible for much more than its felicities of language; and towards the close of life, when he was no longer able to read it for himself, I have seen him listening with deep attention to its words of consolation from the lips of an affectionate niece. He was, indeed, brought up, and continued to be, a dissenter, like his father and most of his family: Dr. Price had been the object of his boyish admiration; and in his middle age he had greatly esteemed and honoured the amiable Priestley; nor need it be concealed that he was little affected by a message from the pew-opener of St. James's, informing him that his hussock from disuse was half eaten up by moths:—but he was so far from cherishing any feelings of dislike towards the established Church, that during his whole life he had cultivated the acquaintance of several of its chief ornaments; and till the very close of his career, the Bishops of London and Exeter (Blomfield and Phillpotts)—not to mention less dignified ecclesiastics—were among his occasional visitors.

Tied down to the desk as a banker's clerk in his youth, Rogers had comparatively little leisure for literary pursuits; yet even then he contrived during the evenings spent under his father's roof at [Stoke] Newington to read the best authors not only in English but in French and Italian. He once showed me a manuscript-book filled with choice passages from Beaumont and Fletcher's plays which he had extracted at that period; and I possess a copy of [B. Varchi's Storia Fiorentina (1721)] which, about the same time, he annotated on the margins from beginning to end. Of Greek he knew nothing; and so little of Latin, that his knowledge of Horace was chiefly obtained through the medium of Smart's prose version: but he had a profound respect for learning: and felt a sort of pride in having been intimate with the greatest scholar of his day, Porson, to say nothing of Dr. Parr and Gilbert Wakefield.

In conversation, Rogers had not those powers which produce an effect in large parties: he could talk with fluency to his next neighbours
at table, and every now and then amuse them by pointed and sly remarks
(though he never made one quarter of the bon-mots which were
fathered upon him); but he could not command the attention of a whole
company, like Hallam or Macaulay, by whose monopolising eloquence
he sometimes felt himself unpleasantly thrown into the shade.
The person so unmercifully (and unjustly) assailed in these lines was
Mrs. Clermont, a respectable upper-servant in the Milbanke family,
who passed into the service of her young mistress on her marriage with
Byron.
Rogers died a bachelor. But there is no doubt that, at an early period
of his life he made an offer of his hand to the youngest Miss Thrale
(afterwards Lady Keith): and in his extreme old age besides earnestly advising all the young men of his acquaintance not to let the
proper time for marriage pass by, he composed a short exhortation to
the same effect, "Haste to the altar" &c,—the very last copy of verses
he ever attempted.

I now proceed to give more particular notices of five persons who
have been already mentioned as the most constant frequenters of
Rogers's breakfast-table,—viz. Luttrell, Mitford, Crabb Robinson, Dr.
Henderson, and Lord Glenelg.

I. HENRY LUTTRELL [ff. 177-80]
[...]

Soon after returning home, he became so noted in the fashionable
world as to excite the jealousy of his father, who aimed at a similar
distinction; and this unfortunately led them to regard each other with
an unnatural animosity. Luttrell was the welcome guest of the cele-
brated Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and, in short, of all who then
led the ton; and when these had successively passed away, he, like
Rogers, formed an intimacy with new generations of the beau monde,
and, even towards the very close of his life, continued to figure as one
of the lions of society. And no wonder; for without usurping an undue share of the conversation, he never failed to produce an effect by the
refined witticisms which he contrived to introduce in the happiest man-
ner, and which assuredly, unlike the "clever things" of some professed talkers, were quite unpremeditated.

But, in addition to his notoriety as a brilliant [raconteur], he achieved considerable reputation as a poet, or, to speak more properly, as a writer of neat, graceful, pointed, and frequently brilliant, verses; for such are the characteristics of his *Letters to Julia* and his *Crockford-House,*—volumes which are so little known at the present day, that the subjoined extracts from them will probably be acceptable to most of my readers:—like his friend the Honourable William Spencer, he sang of fashionable life; the Muse of both was a Grosvenor-Square belle. . . . Such were the easy-flowing verses which—more than half a century ago—Luttrell poured forth, and not without applause,—for the *Letters to Julia* reached a third edition: he sang of fashionable life to a fashionable audience, and his Muse was a Grosvenor-Square belle.

It was generally believed that, in spite of his highly-cultivated intellect and his love of books, Luttrell took little pleasure in the society of literary men, unless they belonged to the "certain set," among whom he himself had been so long accustomed to move; and there were perhaps some grounds for such an impression: hence the satirical exaggeration of Rogers that "if Luttrell, when walking with a man of first-rate genius, should happen to see a booby lord at a little distance, he would instantly quit the man of first-rate genius for the booby lord." Nor was Luttrell behind hand in exaggerating the foibles of his friend: "Rogers," he declared, "has such an inordinate craving for the excitement of crowded assemblies, that he would go to an evening-party even if the death-rattles were in his throat."

Luttrell had a very hasty temper; nor, as I have already noticed, was Rogers’s temper of the best: the consequence was, that every now and then they would quarrel about the merest trifles. Suppose them setting out together on a journey in a post-chaise, and the following dialogue taking place (as it really did):

"R. Pray, put up the glass: I can’t endure a draft.
L. I prefer its being down: there’s no fear of catching cold.
R. But there is great fear; and I don’t choose to travel with an open window."
L. (much excited) You’re, without exception, the most disagreeable man I know."

On one occasion I was the innocent cause of strife between them. During a breakfast at Rogers’s house in St. James’s Place, Luttrell was addressing some remark to me, who happened to be sitting opposite to him: Rogers, being very deaf, was trying, with his hand behind his ear, to catch Luttrell’s words; and, not succeeding, he rather peevishly exclaimed, “If you keep talking in a whisper to Mr. Dyce, over the table, do you imagine that I can hear you?” This was enough to put Luttrell out of humour; he frowned, and said in a half-soliloquy, “I will not repeat it.” Rogers, fancying that he had said, “I will not return here,” immediately rejoined, “O, very well: if you don’t choose to come back, you can stay at home.” Luttrell, looking “fierce as ten Furies,” spoke no more till the party was over; and then as I walked with him up St. James’s Street, on his way to Brookes’s (while he leant heavily on my arm, for he was weak and paralytic), he inveighed against Rogers as “a person who had quite forgotten how to behave himself in society, from which it was more than time for him to withdraw entirely.” I felt almost hopeless of their being ever again reconciled: but only a few days had elapsed, when, to my great satisfaction, I saw Luttrell enter Rogers’s drawing-room with a countenance all smiles, and shake him by the hand as usual.

