ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

FROM

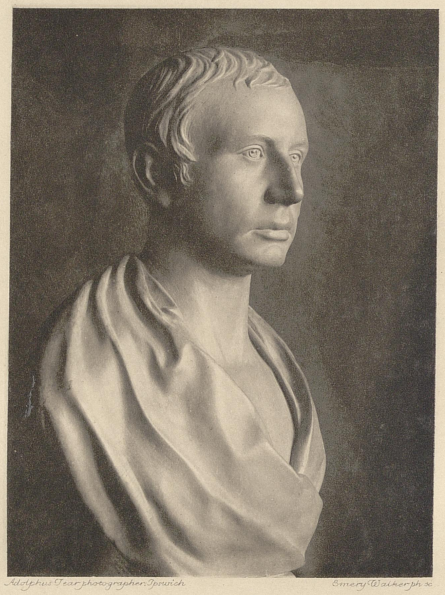
THOMAS MANNING

TO

CHARLES LAMB

1798 - 1834

To face Title Page



Adolphus Tear photographer Ipswich Emery Walker ph. sc.

Thomas Manning

1806

From a bust in the possession of the Rev. C. U. Manning

Original Autograph Letters

from

THOMAS MANNING

to

CHARLES LAMB

1798-1834

With Introduction

NEW YORK
MDCCCCXXVII

THIS interesting and unique series of Thomas Manning letters came to this country after the death of their late owner, Mrs. Gertrude Alison Anderson. It was Lamb's habit to destroy all letters and therefore much surprise has been felt at his having preserved so many of Manning's; but this is explained by the fact that Manning desired him to do so. "I beg of you to keep all my letters—I hope to send you many—and I may in the course of them make some observations that I shall wish to recall." Lamb, therefore, had little choice in the matter.

Manning is believed to have written regularly and abundantly to Lamb, but of his letters from the East only nine have been preserved. These nine originals are in this collection.

Manning's own Journal, kept during his travels in Tibet, was printed by Sir Clements Markham, fifty years ago. These letters, supplemented by his Journal, are all we have of the personality which so instantly and pertinaciously attracted Charles Lamb.

IN 1796 Charles Lamb wrote Coleridge: "Among all your quaint readings did you ever light upon Walton's 'Compleat Angler?' I asked you the question before; it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it: it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would christianize every discordant angry passion."

Words more appropriate could not be found that so aptly describe the charm and flavor of Lamb's own letters; and of all his correspondents Manning is the most interesting to us because he drew from Lamb the most important series of letters belonging to his formulative period.

Manning was a remarkable personage, a resident of Cambridge where he was mathematical tutor at Caius. He was the son of a Norfolk parson, and born in 1772 in the rectory of Broome. It is recorded that as a child he showed "many indications of powers of mind of no ordinary cast." His health was delicate, and he was taught at home, until at the age of eighteen he proceeded to Caius College, Cambridge.

He possessed a scientific mind of unusual force and an enthusiasm which he later turned to a practical purpose. Lamb's admiration for his friend was great and for his genius it knew no bounds. To Henry Crabb Robinson he wrote that he was the most "wonderful man" he had ever met. Probably the interests of Manning's life being so remote from his own, accounted for this extravagant admiration. Lamb certainly used the opportunity thus unconsciously afforded, for the very absence of a responsive humor in his correspondent imparted an additional richness to his own.

Their friendship, starting when Lamb was twenty-four, Manning twenty-six, lasted until the year of Lamb's death. Lamb was beginning to feel his way to his true place in Literature. He had already contributed to "Poems on Various Subjects," 1796; "Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer," Bristol, 1796; "Poems" by S. T. Coleridge, 2nd Edition, 1797; "Blank Verse" by Lloyd and Lamb, 1798; "Annual Anthology," 1799, edited by Southey, and had written "A Tale of Rosamund Gray," 1798. Of these "Rosamund Gray" was easily the most

promising. Founded on Lamb's first and only love, this little romance is redolent of his native sweetness of heart and indefinable charm of style. Shelley, writing Leigh Hunt from Leghorn in 1819, paid a beautiful tribute to its merits: "What a lovely thing is 'Rosamund Gray,' how much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature in it: When I think of such a mind as Lamb's, when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?"

Southey, too, was a friend of five years standing, holding the place of literary adviser and confidant. Charles Lloyd "the friend of my bosom" was newer. But he was moody and sensitive and a prey to melancholy. It was exceedingly fortunate for Lamb that he at this time met the healthy natured Manning in whom he found reserves of strength and an intellect that satisfied even his exacting demands.

After their first meeting Lamb writes Robert Lloyd: "I believe I told you I have been to see Manning. He is a dainty chiel.—A man of great power—an enchanter almost.—Far beyond Coleridge or any man in power of impressing—when he gets you alone, he can act the wonders of Egypt. Only he is lazy, and does not always put forth all his strength; if he did I know no man of genius at all comparable to him." A quarter of a century later he wrote to Coleridge: "I am glad you esteem Manning, though you see but his husk or shrine. He discloses not save to select worshippers, and will leave the world without anyone hardly but me knowing how stupendous a creature he is."

Manning's letters to Lamb, however, show few signs of greatness or profundity of thought. But Lamb's words carry conviction and the excellence of the letters Manning drew from Lamb fortify Lamb's opinion.

These Manning-inspired letters are of greater interest than any of any one period because they mark the beginning of Lamb as we best know him, the real Lamb, humorous, independent, serious and full of wisdom.

Under the influence of this new personality Lamb wrote in 1800 more letters than in any year of his life until 1823, and this in spite of the fact that in his very first to Manning he complained, "My scribbling days are past."

Strangely enough to this year belongs the one solitary instance in which Lamb allows us to see his patience and hopefulness fail him for a brief hour. Mary was ill again and removed to an asylum. To Coleridge he wrote: "I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead. God bless you——"

A little later he writes to Manning in a tone of cheerful looking forward characteristic of the patient, warm hearted Lamb. "I am going to change my lodgings, having received a hint that it would be agreeable, at our Lady's next feast. I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tiptoe) over the Thames and Surrey Hills, at the upper end of King's Bench Walks in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out as often as I desire to hold free converse

with my immortal mind; for my present lodgings resemble a minister's levee, I have so increased my acquaintance (as they call 'em), since I have resided in town. Like the country mouse, that had tasted a little of urban manners, I long to be nibbling my own cheese by my dear self without mouse-traps and time-traps. By my new plan, I shall be as airy, up four pair of stairs, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of [that] enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London, whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain. O! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toyshops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastry-cooks! St. Paul's Churchyard! the Strand! Exeter Change! Charing Cross, with the man upon a black horse! These are thy gods, O London! Ain't you mightily moped on the banks of the Cam! Had not you better come and set up here? You can't think what a difference. All the streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you. At least I know an alchemy that turns her mud into that metal,—a mind that loves to be at home in crowds."

In February of this year Lamb tells Manning of a new friend, William Godwin. "Godwin I am a good deal pleased with. He is a very well-behaved decent man, nothing very brilliant about him, or imposing, as you may suppose; quite another guess sort of gentleman from what your Anti-Jacobin Christians imagine him."

They never became close friends, however, but they knew each other's value and Godwin later made literary suggestions to Charles and Mary but for which the world might never have seen "Tales from Shakespeare," and "Mrs. Leicester's School."

These were happy, crowded days and Lamb's sense of humor was put to every conceivable use and incidentally added to his annual income. In his Elia Essay, "Newspapers thirty-five Years Ago," he recites at length just how he spent these days, rising two hours before breakfast to elaborate his jests before he went to the India House. "No Egyptian task-master ever devised a slavery like to that, our slavery. Half a dozen jests a day: we make twice that number every day in our lives as a matter of course. . . . But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them, when the mountain must go to Mahomet!" By thus working much against the grain Lamb made double the hoped for sum; but humor produced to order failed him and came to an end in 1803. "The best and the worst to me," he writes Manning in this year, "is that I have given up two guineas a week at the Post, and regained my health and spirits, which were upon the wane. I grew sick, and Stuart unsatisfied. Ludisti satis, tempus abire est. I must cut closer, that's all."

Early in 1802 Lamb lost Manning, who went to Paris to study Chinese. From the time of the Peace of Amiens he lived for three years in France. The French authorities so admired his enterprise that, although the war was renewed, they let him go back for a visit to England when he was ready to proceed to China.

September 24th, which was the date of Lamb's next letter to Manning, Lamb says: "Since the date of my last I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me to visit remote regions. My first

impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly never intend to learn the language."

The following February, Lamb received a real shock—a letter from Manning announced that he was about to settle in Independent Tartary. He had been out of England for some time, and was thus little in Lamb's actual life, but France was not Tartary. Lamb felt the proposed separation deeply but under cover of levity he dashed off his famous reply instantly. "Read Sir John Maundevil's travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartar-man now exhibiting at Exeter Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favorable specimen of his Countrymen!" Lamb continues with more to this effect; but Manning was not diverted from his purpose of visiting the East although he did not go until 1806.

In his next to Manning he sends him his beautiful poem "Hester." "I send you some verses I have made on the death of a young Quaker you may have heard me speak of as being in love with for some years while I lived at Pentonville, though I had never spoken to her in my life. She died about a month since."

Lamb's first praise of Pig was uttered in his letter of February 1805 to Manning, in the shape of a brawn which Manning had sent from Cambridge. "'Tis of all my hobbies the supreme in the eating way. He might have sent sops from the pan, skimmings, crumplets, chips, hog's lard, the tender brown judiciously scalped from a fillet of veal (dexterously replaced by a salamander), the tops of asparagus, fugitive livers, runaway gizzards of fowls, the eyes of martyred pigs, tender effusions of laxative wood-cocks" and so forth.

For the next few years Manning, and in fact most of Lamb's intimates, were out of London much of the time. These years were hard and struggling ones for the Lambs. Charles wrote two plays, "John Woodvil" and "Mr. H." both of which were failures. But in May 1806 we find him writing Manning about "Tales from Shakespeare." "She (Mary), is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. . . . It's to bring in sixty guineas." Then later we have the letter to Manning which tells of his "Adventures of Ulysses," and announces a more important undertaking, "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, etc." "Specimens," he writes, "are becoming fashionable. We have Specimens of Ancient English Poets, Specimens of Modern English Poets, Specimens of Ancient English Prose Writers, without end. They used to be called 'Beauties.'"

In the Spring of the next year, 1806, Manning sails for China, not to return until 1817. From his cabin on the "Thames" Manning said: "I go to China: What's the difference to our London friends? I am persuaded I shall come back and see more of you than I have ever been able—who knows but I may make a fortune and take you and Mary out a-riding in my coach? There's nobody has a prior claim to you, you may depend upon it—of course you know you must leave room for my little Chinese wife, because poor Pipsey's feet are so small she can't

walk, you know. Does a man at my age forget and neglect his best and dearest friends? No: well then, you and Mary are safe. So God bless you both."

Lamb's reply is a wishful one. "Four years you talk of, maybe ten, and you may come back and find such alterations! Some circumstance may grow up to you or to me, that may be a bar to the return of any such intimacy. I daresay all this is Hum, and that all will come back; but indeed we die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone. I have friends, but some of 'em are changed. Marriage, or some circumstance, rises up to make them not the same. But I felt sure of you."

Yet, in spite of Lamb's sorrow at the departure of his friend one can hardly imagine the thrill that Lamb, such a stay-at-home in the flesh, such a vagrant in the imagination, must have experienced when this familiar disappeared, with a last wave of the handkerchief, into unknown Asia, then almost as remote as Mars is now.

That Lamb felt his departure keenly we learn by his letter to Manning. "I did not know what your going was till I shook a last fist with you, and then 'twas just like having shaken hands with a wretch on the fatal scaffold. . . . A little kicking and agony, and then— . . . Oh, Manning, I am serious to sinking almost when I think that all those evenings which you have made so pleasant are gone, perhaps for ever."

The curtain fell. Behind it, in disguise, the mathematician succeeded in reaching Lhassa, in staying there for several months, in interviewing the Dalai Lama and in getting away again; the first Englishman who had ever set foot in the Forbidden City.

Thereafter the correspondence was broken and disjointed but Manning's influence over Lamb continued in all its force during the long separation of eleven years. Unfortunately most of the letters were lost in transit and only nine are known to exist.

From 1807 to 1810, Manning made his headquarters with the East India Company factory at Canton from where he made occasional journeys into the interior of the country. In 1810 he became the first Englishman to enter Lhassa. There he succeeded where so many other explorers had failed. He remained there many months before he returned to India where he practised as a physician. He then joined Lord Amherst's mission to Pekin as interpreter and sailed for England in 1816 much disappointed and strongly anti-social. On the voyage home his vessel was wrecked when nearing Sunda in February, and the passengers were taken to St. Helena where Manning renewed his acquaintance with Napoleon.

With a long and luxuriant beard, to which he was devoted, and rich in Asiatic lore he now settled again in his native land, choosing for his home the village of Redbourne on the high road between St. Albans and Wheathampstead. It is very curious but there is no trace of the friends having met or even corresponding at first, until, in fact there comes a very long letter from Manning of May 30, 1819, as familiar and friendly as possible and which is notable for its curious imitation of the "Elia" style of correspondence as to be almost a parody of Lamb. It is in this letter that we get the rather wire-drawn piece of extravagance about the killing of pigs. ". . . if

you come to the grosser delights what can be more delightful than killing a pig?" He then proceeds to dilate at length on chitterlings and pettitoes and sausages. It is a famous fiction amongst Lamb lovers that it was Manning who gave Lamb his idea for his most famous of Essays, "Dissertation on Roast Pig," which appeared three and a half years later. There is, however, nothing in Manning's letter about a Sucking Pig. Surely it takes a great leap of the imagination to connect this letter with the Chinese manuscript which Lamb pretends that Manning translated for him from the "Mundane Mutations of Confucius."

Two interesting and important side-lights are thrown on the mental development and personality of Manning in these later years, by Barry Cornwall and Henry Crabb Robinson.

Barry Cornwall, who first met Manning in 1817, writes in his Memoir: "When the Chinese traveller returned to London, he was very often a guest at Lamb's residence. I have repeatedly met him there. His countenance was that of an intelligent, steady, almost serious man. His journey to the celestial empire had not been unfruitful of good; his talk at all times being full of curious information, including much anecdote, and some (not common) speculations on men and things. When he returned, he brought with him a native of China, whom he took one evening to a ball in London; where the foreigner from Shanghai, or Pekin, enquired with much naïveté as to the amount of money which his host had given to the dancers for their evening's performance, and was persuaded with difficulty that their exertions were entirely gratuitous. Manning had a curious habit of bringing with him (in his waistcoat pocket) some pods of the red pepper, whenever he expected to partake of a meal. His original intention (as I understood) when he set out for China, was to frame and publish a Chinese and English dictionary; yet—although he brought over much material for the purpose—his purpose was never carried into effect."

From this year of 1817 until his death in 1840 we get very few glimpses of Manning and of this period of his life very little is known. Crabb Robinson in his diary for March 5, 1824, writes: "Walked over to Lamb. Meant a short visit, but Monkhouse was there as well as Manning; so I took tea and stayed the whole evening, and played Whist. Besides, the talk was agreeable. On religion, M(anning) talked as I did not expect; rather earnestly on the Atonement, as the essential doctrine of Christianity, but against the Trinity, which he thinks by a mere mistake has been adopted from Oriental philosophy, under a notion that it was necessary to the Atonement. C.L.'s impressions against religion are unaccountably strong, and yet he is by nature pious. It is the dogmatism of theology which has disgusted him, and which alone he opposes; he has the organ of theosophy."

But perhaps the most vivid impression we get of Manning, the mystic, is through Thomas Allsop. He says: "I retain a very vivid recollection of Manning, though so imperfect in my memory of persons that I should not recollect him at this time. I think few persons had so great a share of Lamb's admiration, for to few did he vouchsafe manifestations of his very extraordinary powers. Once, and once only, did I witness an outburst of his unembodied spirit, when such was the effect of his more than magnetic, his magic power (learnt was it in Chaldea, or in

that sealed continent to which the superhuman knowledge of Zoroaster was conveyed by Confucius, into which he was the first to penetrate with impunity), that we were all rapt and carried aloft into the seventh heaven. He seemed to see and to convey to us clearly (I had almost said adequately) what was passing in the presence of the Great Disembodied ONE, rather by an intuition or the creation of a new sense than by words. Verily there are more things on earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. I am unwilling to admit the influence this wonderful man had over his auditors, as I cannot at all convey an adequate notion or even image of his extraordinary and very peculiar powers."

Until the end Manning spent a leisurely life in the country, the simple pleasures of which "(You have Dukes, we have Ducks)" he appreciated. He saw Lamb frequently, corresponded with him in the intervals, and died in 1840, leaving a then unequalled collection of Chinese books now owned by the Royal Asiatic Society.

It is indeed strange that a man of such powers and knowledge should put them to so little use. He amused and instructed himself; he could never be bothered to amuse or instruct the public. The mute inglorious Miltons are not confined to the village church-yards; it takes not only natural powers but ambition, or a sense of duty, or the oppression of the thing undone, to make a great man. At all events, it was something more than a common achievement to have got to Lhassa, Tibet, and to have been loved by Charles Lamb.

GERTRUDE M. RIDGWAY

Cambridge Dec. 15.

Dear Lamb

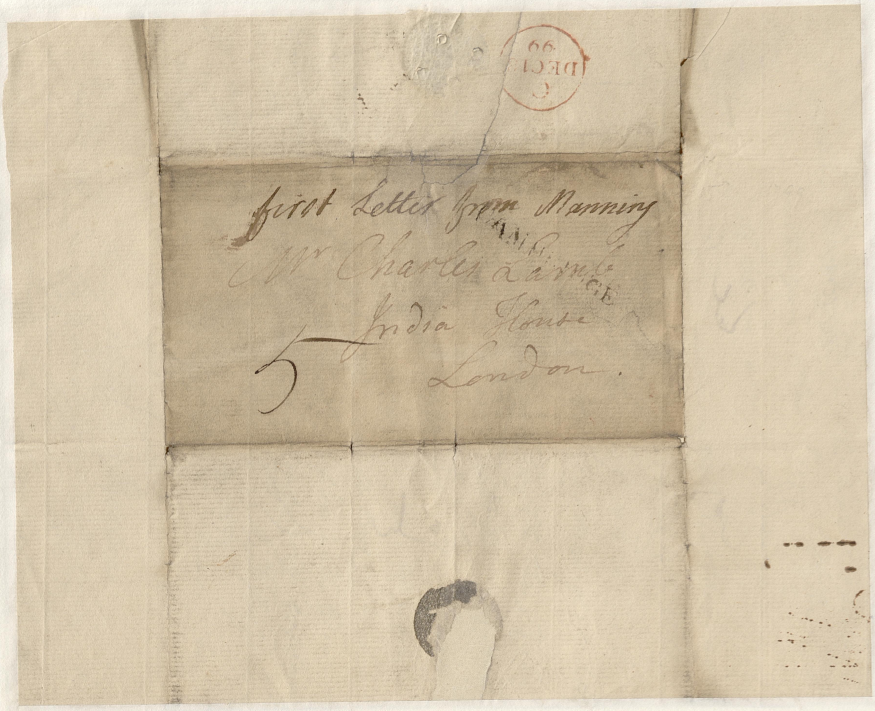
You must not suppose that my slowness in answering your letter proceeds from an indifference to your correspondence — I have been, & still am, harrassed by business — I have obtained another Pupil; & the hour of Examination draweth nigh — and really when my occupation for the day is over, I find myself so dispirited & cold, that I am unfitted for writing — At this very time I feel frozen — I would express my thankfulness for your Letter, & the satisfaction I experience (not at this instant, but when I am myself) in the prospect of our future correspondence, & intercourse — but I ~~hate~~ hate to have recourse to memory on these occasions — so I must beg of you, my dear Friend, to take cheerfully in payment all I have to give, & allow me credit for the rest. ——

I rejoice exceedingly in the hope of spending some time with you, when I come to Town, which I believe will be in about 3 weeks. —

I had some conversation the other day with Sophia concerning your Tragedy; & She made some very sensible observations (as I thought) with respect to the Unfitness of it's title The Folly, whose consequences humble the Pride & Ambition of John's heart, does not originate in from the workings of those passions, but from an underpart in his character, (as it were accidentally) viz from the ebullitions of a drunken mind & from a rash confidence. You will understand what I mean, without my explaining my self any further. — God bless You, — & keep from you all evil things, that walk upon the face of the Earth — I mean Night-mares, Hobgoblins, & Spectres. — I shall expect a letter from You very soon. I am

Your Affectionate Friend
Thomas Cheuney



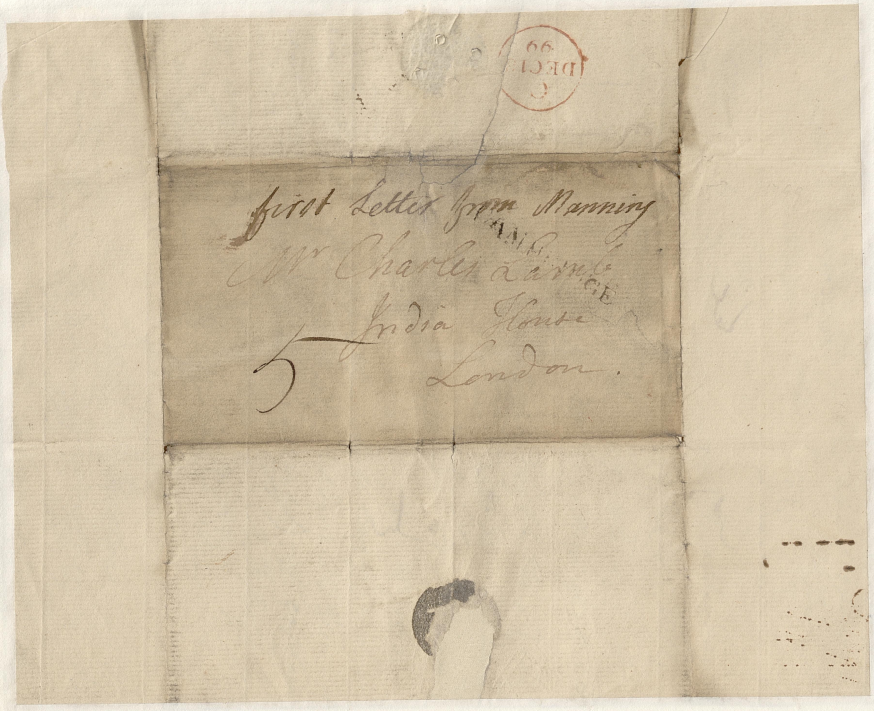

DEC 99
First Letter from Manning
Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London.

2

Dear Lamb Feb. 1800 Cambridge, Sunday.

I have been long anxious for an opportunity of writing freely to you my opinion of that Letter of L^d — in what points I agree with you, & where we seem to differ — but it has always presented itself to my mind as a difficulty too great to be encountered save by one at ease & leasure — this I never am — I am not now but I must write, for if I postpone it much longer you will begin & think me negligent — that would not be the true idea of my state of feelings towards you, Lamb for if you were conscious of each instance in which I mentally correspond with you, you would confess that I am exuberant in my communications. (by the bye these mental epistles are very detrimental to real post-paper correspondence, inasmuch as it satisfies to go over with the hand what has been fully & amply detailed already in the brain)

Suppose you were to ask me the question "Would you, Manning, if L. had shewn you that letter, have acquiesced in its omission?" I answer "No, I would not", ~~in the manner~~. — Some things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Suppose you were to ask me the question "Would You, Manning, if L. had shewn you that Letter, have acquiesced in its omission?" I answer "No, I would not", in the manner. — Some things

in it I think positively wrong. e.g. his saying that he understands her Novels are transcripts of her Love letters.