Once when the conversation turned on charity, Luttrell said, “The English are the subscribingest people on the face of the earth. If a man were to cut a slit in his street-door, and write above it “Subscriptions received here,”—without specifying for whom or for what,—by heaven, I believe, he would have his till quite full in a single day.”

He was not partial to the society of dignitaries of the church: “I effervesce,” he said, “when in company with a dean; and a bishop makes me explode.” No explosion, however, ensued when he met the Bishop of Exeter (Phil[potts]) in St. James’s Place. “My lord,” said Rogers, “let me introduce to you Mr. Luttrell.”— “Sir,” said the Bishop to Luttrell, “I am truly glad to form your acquaintance,” and then, with an aside to Rogers, “Who is Mr. Luttrell?”

There was something very sad in the last meeting of Rogers and
Luttrell,—a meeting by chance, not by appointment. It occurred at the Hyde Park Exhibition of 18[51], to which they were wheeled, each in a Bath chair,—Rogers being then quite helpless from the effects of his accident, and Luttrell nearly worn out by age and complicated disease. All around them was glitter and joyous bustle: and one could not help reflecting under what different circumstances, and with what different feelings, they had often met in the gay crowds of other years. They conversed together for some minutes; when, at parting, Rogers said, "I am going very soon to your favourite Brighton," where I hope you will be able to join me." Luttrell shook his head, without making any reply. He died, not long after, [19] Dec’ 1851.

2. The Reverend John Mitford [ff. 184–85’]

There were few persons whom Rogers used to welcome more heartily to St. James’s Place than John Mitford; and, for my own part, I must always remember him as the familiar friend, whose intimacy with me (which commenced when I might still be reckoned young) materially gladdened my life during many a year, our tastes and pursuits being exactly similar.

It may be said that he made a near approach to his favourite Gray in the variety of his learning and acquirements. He was a constant student of the Greek and Roman classics, and familiar with the works of the scholars who have illustrated them from the Scaligers and Casaubon down to Porson, Hermann, and still later critics. With whatever was most excellent in Italian, French, and German he had made himself acquainted. In divinity (especially as expounded by our old divines), in history, and in biography he was deeply read; and he took great interest in the narratives of voyagers and travellers. His knowledge of English poetry was not confined to the standard authors: it embraced a whole host of minor writers both for the stage and the closet, whose very names are scarcely known except to "poetical antiquaries"; and he was among the first to hail the appearance of a new work of genius by any of his contemporaries. Passionately fond of painting (particularly of the Italian school), and an enthusiastic admirer of external
nature in all its features, he would spare no trouble or expense to see a beautiful picture or to visit an interesting scene; and of his taste in landscape-gardening he gave a striking proof in the grounds attached to his vicarage-house at Benhall, which, in spite of their comparatively small extent, he so embellished as to render them an attractive show-place. But one gift nature had denied him—an ear for music; a deficiency, however, which is not uncommon even in persons who, like Mitford, are keenly alive to the subtlest harmonies of poetry: I will not say, as Rogers somewhat satirically said of his friend Lord Holland, that "music gave him absolute pain"; but I am sure that it never afforded him the slightest pleasure.—Allan Cunningham, I remember, more than once declared, and perhaps rightly, that Mitford's Memoir of Dryden contained some of the best criticism which had appeared since the publication of Johnson's Lives of the Poets; and I have heard Leigh Hunt bestow high encomiums on the reviews & essays which he contributed to The Gentleman's Magazine.—Of his numerous poetical compositions, which are of very unequal merit, the following specimens will most probably be new to the reader, & can hardly fail to be considered as far superior to the generality of occasional [verses.]

3. HENRY CRABB ROBINSON [ff. 157-58']

The parents of Henry Crabb Robinson were non-conformists. After serving an apprenticeship to an attorney at Colchester, he succeeded to a little property; and having a decided literary turn, he studied for some time at the University of Jena; formed an acquaintance with several illustrious Germans,—particularly with the greatest of them all, Goethe; attended the funeral of Schiller; and became the special correspondent of The Times, in which capacity he was at Corunna in 1809. On his return to England, he entered himself a member of the Middle Temple; was called to the bar in 1813; went the Norfolk circuit (including Bury St. Edmunds and Cambridge), and eventually became its leader. Being, however, comparatively indifferent about money, he determined to give up the law as soon as his exertions had gained him an independence. He accordingly retired from the bar in 1828, and de-
voted the remainder of his long life (towards the close of which his income was much increased by the death of a near relative) to the pleasures of reading and of cultivated society.— Besides his contributions to The Times (both while he was its foreign correspondent and afterwards) and to other periodicals, he printed a paper on the etymology of the word Mass, and a defense of his friend Clarkson in connection with the slave-trade; nor must it be forgotten that he communicated "recollections" of several distinguished persons to various publications: but such a scanty list of compositions by one who was so ardent a lover of literature in all its departments is a sufficient proof that he was far from anxious to acquire notoriety as a writer.— Of Goethe, whose correspondent he had been, he never failed to speak with the enthusiasm of a disciple for an idolized master. Next to the author of Faust, the object of his admiration was his intimate friend Wordsworth, to whom he used to pay an annual visit at Rydal Mount; and of a tour which they made together in Italy in 1837 the poet has left an imperishable record in a dedication to his companion. Among others with whom he kept up an intimacy may be mentioned Mrs. Barbauld, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb and Miss Lamb, Flaxman, Rogers, and Kenyon.— A more generous or a kinder-hearted man than Robinson never existed; it is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that he overflowed with the milk of human kindness. In politics he was a liberal; in religion a dissenter, but entirely free from sectarian bitterness and prejudice.— His great peculiarity was his unceasing flow of talk. He was, I believe, more powerful at "monologue" than any of his contemporaries with the sole exception of Coleridge, over whom he had at least the advantage of being on all occasions intelligible: he would pour out a stream of words which defied interruption, and which, however interesting or even instructive it might prove at first (for in the language of Johnson, it was always impregnated with thought), became at last not a little wearisome to the passive listeners. He had another peculiarity; he could fall asleep whenever he chose. I have heard Kenyon frequently mention that while Southey and Robinson were travelling with him in France, they went all three to see some cathedral; that Robinson, not wishing to wander through the interior of the building, preferred remaining alone in the porch till the others should rejoin
him; and that, when they did so, they found him comfortably asleep.—
Rogers had a great liking for "the Crabb," as he used to call him, and
a high respect for his character; but at times he writhed under his over­
powering talk: "I try in vain," he would say, "to interpose a syllable;
and when at last the Crabb is silent, and I turn round eagerly to answer
him—lo, he is asleep!"— Robinson died Feb. 5, 1867, aged 91.

4. DR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON [AND LORD GLEN­
ELG] [ff. 182–83']

Dr. Alexander Henderson, in his younger days, practised as a physi­
cian in London; but having succeeded to a handsome family estate in
Scotland (Caskieben, near Aberdeen, at which city he was born) he
relinquished the medical profession, and occupied his leisure with
science,8 literature, and art. He attended the lectures at the Royal
Institution; he dipped into the ancient classics, and became tolerably
familiar with the best French, Italian, and German writers; and he took
every opportunity of seeing the finest pictures, and hearing the finest
music. In short, he possessed a much greater store of information on
various subjects than those who met him only in general society would
have supposed; for, being extremely shy, he then spoke little, and,
moreover, being fastidious in his choice of words, he expressed himself
with a painful hesitation.

To the earlier works which he published79 no interest attaches now:
but he must always be honourably remembered by his valuable History
of Ancient and Modern Wines, an elegant quarto volume which ap­
peared in 1824. When I urged him, some years before his death, to
publish a new edition of that standard book, he replied; "I should
like much to do so: but to render it as perfect as I could wish requires
a greater knowledge of chemistry than I can boast; for since the first
edition was printed, chemistry has made great advances; and, alas!
I have no Doctor Prout to assist me as on the former occasion." This
difficulty, however, he got over by engaging a gentleman, who was a
competent chemist, to make certain alterations in the work on condition
of receiving (what the author himself disregarded) the entire profits
of the publication. But, most unfortunately, soon after commencing his task, the gentleman died; and Henderson had neither health nor spirits remaining to take further trouble in the matter.

Henderson regularly spent several months of every year at his country seat in Scotland; and there he was carried off by a sudden attack of illness in [16 September] 18[63], at the age of [83].

I had known him from my boyhood, and was frequently invited to join the agreeable select dinner-parties which he gave at his house in Curzon Street, where the cookery was first-rate, and where he set before us wines with which princes might have been proud to regale their guests.

Lord Glenelg was not so shy or so silent as Dr. Henderson; but assuredly his manner and conversation conveyed to strangers no idea of his having been the Charles Grant once so distinguished for his eloquence in the House of Commons. He was a most amiable unassuming man, with a deep sense of religion, which led [him] to compose several hymns of more than ordinary beauty.

On his first being raised to the peerage, Lady Holland, in her provoking way, would pretend to forget his exact title: when he came up to her, she would say, “O, how do you do, Lord Glenleg?”

Sometimes, while he was in office, he found it necessary to give dinners to persons of very high rank; and if he had any doubts about which of them ought to take precedence of the others, he used to settle that important point by referring it to Rogers.

He died at Cannes, 23rd April, 1866.

PART 4: MISCELLANY

HENRY MACKENZIE [ff. 7–8]

The Nestor of the Edinburgh literati, during my boyhood, was Henry Mackenzie; whom his townsmen generally spoke of, and pointed out to strangers, as “The Man of Feeling”—the title of the earliest of those works which had procured for him a reputation more than pro-
portionate to their merits. I by no means deny that there is considerable pathos in some portions of his *Man of Feeling* (particularly in the story of Edwards, over which I shed so many tears when a boy), or that his tale of *La Roche* in *The Mirror* is an affecting one, or that his sketch of Colonel Caustic, who figures throughout *The Lounger*, shows a masterly hand: but surely his *Man of the World* and his *Julia de Roubigné* would try the patience of the habitual novel-readers of the present day, even of those who do not require the excitement of "sensational" fictions. What mainly contributed to keep his reputation alive was, I believe, the praise so liberally bestowed on his writings by his much younger and kind-hearted friend Sir Walter Scott, both in print and in conversation.

The preceding remarks apply, of course, exclusively to the prose-productions of Mackenzie. But he also attempted poetry and the drama,—the former more successfully than the latter. Among his poems is one entitled *The Old Bachelor*, which has been stamped with the approbation of two men of genius, both of whom were ignorant of its author's name. It was inserted by Southey in the second volume [pp. 176-83] of *The Annual Anthology*, [Bristol,] 1800, with a notice that he had "reprinted it from *The Town and Country Magazine* for 1777," and that he had "never seen it elsewhere, though its excellence ought to have rescued it from obscurity." It was again reprinted, from Southey's collection, by Campbell in his *Specimens of English Poets* as an anonymous composition; and even Mr. Peter Cunningham, who carefully revised the second edition of Campbell's *Specimens*, and who can boast a very extensive acquaintance with the poetry of the last century, has failed to discover that it was written by Mackenzie.80

Perhaps not the least valuable effort of Mackenzie's pen is a biographical essay which he wrote at a period when it was supposed that he had withdrawn for ever from the field of literature. I allude to the *Life of John Home* the dramatist, which, having been originally read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1812, was prefixed to the *Works* of Home in 1822; a memoir wherein are preserved many anecdotes of the friends and contemporaries of the author of *Douglas*, much curious matter about David Hume, some interesting letters of Lord Bute, &c.

Mackenzie, though an old man when I used to see him, was ap-
parently exempt from the infirmities of age. Wearing a rather scanty brown wig, dressed in a plain suit of black (with long gaiters), and carrying a gold-headed cane, he walked about the streets of his native city at a rapid pace and with the elastic step of youth. His figure was very slender, not to say emaciated: but his cheeks had that ruddy hue which betokens health, and which he partly owed perhaps to his love of rural sports; for he still continued to shoot and fish with unabated ardour. As he had always lived in the very best society, his manners were those of a perfect gentleman.

I retain a pleasing recollection of a summer's day which, when a mere stripling, I passed with Mackenzie and some of his family in a lodging at Portobello, whither they had removed from their house in Edinburgh for change of air and sea-bathing. On that visit I accompanied Mr. John Hay Forbes (the second son of Beattie's biographer, who was afterwards raised to the Scottish bench with the title of Lord Medwyn) and his wife, a sister of Sir William Gordon Cumming. In his domestic circle Mackenzie appeared to great advantage; by which expression I do not mean that he made a display of his talents, but that he showed much amiability: he was cheerful, and chatty, joining occasionally in the gossip of the ladies about their friends and neighbours,—e.g. "he thought it very likely that the Reverend Mr. S—— would marry the pretty widow A——, for she was exactly the person to fascinate a young man": in short, nobody would have taken him for the author of pathetic and sentimental tales. The two first Cantos of Childe Harold had not been long published; and Mr. Forbes having started the question whether the poet's name was to be pronounced "Byron" or "Byron"; Mackenzie remarked (not much to the purpose, it must be confessed) that Mrs. Siddons, when playing Isabella in Southern's tragedy [The Fatal Marriage], "always said 'Biron.'" The only books on the table of the little drawing-room were a well-thumbed copy of Bell's edition of Shakespeare, copies of early editions of The Mirror and The Lounger, in which, at the end of each paper, Mackenzie had written the author's name, and a new novel, attributed to Lady Charlotte Campbell, which he had just been reading, and which he described as "not so bad." When, in the evening, I returned on foot to Edinburgh, along with Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, we
were escorted part of the way by Mackenzie, who walked and talked with equal briskness.