& Secondly, considering the manner in which I know people do take things, I think the excessive frankness & sincerity of the letter ~~as~~ improper. — But I want to know — Do you blame him for having these sentiments & impressions of the Lady? or for expressing them? Not the former surely — The picture of her, drawn by a friend of Yours in my presence, would, if I ~~know any~~ ensure thing, give her much more offence than what L. says — But I think, & I know you agree with me, that we ought not always to give our opinions of people to their faces. It pains, & is of no service, that I see — Mind ye, I say, "that I see" — for I must say, that ~~the contrary~~ such a line of conduct comes recommended by a simplicity & an appearance of strict adherence to principles that plead strongly for it. The matter is this — such a frankness in most people would indicate something else lurking in their minds — a spite — a contemptuous desire to pain — ~~a desire of revenge~~ — they could not bring themselves to speak so openly (tho their thoughts might be as foul as a puddle) while they had an atom of regard left for the person addressed. but in L.'s wistings you read his sensations

undisguised, unrepressd, ungarbled — to a man that understands L. it must be the same thing to be unable to bear the expression of ~~his~~ his thoughts & to be unable to bear to imagine his entertaining these thoughts. Now I do say that If Miss H. had imagined all that L. confesses (& from her questions to Miss R. it appears she did imagine something — perhaps ten times worse) she ought not, she would not have been enraged — If then she be any thing more than disgusted, it is because she does not know the singleness & integrity of L.'s heard. But I must do the ~~woman~~ Lady the justice to say that altho this letter be now the pretended basis of her anger, yet in fact I believe it is present, unruly, largest from other ~~causes~~ stimulants from the interference & insinuations of some friend or from some real or imagined neglect on L.s part since her answer to that letter

There is a certain degree of blame attaches itself ~~the~~ to this business. Let us divide it ~~blame~~ into 10 thousand parts & give one part to L. He will then have ~~more than~~ his share, to the full of what is my opinion. What business has Miss H. to go about exhibiting a private correspondence of this kind? — L. does not go round to his friends, & acquaintance babbling forth her follies — he never did, & he never does. — If he ~~had~~ did employ his sister ~~Elvira~~ to trans

scribe the letter, we ought to consider who Olivie is — not a ~~[illegible]~~ tattling pert mixx, but a good girl, that wd ~~write out the~~ copy the letter at her Brother's request & think no more about the matter. As to Southey's implication in the business — it is sufficient to ~~reply~~ state Southey now corresponds with L. as a friend — whoever deems Southey a man of character & integrity is satisfied by this that he does not consider L as a guilty man — however erroneous & faulty he may have judged his conduct — & this, whatever sentences I may have uttered.

You know, Lamb, from the expressions I used at your house, my conviction of L's integrity, & my respect for his character — & I know that when you ask your heart & head what sort of man is L's your answer agrees with mine. But you also know that there is not that complete identity of sympathy between me & L as to make me blind to his faults. Moreover I have that coolness & mathematical precision that render me as difficult to be imposed upon as one of brighter intellect or if that be possible / stronger judgement. Well: I have considered this affair fully & I do lay my hand upon my heart & say that his conduct in it (tho erroneous I think) has been such as to ~~cause~~ produce in me towards him no diminution of respect of honour or of love. That you may entertain similar sentiments is the wish of your very affectionate Friend T. N.

Mar 1800

Sunday.

What! not a word of reproach for my long silence? Do you mean to affront me, Sir? — But, Damnme. If I'll be affronted so, neither, my master — I must have a broader hint, before I'll construe it into "Your writing or not writing is a matter of perfect indifference to me" — In Xtian verity, I like not to be reproached for my sins of omission, except by my Conscience — for this good reason (we Mathematicians always give a reason) that nobody, save she, can know all I have to say in my excuse.

Falstaffs Letters I have perused with much delectation — they are indeed genuine — Whether many of the allusions & delicate touches have escaped my tact, it is clearly impossible for me to say — but I protest I have noticed & relished many felicities that would pass unobserved by an incurious reader. When we meet again (God grant it be soon) we will discuss the hidden beauties of this little Morceau.

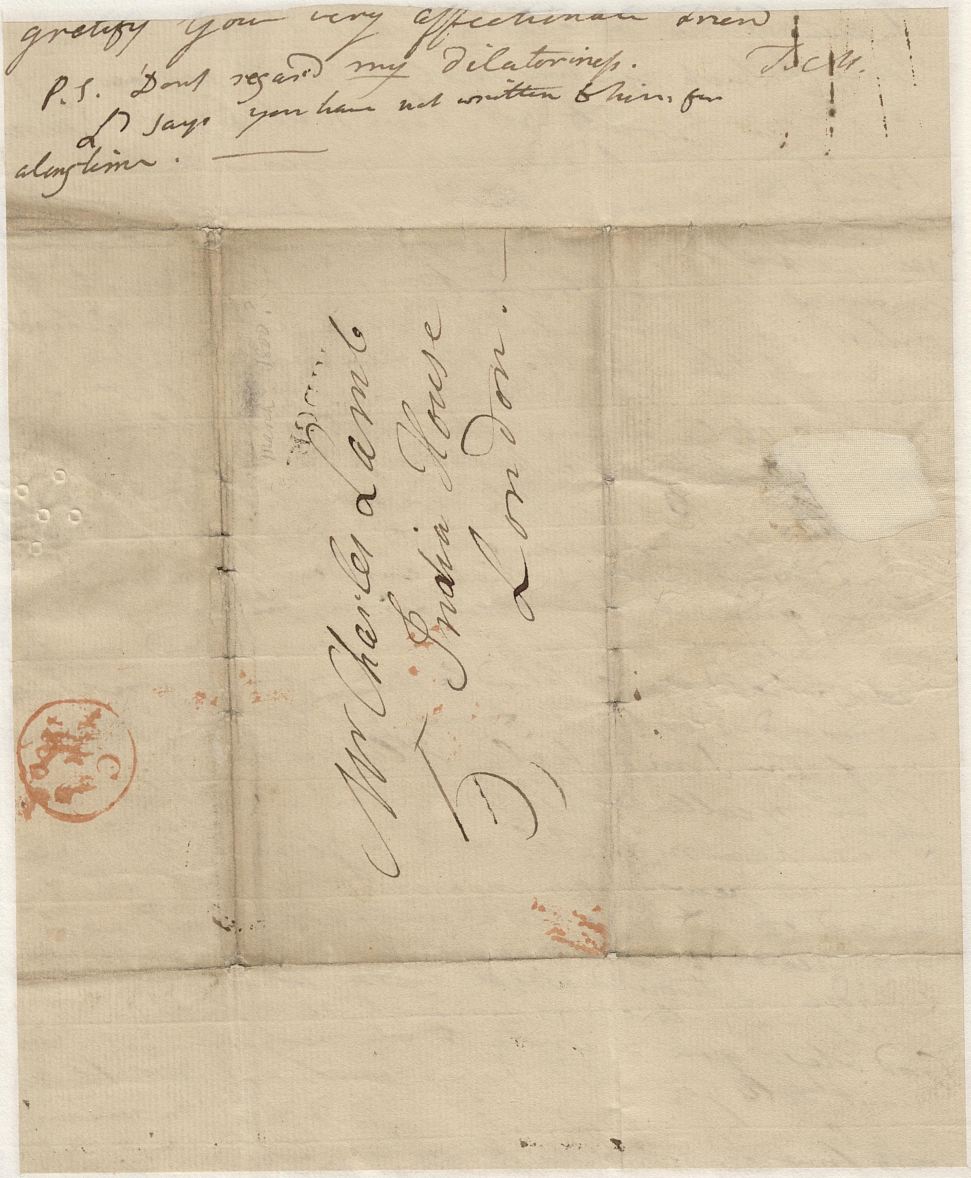
I have dipped a little into Burnet's history, & have been very much pleased with his manner — I always speak of it, as the right

stile, in historical matters. — I mean, when Golden Leasure arrives, to read him thoroughly. I hear that many of his accounts are much controverted, but he is generally allowed to be an honest writer — where he deceives, he is himself deceived. — As to Hume, Gibbon &c I have but a low opinion of them, so far as usefulness goes — but we must allow Lamb that Hume is easy, sweet, clear &c; Gibbon pointed, terse brilliant &c & Robertson judicious, vigorous, &c (N.B. I have read about 17 pages of Hume's History, 153 of Gibbon's, & 19 of Robertson's).

Upon looking back to your Penultimate letter I find the following Query — "Pray is it a part of your sincerity to shew my letters to Lloyd? To which I answer, "No". — I shewed that former letter of yours to him, because any thing, that might, perse, appear harsh, is corrected by the statement of the reason why you could not write so freely to him on that subject; yet better corrected & qualified than any Extract would have been by comments of mine. Your last letter I did not shew to him, altho it concerned himself — I thought he would neither see the beauty of, nor be exactly pleased with the sentence (which upon my soul I think exquisite) "A letter I would not have sent to my Enemy's Bitch, if she had thought proper to seek me in the way of marriage". — I expect you to see, from this example, without my saying any thing further, that you may write most freely to me. — One thing, tho, I must beg of you — that is, not to call me Atheist in your letters — for tho it be more raillery in you, & not meant as a serious imputation on my Faith, yet, if the Catholic or any other intolerant religion should [illegible] to become established in England, (which [illegible] the Bishop of R—r, may be the case) & if the Post-people should happen to open & read your letters, (which, considering the sometimes quaintness of their form, they may possibly be incited to do — such names might send me to Smithfield on a hurdle, — & nothing, upon earth, is more discordant to my wishes, than to become one of the Smithfield Illuminati.

You recollect, I suppose the story about Coleridge's humming Caldwell of Jesus College concerning his news-paper engagements — well, it is turned out to be all a mistake — Caldwell has never imputed any such declaration to Coleridge — twould waste both your time & my own to explain such nonsense. — God bless you — write to me very soon — if your spirit tells you that I ever yawn over your letters tis a lying spirit (begging your pardon). In serious truth, my dear friend, the oftener you write, the more you

gratify you very affectionate friend
P.S. Don't regard my dilatoriness. &c.
D says you have not written to him for
a long time.



16 June 1800

Dear Lamb

The gap in our correspondence is now grown so wide (so much wider than you ever before suffered it to run) that I begin to suspect some letter of yours must have miscarried — I should have been alarmed about you, & have imagined that you & the Jolly Cricketman had missed your way one night, & tumbled into the water in Leg-an-pond Street, had not that busy Wench, Fame, (who is for ever, you know, gossiping & tattling about great men) spread a report that you & Coleridge were seen lately in the city, & that you dined at a Book-seller in Grace-Church street — I had shrewd reasons for crediting this story, & so became easy in my mind about you — but I really think it very hard to be forced to apply to the Many-headed Goddess, in order to know how you go on; seeing that the post-office continues to perform its functions as regularly as ever. ——

I am looking forward now with pleasure to the Easter vacation — I shall then have a respite from business — to secure which I shall take myself into the country for a fortnight — then comes the May-term, which

runs scanty this year (Easter Sunday is the primum mobile of the spring terms) — after that comes the long vacation (how sapiently I unfold the order of things!) & then & at that time I hope I shall see you here — sooner deponent wisheth not. — Tell me when you write again, whether you have heard any thing of your Tragedy — there are some very pretty lines in it, Lamb & I wish it may succeed. How does that kind hearted Heathen* do — that busy Theorist — with more good wishes in his heart than would be sufficient to stock the literary world with happiness for a century to come — I mean if they all brought forth fruit — when you next call upon the Moth, remember me kindly to him. — I shall be very glad to hear from you — in the mean time I am most faithfully

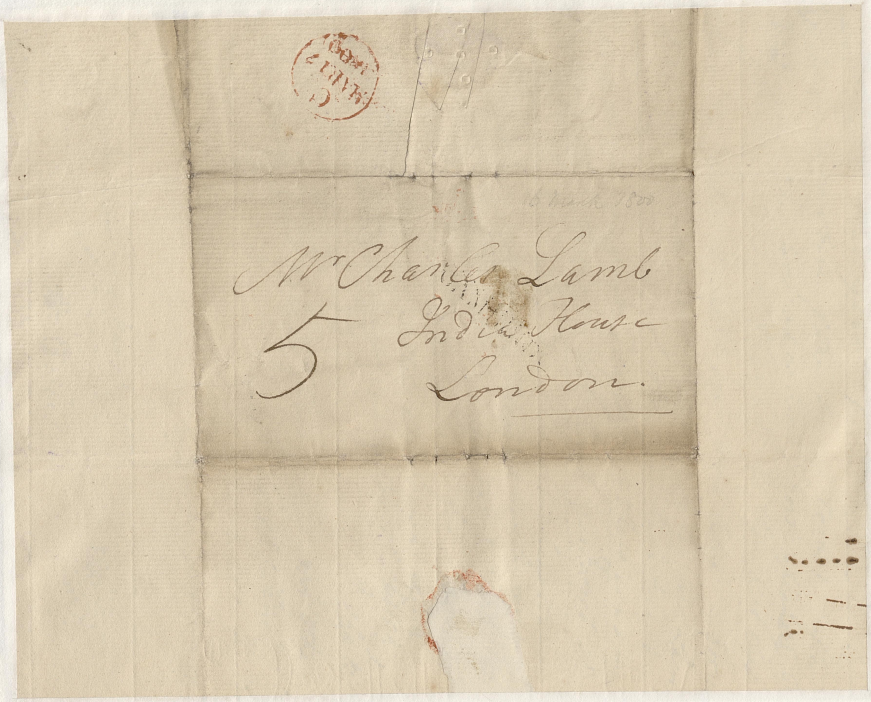
Your affectionate Friend

Thomas Manning

Camb. Sunday, March 1800.

* G. Dyer —

4


Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London.

Augt. 1800

Sunday -

If you wish to see my honest face (& tis a very honest face, but I may be a damned rogue for all that for as the learned Author of the Latin Grammar judiciously observeth "fronti nulla fides" You must come to Cambridge - if you wish to give me a particular satisfaction you must come to Cambridge - if you wish to give me no cause of dissatisfaction - You must come to Cambridge - Give me a line tomorrow saying that you'll come yourself on Tuesday & I'll prepare a lodging for you - or come without announcing your intention if you dont chuse to write - & we'll see what we can do - I shall be very much disengaged this week - so I shall need - after that I cannot promise - The very thought of your coming makes my keg of Rum Wabble about like a porpoise & the liquor (how fine it smells!) goes Gulph & gullick against the sides for joy - Just (if I

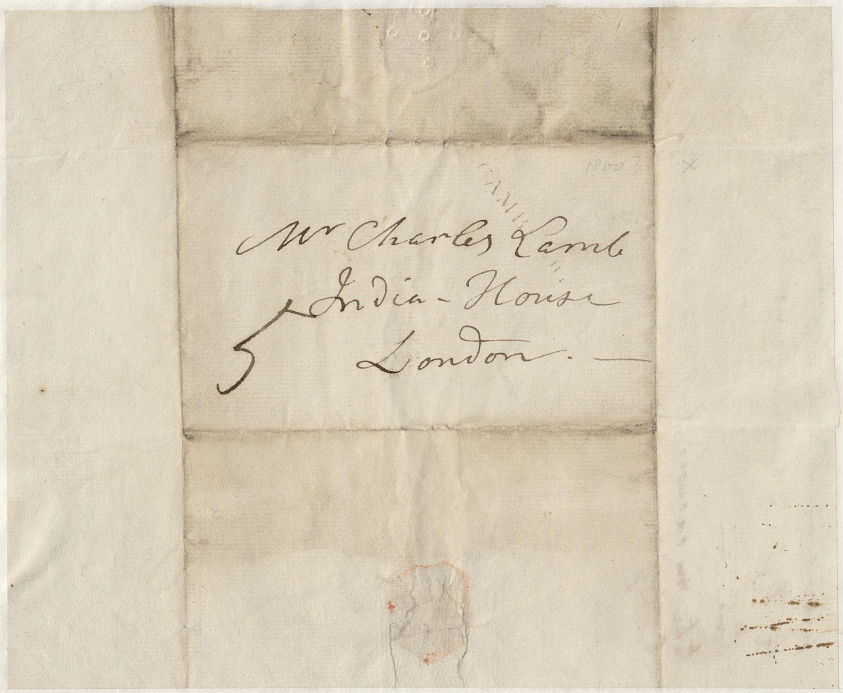
may compare great things with small — my rum-puncheon with old Zacharias' hans in Kelter) as St John wabbled in Elisabeth's womb, when ~~[illegible]~~ Mary, big with It by the holy Ghost, walked into her Cousin Betty's parlour.

What a while You took, Lamb, to mend your pen this last time — I should have been glad of a scrall with the old one (old scratch) in the interim — indeed I began to think you had fairly, & most foully, cut the correspondence — Whereby I was not a little rejoiced to see your blessed hand once more — indeed your letter was a great comfort to me. —

I'll be much obliged to you to put my name down on Dyer's list of Subscribers or desire him to do me the favour of enlisting me just as you think proper — I wish I could send him any other names from Cambridge, but tis difficult to make people subscribe to poetry especially during the present high price of provisions. Give my very best respects to Dyer, when convenient. —

Come soon, & stay as long as you like — I'll take no excuses but real un-putoffable business — mind that. — Thine, T. M.

5


Mr Charles Lamb
India-House
London.

28 Nov 1800

Who cut the tail off your ~~Letter~~ Last Letter? — I was reading on eargerly, without observing the Chazm at the end, & tumbled plump into it heels over head — tis a very disagreable sensation — Did you ever make a spring at a hedge, not seeing the Claypit on the other side? & — Whiz! where are my legs! — But the contents of the first part of your Letter are some compensation for its abruptness — You shall be right welcome, my lad, & pray take out as long a furlough as possible — The Snipes shall present themselves to you, ready roasted — You shall take the digestible parts, & I'll take the long bills. Don't come before the 16th. —

I have been browzing upon Currie's Edition of Burns Works — the perusal

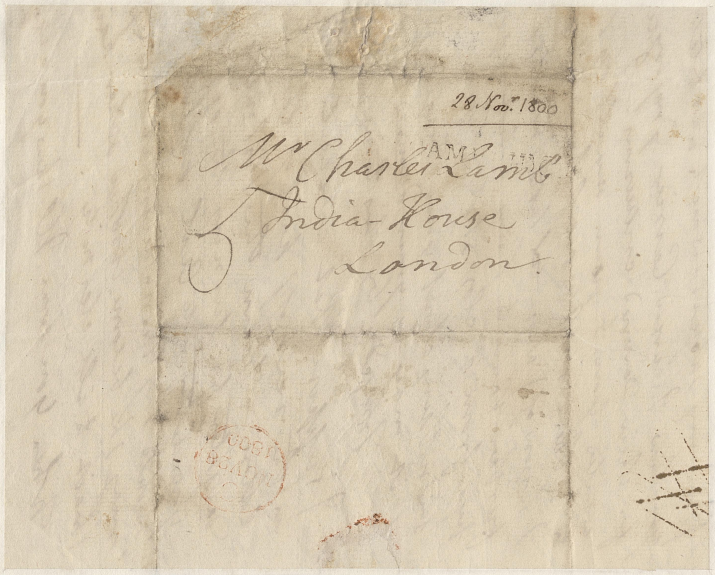
of the prose part has cost me more blasts & execrations than ~~who~~ would Damn a regiment of foot soldiers, if oaths weigh any thing in the Almighties Scales. but I trust I am not yet blotted out of the Book of life!

Long before the day of final retribution, you know, It will be employed in casting up his Father's books & balancing each man's account. There I ~~to~~ trust, when he ~~has~~ comes to the letter M. he will find my name, with a long long list of good works under it — to be sure there will be a few peccadillos per contra & a short account under the head, "M. debt or to God." but the balance will procure me a ticket for the 1st seats in the heavenly Concert!! — I wander

from my subject; which was to tell you how I cursed Currie Gregory &c for their Damned criticisms — I wanted you to pour myself out to — there is not a soul here (what I know of) whose ~~tal~~ taste reaches further than to know a hot apple pye from a close stool. You say nothing about your Tragedy it may be your damned Tragedy by this time

I suppose that article is in the rent off part of the letter — Damn the Postmans daughter for turning the end of your letter into Curl-papers should say turn-tailing it into Cp may she become crooked & her hair strait to all eternity. —

When you come, I'll shew you a very


28 Nov.r 1800

Mr Charles Lamb

India-House

London

12 Dec 1800

Dear Lamb Friday Decr

Your letter has excited
in me no other unpleasant feelings than those
of disappointment — I am indeed very
much disappointed — I had promi-
sed myself a very pleasant meeting
I am in good health, & better spirits
than usual, & had a fancy that I
could have made your stay here
entertaining to you — Your expedient
is very ingenious in Theory (tho' as you
hint not altogether a new one) but is
practically impossible — my work will
be very light after term time, but I
shall still have two pupils on my
hands till degree time; whom I
cannot possibly leave — after that,
what little remains of the vaca-
tion is promised to Norfolk — Your
invitation is truly hospitable, & your
frank way of obviating hesitations just
what I like — I assure you I should
make no scruple of coming, if I was
free — but I will not yet despair of
seeing you in the course of the vacation
I give you all December to nurse
your cold & dispatch your Business,

& if that won't do, you shall have a supplementary fortnight out of January — then, for a change of air, you shall come down to Cambridge — why not? — Your postponement of a few months might very well suit the longevity of an antedeluvian Patriarch, but is snotching too deep into the shortened span of modern life. — Consider about these things, & don't give me up, if you can help it; for I do want mainly to see you. —

(N.B. Your Lake story completely took me in, till I got to the 2d page. I was pleased to think you were so rich, but I confess rather wonderd how you should be able conveniently to take & lay a journey this inside-fare time of the year). —

I condole with you, Mr Lamb, on the tragic fate of your tragidie — I wonder what fool it was, that read it! By the bye, You would do me a very very great favour by letting me have a copy of Beggars might be chusers, I should ask to have it transcribed partly by you & partly by your sister — I have a desire to possess some of Mary's hand writing — make my kindest remembrances to her & tell her so. — But in the mean time

I want to see Your Epilogue — I wonder you did not send it to me in your last — if tis spoken to morrow night, I shall expect to see it on my table on sunday morning when I rise, thus* —



(Explanation of plate Literary table (alias littered); letter lying in front, from Mister Lamb)

* vide plate

Is this successful Tragedy spun by the Philosopher??