Many years afterwards, while preparing my edition of the Poems of Collins, I wrote a letter to Mackenzie, inquiring if he had ever heard any anecdotes of that poet from the mouth of John Home, to whom Collins inscribed the well-known *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*, &c. I received the following answer:

"Heriot Row, Edin’, 4 January 1826.

Sir,

In the present state of my health, writing is not an easy matter to me; but I am anxious not to delay acknowledging your letter on the subject of your proposed edition of Collins. It would gratify me if I could contribute to it; but I do not recollect hearing any anecdotes from Mr. Home, or having any communication with him or any one else, regarding Collins, the close of whose life made the subject rather a distressing one."

I am, Sir, Your most obed’ and very humble servant,

H. Mackenzie.

The Rev’d A. Dyce, 
Rosebank, Aberdeen."

Mackenzie died, Jan’y 14, 1831, in his 86th year: very shortly before which date, Thomas Campbell, on returning to London from a visit to Scotland, told me that he had seen him in Edinburgh; and that “he was so attenuated, he could compare him to nothing but a spelding.”

*MRS. [ANNA] BARBAULD [ff. 15–18]*

Though Mrs. Barbauld published several works at various times and with success, she certainly was far from showing any eagerness to obtain celebrity as an authoress (some of her writings, indeed, being intended solely for the benefit of children and young persons): but even if her craving for literary reputation had been ever so great, the
praise bestowed on her prose by such a philosopher as Dugald Stewart, and on her verse by such a poet as Wordsworth, would have been enough to satisfy it amply. Stewart quotes largely from the earlier portion of her essay Against Inconsistency in Our Expectations, prefacing his quotations thus; "Upon the foregoing passage *[of Epictetus] a very ingenious and elegant writer, Mrs. Barbauld, has written a commentary so full of good sense and of important practical morality, that I am sure I run no hazard of trespassing on the patience of the reader by the length of the following extracts." And Wordsworth, on hearing Crabb Robinson repeat her lines On Life, exclaimed, "Well, I am not given to envy other people their good things; but I do wish I had written that",*84

"Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning."

The volume of Poems which Mrs. Barbauld gave to the public in 1773, while she was Miss Aikin, and which, though now nearly forgotten, was several times reprinted and greatly admired, contains much that may still be read with pleasure. I add a few extracts from it. . . .*85

In 1774 Miss Aikin married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenter and an Arian. He was a man of considerable talents; and their union was a happy one, till Mr. Barbauld was seized with a morbid affection of his spirits, which, gradually increasing, ended in insanity; and on one occasion he attempted to kill his wife. This kept her, of course, in a state of constant agitation; but she persevered in watching over him with the utmost tenderness, never leaving his side, whether he was within doors, or whether he was wandering about the streets in the restlessness of his incurable malady. At last he contrived to elude her vigilance, and drowned himself in 1808.*86 "Rather early in the morning a gentleman of his acquaintance met him running along the
City Road; and when he asked him 'where he was going?,' the answer was, 'To throw myself into the New River,'—which he did, though the gentleman supposed that he had spoken in jest. He had been such a torment to the whole family, that his brother-in-law Aikin said to me, 'When the body was taken out of the water, we were half-afraid that it might be restored to life.'” William Maltby.

Mrs. Barbauld belonged to the sect of English Presbyterians, whose opinions at that time were Arian, but are now Unitarian. “One day, not long before she died, I called upon her, and found her reading with great attention Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. ‘I am not sure,’ she said, ‘but that, if I had read this book when I was a much younger woman, my opinions on sundry important points might have been very different from what they now are.’” Crabb Robinson.

Mrs. Barbauld died March 9, 1825.

[THOMAS HOPE ON] PATRONAGE OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND; BRIT[TON] [f. 48”]

“We are constantly hearing people say that the British public is very remiss in patronizing young painters. Now, for my own part, I think that too much encouragement is given them: the consequence is, that youths, who mistake in themselves a love of art for genius, produce a number of very bad pictures, and spend their whole lives in comparative poverty; who, had they been content to become merchants' clerks or lawyers' clerks, might gradually have acquired a comfortable independence.”

“Brit[ton] is an architect who can’t draw, and an author who can’t write.”

*T. Hope, the author of Anastasius, &c.*

MRS. JOHN HUNTER [ff. 49–54”]

This lady—one of the latest survivors of the literary circle of which Soame Jenyns, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs.
Delany, Mrs. Vesey, and Hannah More, were the chief promoters and ornaments—was the wife of the celebrated physiologist John Hunter, and the sister of Sir Everard Home, who lies under (and, it would seem, deservedly) the heavy imputation of having published as his own what he found among the papers of the deceased John Hunter, whose pupil he had been.

For some time after her husband's death, Mrs. Hunter, I believe, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties; but when I used to see her at her house in Lower Grosvenor Street, there was nothing in her menage which indicated straitened circumstances. Though she was then at an advanced age, her appearance was wonderfully juvenile,—the more so because her hair, which was of the lightest flaxen colour, had undergone little or no change from years; she still retained much of the good looks of her youth; and though unusually tall, she was perfectly graceful and lady-like in all her movements.

Forgotten as she now is, Mrs. Hunter once enjoyed considerable notoriety as a writer of elegant verses; and to her many persons attributed the first volume of Joanna Baillie's plays, which originally came out anonymously. Passionately fond of music, she wrote several songs which were set by Haydn; among others, "My mother bids me bind my hair," which may be still occasionally heard at London concerts, the audience having no idea to whom Haydn was indebted for the words.

In 1802 Mrs. Hunter published her collected Poems in a small octavo (which were disparagingly noticed in The Edinburgh Review); and in 1804 a 4° pamphlet entitled The Sports of the Genii, consisting of verses to illustrate groupes of winged boys sketched by Miss Susan Macdonald, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Sir Archibald Macdonald,—a young lady who died at Lisbon in her 22° year.

That Mrs. Hunter may claim a respectable place among English poetesses (whose number at the present day amounts to legion!) is proved by the subjoined specimens, which will probably be new to most of my readers. . . . Mrs. Hunter died Jan'y 7, 1821.

Her beautiful and highly-educated daughter, who married, first, General Sir J[ames] Campbell, and secondly Colonel Charlewood (brother to the Duchess of Roxburgh), was an intimate friend of mine.
And it is worth while noticing that when she was quite an elderly woman, no one could talk to her without wondering at the perfect regularity and the dazzling whiteness of her teeth; for which she accounted thus. "During my girlhood my father, John Hunter, was constantly examining them, cleaning them, filing them, &c,—I might say that his fingers were never out of my mouth: I thought this a great annoyance at the time; but I am now reaping the benefit of it."

[ROBERT OWEN OF LANARK [f. 123]]

When Owen was first making a sensation in London, I used to meet him often at the house of the old friend of my family, Lieutenant General Brown: and in Owen's Life . . . Written by Himself [London, 1857] I find what follows. "I was intimate with General Brown, who returned from India after being forty years there, and I was a frequent visitor and guest at his table. Of our party was Mrs. Dyce, the wife of General Dyce, and sister to Sir Neil Campbell. Both this lady and General Brown took a warm interest in my 'New Views'; and when Sir Neil returned from Elba after Napoleon's escape, Mrs. Dyce was desirous that I should meet her brother Sir Neil. For this purpose a dinner was given, at No. 8 Curzon Street, by General Brown, that we might be introduced, and Mrs. Dyce requested that I would bring a copy of my Essays for her brother, which I did, and presented the volume to him after dinner. He looked at it with some surprise, and said, 'I have certainly seen a copy of this before. Oh, I recollect! While I was at Elba, General Bertram *[Bertrand] came to me with a book in his hand, a copy of this work, and said he had been sent by Buonaparte to ask me whether I knew the author, for he was much interested with its contents.' (There was much said about Napoleon in it). 'I looked at the title-page, and said I did not know the work or the author, and Bertram *[Bertrand] appeared disappointed.' I was subsequently informed that Buonaparte had read and studied this work with great attention," &c. [I, p]p. 111[-12]. In those days Owen was unwilling to declare openly his disbelief in Christianity; but on one occasion being urged to speak plainly by General Brown and my uncle
Sir Neil Campbell, he no longer concealed his opinion, and talked at
great length and in a rambling way of the high improbability of its
truth: “If I were to put my hat down upon the table,” he said, “it is
just possible, but extremely unlikely, that, on lifting it up again, I
might find a fly under it,” &c, &c.

My last meeting with Owen was at a crowded evening-party given
by Thomas Campbell (in White-hall Place) to Fanny Kemble, who
was then a newly-risen “star.” He had very lately returned from Amer­
ica; and, notwithstanding the repeated failures of his plans, he was still
confident that he should eventually be able to bring about a complete
reform in our social system. After conversing with him for some time,
he said to me, “I see you are acquainted with this celebrated actress:
I am told she is a young woman of great abilities, and I should like
to know her: will you introduce me to her?” I replied that I would
present him to Mrs. Charles Kemble, who, I had no doubt, would
introduce him to her daughter. On my mentioning his wish to Mrs.
C. K., she said, “Of course, I can have no objections to introduce [sic]
him to Fanny; but I suspect they have few ideas in common.” Accord­
ingly, he was introduced first to the mother—who reminded him that
she had formerly met him at the house of Basil Montagu—and next
to the daughter.

[CHARLES R. Maturin [f. 124*]]

Though there are passages in his novels which it seems odd that
one of his cloth should have ventured to write, Maturin was always
diligent and exemplary in the discharge of his clerical duties.

But his affectation was boundless. “As a sign that he was buried in
thought and not to be disturbed, he used to stick a red wafer on his
forehead: to a friend who visited him one day while he was thus ab­
stracted from all worldly things, Mrs. Maturin said in a low voice and
with great earnestness, ‘Pray, don’t speak to him,—he has his wafer
on,—he’s thinking.’ This is fact.— Soon after the success of his tragedy
of Bertram, which had been brought out at Drurylane Theatre by the
influence of Lord Byron, and which I published, Maturin called on me, who had never before seen him. Immediately on entering the room, he fixed his eyes on a portrait of Byron, and the first words he spoke were, 'Good God, I had no idea he was half so ugly.' " John Murray the elder. 90

The late Mr. W. J. Fox, M. P.—who was no incompetent judge of such productions—thought very highly of Maturin's novel, Fatal Revenge, or The Family of Montorio.

[James Northcote [f. 140]]

"Northcote told me that when he first came to London, an adventurer, and dependant on his own exertions for his daily bread, he used to make drawings of birds and sell them in the streets" (Mr. Adair Hawkins, who for years was Northcote's next-door neighbour and very intimate with him).

Accompanied by Dr. Bisset Hawkins, I have visited Northcote in his painting-room; and there he was, a little slim old man, with eyes gleaming like a falcon's, in a dressing-gown and a velvet cap,—working away at some picture with all the assiduity of youth. Sometimes he chose to be rather silent; sometimes he would talk incessantly, without, however, laying aside his brush. In whatever he said the acuteness of his understanding was manifest. But he had received very little education and had read very little; and hence he was not aware that many of the remarks he made and which he considered as original, were to be found in books written centuries before he was born.

He professed himself angry—occasionally very angry—with Hazlitt for having printed his Conversations: but, I believe, that in his heart he was gratified by the notoriety which that entertaining miscellany had given him.

He said that at a certain period fashionable sitters flocked to Romney in preference to Sir Joshua.

Northcote never married; and his house was kept for him by his sister, a vulgar uneducated old maid. Her opinions were entirely
formed on his; and one Sunday she accounted to a lady-friend of mine for not having been at church by saying with great simplicity, "You know, we be'nt religious."

Northcote's Life of Reynolds was chiefly compiled and written by Laird, — Northcote supplying some of the facts and the criticism; and, as he had been the pupil of Sir Joshua, there is good reason to regard it as an authentic record. But his Life of Titian is a mere abortion. It was put together by Hazlitt and his son from scraps which they received every now and then from Northcote. "These scraps," as the younger of the compilers informed me, "consisted of wretched manuscript, interspersed with printed words cut out of newspapers and pasted down in spaces left for them,—yes, incredible as it may seem, sometimes with such words as 'had' and 'was'! so that when my father and I looked over these scraps of an evening, we absolutely used to roar with laughter. My father at last grew tired of the job; and I by means of an Italian Life of Titian contrived to complete the book."  

SHERIDAN'S "PIZARRO"; HIS EPIGRAM; HIS DINNER [f. 187]

During the first performance of Pizarro, Sheridan's agitation was extreme; for there were several things in it which the audience did not quite relish: such was his excitement, that when a speech of Alonzo was vehemently applauded, he threw his arms round the neck of Morton the dramatist (as Morton himself told me), and wept like a child. — Alonzo was played by my dear old friend Charles Kemble, to whom Sheridan always professed himself grateful for his exertions in the part, — calling him, to the last day of his life, "my Alonzo."  