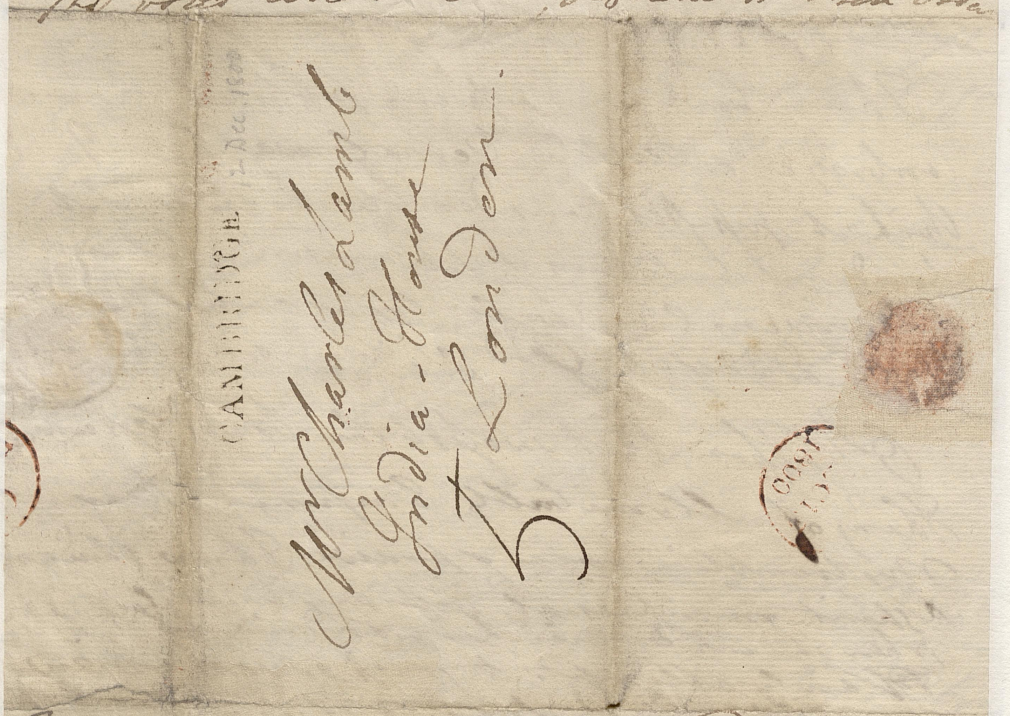
There has been a poem published in Cambridge called the Vernal walk — I think it possesses considerable beauty — it abounds in imitations of Thompson — but is still original — I will transcribe [illegible] of the address to God at the conclu[illegible]

O! Thou, that sway'st the boundless universe
Thing of Illimitable Empire! — hear
My trembling voice of praise. I know thou art
A spirit omnipresent, yet my mind Eyes
When she would raise her wandring to thee,
Vainly attempts to grasp so vast a view
For with the darkness of obscurity
Thou cloathest the brightness of thy majesty
Lest the full blaze should blast our feeble sight.
Still, in thy half revealed sublimity
Thou art more awful than a thousand Suns,
Wrapt in the horror of a thousand storms
Holding the reins of universal rule
Invisible thou sitt'st upon the throne
of universal nature, & decreest
The Doom of men, of nations & of worlds:
By thy command Cæsar, the proud, was slain

By patriot Brutus, by the man he love
By thy command, Rome, Queen of nations
proudly, & grasp'd the Empire of the world
& Rome, the mighty, fell by thy command
From her high state; she fell & shook
the earth
& still the Echo of her fall is heard.
By thy command the myriad worlds of light
Spray from primeval chaos, & illumi
The void unbounded, & shouldst then orda

CAMBRIDGE 2 Dec 1800

Mr Charles Lamb
India-House
London



To uncreate creation, at thy nod
Those worlds unnumbered would return to
nought

Holy, invisible, immutable
Spirit of spirits! 'ere the radiant sun
Shot from the purple east the light of morn
Or the pale moon bade the unbounded deep
Obey her influence; 'ere the streamy veles
Smiled with their flowers or the gigantic hills
Hid in the ~~lofty~~ cloudy sky their lofty tops
Then hadst thou existed an eternity | of yearful ages
[illegible] better still but neither room nor time. [illegible]

22 Dec 1800

Dear Lamb Saturday Evening

As you have underscored the word "directly", I suppose you expect me to acknowledge the receipt of the parcel this very evening — I can write to you to night certainly, but there is nobody to carry the letter — but to morrow's post, will, I trust, convey to you my thanks for your the very interesting pacquet you have sent me. — Was Col.ᵈᵉ asleep or possess'd by ~~the~~ one of the Spirits of Mal-aproposity when He wrote you that amazing Critique. As sleep is an accident that generally befalls once in 24 hours — whereas Demoniac possession takes place very rarely, I heartily wish the latter may have been his case — for I should be grieved to suppose him subject to such neither-here-nor-there fancies in his sleep — It is quite a new idea to me that Shakespeare could not write for new Drury lane! — Some other things too, C. seems to have discovered about Shakespear, which I was utterly ignorant of — but enough — it can be no pleasure either to you or me to expose the weak places of a man of Strength — I turn to your other Critic — that Gentleman whose fertile brain can at a moment's warning, furnish you with 20 thousand models of a plot — "The greatest variety of Rapes Murders, Deathsheads &c &c sold here" — He

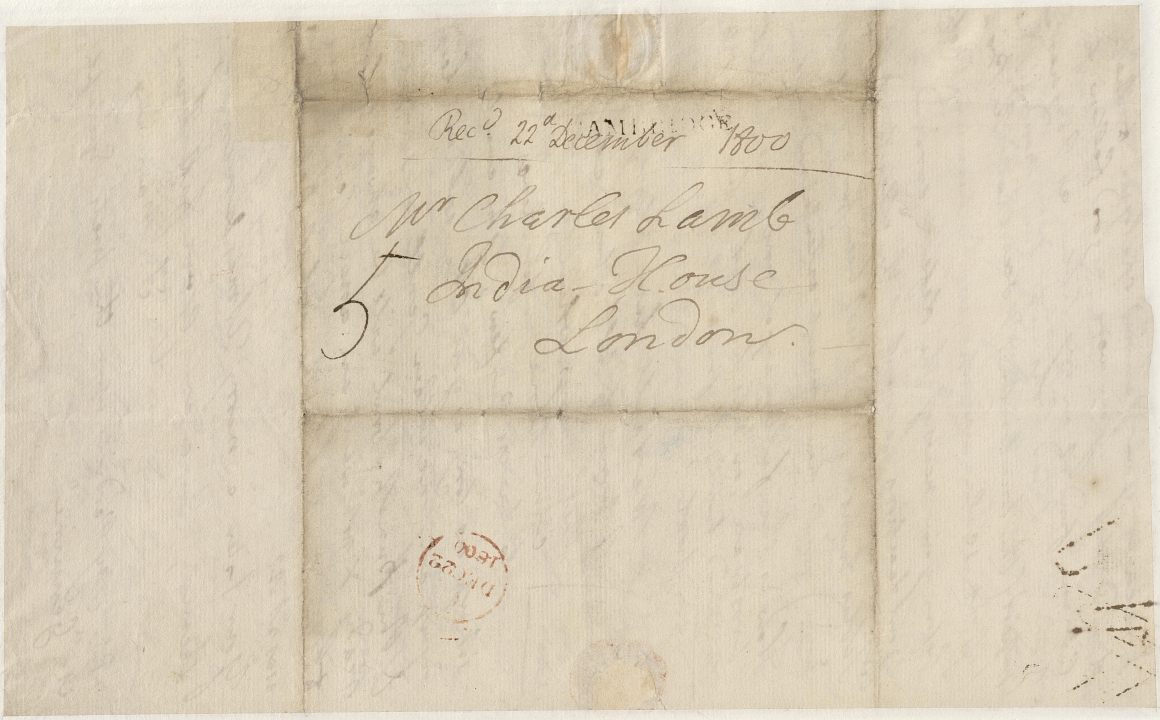
who with his 1mo, 2do, 3tio &c can underprop & bear up the sinking interest of the dullest Tragedy, that ever went out (before the curtain dropt) for want of Snuffing — This Gentleman, I insist upon it, gives a very good critique upon your Tragedy — I insist upon it he understands the merit of your Tragedy, generally, better than C. tho very likely, he has not so vigorous a conception of any one of its beauties — not having so vigorous a mind. I wish you would take his advice (leaving out his Scarecrows) & partly new model your plot — 'Tis a sin & a shame, & By God it shall not be, that the excellent touches in that tragedy, the inimitable delineation of Character (which all people except dead people & Moral philosophers would understand) should not be produced to the world — if you are so fond of the little Brat's features, because tis of your own begetting, that you cant bear to think of the nose being made to stand in the middle of the face, why send it into the world as it is — people will admire it, & many will doat on it — thousands will exclaim "If it had but another Eye where its nose stands, 'twould be the charming'st creature ~~living~~ in the world".

I have not written to you (before) since I received your damned epilogue to that damned play — You were a good fellow to let me find it on my table as I requested you — I had looks into the Monday's papers (the true Briton) & seen that the Professor's scale was up, in the premium Molice before your news of the defeat arrived — Your facetious account of the effects of the "Tables turned" (had it not been for my regrett (umm) would have much entertained me. — How is the fallen angel now — is he still prostrate, or has he shaken his wings & reared himself from off the obvious pool?

We shall have plenty of time to talk about all these things when you come here — for there's to be no Curfew; You are to sit up as long as you like, without keeping up any one, either Gentle or simple & the Punch-bowl will be always full & ready & not want an angel (except me) to stir it up, like the pool at Bethsaida, was'nt it? Wishing You & Your Sister a merry Xtmas & many of them, I am Your fast Friend

T. Manning

P.S. My Verdict upon the poet's Epitaph is, "Genuine".



Rec^d 22^d December 1800

Mr Charles Lamb
5 India House
London.

DEC 22
1800

Dear Lamb,

I have been unaccountably prevented from writing to you since I returned to Cambridge, or I should have sent to answer three letters which I found here on my arrival, I ought to say three copies of one letter — How could you think I should refuse to write to you? Had you no easier way of solving the Phænomenon? Ye Dramatic Writers are very expert in framing Incidents to produce strange Effects — 'tis very odd then when strange things do really take place, that you can't fit them with proper incidents for their causes — Suppose I had invented that I went out of Cambridge in a hurry, & left no word where my letters should direct after me! Or suppose — any thing else. At any rate never suppose me mortally offended, till I give you positive — indications of it.

I have not time to give you my opinion of the 2 Vol of Ly B Ballads, except that I think it is wholly absurd from one end to the other — You tell me to send poetry — if

You mean that there is nothing puerile
nothing bombast or erected, or any thing else
that is so often found & disfigure Poetry,
I agree but will you read it over & over
again? Answer me that Master Lamb —
Never Wordsworth has the most exalted
idea of it you can imagine — for
my part I had rather sit spinning all
day than prosing over such uninteresting ac-
counts of uninteresting things. —

When You write & me next, put
your letter with George Dyer's Volume
into a parcel & send it me by the
coach — Don't hurry your letter for
the sake of the Book, & by no means
send it without a letter. Yr

T. M.

Tuesday morning Cold handed. —

9


CAM
26 Feb. 1801
Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London.

14 Mar 1801

Dear Lamb

As usual — time very precious, but I have so long neglected writing to you that I am (not ashamed but sorry) I am afraid of your cabin me off, as too bad. I recur Dyers 1st Vol, which I purrd thro — I think his translations very good indeed — look at them — surely he must have injured the sale of the book by sending it out sans preface! It deadens one to open a book close to the pasteboard cover & see "Ode 1" — The notes are all good, some very interesting. e.g. "Shakespear was born at Stratford &c" — an anecdote of that Great Bard, very little known I wish Dyer had mentioned it oftener — I do not find that his inverted

in more than two p notes.
I perused the Colorgian & Hands
worthian letters — shear nonsense
by God — I wonder Coleridge (who
I know is a poet — I dont know
that W. is not, but I'll be damned
if that be poetry he has panned
upon us in the 2d Vol.) I say
I wonder Coleridge can be taken
in by such foolish stuff by
habit one may learn to be
excited by any thing — one
may live so long with sheep
& silly shepperds as to take
the Baaing of a Lamb for
poetry — but what is that to
the purpose — would Shakespear
have taken it for poetry — Oh!
but has no judge perhaps — would

Milton then To gravely
mind that, gravely tells us of a
sheep drawn out of a hole
Chroniche the beggars two-
penny mishap — who is it pope
or swift that ridicules the poets
who chronicle small beer
no no I believe tis the Huswifes.
Well I cant spend
any more time
about an old woman's
Gossip. I mean
to write to you again
very soon — I shall be glad
& hear from you The tragedy
the tragedy tell me about that
— your own I mean Damn
Somebodys ~~Else~~ Else.
Farwell
T. C.


Rec. the 14th March 1801
CAMBRIDGE
Mr Charles Lamb
India-House
London
1801

11

Paris 28 Jany 1802

Dear Lamb

Do tell me — Don't the English begin to murmur? isn't there an uproar among the Literati? Not one letter have I sent among 'em! "Universal" England is in the dark respecting me & my proceedings for excepting a Letter to my Father, as in Duty bound & one on business to my Friend Donne, the Farmer-General of the Paris posts has been never the better for me since I set foot in this City — City! Ville, in French whence Village, a well known English term — but I beg You'll not be misled by Etymology, tho you do occasionally dine with Horne Tooke — there is no more likeness, in magnitude, between a Ville & a Village, than between a Cock & a Cockle — a Cat & a Catacomb — a tun & a tunnel — an Egg, & the Egeliptic — a pye & a pye-bald Mare — Oh! for a dictionary! — how I could have gone on — I & my friend Bailey — by the bye You have a Bailey — suppose You begin at a Aaron, & search all the way to Zeal zodiac — you'd find a great many curious instances of the like dissimilar similitudes — You may get Mr F. ll to help you — set him from Tag, Tagger to O! Oaf!

But I am in Paris, the Capital of France; & am writing to my friend Lamb, to whom I ought to give some account of what ~~I meet with in~~ see & hear. — All I have heard, worth recording, I could put into the remainder of this page, — all I have seen worth noting, I could put into the next; & all the thoughts I have had, which could not as well have passed thro my mind in England, would leave a good bit of the 3d page blank, besides the place for the Wafer — Then You are disappointed with France! — Not at all, Sir — but a Philosopher sees all things every where, & everything in himself — a bit of English bread, consecrated by the spirit & power of Abstraction, becomes a French roll — the Types & shadows of all sensible things float in my proper brain, by its own proper organization (the same as the Types & shadows of all Foolish things float in the sunshine before my windows — which, you must know look out upon a Grand Promenade)

February 2

Dear Lamb My hand was arrested there by accident & ever since that it has been arrested by indisposition I am still somewhat unwell & out of spirits but I am ashamed & sorry to have so long delayed writing to you — therefore you must accept the dullness & insipidity of this letter which I write in full conviction that whatever I send you will be much more acceptable than a total silence — By the bye I take the opportunity now, when you cannot impute it to my present vanity, to beg of you to keep all my Letters — I hope to send you many — & I may in the course of them make some observations, that I may wish to recall to my memory when I return to England.

I did not get off from Dover till the morning, weind & tide contrary — time hung heavy upon my hands — I visited Shakespeares Cliff, in which I was not disappointed — this is by no means verified the image in my mind — was not the season for Samphire I suppose — & too cold to tempt the Crows & Choughs to wing the midway air —

We had a quick passage from Dover to Boulogne — the wind did not permit us to make for Calais — the sea was rough, & the spray that washed over us froze upon the deck — indeed it was bitter cold weather — but what then? I had my box Coat on — & if I was a little sick, the rest of the Passengers were all as bad to the full — the tide having ebbed, we were obliged to come to anchor without entering the inner harbour of Boulogne — that night before the Sluggish boat that the boulogne Mannerny sent off, could land us all — & a strange Landing it seemed to me — the boat moved towards the nearest shore till it ran aground — which happened in the midst of the breakers — in an instant the boats-head was surrounded by a throng of women up to their middles & over, who were there to carry us on shore — not being aware of this manoeuvre we did not throw ourselves into the arms of these sea-nymphs so instantly as we ought whereby those who sat at the stern of the boat, were delayed with sea spray; for my self, I was in front & very quickly undervood the clamours of the men-maids. If they myself one upon the back of two of them without reserve & was safely & dryly borne on shore — but one poor Gentleman slipped down their sinewy & fell over head & ears into the sea — on the strand we found a coach in waiting which carried us in regular state to the Town of Boulogne — about ½ a mile from the place where we landed & set us down at our respective Inns. N.B. The Gentleman who fell into the sea chose to walk —

Oh the delights of a blazing wood fire! a hot supper & Genesee Burgundy, after the chilling blasts of a winter sea! Oh the exquisite delight of the inside of an Inn, when every object, every utensil recalls to your mind pictures of former times!

A lofty kitchin, with an ample chimney filled with sundry antique furniture — shelf above shelf — to the very ceiling, exhibiting an armoury of steel pans dishes & other culinary utensils — all of which fish flesh bread & vegetables are displayed in careless abundance — rosy hoppy faces under night caps, & all illuminated by the undazzling blaze of a fire that laughs at Count Rumford & his Godamned economy! Oh Lamb I wished for you in my Journey, for you would have enjoyed the Domestic scenery, where there any man I know. & the Contrast abroad every thing was cold & silent & covered with snow — But adieu to these scenes when I arrived at Calais, which was on the Thursday night, about one o'clock on the Friday morning. Paris by a stranger, is a desert full of Rakes & Whores — like London — have not yet seen much of the interior of private houses — very, very little — but I have the means in my power, when I please; in fact I speak the language so well that I pass for a native — I am now standing about for a short time, & this I have been desirous of, as Lady Hamilton has put me upon a pleasant relationship with respect to Sir William Hamilton, whom I doubt not you know — which pleasure could I take in a manner that would be agreeable to her, & which I am not yet on quite with respect to Paris. I shall say no more at present, but

nothing about it — I frequently go to Holcrofts, whom I both like & esteem — Mrs H. is a very pleasant woman full of the French Naïvete. I shewed your Tragedy to Holcroft who had taste enough to discover that his full of poetry but the Plot he condemns in toto — tell me how it succeeds I think you were ill advised to retrench so much — I miss the Beautiful Branches you have lopped off & regrett them In some of the Pages the sprinkling of words is so thin as to be quite outre — there you were wrong again — the monthly review will jibe you for it.

Remember me to Dyer — Give him my address which is "Maison Magnan Boulevard Italien, No 342"

PORT PAYÉ

60 P.P.

Received 10th Feb.y 1802

Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London.

FOREIGN OFFICE

9 d - 4 f 40 l
7 d. m. 1

Write to me as soon as you can — tell me whether you have heard any thing of Lloyd. — The severe ~~whether~~ weather, when I first arrived here gave me an opportunity of exhibiting my skill in skating; the Parisiens were astonished — I made a great many ice acquaintances, which are now all melted away.

I should tell you concerning the external appearance of Paris, that I think it must more grand & imposing then that of London. The houses are grand & massy seemingly built for eternity; & the Palaces are very very far superior to any thing in London. The old Louvre & the pavilions of Madame Pompadour are of most beautiful Architecture. I suscribe to the Lycée Rebullicain, where I hear

My dear Friend 1802 ~~March~~ April 6th

I can hardly excuse myself for being silent so long that is, I mean, excuse myself to myself, for as to apologies & reasons, I could give you a hundred. I meant to have written very often to you — Have not you begun to suspect that your letter to me miscarried? No. It came safe to hand about 5 days after date. I have just been looking it over again this morning to see what points require answering. The first thing that forces me to speak is your reproaches. Could not you see, my friend that I was a little mortified at some thing? You know a little of the human heart, & I am but a man. When I entered into myself in that manner when I [illegible] all the rest of Paris, I entered chez moi (mind the expression) could you not perceive I was because [illegible] door had been shut against me. You may depend upon it, these overdone Philosophies are always either the insolent calm of a suppressed Joy, or the forced serenity of a damped Spirit, & in the former case compress your Joy how you will the truth will always spurt out at some crevice or other. — I was, in truth a little disappointed in some things I expected — an Introduction failed, owing to political differences between the World & the Writer — but all is well now, & I am perfectly satisfied with my reception at Paris. —— As Yesterday was a busy day with me, I will give you an account of the manner in wh I spent it, from rising to couching; & if you find the account dull & weariesome, tis the fault of my manner, & not the insipidity of the things I describe. At nine I rose & had my breakfast brought me (from the Coffee house that being the laziest way possible) not in a tray, but in a little wicker basket, containing a pennorth of bread, a pat of butter, a pot of tea, a tinnikin of sugar, a tin pot kin of hot milk, a tin pot of hot water, a knife washed not cheaped — tis the custom of the country to breakfast without table cloth & "when one is at Rome," you know "&c" — I had scarcely finished my breakfast & read 3 pages of Boileau, before in came Mr Gillet with a ticket for me ~~to be~~ of admission into the antichambers of the Tuilleries to see Bonaparte & his court & the grand review of his troups in the Cour of the palace. A digression. Mr Gillet is an Acquaintance I made one day at an eating house, by means of a Metaphysical discussion we tumbled into. He is in fact an Englishman, but he has an employment under the French Government, being Mr inspector & Governor of the Workshops at Brussels — institutions to prevent Mendicity. End of the Digression

When we arrived at the Palace we found a difficulty of passing the Guard at the gate as it was rather late, & the palace was supposed sufficiently full of spectators — what plea do you think prevailed? That Mr G. was an Officer under government? No — that he had the billet of the Préfet of the Police (which happened to be the case)? No — But 'twas this. "Nous sommes Etrangers; nous sommes des Anglois Catoyen"! — Do you think now that a Frenchman would gain admittance to the Tower (to see it I mean not lodge there) or to the Gallery at St James', a bit the faster, for crying out but I be de foreigner — I become Frenchmans —? I must praise the French Urbanity — they are truly polite to Foriengers, & the name of an Englishman is the best passport to every exhibition spectable &c — We go to the Grand Picture gallery any day of the decade — whereas tis open to the French in general but 3 or 4 days in 10. The Abbe Sicard gives particular séances expressly for the English, at the Deaf-dumb Institution — Well having entered the palace & passed the Guard at the foot of the staircase by the same plea, we placed ourselves in the Antichamber & I had again the satisfaction of seeing the Premier Consul go by, clad in his simple blue uniform — Oh what a Good face! When he returned from the review, a lady who stood near me, stopt him & addressed him on the subject of some plan or invention she or her husband had discovered, & gave me a full opportunity of contemplating his divine countenance. — After he was retired, crouds of courtiers pressed by to the Levé — chiefly military in various & most splendid uniforms — Counsellors d'Etat, Senators, Ministers, Embassadors, the Prince of Orange &c. His Court, is I believe, the most Brillant in Europe. — It was now near two o'clock & as we were to go at ½ after 4 to the Seance of the National Institute, for which also we had billets, we agreed to meet at ½ after 3 at Bertrands, the Restaurateur, & dine together — in the mean while I went & took a turn in the Palais Royal — Do you know what the palais Royal is?