Pizarro, being supported by the excellent acting of John Kemble, his brother, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Jordan, and being also plentifully sprinkled with political sentiments which pleased the million, achieved a popularity altogether disproportioned to its merits; for, from beginning to end, it is a wretched piece of bombast. — When Mr. Macready was manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, I remember his saying that "he had ordered the scenery for Pizarro to be destroyed, because
it never would be acted again." Yet it was acted, a good many years after, at the Princess's Theatre, where Charles Kean revived it with great splendour.

Sheridan was married to Miss Linley at Calais. When they returned from the continent to England, he thought that the captain of the vessel had driven a very hard bargain with him; and took his revenge in a rather profane epigram, which I have heard Rogers frequently repeat;

“When Jesus hir'd a ship to cross the sea,
If, Williams, he had then applied to thee,
And Satan's self offer'd a penny more,
By G———, our Saviour had been left on shore.”

I certainly do not vouch for the truth of the following story; but it was told to me by the late Dr. Croly, who insisted that it was a positive fact.

Sheridan, during the latter part of his life, was, it is well known, in a state of constant embarrassment, and sometimes even destitute of money to provide a dinner. Bushe, the chief-justice of Ireland, having come over to this country, was extremely desirous of becoming acquainted with the far-famed orator and dramatist, and solicited Croker (of the Admiralty) to bring about an interview between them. Croker, accordingly, wrote to Sheridan on the subject, and received in return a note requesting that he and Bushe would favour him with their company at dinner on a certain day. They, of course, accepted the invitation: Sheridan welcomed them to his house in the most hospitable manner, and was in a high flow of spirits. Dinner being served up, great was their astonishment to find that it consisted of two shoulders of mutton and two fruit pies. However, the strangeness of the repast was soon forgotten in the brilliant wit of their host, who put forth all his powers of conversation; and as they returned home at a very late hour, they agreed that they had never spent so delightful an evening. Croker accounted thus for the singularity of the fare:—Sheridan's finances were so low that he was unable to provide a regular dinner; and as it was "shoulder of mutton time" at the taverns, he had procured a supply from two different houses, the keepers of which were
doubtless unwilling to disoblige “kind old Mr. Sheridan” by refusing to serve him with provisions on tick.

[CHARLES C.] COLTON, AUTHOR OF ‘LACON’
[f. 236*]

Dr. —— became acquainted with this gifted and dissolute man at Paris, where his later years were chiefly spent, and where he devoted his days and nights to gaming. At the commencement of their acquaintance, Colton was in flourishing circumstances; residing in elegantly-furnished apartments, hung round with valuable pictures in handsome frames; and boasting that he had found out a method of playing, by which, on the long run, “he could beat the tables.” A year, however, changed the scene. The last time Dr. —— saw him, he was living in a mean unfurnished room, up several pairs of stairs, in the Palais Royal: in one corner of it, was his bed, without sheets, and apparently never made; on the hearth was the apparatus with which he cooked his dinner; and in a broken earthen-ware bowl was deposited his whole fortune,—a handful of Napoleons.

1. In the fairy-tale of Phantasmion by his accomplished—and I may add—learned daughter, the late Mrs. Nelson Coleridge, are several similar touches of intensely vivid description.

2. [Dyce quotes Christabel II, 372-96, then The Ancient Mariner IV, 272-81.]

3. See more concerning that poem under the article WILLIAM WORDSWORTH in the present work.


5. [Dyce has copied out “To Fortune, On Buying a Ticket in the Irish Lottery.”]

6. [“A Stranger Minstrel.” I omit as well two notes by Dyce.]


8. [Cf. Dyce's Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. To Which is Added Porsoniana, 3d ed. (London, 1856), p. 145 n.]

1816); Biographie Universelle (Michaud), Ancienne et Moderne, nouv. éd., XXXVI (Paris and Leipzig, n.d.).]

11. ["The Mad Monk."]

12. But the fact is noticed in the Memoirs of Wordsworth by his nephew [I, 183-84, 188].

13. Vide Poems by Edward Quillinan. With a Memoir by William Johnston. I knew Quillinan well; and it was at his house in Bryanston Street that I first saw Wordsworth,—a memorable day.

14. In 2 vols., 1847. It is published anonymously, I know not if in deference to the prejudices of her father, who disapproved of women becoming authoresses, which, in most cases, he thought, prevented them from attending to household affairs, their proper province. Among his female acquaintance Mrs. Hemans stood high in his esteem, though he had not an opportunity of seeing much of her; but I remember he was extremely surprised and vexed at finding that she was totally ignorant of housewifery.

15. Few readers perhaps need be told that this was the late Edward Moxon of Dover-street, the publisher of Wordsworth's Works, and a person for whom he, as well as myself, had a great regard.

16. (I shall omit most anecdotes which are repeated from Table-Talk or duplicated by other works that Whitwell Elwin, perhaps with a view toward editing the MS, cited in marginal notes; hence the unexplained ellipses in the remainder of this article. Elwin may also have touched up the Rogers article in a few places.)

17. It should be remembered that, of the Sixteen Satires of Juvenal, Dryden translated only the First, the Third, the Sixth, the Tenth, and the Sixteenth.


"Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright:
* * * * * * * * * *
A grateful few shall love thy modest lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!"—

But the Rev. Mr. [J. C. M.] Bellew is not one of the "grateful few" just mentioned; for he differs toto calo from Wordsworth in his estimate of Dyer, and (poor gentleman) records the sort of martyrdom he endured while reading that poet: "It is," he says, "questionable whether many, except those whose literary occupations lead them to the study, know even by name, in the present age, such writers as Dyer, Cawthorne, Granger, Lloyd, Smart, Bond *[who is he?], Hart. It can only be the bookworm who grubs among these and many other such like authors. Having toiled through them all, I can bear testimony to the torture and fatigue of the undertaking." Preface to Poet's Corner[ : A Manual for Students in English Poetry (London, 1868), p. v].


20. There is now not the slightest doubt that the Ode to the Cuckoo was composed by Michael Bruce; that his manuscript poems, after his early death, having been consigned for publication to Logan, the latter most dishonestly and basely claimed and printed as his own the Ode in question. See [Alexander B.] Grosart's interesting Memoir of Michael Bruce prefixed to his Works, 1865 [pp. 51 ff.].

21. [This much of the paragraph is in Table-Talk, p. 207 n.]