An immense Cloyster surrounds a sort of Garden — the immensity of the Cloyster consists in its length — the whole round is above ½ a mile — this Cloyster may be considered as a sort of covered in street exhibiting a continued range of splendid shops coffe houses &c. & the rooms over the Cloysters are likewise appropriated to every thing that can amuse & satisfy the body & mind — Billard tables, reading rooms, eating rooms (ie Restorateurs) coffe rooms, exhibitions of all sorts, smoking rooms, gaming houses &c there are two theatres in it, in the same manner as Covent Garden theatre is in the Piazzas. there grand Entrances in front & at

the corners, & little passages every 10 steps, by which you may go out & in from the neighboring streets. There are logings to be let in it, & a man who had nothing of the rover in him, might satisfy all the wants of his life without stirring out of the place. it is crouded from morning till late at night, & presents a different set of faces each hour of the day. It harbours Whores rogues ~~theives~~ theives pickpockets in abundance — but all the World goes there — Here it was that I lounged about till ½ after 3, when I & my friend Mr G. took our place at one of the tables in Mr Bertrand's Salle à manger — the room is capable of containing near 200, I think & I have often seen it quite full; You may have a good dinner for 20 pence consisting of Bread, a pint of fair wine, a potage, 4 plats, & a plate of desert or chese as you like. — Add a penny for the waiter, & you have the whole expense. — As soon as we had finished our compote de prunots (stewed prunes) we adjourned to the Institut by the way I got my boots sponged & wiped (had not time for the blackning) at one of the 10 thousand cleaning blocks, wh are dispersed over paris — I paid a penny like an Extravagant Englishman — We entered the Salle of the Institut, where

was alredy collected a numerous & brillant assemblage of Ladies & Gentlemen, together with others. Papers & memoirs were distributed among the spectators in magnificent abundance — soon after the members entered in their associate dress, & took their seats — then commenced the readings (which were some of them rather dull) afterwards the seance broke up, & I walked into the middle of the Salle & mixed with the members, to contemplate their phisionomies & to view the Salle, which is adorned with good statues of all the literary worthies of France. Leaving the Institut & finding ourselves rather dry, we agreed to repair once more to the palais royal, to read the English papers & take a Glass of Punch — After we had chatted some time over this Glass of punch, which however singular it may seem, was really of the plural number, we parted, & I returned home, where I found a note from Mr Demaimieux, (the author of a universal language called Pasigraphie (in which I being an adept, am become a great friend of the Authors) containing billets to admit me & my friends to a Seance particulieres of the Abbe Sicard for the 16th. Muse. meditate drink a glass of water. wind up my watch. go to bed. End of the day

All my paper gone & not a word of the definitive treaty. I re-
collect you apostrophized me once before on that subject. It was
known here many days before the news reached England. The people
took it very coolly. The Tuileries were lighted in illuminated
in the evening & the effect was very beautiful. The method
of illumination here is much better than in England. Mad-
ame Garnerin arrived in England yet. I saw her ascend in a
Balloon a few days ago; it was a beautiful sight & quite
new to me. She went up all alone. The English do
not arrive in troops yet. Ld Buchan I understand was re-
fused a passport before the peace. Dyer was to have given him a letter of Intn
to me. The Concordat is established! My God what a farce!
In these times after the complete exposure that preest craft

P. PAYE PARIS

Rec'd 19th Apr 1802

Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London

England

OFFICE COMP. FOR

has had — & in this country! What do you mean by
my spelling his name [illegible]? I like your Londoner
very much. There is a deal of happy fancy in it. but it
is not strong enough to be seen by the generality of readers
yet if you would write a volume of Essays in the same style
you might be sure of its succeeding. You dont tell me what
the Critics say to your play! — Write to me very very
soon — What is Coleridge doing! have you heard from
Charles Lloyd lately? I shall surely write to him soon.
The next time I write, which will be as soon as I have
heard from you, I will give you some account of the French
theatres & other interesting matters. At present I have only roo
to say that I think the comic actors here superior to the English.
Y. T. M.

Paris Wednesday 9th June, 1802

Rue du Faubourg Montmartre
No. 25.

Dear Lamb

The offer of a Friend to take letters over for me to england has fortunately just a stop to that power one has of saying "I'll write tomorrow instead of today" What I mean to say is this — Henry Southey, Brother of Southey leaves Paris tomorrow — I have accepted his offer of taking letters for me. Consequently I must write them today. He travels with Wm Taylor of Norwich, Translator of "Lenora" — with whom I have been a good deal acquainted during his residence in Paris — I have found him well-stored with Information, with understanding & with Friendship. I am speaking of Wm Taylor, Southey is a Lad — I cannot tell you what I have been doing here since I wrote last — in fact I have done a good deal contemplative & sedentary — I have made a few excursions into the neighborhood of Paris (mind how I avoid the word Environs) & have been much entertained — I find Versailles a very magnificent & beautiful place, spite of the

pope says against it "Each alley has a brother."
'Tis astonishing what a prejudice the English
have against regularity in gardening & against
clipt trees — They never look to see if
the Ground pleases their Eye, but to see whether
tis what they call natural — they say clipping
a tree spoils it — very true — it spoils it as a
tree, but it makes something else of it — & there are
spots, near large Edifices, which, I think, are
much adorned by that something else, altho
trees could not be introduced there with any
propriety — You might as well ask me to
introduce trees into my bed chamber instead
of the artificial furniture which is usually
placed there — I am sick of the Cant. —
I have formed a little acquaintance
with the great Carnot, whom I find very
pleasant — He is one of the first rate Ma-
thematicians in France, i.e. in the world.
What Lies you fill your English
papers with! Every thing they say of Paris
in their general Politics, every thing that
is not extracted from the French papers is
miserable misrepresentation & nonsense.
The Morning Chronicle is as bad as
any of them — They must have a very
bad set of Correspondents here. If

I was not otherwise engaged I would send them
a letter sometimes. You see contradictory ac-
counts of the Conspiracy against Bonaparte
His life was to have been attempted, but the
plot was discovered before hand, every thing was
prevented with the utmost quietness — half the
people of Paris know neither head nor tail
of the business, & the Government here takes
all the pains possible to silence the matter
& discredit the idea of any conspiracy having
been made but I know better.

I am learning the Chinese Language
I expect next spring to set off on my
Voyage to China I shall return to Eng
first but not yet of sometime I
instead shortly to take a little tour into
the South of France. You
dont tell me how your Tragedy is
approved of by the Critics. What are
You doing any thing or nothing? Write
to me soon very soon — & double up your
letters a little larger, for fear they should
slip thro the Crevices of the Careless French
Mail. Farewell Truly Yrs Tall.


Rec'd 17 Mch 1802
Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London

Dear Lamb — The rapidity with which I have travelled — Marseilles September 10th 1802

has absolutely prevented me from writing to any one. I left Paris the 14th of July & since then I have been all over Switzerland, & down to Milan, & thro Savoy, & by Valence thro Avignon to Marseilles, where I am at Present. I have met with abundance of Adventures; when I come to England I'll shew you my Journal. I set out from Paris expressly to visit the South of France, thinking to take Switzerland in my way as it were, for for three weeks. my destination is Toulouse. where I shall stay about 6 weeks, I apprehend, & where I hope to receive a letter from you. I have travelled alone, occasionally falling in with companions. I have been a great deal on foot among the Mountains. I have been lost & benighted. I have slept in outhouses & stables & beds of Straw. For example In Savoy, I lost myself among the mountains, & slept at a little village (at which I arrived by incredible difficult passes, at 10 o'clock) thro which no road leads — in the morning I found a Wolfs Tooth in my path, which I brought away as a trophy. My mind has been so much agitated by the variety of scenes I have pass'd thro, that I cannot sleep o'nights. My bed goes post, or is launched on some river, & I mourn to find my-

-self travelling undrest. I passed over the famous St Gothard (the Grand route from Switzerland into Italy) alone & on foot, walking above 30 miles that day: then I descended down the Italian side, thro a most beautiful Valley, where the ripening clusters of Grapes hung over my head, as far as the Lake of Locarno. There I embarked for Milan, where I bought peaches 3 pence a pound in the Market places — the weather was prodigiously hot — Then I passed over Mt Semplon a terrible passage for badness of road, & thro ~~the~~ La Vallée, to Geneva. ~~From~~ From thence to Chamouni, & cross Savoy to Chamberry, Grenoble, Valence, Avignon, Aix, to Marseilles. The views in Switzerland are far inferior, I think, to those in the north of England. But there are many beautiful ~~Hot~~ spots. & tis curious to see the mountains covered with snow in this terrible hot weather. I am aware that I write very strangely; my head is confused & I am now writing in the room of an Englishman, I found here, who interrupts me perpetually.

I cannot go on Damn him.

Sunday Evening, in my own chamber at the Hotel Beauveau — I steal ½ an hour, between dining at my Bankers country house, & supping at the Prefets to continue my letter to you. ~~[illegible]~~

You cannot conceive the difficulty I find in having a moment to myself; especially since I have fallen in with this English man, who attacks me morning & night. For fear of forgetting it I'll now mention again that I expect you to write to me & to direct Your Letter A Monsieur Manning Poste Restante à Toulouse — This is a most delicious climate sultry as a Hayfield yet fanned by breezes from the sea — Fruits in abundance, but the Peaches not good — Grapes all over the country, & excellent. No pasturage, no cows — every thing dressed in Oil instead of Butter, but all very good — If Mr Holcroft be returned to England, & you meet him at Godwins or elsewhere, be so good as to present my kind remembrances to him to Mrs H. & the Miss Fanny

~~[illegible]~~

You must tell me whether you have written any thing or be writing. Things personal to yourself interest me most, & cannot be too trivial. Have you made any new acquaintance? Where is the Mighty Coleridge. I have an idea that tis ½ possible I may meet him & Wordsworth at Montpellier.

Next do room to mine, in an adjoining house, there is a hop every night, & tho this is sunday evening, the profane wretches are at it as usual, where they expect to go when they die, I cannot think — Interrupted again, by God Farewell. Yr Truly

T. M.


MARSEILLE
Mr Charles Lamb
India-House
London.
rec.d 23 Sep. 1802
FOREIGN OFFICE SEP 23 1802

15

Dear Lamb, Toulouse, Wednesday October 6th 1802

In recompense for your letter, which I eagerly seized & devoured at the Postoffice the day before yesterday, I here begun, you see, here up a-top of the page, & am determined to go on to the end of page 3, & even turn the corner before I your sincere friend &c. So you have really visited the Lakes! Your Eye has reposed on the silent forms of the Mountains & on the limpid bosom of Derwentwater. You have done well — you have seen the choicest spot in Europe, compared with which the scenery in Switzerland is clumsy & graceless — in the wildest part of Switzerland you have precipices & rocks in your path, a deep deep hollow beneath you, from which a torrent falls with ungovernable fury, dashing from rock to rock with the wildest uproar; & looking up among the Clouds & above them, your eye is struck with the cold dazling of the never melting snows. This is what you cannot see in the north of England, & this is what many people, even who visit Switzerland, see but little of; but for the rest, the north of E. is far more interesting. You say quasi nothing of Lloyd; by which I understand that you have quasi nothing pleasant to say of him.

[Several days afterwards]

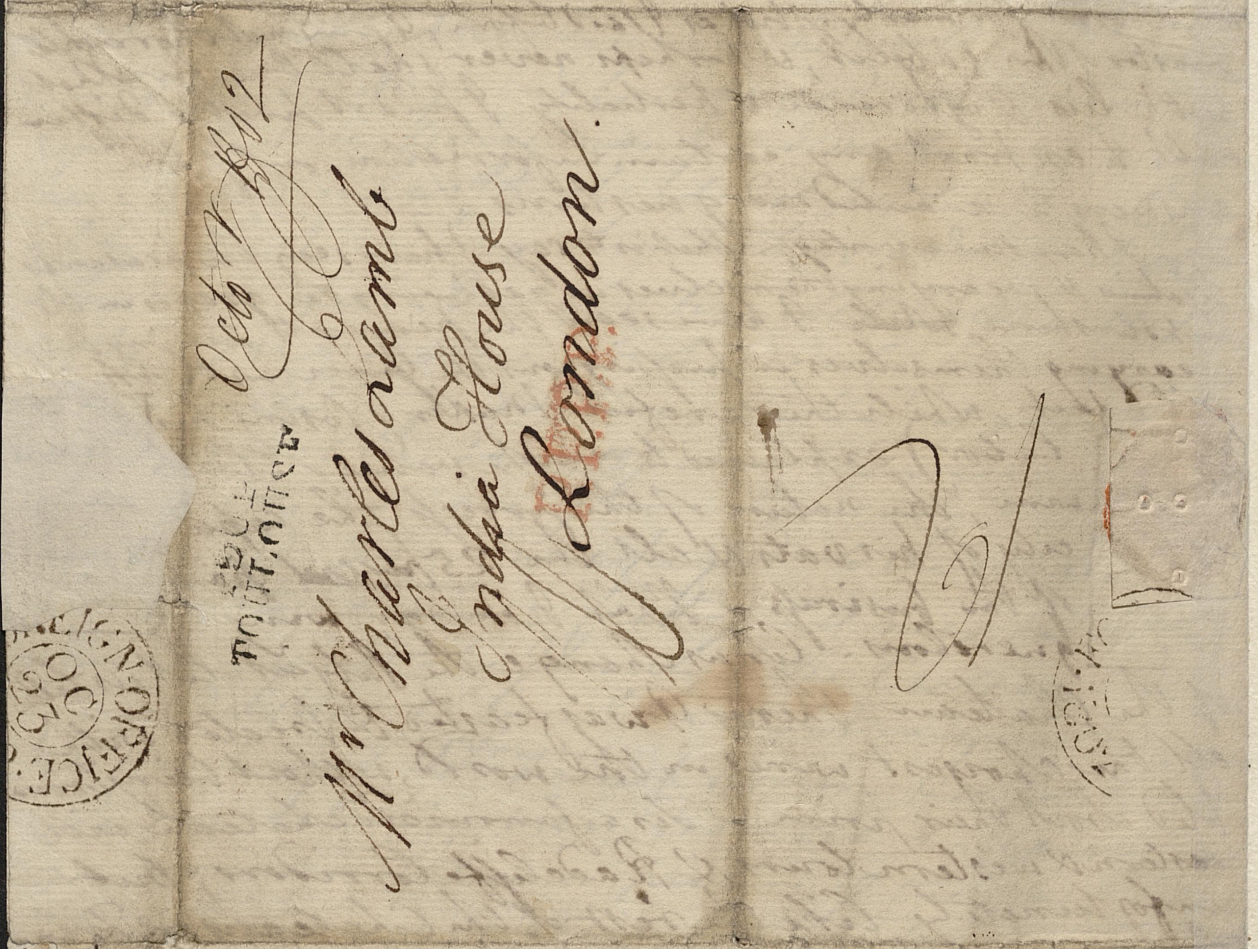
There I was interrupted by a visit, & we never since, till now, have I found a moment to finish my letter. 'Tis now, if I mistake not, Thursday the 14th of October, between 7 & 8 in the morning, & if a violent appetite does not come to cross me, I expect to get pleasantly on to the end, before I stop. I staid about a fortnight at Marseilles — during which I visited Toulon & the neighborhood to see the orange trees in open air. From Toulon to Marseilles is a dreadful bad road, the ruins of an ancient good one, that has not been repaired these 12 years; & all the Country there is infested by banditti. We were 3 carriages in company & had an escort of soldiers all the way, which I thought very romantic, & entertaining. I came here by way of Nismes & Montpellier. At Nismes & in the neighborhood are some of the finest Roman remains in Europe — particularly an Aqueduct, whose simple majestic forms delight the Eye & compel you to acknowledge the inferiority of the Moderns in Architecture. At Nismes there is a Roman Building called the Maison quarrée, which is far more elegant & graceful than the Senatehouse at Cambridge, which somewhat resembles it

there is also an Amphitheatre in fine preservation, & some glorious remains of a Temple of Diana.

Toulouse is a very large Town built all of red brick & reckoned very ugly — but, would you think it, 'tis one of the handsomest towns in France — Every house almost (at least all the large houses, of which there are great abundance) is an striking by like St John's College Cambridge. What they call ugly! Damn their souls! I wonder about its crooked streets in Gatley & to crown all there are promenades of 4 shaded by lofty trees just without the walls, which are the most magnificent & extensive in the world (setting aside those of Cambridge). I have formed an acquaintance here with some young men of sideveant rank, who have treated me with the utmost politeness & hospitality. Last monday they took me down into the country to spend a day at a fine old Chateaux the property of one of them. about 12 miles from here. We travelled in the evening, & when I got about ½ way stopt at the house of one of their acquaintance where a fête was going on. I was only to ask them how they did; but we were prest into the service, & there we staid dancing & feasting till near one o'Clock when we pursued our journey to the Chateau. It was a most delightful episode. You cannot imagine the grace ful frankness of the French women — & so polite to Strangers, relieving them from all embarrassment in a moment. It was a picture of the most joyous moments in Languedocian life. We talk much in England, you know, of the dances among the peasantry here — but to tell you the truth, that's all a humbug. Tis among the gentry that you must look for mirth & ease. Tis the Gentry that have got all the good wine (for the vin des pays that the poor people drink, is detestable) tis they that have got all the choice fruit; tis they that have meat in abundance & every thing good to eat — tis they & alone, that can find a room to dance in or music to dance to. When do you think the peasants dance? on the greens? There are very few greens in Languedoc, & what there are, they carefully preserve for the cattle. No they dance on the brown naked soil. & at what time of the day do you think? in the Evening! Alas they are too much tired with their days work, a French Lady told me the other day, to think of dancing in the evening. 'Tis in the middle of the day in the burning sunshine but they very seldom dance at all (& never in winter) except on the days of their village feasts — whether it was the same formerly, I have not yet exactly made out, but I rather think much is on the decline since the revolution. Industry, damned industry, is grown far more than formerly, but as I said before, I am not thoroughly master of this subject, & perhaps never shall be; for what with lies & ignorance & perfidity I find it pretty difficult to extract any certain information out of the answers to a hundred questions. —

I have seen a vintage. that is to say I have seen the peasantry heating & wearying themselves in gathering the grapes in the hot sunshine, & I have seen the peasants toiling & wearying themselves in pressing out the juice with their naked feet, while the careful Master (losing his labor) explained to me the value of the wine, the nature of the process, the capacity of his vats & all the [illegible] of the business. But I am growing tedious. Let us change the subject. Let us talk of the Chateau. There I was feasted & treated with all the choicest wines in the world, without being troubled about their price. 'Tis a famous old chateau with eastern & western towers & Radcliffe Corridors; but unfortunately like the rest of the Chateaux in France it has been stript during the revolution of all its gorgeous massy furniture & decorations, pass now but portable, fine mirrors pro tempore — all the carved wood-work gone, even the Heathercock pulled down, for a wooden cock was a mark of Seigneury! The peasants were not allowed to know which way the wind blew. Then only am I sure that in the proverb that 'tis an ill wind that blows no good. The country around is most beautiful vines & woods & cornfields & swelling hills & villages & the umbrella-like fir-trees scattered [illegible] even in the

fields, & in the hedges declare the midnight of the day & the fertility thereof. I witnessed a burial service in the Chapel of the Chateau, where the superstitious peasants sang forth latin in most doleful discordancy. the number of mummerys during this service the crossings the genuflections, the lighting of candles & distributing them to the spectators, the putting out the candles, the kissing the cross, the ringing of a little hand bell &c &c was beyond any thing I had an idea of. It was the first burial service I have seen abroad; & well performed, I doubt not, secundum artem.



Adieu. Write to me as soon as you receive this & direct as before for I shall stay here some time. I am glad to hear you have left off drinking & bath breaking, & are become a virtuous & sober citizen. You look forward, now, I suppose, to some of the city honors. But don't be over anxious — tis all a chance — the Lord-Mayoralty of London is not to be had in a day — but be industrious & send your black Cat to the Island of Nice, & there is no saying what you may not arrive at — You find this letter full, put it to the account of Mr Punch, I drank last night. Farewell write soon — Yrs truly T. A.

19 Feb 1803

Dear Lamb

I should not write to you now, but for fear you should think me dead or unwell or forgetful of you. Mighty civil that confession, isn't it? but I'll explain — I have been so occupied & am still with plans of facilitating my entrance into China that my ideas refuse any other channel — you may expect before you get to the bottom of the page to find Priscian's skull terribly fractured for I am actually ~~thinn~~ thinking of Independent Tartary as I write this — "but you go out & skait — you go out & walk sometimes?" Very true — that's a distraction but the moment I set myself down quietly to any thing, in comes Independent Tartary — for example I attend Chimical lectures but every drug that Mr Vauquelin presents to me tastes of Cream of Tartar — in short I am become good for nothing for a time & as I said before I ~~to~~ should not have written now but to assure you

of my friendly & affectionate Remembrance — but as You are not in the same unhappy circumstances, I expect You'll write to me & not measure page for page. This is the 1st Letter I have begun for England for 3 months except one I sent to My Father yesterday by the boy that broke the ice & to it You are, I believe, indebted for this.

The moment I come to myself, I'll give you further advice. At present no more from Yr Most sincerely

Thomas Manning

Postscript. * Write

* Imperative mood. —

Hotel de Paris, Rue de la Loi à Paris. —



rec.d 19 Feb 1803

Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London.

80

13 May 1806

Dear Lamb

As we cannot sail to day, & I have a few minutes why should not I give you a Line to say that I received your kind Letter Yesterday & shall read it again before I have done with it I am sorry I had not time to call on Mary — but I did not call even on my own father, as he's so, & loves me like — a father

I don't know that you can do any thing for me at the India house. if you hear any thing there about me, communicate it to W Crabbe 13 Newgate Street. —

I am not dead nor dying — some people go into Yorkshire for 4 years & never come to London all the while! I go to China

Whats the difference to our London friends?

I am persuaded I shall come back & see more of you than I have ever been able — Who knows but I may make a fortune & take you & Mary out a riding in my Coach. There's nobody has a prior claim to you, you may depend upon it — of course you know you must leave room for my little chinese wife, because poor pipsey's feet are so small she can't walk you know.

Does a Man at my age forget & neglect his best & dearest friends? no. well then you & Mary are safe. So god bless you both.

Writing does me hurt at present. my throat now begins to be sore, & I have no currant jelly aboard. Tell Holcroft I received his kind letter.

T. Manning forever.

Monday Morning

P.S. 1806


Received 13 May 1806
Mr Charles Lamb
India house
London

21 Feb 1807

My dear Lamb You are unlucky this time. I have just been writing several letters, & my wit is exhausted yet finding a snug corner of an evening to spare at this moment, & fearing to find myself too busy tomorrow next day or any day before the fleet sails, I dont like to slip the opportunity, tho I very well might in Conscience for have not I written to you all the way from the Nore to Canton scattering my golden apples like Atalanta — not to lead you astray, but to comfort & refresh you, & help you along in the Godly race you are running. If You want news, I refer you to that excellent man my fr. to the learned Dr D. to the Illustrious Sr J. B. & the Sagacious Mr C. to my very worthy & sensible friend Mr Cr. A. Street or to [illegible] &c.* but by Gd I cannot rewrite it — Ill give you your Choise; either to take this scrall (scriptum informe) or run the hazard of having nothing at all till next Season — Ah You are very right! less in presenti. & Ill give you a

* Jocumne tenes? et cæteram et cæteris adjungo.

rara avis next time. for "as in presenti", you know, perfectum format in avi. —

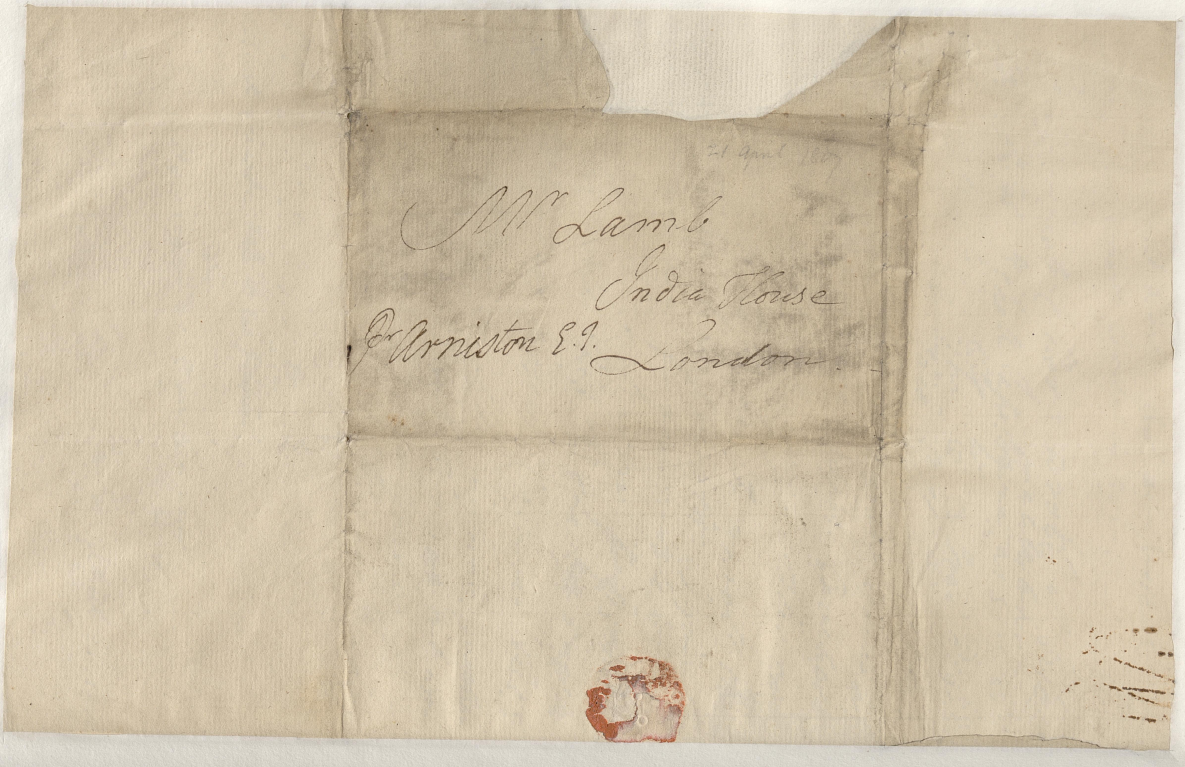
I have sent Mary a roll of silk for which I shall apologize in a letter to her, as soon as my wet is recruited. The 6 colored drawings rolled up in the said silk are not for Mary but for certain Designing young ladies of my acquaintance, whose Cavaliere Servante will one day or other call for them. So tell her to unroll them & lay them by smooth. I give this advertisement now, for fear my letter to Mary should miscarry. for I send one letter by one ship & one by another by which means &c &c &c. (You see what I was going to say viz if one miscarries, another comes safe). — I could say more, but wont. notwithstanding which I am your very affectionate friend, Thomas Manning

P.S. Mr B. is a P.....
les enfans aiment les Bals et les Poupées

2d P.S. My Beard is 5 inches long. —

Canton. April 21, 1807.

21 April 1807



Mr Lamb
India House
Pr Arniston E.I. London

28 Nov 1807

Canton.

Dear Lamb

I received your letter by the ship Retreat early in the summer, at Macao, what month I forget for tis now the middle of November. I thank you for it a 1000 times, it was the only one I had, which made it doubly precious. The same shipt (brig, I should say) brought papers that announced the failure of Mr H. Never mind! you must try again. We have had no later news (by the bye that wrong (entirely) much) domestic I mean, since that arrival, — hints we have had of Bonapartes victories, defeats & victories again, in an indirect manner, verbally by americans &c from Amsterdam &c. — The Bombay & China fleet arrived early in October, why did not you write to me by it? The direct fleet is expected in december or January. I ought to ten to hear from you — also from Tuthill, whose escape from Captivity I am rejoiced to hear of. I have seen the Advertisement of your tales from Shakespear why not Mary's? You send me a copy, no doubt by the direct fleet. How strange & unsocial it seems to be at such a distance. I can't ask whether Mary has received her Letter I sent it last spring! I am sure it is not arrived yet, but it ought to be long before this reaches Enfield, & it would be two years before I could get an answer to the Question!! Shall I condole with poor Holcroft? No! rather let me hope that his sorrow was forgotten in some new success before I had even heard of it.

I mean to write to him very soon. remember me in the kindest manner at his house. I have been petitioning Mandarins for leave to go up to Pekin as Astronomer and Physician! (not astrologer & quack Doctor) They refuse as yet to send my petition to the

Emperor.

but I have not given them up; they shall hear from me again shortly. I have made them speak; & that's something.

I have long been working my brain to do something for you. I would not have you laugh at my interest. I have the goodwill of every body here & of many in a very high degree. If I did but know what to ask! You told me there was nothing to be done for you. I am sure that cannot be literally true. Favour could make you even Astronomer royal (with an assistant) however I shall not ask that place for you; as I should be sorry to vex Dr Maskeline, who is also my friend. besides that it would be very inconvenient to remove the instruments to the India house —

You'll hear more from me by the Return fleet some of my good friends ~~come~~ go home in it. If you

should see any of them be courteous; & don't think them strange consider that a long voyage has a wonderful effect upon us. ten to one but what you'll laugh when you see me again. Good bye.

20 Nov. 1807.



This goes round by which being interpreted means America

To Mr Chales Lamb
London

Turn at New York


S
MAY 29
1808
20 Nov 1807
Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London.

6 June 1818

Oh Lamb of the India house, that crackest away the best puns in the world vouchsafe to hear me. What I say will be very short and to the point, unless it get spoild in a long voyage. Why did not you write to me by the direct fleet? Why did not you send me out your new book - gilt, & adorned with cuts? I take it mechanics. Your letter by the Retreat Brig I received at Cheeo, as I have faithfully told you in a long letter, which you will receive, if it comes safe to hand; & upon the heels of which will come this - here letters heels! They have various hands, I know; & poetic letters have feet. but mine was in prose, as is this likewise at the least this first page; as for the next, it may be neither prose nor prose, but turn out a blank - so now I'll turn over.

I enclose two receipts (not for the chilblains but) for for 3 ~~two~~ cases of tea which I send adressed to you. one of them, being Souchong, & being Marked S. is for my Brother Edward of Lynn or order; therefore write him three lines, so soon as you think you can get it out, tell him what there is to pay & he will reimburse or preimburse you & give you directions where & how to send it. — The other 2 cases marked S & H is Hyson & Souchong; I should have intended it for you and Holcroft, but that the duty will be so high, that perhaps it will not be worth your acceptance — Do what you like with it — Sell it if you please & put the money in your pocket or, now I think of it, dont put the money in your pocket, but in a Drawer, especially if the India house pay in Silver.

I can only say that the tea is choice but so much the better or those that buy it tho I have no doubt but that the rogues of shopkeepers will mix it. It costs me nothing; therefore you need use no ceremony in leaving it to be bought out but for the 1st case (Marked S, to wit) buy it out, unless contraordered by my Brother E. M. of Lynn; to whom I have written, advertising him that I employ you in this affair



So god have you in his holy keeping ~~protection~~

Yr Friend
Manning

P.S. Tis thought I stand some chance at the next election for an Emperor, at Pekin. I give myself no trouble in Canvassing.

Tomorrow morning ~~J~~ Jany 7, 1808

~~The~~ Three gentlemen of the factory going to England viz Sr G. Staunton, Mr Larkin the tea inspector; & Mr Cotton; all three my good friends; the two last, as having good interest at the India house I have spoken to very strongly; they have promised their possible — What will you have?

Mr Charles Lamb
India House

Mr Scaleby Castle
H.S.T.C.S.

C
JUN 28
1808

3 Mar 1808

(On board the Discovery being one of the Honble Companys surveying ships Commanded by Lieutenant Ross Macao Roads.)

You are the last person I write to, Lamb, by this fleet — I'm off tomorrow morning I hope, for the Coast of Cochinchina — what I shall do there I'll tell you another time. You don't deserve a line from me — why did not you write by the Direct fleet? Why did not you send me your Shakespeare's tales? What tho' you had received no letters from me? You might be sure there

were plenty on the road! By this time I've no doubt you've had scores. The last I wrote was in ~~Jany~~ January about 6 weeks ago wherein I told you, & that not for the first time, that I received yours by the retreat in the Summer (1807) 'tis now the 3d of March 1808 — I begin to talk a little China. I have Cochinchinese robes in my box, which I ~~[illegible]~~ shall put on in a few days. I shall soon see the Emperor & shall perhaps feel his pulse! What stories I shall have to tell! Who knows but — — aye, aye — yet — in short — however, if you see any of my friends tell them I'm off & in good spirits

No more at this present from S.
by myself J.

3d March - Macao Roads. 1808


3 March 1818
Mr Charles Lamb
India-house
London
Pr Hon. C.I.
Coote.

If Surat should arrive one day
You'll have this letter, & peruse it;
If She be taken by the way
Tis ten to one but what you lose it.

Macao August 18 - 1808

Ay there's the rub; if I was sure 't would come safe to hand, I'd go thro it as I've begun, in sweet proportioned verse; 'twould be very easy for We genioases — but tis still easier to write it in prose. Indeed whether Verse or prose, tis a pity any thing of mine should be lost. — I've a great mind to stop here, & bid you good afternoon; for every body tells me the Surat is but a poor venture. I wish You'd tell my friend Tuthill I'll write to him by the first sure hand — & that will be very soon, most likely he'll have my letter before your notice. — You want to know what I've been doing in Cochinchina. I'll transcribe you word for word what I've just written to my Father on that subject.

Extract

"My trip to Cochinchina was totally unsuccessful; We went too late. Dringle — dringle! — No time to manage matters on Shore, & other unlucky circumstances. So I was forced to accompany the Vessels on their Paracel-exploring Cruise..!!! A greivous bore, to say no worse of it. We found the Paracels in all their hideous deformity — Breakers — sandbanks — Coral rocks &c &c — Turtles, shell fish, wailing sea-birds so unused to man that they would not rise from their nests. Fishermen from Hainan visit these places for the sake of Turtle, Biche de mer, &

other † sea-productions ——— What is very curious, the first object we saw on the very first Islet we came to (that was before we put into Turon) was a large China Vessel wrecked, and a surprizingly numerous Crew in great distress on the shore. We saved them all; they amounted to 56 souls. Their Gratitude was unspeakable. Our ships were wonderfully crowded with them. We made for Turon directly, where we landed them all. Their Original Crew, on clearing Emoy (a port to the Eastward of Canton, in the next province) amounted, they say, to about 700; partly poor passengers, going out to seek a livelyhood at Batavia, or other European settlements. Some had been drowned; some had gone off in their boat. I was afraid at first ✕ (rather severe against my captain & accounting for my want of sweep. I'd not transcribe it).

I saw a little of the Villages on the Coast of Cochinchina but that was not my object. I lost my time — I can hardly bear even now to think of it with patience. We returned here in the beginning of July — I study doubly hard to make up my lost time. The veiled Mysteries of the Chinese Language gradually open upon my view." End of Extract.

I was in doubt whether to end my extract with "patience" or with "view" (I could pun now about carrying it on beyond the bounds of patience & having some object in view, but I've left off punning — Oh! what twinge is that? — God forgive me for lying.) I was in doubt

✕ N.B. I am not so rude as to say sea instead of marine — I cross "sea" [I write within note bene] this is not in my Letter to my Father.

I say that I could not omit the opportunity of using my — metaphor. ———

I have heard of people who write the same letter to two persons. — That's what I never did in my life — not a single phrase of length without noticing it as borrowed. I can no more write the same things to two people, than tell the same things to them.

It would be interesting to see all my different letters upon the same subject — a very curious speculation — to consider what effects exact "Vide G—n's life of his W. G—n, where he talks of the probable & important effects that might have come of his other earlier experience.

I am now writing letters, you see — presently I will be Eulogy — & that will be upon myself most likely — then for the choir for ye Gods!!! Morality, for my friends, to wit, & then Nonsense. But no, no. So high a Gusto as nonsense must not be broached out every day, not even to my London particulars (ask Larkins the meaning of that phrase, or ask whether his name, the great wine merchant) & may by no means be ventured into Lucky Vessels like the Great (God forgive me if I'm censorious, & pick holes in another man's coat) therefore the same to prevent (from prevenio) if I'm not too late I subscribe myself Your very obliged & affectionate Friend & Brother

P.S. You neglect me sadly Lamb! I have written Queries to you; & you are never inquiring after me. Considering the distance & the length of time we ought to be Realms between us. Good bye — Best Love to Mary —


Mr Charles Lamb
India House
London

If first should arrive one day
You'll have this latter & peruse it
But if She's taken by the way
Is lost one but what you lose it

Ay there's the rub; if I were sure I could come
safe to hand, I'd go thro' it, poetically. Would be
very easy to me genuines, but tis still easier to
write it in prose. Indeed whether verse or prose
tis a pity any thing of mine should be lost. I've
a great mind to stop here & bid you a good
afternoon for every body tells me the Gazet is
but a poor venture. I wish you'd tell My
Friend Talbott I'll write to him by the 3d sure
hand, & that will be very soon, most likely he'll
have my letter before your notice you wish to
know what I've been doing in Cochinchina. I'll
transcribe your verbatim what I've just written
to my Father on that subject (C view)

I was in doubt whether to end my extract with "Believe" or "view". I would have no object any it no beyond the bounds of Christian sincerity in view but in case the passing act that attracts & deserves no lying I was in doubt may but would not let you my the Opinion I have of my Relation. I have heard of people who write the same letter to two persons. I never did it in my life nor not a single phrase of length without any it as Copied. I cannot even write the same things to two people how to tell the same. If would be easier to know see ask my Friend when was the same Subject & Circumstances that offered are wide Godwins" Life I do not Godwin upon the probable effects of the that might have on I his earlier acquaintance. Forgive

I now reading when you receive presently hail be more by the time that will probably be over myself. Dear mercies from Father Newtons. Which that they heart (Amen prayer) I subscribe myself

My dear Friend Yours so

Thomas Channing

English Factory Canton.

but as in high a quest must not be trusted out every day can
& my London particulars but on mine of Mr Abel, usually as
others his written into Lady respects the Canton (and from mine
Friend Mr Abel his in one of our cases) the Lord by contrary Providence
Mr and daughter & Miss Lloyd & mine presented Mr Lloyd

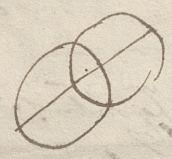
P.S. Give Augustus my Love.

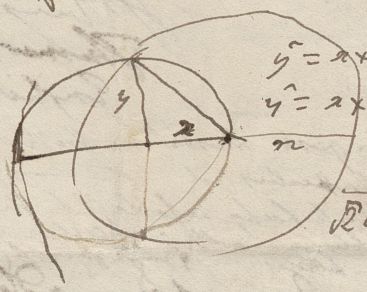
How written quires to you you are now
in your other me. Sunday the Lessons &
Gospel thought & reading Lessons. God bye.

Best love to Mary

To
Lamé
Fabart
2 Lettres

$a : \sqrt{2a} :: \sqrt{2a}\ 2a$





$y^2 = x \times \overline{2a - x}$

$y^2 = x \times 2\sqrt{2a - x}$

$\sqrt{2a + x} \times 2\sqrt{2} \cdot a$

$-\sqrt{2}a - x$

$x \times \overline{2a - x} = \overline{n + x} \cdot \overline{n - x}$

$2ax - x^2 = n^2 - x^2$

$2ax = n^2 = 4a^4 = 4a\sqrt[3]{a}$

$n^2 = 4a^4 \quad \therefore n = 2a^2$

$1 : a :: 2a : 2a^2$

$\frac{2a^2}{m} = n \qquad \frac{4a^4}{m^2} = n^2$

$2ax = \frac{4a^4}{m^2}$

$ax = \frac{2a^4}{m^2}$

$x = \frac{2a^3}{m^2}$

1 Mar 1809

Re (Re indeed; but I must take a better pen; well then) Refreshed by the juice of the Tuscan Grape, neat as imported from Madeira, I sit down (you must suppose I was standing before) to write a line (numerastin. pronum. plurali) to my Dear Friend Lamb; You must know I have written 5 letters already to day & therefore I say refreshed — yet tis but a figure, for I have not had a drop of any thing today. I speak now as a stage Coachman, & dont reckon tea among the drops of things, but only your rum brandy wine cyder perry & beer. I might have mentioned Mead, & made some good puns upon it — but I'm not inclined to be flowery just now, "and willingly forego the Punster's meed" You must observe I am not bound to write to you at all, for you seldom write to me, & I answered your last (dated 26 Feb. 1803) almost as soon as received, by the Surat Castle. Now the Surat Castle was no better than she should be, & may be gone to the bottom; in that case you've lost my letter — thats all (except the loss of the Ship & Cargo) but I'll put by till after Dinner; for I really am tired; & whets very curious writing to one man, I can't copy what I just written to another — no not a sentence. So that for example if when I've finished this, I should recollect that I ought to write to my friend Dr Henley the great antiquarian, I must lay down my pen & take up quite another stile. For he's a way, & you are a fatter of fact man. I should begin to him thus perhaps.

Adzooks! for Merry Master Henley
I must aside my Charles-Lamb pen lay;
& Seize a vein of light inditing
Such as a man may read while —*
Farewell Scaurus & Scamander

3 - self up to bed; unless you have changed your lodgings.

*lighting himself up to bed ‡

‡ Note upon note. You see this wont do for you; because you cant light your-

Farewell Tomb of Alexander!
Farewell Zodiac Aegyptian
Farewell Babylon Inscription
Farewell Mundi Anno decimo
Welcome jokes cum fun novissimo
&c
&c

Now these verses you see belong to the Learned Dr & as they have robbed you of a piece of the paper, I shall make the matter up to you by a Grammatical Commentary — & what will be suited to your taste, & what you could not have had without the verses, you know.

v.. I consider fun as indeclinable, wherever you find it I make it of the masculine gender, not to rime to decimo, but because ~~tis the~~ the Mas. is more worthy than the fem. vide Lil. Gram. — The rest of this Learned Commentary I'll give you after dinner.

After Dinner.

My dear Lamb, I've dined, & am ruined. My ideas are obtundated, fattened, oild, quenched, overlaid, stuffed, greased, spoild! I pop my head out of the grease-tub of digestion, & find every breeze of recollection blow rough upon me. God bless you. I am quite well & firmly yours, while I am any thing. but at present I'm jaded, & dare not express the sentiments of my heart, for fear my sleepyness should worry them.

T Manning

P.S. Love to Mary.

You should have sent your tales from Shakespeare.

Canton. March 1. 1809.

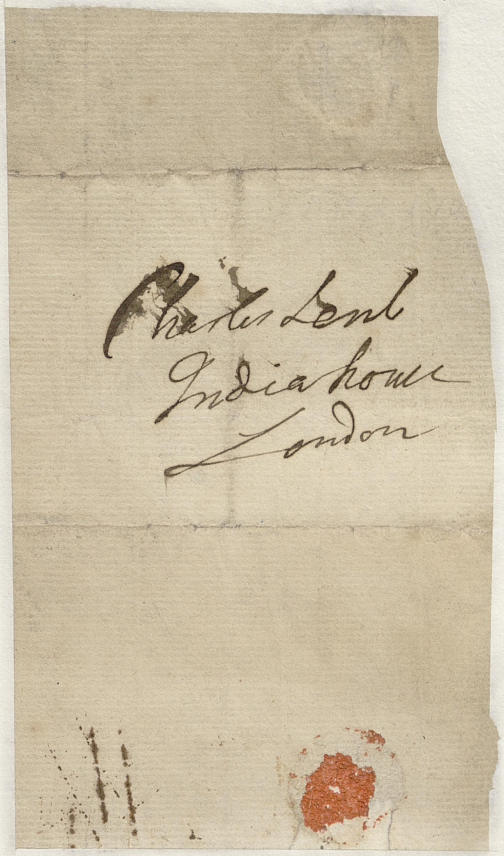


Dear Lamb

Oct 11th 1810

Just going to leave Calcutta for God knows where! very strange in mind and not write. Give one of these boxes of India Ink to Mary & the other to my brother Edward when you see him. I'll write to you before I am out of the bounds of civilization

Thomas Manning



Charles Lenl
India house
London

May 30. 1809

Dear Lamb

I took all your letter very kindly, except the word uncoind. As you & I have barred punning, I could not tell at first what to make of it — I'm afraid it will not pass current — I thought at first you alluded to her not being in a Family way — The phrase was familiar in Dryden's time — "stampt an image" But what interest could you or I take in that? She's not likely to produce young Napoleons, I suppose! Then I exchanged that for another idea — but still unfavorably. Just as the circulating medium of my brain was at a stand-still, & I feared I must let it a Loan, lo! the restriction (on my understanding) was taken off (it went off without any report) but still I take it unkind (of you — to puzzle me so). Nothing in this life, as you justly observe is without alloy — not even uncoind Gold — but let's change the note. "Who is that Mrs Bruton — the "Glorious Women" you call her — would you think it, I have ½ a mind to go over to Wethempsted, & inquire about her — only your notice is rather too vague. I know of but one Glorious Woman; & that is in the Revelations; & she wore the sun by way of a Brooche.

I have not heard of from or about my brother since he disposed of himself in the ablative case from the old Hummums. When so near a relative chooses to remain silent, instead of announce, we may pronouns him better — but there is some obscurity still hangs over that.

I know you Londoners despise us Seely country folk. You cannot frame a notion of our delights. You delight in Elections; we in a Horse-fair. You delight in a rout; we in routing the pigs out of the barly close. You delight in an interesting debate; we in baiting a rat-trap. You in your pullings down, & buildings up; your projected improvements; your openings from Haymarket to Maiden Lane &c; We in improvements made in lanes. You in your new post-office; we in our old posts, 3 steps off us when we open the door. We in our Kitchen Garden; You in your Covent Garden. We in cream; you in Milik (or something below) You in fresh Mackerell; we in fresh air. You in roasting Larks; we in singing Larks. You go off to Court &

to the plow; we doff our coats, & to the plough. You delight in state affairs: we in household affairs. You in Conversation, we in Knitting. You in crowded Shops: we in crowded Barns (you in Parks: we in Ducks). In short stories nothing (you have, but we (silly as we are) have an Equivalent. Often purpose, come over to London to explain the matter more fully & agree. But when I wake in the morning, & pulling my head out of the window, inhale the balmy air — when I hear the birds (the little Innocents, I mean) singing (Chirke, I mean) on every spray — when Oh Lamb! what a number of delicious delicate romantic rhimes present themselves to the word spray. — & this month of the year too! — I must refrain — & I begin to pour out, who can first draw their bent finger over my mouth, & wipe me dry! the sweet ideas hang together like ropes of treacle; one comes curling, crinkle after another. I've enough now ready in my mind to daub over 3 sheets of paper — I refrain — I refer you to the Ranelagh & Vauxhall Songs. There you'll find most of the rhimes I teem with, elegantly strung up like hollow bird eggs in a cottage. Yet it's a pity! I've a great mind to venture upon "New mown hay" They can't have got that surely!