22. In [James] Gillman's Life of . . . Coleridge [London, 1838], vol. i. p[p]. 301-2 (no second volume has been published), is a curious statement of what was to have formed the subject of the Third and Fourth Cantos of Christabel, and to have closed the tale. [The information that follows is duplicated in a letter from Dyce to

23. [I have omitted an anecdote on Bowles found also in Table-Talk, p. 262 n. Dyce adds this note:] That Bowles's poetry should have been so much read and praised has always surprised me. The admiration which Coleridge expressed for his Sonnets is well known; and I possess a copy of Bowles's Sonnets and Other Poems, 1796 (a single thin volume), on the fly-leaf of which Coleridge has written,—“Dear Mrs. Thelwall, I entreat your acceptance of this volume, which has given me more pleasure, and done my heart more good, than all the other books I ever read, excepting my Bible. Whether you approve or condemn my poetical taste, the book will at least serve to remind you of your unseen, yet not the less sincere, friend, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Sunday Morning, December the eighteenth, 1796.”


“I wish I was where Anna lies;
   For I am sick of lingering here,
   And every hour Affection cries,
   Go, and partake her humble bier.”

25. [To a remark on Campbell found also in Table-Talk, pp. 255–56 n., Dyce notes:] When I quoted to Wordsworth, from Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, the line,

“A [stoic] of the woods, a man without a tear” [I, xxiii],

he said he thought it would be better thus,

“A [stoic] of the woods, a man without a tail”

(alluding to Lord Monboddo's theory). But that he said in jest.

I agree with Wordsworth as to The Pleasures of Hope, which throughout is written in a rather tawdry style. Gertrude of Wyoming is much better: but surely there can be no dispute that Campbell's impetuous lyrics [. . . ] are excellent.

26. Much too severe a criticism in my opinion. I have heard Campbell praise portions of it: and the present poet-laureate [Tennyson] once spoke of it to me in terms very far from those of contempt, though he thought it "somewhat deficient in colour." [There follows in the text an explanation of why Byron hated Wordsworth, originally in Table-Talk, p. 239 n. Of the woman who was the cause of the break, Dyce notes, “Wordsworth did not mention her name.”]

27. I am much mistaken if Wordsworth's anger at De Quincey was not so much in consequence of what he had written about Coleridge, as occasioned by something he had published about a child of our poet who died very young. [See Mary Moorman, William Wordsworth, A Biography: The Later Years, 1803–1850 (Oxford, 1965), pp. 212, 213 n., 236–37.]—For this attack on the Ettrick Shepherd I cannot account: but in a prefatory note to his Extemporaneous Ejusdem, the poet remarks, "He was undoubtedly a man of original genius, but of coarse manners and low and offensive opinions." [Having been told by De Quincey that Wordsworth had insulted him, Hogg wrote parodies of Wordsworth. See Moorman, Later Years, pp. 275–76.]

28. At his History of Ireland.

29. The scene of this strange but clever poem is laid in heaven at a period long after the Last Judgment!

30. [There is an illegible note to this name, as also to “uncle” Southey below.]


32. [Cf. Marchand, Byron, II, 742.]
33. [Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington, 2d ed. (London, 1850), pp. 9-11.]

34. Afterwards Colonel Sherer, author [ . . . ] Recollections of the Peninsula, Story of a Life, [ . . . ] [The leaf is torn in this note and in the sentence in the text.]


36. [The leaf is torn.]


38. This novel originally appeared in two volumes; which were succeeded, first, by Familiar Letters Between the Principal Characters in David Simple, &c, and, secondly, by The Adventures of David Simple, Volume the Last, &c. It is a novel of some merit, though it is far from coming up to the praises bestowed on it by the authoress's brother in the clever Preface which he prefixed to the second edition.

39. "That feeble entertainment of which the Miss Porters, the Anne of Swanseys, and worthy Mrs. Radcliffe herself with her dreary castles and exploded old ghosts, had had pretty much the monopoly." Thackeray's English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century, p. 122, ed. 1858.

Anne of Swansea was Anne Kemble, a sister of Mrs. Siddons, and the only disreputable member of the family. She lived at Swansea, being allowed an annual sum by Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, on the condition that she always kept at a certain distance from them and London.


41. [Lamb made an analogous remark at Haydon's "immortal dinner." See Lucas, Lamb, I, 483.]

42. I have heard Sir T. N. Talfourd, whose word was not to be doubted, state this several times.— Barry Cornwall (Procter) says; "He [Lamb on his death-bed] suffered no pain (I believe); and when the presence of a clergyman was suggested to him, he made no remark, but understood that his life was in danger; he was quite calm and collected, quite resigned. At last, his voice began to fail," &c. Charles Lamb, a Memoir [London, 1866], p[p]. 226[27].

43. [I omit a long note documenting Quin's "particular veneration for John Dory."]

44. [I omit this letter to Mrs. John D. Collier (2 Nov. 1824) because it has been printed subsequently.]

45. Moxon, no doubt, was speaking of her in her old age.— According to Barry Cornwall (Procter); "After the fatal deed, Mary Lamb was deeply afflicted. Her act was in the first instance totally unknown to her. Afterwards, when her consciousness returned, and she was informed of it, she suffered great grief." Charles Lamb, a Memoir, p. 30.

46. [Dyce transcribes Satan in Search of a Wife (ff. 109r-13r).]

47. Lowndes mentions, in separate articles [s.v. "Tales," "Lewis, Matthew Gregory"], both The Tales of Terror and The Tales of Wonder as by Lewis; and, to make the matter more ridiculous, he informs us that Scott's ballads of Glenfinlas and The Eve of St. John, which really are printed in The Tales of Wonder, form part of The Tales of Terror. [See Louis F. Peck, A Life of Matthew G. Lewis (Cambridge, Mass., 1961), pp. 132-33. Peck is in agreement with Dyce.]

48. [See Peck, Lewis, p. 30, and the list of "Spurious Works" on p. 276.]

49. [See Peck, Lewis, p. 26.]

50. [I omit "Pleasure and Desire" and Fox's version, after which Dyce notes:]

Here, in the vol. just cited, follows an original Canzonetto in Italian by Fox.

51. ["The Hours."]

52. [The following are holograph letters included as part of the MS. I have omitted the first (ff. 126-28), from "A O" (Amelia Opie) to William Harness on 6
April 1821, because it is very long and often illegible; also, it seems unrelated to the Mitford letters. Mary Mitford's hand is very difficult, and the bracketed question marks indicate only the most difficult readings. The few hiatuses, from tears and the like, are always filled in (bracketed) by a logical guess or, in the case of f. 134, by Dyce's reading.