(If you ask to) a lamb — for proper delights (we cannot be always sipping at the lamb — for real pathetic love to see her corpse well salted — She has no delight in your She (Monkeyisms) to say if you come to the right, in your She (Monkeyisms) to say if you come to the proper delights, what can be more delightful than killing a pig? It sounds perhaps like a joke or a paradox. But no such thing. I mean exactly what I say. A good fat hog — what plenty of matter to kill one in to the family! Does it! Besides the regular roasting & boiling pieces, spare rib, griskin, leg & so forth, there is such a variety of odd ends & dainty bits, of preparations, conserves & pickle meats: some of which follow in continently upon the cry of the pig. For exemple the Pastlet, which again surprize you at intervals after a week or a fortnight's suspense (as the relishes, sausages & others come forth in the shape of pies, hams & bacon, & when you've quite forgot the pig, months & months afterwards) make a heart grateful — fried Eggs a luxury — revealed about (what benefit, a carefree from the — Ecod, I'd at the time. One is) nerve animal; yet what a noise a mischief instead of a service think to hear him one was doing a mischief instead of Chicken Take my word for it to those that know how many yards of Chitterling go to a Dozen sausages (least that I have seen Miss Halloway my music like the cry of a dying pig. (What does Your Brother John say to it? Yes, a man of taste. he loves sucking pig. for my part I know no better eating, except it be eel-pye, there! there's a flea in her ear. Let him take care how he knocks off from shaving for 3 days. I can't say I have not been accosted by Miss Halloway this the 2d time this morning. I was accosted by Miss Halloway walking over the flakes this morning. I was accosted by Miss Halloway my supervuske, with her appearance. Why, says I to the Restoration, today, is it? "Yes, says she, I make then" — Oh nothing, says I, only I never shave that day" — Don't you!

Why? — I'm afraid you are a Jacobite then — Oh none say I, tis not that. Really, tis I can't help thinking of my brother, Charles. "If I was a Jacobite, I should not treat him so cavalierly" — Whether the parties saw that I doubted it, Halloway, I mistake, I don't know. Was miss Peggy Halloway; her sister is a very superior girl indeed, understands Geography & history — she worked a sampler like a map, particularly Africa — The Dromedary much admired — particularly Africa — The Dromedary done to nature — nor whether they were any of them made to string the words Jacobite Jacobin, Slave &c &c on the strings on the right Legs. but as Miss Halloway & I fawned over Peabody about with much mannerly flattery (she's a pretty girl, tho not so well schooled as her Sister) they all thought her & admired our comical ways. — they all here, think me prodigious learned. I descanted to them day at large, before a large party on a map of the world that was brought out for our inspection & admiration. & made remarks on all the places — there were not many names on it — twas in tent stitch. & the letters take up room in that, you know — too troublesome to work in more of the capital towns. I said very little about Pekin. I thought it's low smell of the shop. I enlarged a good deal upon Ispahan — gave it the true pronunciation, & instructed the Oldest Miss Halloway how to hush out the Gutteral, explaining to her the difference between h, double h, & kh; & much gratified both her & her mother, but drew forth some not over dry remarks from Miss Peggy, who does not like I believe that I should kiss her sister's mouth so much. She thinks her own lips much prettier, & so do I, & it is contented with such kh's as take place in our English hoity-toity, fiste! hasn't hush! huge. I saw her mind; & in quoting some guttural persian, from my own, in order to exemplify my remarks, directed the more fixed parts to her, which pleased her mightily, & made her shew her white teeth again; — O how people exaggerate & deceive themselves! They do declare here that I understand all the Languages in the World! whereas there is the Caribbee, there's the Islandic, there's your New Zealand Language, & 2 or 3 more, that I'm quite ignorant of, at present. The case you relate of — from cake. Vide Holofernes fully hard. I'm persuaded she'll mention it to-morrow after they've well frighten'd her in the while. unless, indeed they be so thing in the Bye Laws to prevent em. For some days past I've been weaving a plan in my mind for coming up to London for a few days. Then something occurs, & I postpone it. For I always take care in my weaving, to leave ample room & verge enough for that. I should like to see Mrs Lloyd very much. Also I should my

Friend Charles if I thought I could see him as I
I wish. otherwise the thought oppresses me. I cannot
tell whether a visit from me would really gratify him
or not. If I thought it would, I would come & see him
directly. — Bless me! what an acre of letter I've
written (dont pun, now, upon acre, ache or acur)
I dare not read it over, for fear of finding nonsense in
it. — I'm so quick at discovering that, when I read. — &
I dare not sign my name for fear you should miss-lay
it up, & some 40 years hence (50 I mean) Your
Executors (what a crapey word!) should miss-lay
their Dye-stained hands upon it, & lug it forth
Farewell. You'll guess me.

Charles Lamb Esqr
India House
London.

No 1

2 Sept 1819

Dear Lamb I can't for the life of me recollect Lloyd's address, so I apply to you to do a message for me. Tis not fair perhaps to be so careless, & then to trouble other folks: but consider the numbers in the Strand! & then a corner house too — nominally in the street, but virtually, to us visitors, in a lane. no fat No on a smokey-white post, meeting your eye thus 38 & making an impression that may be treasured up afterwards in your mind's Eye — altâ mente repostum — nothing to point out which is the door, "if door it may be called, that door is none, but rather hothouse frame, of Glassy squares compact" — no knocker, or any of the appurtenances that doors usually have; one seems as if one was going to enter into a conservatory for rare plants. for my part I'm always shy of looking at the pannels, because tis rude to stare into a private house. so if there be a number on them, cut with a diamond I never saw it (tho I believe after all the glass is silvered at the back, for I once saw a glimpse of my own spectacles in it, & nothing else). Besides I don't go by the No, but by the words "Shoe Lane" — I turn the corner, & pull at the first bell I find. If a man lived at Somerset House or Exeter change, there'd be no trouble in sending him a letter — or under the Belfry of the new Church, or over Temple Bar (a Capital situation in former times).

When I was last in town (the pen will soon get softer) I promised Lloyd, that in about a fortnight from that time, I'd come & stay with him a few days. Now reckoning by St Albans market there must have passed over since then at least 2 saturdays. Therefore I make bold, having lost the post clue to his house, to beg you to inform him that I intend to be with him on Tuesday next 7th Sep. provided it be a fine day, & provided I hear nothing from him to the contrary. Coaches being uncertain (as to accommodations) he need not expect me till he hears I'm come. Tell him this, & so shall he have a bed ready for me, & a Laver of fair water on a standish, with clean nappery, & scouring sand — There's no occasion to put Lavender between the sheets, tho I use it here. Excuse my rusticity, & believe me to be Yr most sincerely Thomas Manning

P.S. Bye the bye, I now recollect that Shoe lane is in Fleet Street & not in the Strand — so I have been expatiating on the letter to no purpose. Your mind, I dare say, did not go with me; I had it all to myself, as Virgil says

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arenâ

I have looked over this letter (a thing I seldom do) & dont quite understand it. I dont think Redbourn agrees with my wits. I have marked one or two of the most marketable puns.

Turn over

A propos of marking, did you ever note Spencer's description of Covent Garden? 'Tis in the 6th Canto of the 3d book

"In that same garden all the goodly flowers
Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht &c &c"

When he comes to the Theatre, he says

And double gates it had, wh opend wide
By wh both in & out men moten pass;

Old Genius the Porter of them was
Old Genius, ye wh a double nature has.

Ne needs no Gardiner to sett or sow
To plant or prune &c

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth forms, wh none yet ever knew;
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by itselfe, & rankt in comly rew
&c

Daily they grow, & daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent
But still remaines in everlasting store
&c

The substance is not changed nor altered
But th' only forme, & outward fassion
&c

Great enimy to it & t'all the rest
That in the Garden of the Convent springs
is wicked Time, who, with his scyth addrest,
Does mow the flowring herbes, & goodly things
And all their glory to the ground down flings
Where they do wither, & are foully marred.
&c

But were it not that Time their troubler is
All that in this delightful garden growes
Should happy be, & have immortal Bliss
For here all plenty & all pleasure flowes,
And sweet Love gentle fitts emongst them throwes
Without fell rancor or fond Ceatosy
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly merriment, & gay felicity"

&c

Thursday; Sepr 2^d. 1819

{From Mr Barford's Barn
Riddle corner, behind the
Screen, under the Light-hole.}



Dear Lamb

I have now lying before me a store of good things, that have never seen daylight. — A beautiful Anagram on the word Charm, composed at Lassa, & till now buried among my Lassa papers. A little dialogue, entitled Nonsense & an Irish story both composed in the same place. Also literal translations into Latin; composed in various places. also &c &c Shall I communicate any of these riches to you? What will you have? Where shall I begin? Speak quickly, for fear my paper should not hold out. That's right! you chuse some of the translations first. — in medias res, then.

Might I be at rest a moment o' time, or is it impossible, I exclamed.
Miti beat resta momento timoris it impossibili exclamet

Let us feel his pulse a bit
Latus felis pulsabit

Rest is necessary, I see. Restis necessarii se.

~~Dick's Eye red is; Ducks Eye Grey is. Dixi reddis; Duxi graiis~~

My rate is quick, + we see. Miratis quicque see

Man's pulse is subject to vary, far, far!
Some tell us in some men tis never at par.

Mens pulsis subjecto varî, far, far;
Sum tellus insum mentis neverat par

For my day too late tis! Formida tu latis.

I must try to mend a man's waistcoat
Imus tritu menda mansuescat.

Her bosom is pretty. Herbosum is pretî.

So let her come as servant. Solet hircum asservant.

Humble I come here a Suitor.
Umbilicum Hera sutor.

A great Squire attacks us: Can he call us before ~~him~~ them? can he cite us? can he hurt us?
À gratis quia at taxus: cannæ caulus biforem &c
He does caulus us. Hædus caulus.

+ ask a common hand to turn we into Latin, & you'll see my merit.

{Caught us at last in Ivy! Cautus atlas tinnivi.
{Verses are a refuge, — yet when do you buy any mad verses?
{versis ara refugiet tuendo ubi animadversis

{Mist him by G— !
{Mistim Bigæ

ἴσημι ὅς. I see my house.

{I demand a speedy answer. Idem andas pede anser.

There! I've thousands more behind: but I think you've enough. — What you will have the Anagram; because twas made at Lassa! well so you shall; here tis.

Anagram on the word Charm.

By twisting & by lopping me strange forms you may create,
But take me in my natural state, I'm form'd to fascinate;
When interlopers spoil a plot, I've verb expressing that,
I've also rounded form much like the back of yawning cat.
A curve; a four-legg'd beast with horns; a savory christian dish;
A month oft mention'd at Reviews; a member, & a fish.
I've river giving name to town, whose fame stands very high,
I've mischeit in me, & a verb that often follows I.
A vehicle in which of old great Kevis used to ride,
A brace of interjections & one article beside.
Another word I can't get in — at least without a cram
So make me out from what you've got, or leave me as I am.
Yet — one hint more — cut off my head, & look at what is left;
You'll find that I am come to harm, but not of sense bereft.
But if you lop one portion more, you spoil me for your pains
I vanish quite, except one arm, which still in sight remains!

In turning over the leaf where this Lassa Laurel lay as lost long lock't up in lots of Lumber, I have found a ~~sor~~ drinking song, dated Calcutta Oct 24, 1812. I expose it now for the 1st time: Mortal Eye, but mine, never saw it before! There are hundreds in the Language better, but this is new & mine, & as such I desire you not to despise it; for &c &c. to the end of the page, in order that I may begin my song nicely at the top of the next. Wohey!

Song composed extempore upon hearing in my ear, the words "Of all the Brave birds that ever I see,
The Owl is the fairest in her degree"

Parody.

1

Of all the brave liquors that ever I see
Good 5 year old Port is the Liquor for me
Good for the stomach & throttle;
Pop goes the cork
What signifies talk
The Wine stands with you, sir, come pass the Bottle.

2

I liv'd with a Friend at the edge of a Fen
Our Neighbors caught agues again & again
But we never shiver'd nor got ill
+ Gug Gug Guggle Gug
We decanter'd it snug
The Wind's in the East, Harry, pass the Bottle.

3

Drink water, you'll pump for bright sayings in vain;
Of wit & good sense, that lie deep in the brain,
Good wine is your only good pumper;
+ Bub bub in the Glass —
We toast a tight Lass —
The Maiden is ~~[illegible]~~ yours, Sir, Come fill up a Bumper.

Well I see you are tired. So I wont transcribe you my long descriptive poem entitled Hell Kitchen besides a great deal of the beauty of it depends upon properly pronouncing, or rather not pronouncing but howling certain uncouth sounds in it. What, for instance, would you make of the following, "yet is delightful, when properly set forth, as pointed by the Author."

"Here in a morning murky mists arise
From Diabolic draughts, that seethe & steam,
While furious forms of frightful fiery fiends
Bellow around for breakfast. ou yoi yoi,
Houleio oireo, ungrai, yob wob wob;
Our Our oimwoil our outch rob rob wob wob
Houleo oureo outch, aum waum wob wob"
&c &c

Dear Lamb. If you find a quarter of an hour's amusement here, at my expense, my end is answered. I hope your dear Sister is got quite well, or at least up to "not quite"
yours ever T Manning, (Mr Barfords Redbourn Herts)

+ tis not every body can say Gug Gug & Bub bub, properly

turn over

If you

If You ever see Rickman confidentially, ask him for a copy of the Agricultural Report for me. Skip it till [illegible]

Wednesday

Single Sheet

Charles Lamb Esq
India House
London

No. 1

STALBANS

L to L.

Dear L. I expect to come to Town next week or the week after. being my nearest way into N. I w^d gladly make a few days stay at that cottage situate in a romantic nook on the bends of the new river & w^d wish to know how the L^d & L^y of the Demesne stand affected thereunto. I spent many pleasant to the day by banked at by Prynne, whose voice, mungnel as it is, I should hear again with pleasure. But perhaps in addition to the crossing of his Ears (whence the learned antiquarian Betty calls him Prynne instead of Prince) unhide-bound Death has already cropped him, & sent his skin to the tanner. or at least adverse ravishing fate brought on his dissolution from your Society. — If you are after purchasing a boat for your portion of ye River, hasten the bargain, & get it home — for I am very fond of the Water & can fancy a strange pleasure in rowing from your Parched Entrance to the Gates with Port-Cullis at ye bottom of Cambdenst. — Is there a P^t Cullis there? or do I dream? I always think of Colebrooke Cottage as a mysterious Castle. hard of access to find — owing, I suppose, to first impressions; for the Coach man & I drove 3 times round the walls & fosse before we that Sally-Port to w^m Sally port the Person who performed the office of Sally-Porter was one Betty I think — She also not easy of access — Guarded with severe indifference & stern neglect of all that does not concern her Office. The Shafts of Badinage drop from her like School Boy Arrows from the Walls of a lonely Castle — you could not hear whether they hit her or not, — so distant was she — you saw them drop into the Ketches & Rubbish below & were vext to think they were lost. But all this rough & hard & Puzzling does but give a zest to the hospitable & gracious reception of the Lady of the Castle within — tis like the pleasure of cracking a a hard good Walnut — Says Martin B. who is now standing by me "Aye & much better, for the within of a Walnut only gives you meat (High as Hall; Bitter as Gall. Soft as silk; white as Milk & yet tis Mans meat!" Vide Seminarium Infantile) but the Lady within at Colebrooke Hall gives you both meat & drink" & then he laughed with strange obliquity of feature; & I laughed for company; but I thought it a great falling down from the pure sublime I had been floating in. However it gives me a good opportunity of descending to the familiar & begging you to give me a line just saying whether it will be perfectly convenient to you & your good Sister to &c &c &c —

Letter to L.

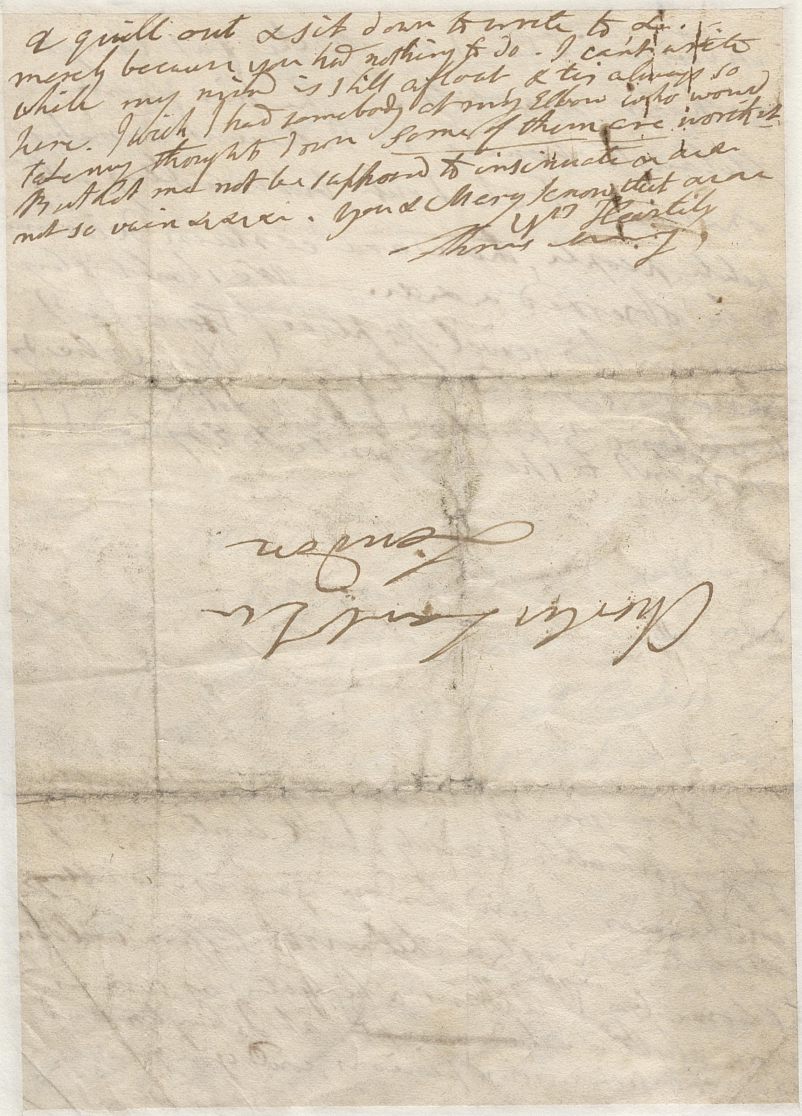
Florence. in time.

Dear Coomb

I cannot let Mr Payne leave Florence without sending you a line: it would be making as if I had forgot you, or changed. I, the anchor-pellet. You must be content for the present (as I dare say you will) simply to know that I propose writing to you seriously. What observations I have made on pictures & painting. What original ideas. Deep as the mud of the Thames — clear as Birches Jellies! How you will like Italy — particularly in my company. I am drunk with variety of ideas — & the Wine here is very good & wholsome, and does not give the headache, like port.

Venice is worth your seeing. Titian is somebody. but Paul Veronese is a great painter. What we call Leonardi da Vinci's in England, are, many of them, by Luini; some write him Luino — I mean Bernardino Luini. Then the small birds; the thrushes the Beccoficos the quails — roasted with a little thin stomacher of Bacon; looking so tidy in the dish. when a Quail is fat, tis curious. you may have them excellent at Padua. I should like to live at Padua — because there is an University there with fine architecture; & it seems a respectable place; & the learned men there (I felt as if it was full of them — learned in the civil law) invite the fat things to their markets. The air from Milan to Venice is delicious & makes one want to shout out; but travelling with polite people, there are certain decorums to be observed &c &c. — We shall stay here in this jewel of a place (Florence I mean) sometime longer. I have already been here 3 weeks! & have not had a moment to spare to write to England!!!

Suppose you had been flying, literally flying, smoothly & easily, with untired wing, in the air round London graves and ~~[illegible]~~ Margate Hamsted Chelworth Saffron walden & home by St Albans & highgate; as soon as you alighted ~~[illegible]~~ at Islington and had composed your pinions, could you ~~[illegible]~~



Some go to bed & some they go to pot — May 2d 1834
As does sometimes something or may befall — P. S. Jr.
But tell they by no man is forgot
Save him whose dog & shoes forgot smell
Which I thus [translate] for you

Hi regressi in nare hi ad canendum erunt
Prout visum Sommus afamus sucedent
Sed longe-diu-gesta non oblivisci queunt
Mortales [sic] quorum vigeva [non] adhuc manent.

Observe how harmoniously, as in a catch, I have [translated] the idea of Going to pot from bed to bed. Catch me missing a chance of the sort — cela s'entend!

I have had a fear. It refused me many days. Last Sunday it deserted out of me — without giving me any vent — which was rather unfair as it had received [my] music long. I hope this [may] not [take] to Hyde Norton & put the organ-pipes out of tune there. Hyde Norton is a Village in Norfolk. If there you [must] know they never [play] the Organ. If they do [not] it is a sad thing. If they do [not] & [when] the pipes play upon the Organ!! If you did not happen to know that you might wonder why I was doing at with my pipes. — Yesterday I walked with Sarah and my Aunt Sally about 2 o'clock. Later in the afternoon — and early in the evening I read to Aunt Sally. I saw swallows flying about. Later in the afternoon — and early in the evening I read to Aunt Sally. Called out to the Kitchen-wench, the [morning] rain was dripping from the Eaves: Called out to the Kitchen-wench, the morning rain was dripping from the Eaves: Cook! Cook! do you hear that" "Yes, I can't [hear] neither" [Mary] Cook! Cook! do you hear that" "Yes, I can't hear

to say the Carpenter of the village does not pay so regularly as he ought
he has good business too — he made me this little I am writing at, "Whose
Why Bets" — would not it be a good deed" — "Bet! her! Let alone
replied mortified the mother slowly & with Emphasis. I thought it [illegible] a bad
for a country Lawyer — though whether the meant it for better or
worse, I don't know. I meant no harm.

There is one Wright — si rite audita recordor — for I speak by
rite & am not sure whether I write it right or not — but however
This W. has retranslated Dante. They say
Chare quem Carius Convenit ante
Fore for a pound tis not better done than Cary's; if it be
this Wright must be charissimus — We are now in the month of
May; as you may perceive by the liberity and sweet breathedness
of this letter — which is like that of a Cow fed on fresh & flush May fast
rage. My imagination is as a may-meadow, humming with spring
& life — yea humming as a pot of bear hums when approached the fire
my soul feeds therein. feeds & pauses & cocks up the herbal &
wines for very gust of joy.
How do you do? & how does Mary. If she is well enough
to be pleased with the enquiries of an old friend, remember me most
kindly to Her. W. ever

P.S. I post my letters by double entry. one only for the date & another
for the letter-box. So mind, you are not to receive this till
tomorrow morning ~~Sunday~~ May 6th, 4 days after Date ~~the tis dated May 2d~~
Longo post tempore datur! I hope you'll say.

Monday.

L^r to Lamb.

CAMBRIDGE,

Dec. 15. [1799].

DEAR LAMB,

You must not suppose that my slowness in answering your letter proceeds from an indifference to your correspondence. I *have* been, & *still am*, harrass'd by business—I have obtained another Pupil; & the hour of Examination draweth nigh—and really when my occupation for the day is over, I find myself so dispirited & cold, that I am unfitted for writing—At this very time I feel frozen. I *would* express my thankfulness for your letter, & the satisfaction I experience (not at this instant, but when I am myself) in the prospect of our future correspondence, & intercourse—but I hate to have recourse to memory on these occasions—so I must beg of you, my dear Friend, to take cheerfully in payment all I have to give, & allow me credit for the rest.

I rejoice exceedingly in the hope of spending some time with you, when I come to Town, wh I believe will be in about 5 weeks.

I had some conversation the other day with Sophia concerning your Tragedy; & she made some very sensible observations (as I thought) with respect to

the unfitness of its title. The Folly, whose consequences humble the Pride & ambition of John's heart, does not originate in the workings of *those* passions, but from an underpart in his character, & as it were accidentally, viz from the ebullitions of a drunken mind & from a rash confidence. You will understand what I mean, without my explaining myself any further. God bless You,—& keep you from all evil things, that walk upon the face of the Earth—I mean Night-mares, Hobgoblins, & Spectres.

I shall expect a letter from you very soon. I am

Your affectionate Friend

THOMAS MANNING.

Postscript.—[*Here is a page full of drawings of queer beasts.*] I wish I could draw. It will not do.

Lamb's tragedy, here and hereafter, is *John Woodvil*, at present existing in its early form and under its first title of *Pride's Cure*.

His next letter, of December 28, is again in all the editions. "Having suspended my correspondence a decent interval," he says, "as knowing that even good things may be taken to satiety, a wish cannot but recur to learn whether you be still well

and happy. Do all things continue in the state I left them in Cambridge? Do your night parties still flourish? and do you continue to bewilder your company with your thousand faces running down through all the keys of idiotism (like Lloyd over his perpetual harpsicord), from the smile and the glimmer of half-sense and quarter-sense to the grin and hanging lip of Betty Foy's own Johnny?[1] And does the face-dissolving curfew sound at twelve? How unlike the great originals were your petty terrors in the postscript, not fearful enough to make a fairy shudder, or a Lilliputian fine lady, eight months full of child, miscarry. Yet one of them, which had more beast than the rest, I thought faintly resembled *one* of your brutifications." Among Manning's talents, which were many and various, we gather that there was this one of histrionic ability.

Lamb's letter apparently received no answer, but early in 1800 his new friend paid the promised visit to 36 Chapel Street, Pentonville. On January 23 Lamb writes to Coleridge: "I expect Manning of Cambridge in town to-night—will you fulfil your promise of meeting him at my house? He is a man

[1] "The Idiot Boy," in the *Lyrical Ballads*.

of a thousand." Manning stayed three days at Lamb's, and then, apparently, at 25 Cecil Street, Strand, to which address Sophia Lloyd wrote to him on the 26th, and Charles Lloyd on the 29th. He had evidently been much impressed by Coleridge on their first meeting, for Sophia says: "You have a strong sight, and I do not care for your being a little 'dazzled.' You will soon recover."

On Manning's return to Cambridge, *viâ* the rectory in Norfolk, Lamb wrote him a letter, of postmark February 8, which may be read in the Boston Bibliophile edition. A turkey is acknowledged, "the largest I ever saw": the rest of the letter is taken up with a pre-marital indiscretion of the never too well-balanced Lloyd, which had been the subject of comment in London. It will be sufficient to say here that Mary Hayes, the novelist, was a friend of Mary Wollstonecraft and also of Southey and Coleridge, and that she had been showing a particular letter of Lloyd's round her circle. This letter, in which he had told her what he thought of her, Lloyd had given to his sister Olivia to copy—"An ignorant Quaker girl,' says Lamb, "I mean ignorant in the best sense who ought not to know, that such a thing was

possible or in rerum naturæ, that a woman should court a man."

Manning addresses himself to this subject :

CAMBRIDGE,

Sunday [*Feb.* 9, 1800]

DEAR LAMB,

I have been long anxious for an opportunity of writing fully to you my opinion of *that letter* of Lds—in what points I agree with you, & where we seem to differ—but it has always presented itself to my mind as a difficulty too great to be encountered save by one at ease & leasure—& this I *never* am—I am not *now* but I must write ; for if I postpone it much longer you will begin to think me negligent —*that* would not be the true idea of my state of feelings towards you, Lamb—for if you were conscious of each instance in which I mentally correspond with you, you would confess that I am exuberant in my communications (by the bye these mental epistles are very detrimental to *real post-paper* correspondence, in as much as it fatigues to go over with the hand what has been fully & amply detailed already in the brain).

Suppose you were to ask me the question " Would you, Manning, if L. had shewn you that letter, have

acquiesced in its mission ?" I answer, "No, I would not." Some things in it I think positively wrong, e.g. his saying that he understands her Novels are transcripts of her Love letters, & secondly, knowing the manner in which I know people *do* take things, I think the excessive frankness & sincerity of the letter improper.—But I want to know—Do *you* blame him for *having* these sentiments & impressions of the Lady ? or for expressing them ? Not the former surely.—The picture of her, drawn by a friend of yours[1] in my presence, would, I am sure, give her much more offence than what L. says.—But I think, & I know you agree with me, that we ought not always to give our opinions of people to their faces ; it pains, & is of no service, *that I see*—Mind ye, I say ' that I see '—for I must say, that such a line of conduct comes recommended by a simplicity & an appearance of strict adherence to 1st. principles that plead strongly for it. The matter is this—such a frankness in most people would indicate something else lurking in their minds—a spite—a contemptuous desire to pain—they could not bring themselves to speak so openly (tho their thoughts might be as foul as a puddle)

[1] Probably Coleridge.

while they had an atom of regard left for the person addressed; but in Ld's writings you read his sensations undisguised, unrepressed, ungarbled—to a man that understands L. it must be the same thing to be unable to bear the expression of his thoughts & to be unable to bear to imagine his entertaining these thoughts. Now I do say that if Miss H. had imagined all that Ld. confesses (& from her questions to Miss R. it appears she did imagine something—perhaps ten times worse) she *ought* not, she *would* not have been enraged.—If then she be anything more than disgusted, it is because she does not know the singleness & integrity of L's heart. But I must do the Lady the justice to say that altho this letter be *now* the pretended basis of her anger, yet in fact it has I believe arisen to its present unruly height from other stimulants—from the interference & insinuations of some friend or from some real or imagin'd neglect on Ls part *since* her *answer* to *that letter*.

There is a certain degree of blame attaches itself to this business. Let us divide it into 10 thousand parts & give one part to Lld—He will then have his share to the full. That is my opinion. What business has Miss H. to go about exhibiting a

private correspondence of this kind ?—L. does not go round to his friends & acquaintance babbling forth her follies—he never *did*, & he never *does*.—If he did employ his sister to transcribe the letter, we ought to consider who Olivia is—not a tattling pert minx, but a good girl, that would copy the letter at her Brother's request, & think no more about the matter. As to Southey's implication in the business—it is sufficient to state Southey now corresponds with L. as a friend—whoever deems Southey a man of character & integrity is satisfied by this that he does not consider L. as a guilty man —however erroneous & faulty he *may have* judged his conduct—& this, whatever sentences S. may have uttered. You know, Lamb, from the expressions I used at your house, my conviction of Lds integrity, & my respect for his character—& I know that when you ask your heart & head What sort of man is L ? your answer agrees with mine. But you also know that there is not that complete identity of sympathy between me & L. as to make me blind to his faults. Moreover I have that coolness & mathematical precision that render me as difficult to be imposed upon as one of brighter intellect or (if that be possible) stronger judgement.

—Well ; I have considered this affair fully & I do lay my hand upon my heart & say that Lds conduct in it (tho erroneous I *think*) has been such as to produce in me towards him no diminution of respect of honour or of Love. That you may entertain similar sentiments is the wish of

Your very affectionate Friend

T.M.

To this letter Lamb's of February 13 (postmark) is the reply, which he followed with another of March 1—both in all the editions. In the first he resumed the Lloyd discussion, and, apropos of his first meeting with Godwin on Coleridge's introduction, remarked : " I begin to think you Atheists not quite so tall a species." In the second, he enclosed his friend James White's *Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff* for Manning's perusal, and praised Bishop Burnet's *History of His Own Times*, which he had been reading : " None of the Damned philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold, and unnatural, and inhuman ! None of the damned Gibbonian fine writing." Manning acknowledges both letters.

Sunday [P.M. (?) *Mar.* 9, 1800].

What! not a word of reproach for my long silence? Do you mean to affront me, Sir?—But, Damn-me, If I'll be affronted *so*, neither, my master—I must have a broader hint, before I'll construe it into "Your writing or not writing is a matter of perfect indifference to me"—in Xtian verity, I like not to be reproached for my sins of omission, except by my Conscience—for this *good* reason (we Mathematicians *always* give *a* reason) that nobody, save She, can know all I have to say in my excuse.

Falstaffs Letters I have perused with much delectation—they are indeed genuine—whether many of the allusions & delicate touches have escaped my tact, it is clearly impossible for me to say—but I protest I have noticed & relished many felicities, that would pass unobserv'd by an incurious reader. When we meet again (God grant it be soon) we will discuss the hidden beauties of this little Morceau.

I have dipped a little into Burnet's history, & have been very much pleased with his manner—I always speak of it, as the right stile, in historical matters.—I mean, when Golden leasure arrives, to read him thoroughly. I *hear* that many of his

accounts are much controverted, but he is generally allowed to be an honest writer—where he deceives, he is himself deceived.—As to Hume, Gibbon &c. I have but a low opinion of them, so far as usefulness goes—but we must allow, Lamb, that Hume is *easy*, *sweet*, *clear*, &c ; Gibbon *pointed*, *terse*, *brilliant*, &c ; & Robertson *judicious*, *vigorous*, &c (N.B. I have read about 17 pages of Hume's History, 153 of Gibbon's, & 19 of Robertson's).

Upon looking back to your Penultimate letter I find the following Query—" Pray is it a part of your sincerity to shew my letters to Lloyd ? " To which I answer, " No." I shewed *that former* letter of yours to him, *because* anything, that might, per se, appear harsh, is corrected by the statement of the reason why you could not write so freely to him on that subject ; yea better corrected & qualified than any extract wou'd have been by comments of *mine*. Your last letter I did not shew him, altho it concerned himself—I thought he would neither see the beauty of, nor be *exactly* pleased with the sentence (which upon my soul I think exquisite) " A letter I would not have sent to my Enemy's Bitch,[1]

[1] Lamb had applied to the situation a remark of King Lear's, Act IV, Scene vii.

if she had thought proper to seek me in the way of marriage."—I expect you to see, from this example, without my saying anything further, that you may write most freely to me.—One thing, tho, I must beg of you—that is, not to call me Atheist in your letters—for tho it be mere raillery in *you*, & not meant as a serious imputation on my Faith, yet, if the Catholic or any other intolerant religion should h[appen] to become established in England, (which sp[ite] of the Bishop of R——r,[1] may be the case) & if the Post-people should happen to open & read your letters, (which, considering the sometimes quaintness of their form, they may possibly be incited to do) such names might send me to Smithfield on a hurdle,—& nothing, *upon earth*, is more discordant to my wishes, than to become one of the Smithfield Illuminati.

You recollect, I suppose the story about Coleridge's humming Caldwell of Jesus College concerning his newspaper engagements[2]—well, it is

[1] Samuel Horsley (1733–1806), Bishop of Rochester 1793–1802, who engaged in a famous controversy with Dr. Priestley and was also a learned mathematician.

[2] See Lamb's letter of February 8 (Boston Bibliophile edition): "I cannot but smile at Lloyd's beginning to find out that Col. can tell lyes. He brings a serious charge against him,

turned out to be all a mistake—Caldwell has never imputed any such declaration to Coleridge—'twould waste both your time & my own to explain such nonsense.—

God bless you—write to me very soon—if your spirit tells you that I ever yawn over your letters tis a lying spirit (begging your pardon). In serious truth, my dear friend, the oftener you write, the more you gratify your very affectionate friend

T.M.

P.S.—Don't regard *my* dilatoriness. Ld. says you have not written to him for a long time.

There is nothing from Lamb between this and the following letter.

[P.M. *Mar* 17, 1800].

Dear Lamb,

The gap in our correspondence has now grown so wide (so much wider than you ever before

that he told Caldwell he had no engagements with the Newspapers! As long as Lloyd or I have known Col. so long we have known him in the daily & hourly habit of quizzing the world by lyes most unaccountable & most disinterested fictions." Caldwell, afterwards the Rev. George Caldwell, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, was a fellow-undergraduate of Coleridge's at Cambridge: his name is on the list of subscribers to the *Friend*. "Humming" is, of course, humbugging.

suffered it to run to) that I begin to suspect some letter of yours must have miscarried—I should have been alarmed about you, & have imagined that you & the Jolly Excise-man had missed your way one night, & tumbled into the water in Liquor-pond Street,[1] had not that busy Wench, Fame, (who is for ever, you know, gossiping & tattling about *great men*) spread a report that you & Coleridge were seen lately in the City, & that you dined at a Booksellers in Grace-church Street—I had shrewd reasons for crediting this story, & so became easy in my mind about you—but I really think it very hard to be forced to apply to the Many-Tongued Goddess, in order to know how you go on ; seeing that the post office continues to perform its functions as regularly as ever.

I am looking forward now with pleasure to the Easter vacation—I shall then have a respite from business—to secure which I shall take myself into the country for a fortnight—then comes *the May-term*, which runs scanty this year (Easter Sunday is the primum mobile of the Spring terms)—after that comes the long vacation (how sapiently I unfold

[1] A street now merged in the Clerkenwell Road. The Jolly Exciseman I do not know.

the order of things !) & *then & at that time* I hope I shall see you here—sooner deponent wisheth not.—

Tell me when you write again whether you have heard anything of your Tragedy—*there are some very pretty lines in it, Lamb & I wish it may succeed.* How does that kind hearted Heathen* do—that busy Theorist—with more good wishes in his heart than would be sufficient to stock the literary world with happiness for a century to come—I mean if they all brought forth fruit—when you next call upon the Moth, remember me kindly to him.—I shall be very glad to hear from you—in the mean time I am most faithfully

Your affectionate Friend

THOMAS MANNING.

CAMB. *Sunday, March* 1800.

* G. Dyer.

" The Moth," I suppose, is another nickname for " that kind-hearted Heathen," George Dyer, but if so we do not get it elsewhere.

Crossing Manning's, Lamb wrote his of the same date, which will be found in all the editions. " Pray pardon me," he says, " if my letters do not come very thick. I am so taken up with one thing or

other, that I cannot pick out (I will not say time but) fitting times to write to you. My dear love to Lloyd and Sophia, and pray split this thin letter into three parts, and present them with the *two biggest* in my name. They are my oldest friends; but ever the new friend driveth out the old, as the ballad sings! God bless you all three!"

After this, for five months, Manning's letters are missing, and if we possessed them the dating of Lamb's for the period would be much simpler. They are eight in number,[1] and they cover a bad period in his home affairs, when the renewed illness of Mary combines with other circumstances to make his correspondence sad reading. In May he acknowledges the good which Manning's letters have done him; and on August 9 he concludes: "And now, when shall I catch a glimpse of your honest face-to-face countenance again—your fine *dogmatical*

[1] As follows: (1) April 5, all editions, in reply to one of Manning's; (2) later April, Boston Bibliophile edition, probably written a few days after the other; (3) May 12 (?), Ainger, to which Manning replied by return; (4) May 20, all editions, to which Manning replied; (5) June 1, dated by Mr. Lucas, May 25 (?), but written on Whit-Sunday, which was June 1 this year; (6) June 8 (?), Boston Bibliophile edition; (7) July, printed by the late Mr. Dobell in the *Athenæum* of May 5, 1906; and (8) August 9, all editions.

sceptical face, by punch-light? O! one glimpse of the human face, & shake of the human hand, is better than whole reams of this cold, thin correspondence."

It is at this point that Manning resumes:

Sunday [*August* 10, 1800].

If you wish to see my honest face (& tis a very honest face, but I may be a damned rogue for all that for as the learned Author of the Latin Grammar judiciously observeth "fronti nulla fides")[1] you must come to Cambridge—if you wish to give me a particular satisfaction, you must come to Cambridge—if you wish to give me no cause of dissatisfaction, you must come to Cambridge.—Give me a line tomorrow saying that you'll come yourself on Tuesday & I'll prepare a lodging for you—or come without announcing your intention, if you don't chuse to write, & we'll see what we can do.—I shall be very much disengaged this week —so I shall next—after that I cannot promise.—The very thoughts of your coming makes my keg of Rum *wabble* about like a porpoise—& the liquor

[1] "There is no trust to be placed in outward looks."—*Juvenal*, Sat. 2, 8.

(how fine it smells !) goes *Gultch squlluck* against the sides for joy.[1]

What a while you took, Lamb, to mend your pen this last time—I should have been glad of a scrall with the old one (old scratch) in the interim—indeed I began to think you had fairly, and most foully, cut the correspondence.—Whereby I was not a little rejoiced to see your blessed hand once more—indeed your letter was a great comfort to me.

I'll be much obliged to you to put my name down on Dyer's list of Subscribers or desire him to do me the favour of enlisting me just as you think proper.—I wish I could send him any other names from Cambridge, but tis difficult to *make* people subscribe to poetry especially during the present high price of provisions. Give my very best respects to Dyer, when convenient.

Come soon, & stay as long as you like—I'll take no excuses but real un-putoffable business—mind that. Thine, T.M.

Lamb's immediate acknowledgment of this, post-marked the 11th, is in all the editions. It gives

[1] Four or five lines of Manning's letter I have omitted here, as not very well suited to present-day reading.

reasons why he cannot go to Cambridge at present, and is followed by another of the 24th, to which Manning sent a reply which we do not possess. Another of the 28th produced reasons why, alternatively, Manning should come to 27 Southampton Buildings, the temporary home of Charles and Mary between Pentonville and the Temple. From the next (September 22), we learn that the visit has taken place, and has been followed by a present of game. Lamb's of October 16 refers to, and defers, his proposed return visit: "All I can promise (and I do promise with the sincerity of Saint Peter, and the contrition of sinner Peter if I fail) that I will come *the very first spare week*, and go nowhere till I have been at Cambridge." On November 3 he announces the acquisition to his circle of a "*pleasant hand*, one Rickman, to whom I was introduced by George Dyer." These letters are in all the editions. Another of November, which is missing, arrived with its tail cut off in the post.

[P.M. *November* 28, 1800]

Who cut the tail off your last letter?—I was reading on eagerly, without observing the chazm

at the end, & tumbled plump into it heels over head,—tis a very disagreeable sensation—Did you ever make a spring at a hedge, not seeing the claypit on the other side ? &—whir ! where are my legs !— But the contents of the first part of your letter are some compensation for its abruptness—you shall be right welcome, my lad, & pray take out as long a furlough as possible—The Snipes shall present themselves to you, ready roasted—*you* shall take the *digestible* parts, & *I*'ll take the long bills. Don't come before the 16th.

I have been browzing upon Currie's Edition of Burns's Works[1]—the perusal of the prose part has cost me more blasts & execrations than would Damn a regiment of foot soldiers, if oaths weigh any thing in the Almightie's Scales, but I trust I am not yet blotted out of the Book of life ! Long before the day of final retribution, you know, Xt will be employed in casting up his Father's books & balancing each man's account. Then I trust, when he comes to the letter M. he will find my name,

[1] *The Works of Robert Burns, with an Account of his Life, and a Criticism of his Writings, to which are prefixed some observations on the Character and Condition of the Scotch Peasantry.* [By James Currie, M.D.]. Liverpool and London, 1800.

with a long list of good works under it—to be sure there will be a few peccadillos per contra & a short account under the head " M. debtor to God." But the balance will procure me a ticket for the 1st. seats in the heavenly Concert !—I wander from my subject, which was to tell you how I cursed Currie Gregory &c for their Damned criticizms. I wanted you to pour myself out to—there is not a soul *here* (that I know of) whose taste reaches further than to know a hot apple pye from a close-stool. You say nothing about your Tragedy—it may be your *damned* Tragedy by this time. I suppose that article is in the rent off part of the letter—Damn the Postman's daughter for turning the end of your letter into Curl-papers. I should say turn-tailing it into C-p^{rs}. May she become crooked & her hair strait to all eternity.

When you come I'll shew you a very

[*tail cut off*]

The rest is missing—no doubt intentionally, in revenge for the curtailed letter which Manning had received.

Lamb replied with his of the same day (November 28, all editions), but he must have written another

a week or two later postponing his visit on account of a cold, and urging Manning to visit him instead. To this letter the next is the reply. It refers also to Lamb's previous one, in which he pretended to have accepted " a very kind invitation from Lloyd and Sophia to go and spend a month with them in the Lakes." This, it is hardly necessary to say, was one of his front-page hoaxes.

Friday Decr. [12, 1800]

DEAR LAMB,

Your letter has excited in me no other unpleasant feelings than those of disappointment. I am indeed very much disappointed—I had promised myself a very pleasant meeting. I am in good health, & better spirits than usual, & had a fancy that I could have made your stay here entertaining to you. Your expedient is very ingenious in *Theory* (tho as *you hint* not altogether a *new* one) but is *practically* impossible. My work will be very light after term time, but I shall still have two pupils on my hands till degree time ; whom I cannot possibly leave—after that, what little remains of the vacation is promised to Norfolk. Your invitation is truly hospitable, & your frank way of obviating

hesitations just what I like. I assure you I should make no scruple of coming, if I was free—but I will not yet despair of seeing you in the course of the vacation. I give you all December to nurse your cold & dispatch your Business, & if that won't do, you shall have a supplementary fortnight out of January—then, for a change of air, you shall come down to Cambridge. Why not? Your postponement of "a few months" might very well suit the longevity of an antediluvian Patriarch, but is snotching too deep into the shortened span of Modern life.—Consider about these things, & don't give me up, if you can help it; for I do want mainly to see you.

(N.B. Your Lake story completely took me in, till I got to the 2nd page. I was pleas'd to think you were so rich, but I confess rather wondered how you should be able *conveniently* to take so long a journey this inside-fare time of the year).

I condole with you, Mr. Lamb, on the tragic fate of your tragedie—I wonder what fool it was, that read it! By the bye, you would do me a very very great favour by letting me have a copy—if Beggars might be chusers, I should ask to have it transcribed partly by you & partly by your Sister—I have a

desire to possess some of Mary's hand-writing—make my kindest remembrances to her & tell her so. But in the mean time I want to see your Epilogue. I wonder you did not send it to me in your last—if tis spoken tomorrow night, I shall expect to see it on my table on Sunday morning when I rise, thus*

[*Sketch of a table*] * Vide plate

(Explanation of plate—Literary table, alias littered ; letter lying in front, from Mister Lamb.) Is *this* successful Tragedy spun by The Philosopher ?

There has been a poem published in Cambridge called The Vernal Walk—I think it possesses considerable beauty—it abounds in imitations of Thompson, but is still original. I will transcribe part of the address to God at the conclusion.

O ! Thou, that sway'st the boundless universe
King of illimitable Empire ! hear
My trembling voice of praise. I know thou art
A spirit omnipresent, yet my mind
When she would raise her wandering eye to thee
Vainly attempts to grasp so vast a view,
For with the darkness of obscurity
Thou cloathest the brightness of thy majesty
Lest the full blaze should blast our feeble sight.