53. [This letter (ff. 133-34) is transcribed down to “pitch our tent” on f. 137’, with ellipsis indicated. It may be compared to a letter in Vera Watson, Mary Russell Mitford (London, n.d.), pp. 180–81, which shows that in her voluminous correspondence she sometimes wrote the same thing to different people. I follow the original but insert Dyce's additions.]

54. [The date and address are in another hand. She has herself addressed it in another part of the leaf (f. 136’), where the postmark dates it 21 (?) Nov.]

55. [The articles in this Part were clearly intended to be a unit, though they are shuffled and the foliation is odd.]

56. No. 3.

57. One season when its roses (flowers which generally do not thrive in London) were so fine that Rogers was quite proud of them, Lady Cork (of eccentric memory) called on him, and, not finding him at home, requested to be shown into the garden; where she remained some ten minutes or so. When Rogers returned to St. James's Place, he looked in vain for his roses,—they had all disappeared. He was destined, however, to see them once more; for on going that evening (or the next) to a party at Lady Cork's, he recognized them among the decorations of her supper-table.

58. See Table-Talk, pp. 9–10. Much of this paragraph is duplicated by Table-Talk, pp. 297–98.]

59. In Finsbury Square.

60. [Dyce next makes two false starts in describing Rogers's accident (f. 162’). The third version (f. 163’), which follows, is the closest to P. W. Clayden, Rogers and His Contemporaries (London, 1889), II, 355.]

61. In the entrance-hall of the National Gallery is a fine marble bas-relief by Banks, presented to the nation by Mrs. Forster; the subject Thetis rising from the sea to console Achilles for the death of Patroclus. But a still finer specimen of that sculptor's powers may be seen in Lewisham Church [ . . . ] which Flaxman [ . . . ]

62. [Table-Talk, pp. 266–67.]

63. [II (1830), following p. 236. I do not understand the allusion in the rest of the sentence.]

64. [Dyce transcribes “Lord Byron's Verses on Sam Rogers, In Question and Answer” on ff. 171–72.]

65. [See Table-Talk, p. 199.]

66. [Something is obviously missing between ff. 174’, 175’. Byron wrote “A Sketch from Private Life” against Mrs. Clermont, thinking her “the dominating influence” over his wife during their separation (Marchand, Byron, II, 595–96). She left the service of the Milbanke family some time before Annabella’s marriage.]

67. A report [was] printed when he was far advanced in years that he was about to be married to a niece of Lady Morgan, who was maneuvering with all her might to bring about the match. What truth there was in this I know not; but it gave considerable uneasiness to the poet's relatives. Moreover, it called forth one of Sydney Smith's jokes: “The nuptials,” he said, “are to be celebrated at St. Sepulchre's; the bride's-maids are to be the two Miss Berrys; and it is a pity that the young lady's name is not Sexton, instead of Clark.”

68. [On f. 176’ are scribbled extracts from Young's Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch concerning theatrical compositions by Rogers. On the verso, mostly illegible, is some scrawling about illness, perhaps a rough draft of a letter. What follows is from f. 181’.]

69. [Luttrell was sent to the West Indies in 1802.]
70. [There follow lines from Letters to Julia, 3d ed. (London, 1822), pp. 8-12, and from Crockford-House (London, 1827), pp. 30-34, 77-81.]
71. Luttrell always spoke of Brighton as "that delightful place."
72. I here quote a few of my own words from a sketch of Mitford's life in The Gentleman's Magazine for July 1859 [Ser. 3, 7], p. 85. [Dyce paraphrases freely.]
73. Finding that the English potteries could not supply him with garden seats of a peculiar green colour, he commissioned them [. . . .]
74. [This word is supplied from f. 181*, which contains a cancelled draft of the article. Neither leaf gives an example of Mitford's verse.]
76. Strictures on a Life of William Wilberforce . . . with a Correspondence Between Lord Brougham and Mr. Clarkson [ed. H. C. Robinson], 8vo, 1838.
77. Prefixed to Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1842.— The writer of a biographical sketch of Robinson in The Gentleman's Magazine for April 1867 [Ser. 4, 3], p. 533, states by mistake that Wordsworth "in 1842 dedicated the 'Excursion' to him *[Robinson]":—that great poem was dedicated in 1814 to the Earl of Lonsdale.
78. Early in life he became acquainted at Edinburgh with Lord Langdale (then Mr. Bickersteth); and they kept up a correspondence for many years on physiological and other subjects: see [Thomas D.] Hardy's Life of Lord L. [Memoirs of . . . Henry Lord Langdale (London, 1852)], vol. i. p. 96.
79. [Dyce notes three titles.]
80. It may be found (slightly altered) with his other poems and his plays in the eighth volume of his Works [Edinburgh, 1808].
81. There had been madness in Mackenzie's family.
82. Or spelden, or speldin,—the Scotch term for a small fish split and dried in the sun.
85. [Dyce transcribes "Song" ("Come here, fond youth, whose'er thou be"), "Ode to Spring," and "A Summer Evening's Meditation," II. i-17, 35-52.]
86. Our authoress's niece and biographer, Miss Lucy Aikin, slightly passes over, or rather wholly conceals, the nature of this catastrophe. She tells us that Mrs. Barbauld's "anxieties and apprehensions of a peculiar and most distressing nature, found their final completion on the 11th of November 1808, in the event by which she became a widow." Memoir [in Mrs. Barbauld's Works (London, 1825), I], p.p. xliii-iv.
87. [There is a version of this article on f. 47*, without the presumed allusion to John Britton.]
89. [Dyce transcribes "Ode to the Old Year, 1789," II. 19-30; "A Vow to Fortune": "The Lamentation of Mary Stuart": "The Death Song": "Song" ("O tuneful voice, I still deplore"); and "Song" ("My mother bids me bind my hair".).]
90. [This much of the article is in a canceled draft on f. 236*.]
91. "Northcote assured the writer of these pages that Laird, not himself, procured the greater part of the materials for the Life of Sir Joshua, and put them together; his own part was small, and confined chiefly to criticism on art and artists." [Sir James] Prior's Life of [Oliver] Goldsmith [London, 1837], vol. ii. p. 572. [Cf. Table-Talk, p. 23.]
92. The youngest of the Hazlitts writes thus. "It may be here just mentioned that
my grandfather helped Northcote with what is called 'The Life of Titian,' a strange jumble, which was printed in 1830, in two volumes octavo, and of which N. did some, my grandfather some, and my father the rest! The total result is not, it must be confessed, highly satisfactory," &c. Memoirs of William Hazlitt by W. C. Hazlitt [London, 1867], vol. ii. p[p]. 212[13 n.].