Still, in thy half revealed sublimity,
Thou art more awful than a thousand Suns,
Wrapt in the horror of a thousand storms,
Holding the reins of universal rule,
Invisible thou sitt'st upon the throne
Of universal nature, & decree'st
The doom of men, of nations, & of worlds.
By thy command Cæsar, the proud, was slain
By patriot Brutus, by the man he loved.
By thy command, Rome, Queen of nations, rose
Proudly, & grasped the empire of the world ;
& Rome, the mighty, fell by thy command
From her high state ; she fell & shook the earth
& still the echo of her fall is heard.
By thy command the myriad worlds of light
Sprang from primeval chaos, & illum'd
The void unbounded ; & shouldst thou ordain
To uncreate creation, at thy nod
Those worlds unnumbered would return to nought.—
Holy, invisible, immutable
Spirit of spirits ! ere the radiant sun
Shot from the purple east the light of morn
Or the pale moon bade the unbounded deep
Obey her influence ; ere the streamy vales
Smiled with their flowers or the gigantic hills
Hid in the cloudy sky their lofty tops
Thou hadst existed an eternity
Of yearful ages.

Goes on better still, but neither room nor tin
Farewell.

The Philosopher of this letter is, of cour
Godwin, whose tragedy *Antonio* was produced
Drury Lane under a pseudonym, and, in spite
Lamb's epilogue, did *not* prove successful.

Manning's next is in acknowledgment of four
Lamb's of the 13th, 16th, and 19th December (tw
in all the editions. The first contained the epilogu
as requested ; the second reported the failure of t
tragedy ; the third accompanied " all of Coleridg
letters to me, which I have preserved : some
them are upon the subject of my play. I also se
you Kemble's two letters, and the prompter's cou
eous epistle, with a curious critique on *Pride's Cu*
by a young physician from Edinbro', who modest
suggests quite another kind of a plot. . . . You w
carefully keep all (except the Scotch Doctor's, *whi*
burn) in statu quo, till I come to claim mine own
In the same packet came the fourth note, attach
to a manuscript copy of *Pride's Cure* " compound
precisely of the two persons's hands you request
it should be," and the whole was to be acknowledg
" *directly*."

Saturday evening.

[P.M. *Dec.* 22, 1800].

Dear Lamb,

As you have underscored the word "directly," I suppose you expect me to acknowledge the receipt of the parcel this very evening. I can write to you tonight certainly, but there is nobody to carry the letter—but tomorrow's post will, I trust, convey to you my thanks for the very interesting pacquet you have sent me.—Was Colᵍᵉ asleep or possess'd by one of the Spirits of Mal-aproposity when he wrote you that amazing Critique? As sleep is an accident that generally befalls once in 24 hours, whereas Demoniac possession takes place *very rarely*, I heartily wish the latter may have been *his* case—for I should be grieved to suppose him *subject* to such neither-here-nor-there fancies in his sleep.—It is quite a new idea to me that Shakespear *could not* write for new Drury Lane!—Some other things too, C. seems to have discovered about Shakespear, which I was utterly ignorant of—but enough—it *can be no* pleasure either to *you* or *me* to expose the weak places of a man of strength. I turn to your other Critic, that Gentleman whose fertile brain can at a moment's warning furnish you with

10 thousand models of a plot— ☞ " The greatest variety of Rapes, Murders, Deathsheads, &c&c&c, sold here "—he who with his 1mo, 2do, 3us, &c, can underprop & bear up the sinking interest of the dullest Tragedy, that ever went out (before the curtain dropt) for want of snuffing. This Gentleman, I insist upon it, gives a very good critique upon your Tragedy—I insist upon it, he *understands* the merit of your Tragedy, *generally* better than C., tho very likely he has not so vigorous a conception of any one of its beauties not having so vigorous a mind. I wish you would take his advice (leaving out his Scarecrows) & partly new model your plot. Tis a sin & a shame, & BY GOD IT SHALL NOT BE, that the excellent touches in that tragedy, the inimitable delineation of character (which all people except dead people & Moral philosophers would understand) should not be produced to the world. If you are so fond of the little Brat's features, because tis of your own begetting, that you can't bear to think of the nose being made to stand in the middle of the face, why send it into the world as it is—people will admire it, & many will doat on it—thousands will exclaim, " If it had but another Eye where its nose stands, 'twould be the charming'st creature in the world."

I have not written to you (before) since I receiv'd your damned epilogue to that damned play—you were a good fellow to let me find it on my table as I requested you. I had look't into the Monday's papers (the True Briton) & seen that the Professor's scale was *up*, in the primum Mobile, before your news of the defeat arrived. Your facetious account of the effects of the "Tables turned," had it not been for my *regrett* (*umm*), would have much entertained me. How is the fallen angel now? is he still prostrate, or has he shak'n his wing, & reared himself from off the oblivious pool?[1] We shall have plenty of time to talk about all these things when you come here—for there's to be *no curfew*, you are to sit up as long as you like without keeping up any one, either gentle or simple, & the Punch-bowl will be always full & ready & not want an angel (except me) to stir it up, like the pool, at Bethsaida, wasn't it?[2]

Wishing you & your sister a merry Xtmas & many of them, I am your fast friend

T. MANNING.

P.S. My verdict upon the poet's Epitaph is, "Genuine."

[1] *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I, lines 221 and 266. "The Professor," of course, was Lamb's name for Godwin.

[2] Bethesda (John, V. 2).

A manuscript copy of Wordsworth's "Poet's Epitaph" was perhaps among the Coleridge letters forwarded by Lamb. The reference, at all events, is not otherwise explained by anything in the preceding correspondence.

Lamb wrote on December 27 (all editions), and followed his letter with a visit to Manning in the New Year as arranged. Mr. Lucas, in his notes to this letter, says there is no confirmation of this visit; but he overlooks, for the moment, Lamb's letter to Robert Lloyd of February 7, printed by himself in *Lamb and the Lloyds*: "I believe I told you I have been to see Manning. He is a dainty chiel. A Man of great Power—an enchanter almost. Far beyond Coleridge or any man in power of impressing—when he gets you alone, he can act the wonders of Egypt. Only he is lazy, and does not always put forth all his strength; if he did, I know no man of genius at all comparable to him."

The first letter from Lamb after his visit which has been preserved is of February 15 (all editions), and is largely concerned with the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, just published, and the not very sympathetic or encouraging treatment *Pride's Cure* had met with at the hands of the poets. Receiving

no reply to this letter, owing to Manning's temporary absence from Cambridge, he followed it promptly with another, written in triplicate, which we do not possess. This, however, is Manning's reply :

[P.M. *February* 25, 1801.]

DEAR LAMB,

I have been unaccountably prevented from writing to you since I returned to Cambridge, or I should have done it to *answer* three letters which I found here on my arrival—I ought to say three copies of one letter.[1]—How could you think I should refuse to write to you ? Had you no easier way of solving the Phænomenon ? You *Dramatic Writers* are very expert in *framing* Incidents to *produce* strange effects—tis very odd then when strange things *do* really take place, that you can't *fit them* with proper incidents for their causes. Suppose

[1] In a letter from Charles Lloyd to Manning (January 26, 1801, unpublished), there is a postscript written in small writing on the outside flap, in Latin : " Præter hanc, adsunt tres epist. a *Lamb*, breves et similes—hae solummodo continent ' actus sum in desperationem quod nihil a te audiverim.' " (" In addition have come three letters from *Lamb*, short and all alike ; they merely contain the words ' I am moved to despair because I have heard nothing from you.' ") This writing in triplicate twice in three weeks must have been a sudden fancy of Lamb's, like his writing, on occasions, in red and black ink alternately.

that you had invented that I went out of Cambridge in a hurry & left no word where my letters should be sent after me? Or, suppose—any thing else.—At any rate never suppose me *mortally* offended, till I give you *positive* indications of it.

I have not time to give you my opinion of the 2[d] Vol of Ly[l] Ballads, except that I think tis utterly absurd from one end to the other. *You* tell me tis good poetry—if you mean that there is nothing puerile, nothing bombast or conceited, or any thing else that is so often found to disfigure *poetry*, I agree, but will you read it over & over again? Answer me that, Master Lamb. Xtover Wordsworth[1] has the most exalted idea of it you can imagine—for my part I had rather sit spinning all day than prosing over such uninteresting accounts of uninteresting things.

When you write to me next, put your letter with George Dyer's Volume into a parcel & send it me by the coach. Don't hurry your letter *for the sake of the Book*, & by no means send it without a letter.

Yr T.M.

Tuesday morning Cold-handed.

[1] Christopher Wordsworth (1774–1846), youngest brother of the poet and afterwards Master of Trinity College, who married Charles Lloyd's sister, Priscilla, in 1804.

Lamb's reply, in all the editions, is without key to its date, but it was evidently prompt. "You masters of logic," we read, "ought to know (logic is nothing more than a knowledge of *words*, as the Greek etymon implies), that all words are no more to be taken in a literal sense at all times than a promise given to a tailor. When I expressed an apprehension that you were mortally offended, I meant no more than by the application of a certain formula of efficacious sounds, which had *done* in similar cases before, to rouse a sense of decency in you, and a remembrance of what was due to me! You masters of logic should advert to this phenomenon in human speech, before you arraign the usage of us dramatic geniuses." He sends the first news of the approaching removal to Mitre Court Buildings, and encloses Dyer's *Poems*, together with a selection from his Wordsworth and Coleridge correspondence, "which I beg you to return along with those former letters, which I hope you are not going to print by your detention. But don't be in a hurry to send them. When you come to town will do."

The next is Manning's acknowledgment :

[P.M. *March* 14, 1801]

Dear Lamb,

As usual—time very precious, but I have so long neglected writing to you that I am (not ashamed) but sorry. I am afraid of your calling me off, as too bad. I receiv'd Dyer's 1st Vol, which I *purr*'d thro—I think his translations very good indeed—look at them—surely he must have injured the sale of the book by sending it out sans preface ! It deadens me to open a book close to the pasteboard cover & see " Ode I." The notes are *all good*, & some very interesting, e.g., " Shakespear was born at Stratford &c "—an anecdote of that Great Bard, very little known, I wish Dyer had mentioned it oftener—I do not find that tis inserted in more than two notes.

I perused the Colerigian & Wordsworthian letters. Sheer nonsense, by God. I wonder Coleridge (who I know is a poet—I don't know that W. is *not*, but I'll be damned if *that* be poetry he has passed [?] upon us in the 2d Vol.)—I say I wonder Coleridge can be taken in by such foolish stuff. By habit one may learn to be excited by any thing—one may

live so long with sheep & silly shepperds as to take the Baaing of a Lamb[1] for poetry—but what is that to the purpose—would Shakespear have taken it for poetry? Oh! but *he*'s no judge perhaps—would Milton then? To *gravely*, mind that, *gravely* tell us of a sheep drawn out of a hole, & chronicle the beggar's twopenny mishap—who is it, Pope or Swift that ridicules the *poets* who chronicle small beer? No, no, I believe tis the Huswifes.[2] Well, I can't spend any more time about an old woman's Gossip. I mean to write to you again very soon. I shall be glad to hear from you. The tragedy, the tragedy, tell me about that—your own I mean. Damn somebody's else.

Farewell,

T.M.

The letter just read is the last from Manning for more than ten months. But that there were others, not preserved, we know from Lamb's of April ("I was not aware that you owed me anything

[1] Nothing personal intended here, I imagine—just a metaphor at large, not too happily chosen. If Lamb's reply had survived, we should no doubt find something said about it.

[2] Manning seems to be recalling, not Pope or Swift, but *Othello*, Act II, Scene i.

beside that guinea"). On May 3 Manning met his friend, George Tuthill, of Caius, in town, and went for a fortnight's tour with him in the Isle of Wight and Devonshire. Lamb wrote a letter of enquiry in August ("I have forborne writing so long—and so have you, for the matter of that") and another on the 31st of that month, mentioning China for the first time, and saying, "So you are about to bring your old face-making face to London. You could not come in a better time for my purposes; for I have just lost Rickman, a faint idea of whose character I sent you. He is gone to Ireland for a year or two, to make his fortune." In another of early October Lamb enquires, "Pray what maps do you use, when you travel? Perhaps you have hit upon one that leaves London *out*." These letters, with the exception of the last,[1] are in all the editions. In November, Manning arrived in town; and at the end of the year, following the peace preliminaries, he got his passport for France, reaching Paris early in January for the prosecution of his Chinese studies.

It is here that his share of the correspondence resumes:

[1] Printed by Mr. Dobell in the *Athenæum* of May 5, 1906.

PARIS

28 *Jany* 1802

DEAR LAMB,

Do tell me—Don't the English begin to murmur ? isnt there an uproar among the Literati ? Not one letter have I sent among 'em ! " Universal " England[1] is in the dark respecting me & my proceedings, for excepting a Letter to my Father, as in Duty bound, & one on business to my Friend Donne,[2] the Farmer-General of the Paris posts has been never the better for me since I set foot in this City. City ! *Ville* in French, whence Village, a well known English term—but I beg you'll not be misled by Etymology, tho you *do* occasionally dine with Horne Tooke[3]—there is no more likeness, in magnitude, between a Ville & a Village, than between a Cock and a Cockle, a Cat & a Catacomb, a tun & a tunnel, an Egg & the Egcliptic, a pye & a pye-bald mare. Oh ! for a dictionary ! How

[1] *John Woodvil*, Act II, Scene 1.

[2] Edward Charles Donne, medical fellow of Caius, and father of William Bodham Donne, the friend of Fitzgerald. A daughter of William Sayer Donne, Edward's brother, married Thomas Manning's elder brother William.

[3] John Horne Tooke (1736–1812), politician and grammarian. Lamb, I suppose, had been dining in his company at Godwin's.

I could have gone on, I & my friend Bailey—by the bye, *you* HAVE a Bailey[1]—suppose you begin at *a*, *Aaron*, & search all the way to *Zeal*, *zodiac*—you'd find a great many curious instances of the like dissimilar similitudes. You may get Mr. F—ll[2] to help you; set him from Fag, Fagger to O! Oaf!

But I am in Paris, the Capital of France, & am writing to my friend Lamb, to whom I ought to give some account of what I see & hear. All I have heard, *worth recording*, I *could* put into the remainder of this page,—all I have seen worth noting, I *could* put into the next; & all the thoughts I have had, which could not as well have passed thro my mind in England, would leave a good bit of the 3^{d} page blank, besides the place for the Wafer.—Then you are disappointed with France?—Not at all, Sir, but a PHILOSOPHER sees all things every where, & every thing in himself—a bit of English bread,

[1] Nathan Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*, 1730, etc.

[2] R. Fell, another friend of Godwin's, and one of Lamb's "drunken companions" (letter to Manning of September 24, 1802). I take it from this reference that his literary qualifications, exemplified at this date by *A Tour through the Batavian Republic*, and later in a memoir of Fox, had struck Manning as a little on the dull side. Lamb tells Rickman (mid-December, 1801, Ainger) that Fell is writing a comedy, and adds: "An Owl making a Pun would be no bad emblem of the unnatural attempt."

consecrated by the spirit & power of Abstraction, becomes a French roll—the Types & shadows of all sensible things float in my proper brain by its own proper organization (the same as the Types & shadows of all *Foolish* things float in the sunshine before my windows—which, you must know, look out upon a Grand Promenade.)

February 2.

Dear Lamb, My hand was arrested there by accident, & ever since that it has been arrested by indisposition. I am still somewhat unwell, & out of spirits, but I am ashamed & sorry to have so long delayed writing to you. Therefore you must excuse the dulness & insipidity of this letter, which I write in the conviction that whatever I send you will be much more acceptable than a total silence. By the bye, I take the opportunity now, when you cannot impute it to my *present* vanity, to beg of you to *keep* all my Letters—I hope to send you many—& I *may* in the course of them make some observations, that I shall wish to recall to my memory when I return to England.

I did not get off from Dover till the Monday morning, winds being contrary. Time hung heavy

upon my hands. I visited Shakespear's Cliff, in which I was not disappointed, tho it by no means verified the image in my mind—twas not the season for Samphire, I suppose, & too cold to tempt the Crows & Choughs to wing the midway air.[1]

We had a quick passage from Dover to Boulogne (the wind did not permit us to make for Calais), the sea was rough, & the spray that washed over us, froze upon the deck. Indeed it was bitter cold weather—but what then? I had my box coat on,[2] & if I was a little sick, the rest of the passengers were all as bad to the full. The tide having ebbed, we were obliged to come to anchor without entering the inner harbour of Boulogne. Twas night before the sluggish boat that the Boulogne Mariners sent off, could land us all, & a strange landing it seemed to me. The boat rowed towards the nearest shore till it ran aground, which happened in the midst of the breakers—in an instant the boat's head was surrounded by a throng of Women up to their middles & over, who were there to carry us on shore. Not being aware of this manœuvre, we did not throw ourselves into the arms of these sea-

[1] *King Lear*, Act IV, Scene vi.

[2] "His admired box-coat." Lamb, "Modern Gallantry."

nymphs so instantly as we ought, whereby those who sat at the stern of the boat, were deluged with sea spray; for myself, I was in front, & very quickly understood the clamour of the mer-maids. I flung myself upon the backs of two of them without reserve, and was safely & dryly born on shore. But one poor Gentleman slipped thro their fingers, & fell over head & ears into the sea. On the strand we found a coach in waiting, which carried us in safety to the town of Boulogne situate about 1/2 a mile from the place where we landed, & set us down at our respective Inns. N.B. The Gentleman who fell into the Sea chose to walk. Oh the delights of a blazing woodfire! a hot supper & generous Burgundy, after the chilling blasts of a winter sea! Oh the exquisite delight of the inside of an Inn, where every object, every utensil recalls to your mind the pictures of former times!

A lofty Kitchen, with an ample chimney piece filled with massy antique furniture—shelf above shelf—to the very ceiling, exhibiting an armoury of stew-pans, dishes, & other culinary utensils—a Dresser on which fish flesh bread & vegetables are spred in careless abundance—rosy happy faces under antique caps, & all illuminated by the un-

dulating blaze of a fire that laughs at Count Rumfort[1] & his God-Damned Economy ! Oh, Lamb, I wished for you in my Journey, for you would have enjoyed the domestic scenery I was witness to & partaker in more than any man I know. And the contrast—abroad every thing was cold & silent & covered with snow.—But adieu to these scenes when I arrived at Paris, which was on the Thursday night, about one o'clock on the Friday morning. Paris to a stranger is a desert full of Knaves & Whores—like London. I have not yet seen much of the interior of private houses—very very little,—but I have the means in my power, when I please ; in fact I speak the language so ill, that I have been desirous of standing aloof for a short time, & this solitariness with respect to the gay world has kept me from publick places, for what pleasure could I take in a masquerade, when I don't know a soul. So as I am not yet *au fait* with respect to Paris, I shall say nothing about it. I frequently go to Holcroft's, whom I both like & esteem. Mrs. H. is a very pleasant woman, full of the French Naïveté.

[1] Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count von Rumford (1753–1814), scientist, popularly known for his innovations in the economical warming of houses and cooking of food.

I shewed your Tragedy to Holcroft, who had taste enough to discover that tis full of poetry, but the plot he condemns in toto. Tell me how it succeeds. I think you were ill advised to retrench so much. I miss the Beautiful Branches you have lopped off & regrett them. In some of the Pages the sprinkling of words is so thin as to be quite outré. There you were wrong again. The *Monthly Review* will jibe you for it.

Remember me to Dyer. Give him my address, which is "Maison Magnan, Boulevard Italien, No. 342." Write to me as soon as you can. Tell me whether you have heard any thing of Lloyd.

The severe weather, when I first arrived here, gave me an opportunity of exhibiting my skill in skaiting ; the Parisiens were astonished—I made a great many ice-acquaintances, which are now all melted away. I should tell you concerning the external appearance of Paris, that I think it much more grand & imposing than that of London. The houses are grand & massy, seemingly built for eternity ; & the Palaces are *very very* far superior to any thing in London. The old Louvre and the pavillions of Madame Pompadour are of most beautiful architecture. I subscribe to the Lycée

Républicain, where I hear La Harpe, Fourcroy, & [Cuvier][1] who give lectures in Literature, Chimistry, [Natural] History, &c. With affectionate remem [brance] of you & Mary.

T.M.

Lamb's reply to this letter, which he has endorsed as "Receiv'd 10th Feb^{ry}. 1802," is undated in all the editions, but it was evidently prompt. "Not a sentence, not a syllable of Trismegistus," we read, "shall be lost through my neglect. I am his word-banker, his store-keeper of puns and syllogisms." Manning's letter Lamb found "just what a letter should be, crammed and very funny. Every part of it pleased me till you came to Paris; and your damn'd philosophical indolence or indifference stung me. You cannot stir from your rooms till you know the language! What the devil!—are men nothing but word-trumpets? are men all tongue and ear? have these creatures, that you and I profess to know *something about*, no faces, gestures, gabble: no folly, no absurdity, no induction of French education

[1] Jean Francois de la Harpe (1739–1803), literary critic; Antoine Francois de Fourcroy (1755–1809), chemist, made Director-General of Public Instruction in 1801; Georges Léopold Cuvier (1769–1832), naturalist and anatomist. (This name is torn, but I feel sure it should be Cuvier as the same three names are mentioned in a letter to Manning's father.)

upon the abstract idea of men and women, no similitude nor dissimilitude to English! Why! thou damn'd Smell-fungus![1] your account of your landing and reception, and Bullen (I forget how you spell it—it was spelt so in Harry the Eighth's time) was exactly in that minute style which strong impressions INSPIRE (writing to a Frenchman, I write as a Frenchman would). It appears to me as if I should die with joy at the first landing in a foreign country." To Manning's remarks about *John Woodvil*, just published at its author's expense, Lamb replied: "I think you wrong about my play. *All* the omissions are *right*. . . . I will now transcribe the Londoner (No. 1), and wind up all with affection and humble servant at the end." Lamb's essay of this name had appeared in the *Morning Post* of February 1, and we shall find Manning greeting it very intelligently as a forerunner of the *Essays of Elia* of twenty years later—which, indeed, it was.

Of the reproaches in his friend's letter Manning took account in his next:

[1] The allusion is to *The Sentimental Journey*: "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris,—from Paris to Rome,—and so on;—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted."

April 6th [1802]

My Dear Friend,

I can hardly excuse myself for being silent so long—that is, I mean, excuse myself to myself; for as to apologies & reasons, I could give you a hundred. I meant to have written very often to you. Have not you began to suspect that your letter to me miscarried? No, it came safe to hand about 5 days after date & gave me great pleasure. I have just been looking it over again this morning, to see what points require answering. The first thing that forces me to speak is your reproaches. Could not you see, my Friend, that I was a little mortified at some thing? You know a little of the human heart, & *I am but a man*. When I entered into myself in that manner, when indifferent to all the rest of Paris, I entered *chez moi* (mind the expression), could you not perceive twas because somebody's else door had been shut against me? You may depend upon it, those overdone Philosophics are always either the insolent calm of a suppressed joy, or the forced serenity of a damped spirit, & in the former case compress your joy how you will the truth will always spurt out at some crevice or other. I was, in truth, a little disappointed

in some things I expected—an Introduction failed, owing to political differences between the Writer & the Writee—but all is well now, & I am perfectly satisfied with my reception at Paris.[1]—As yesterday was a busy day with me, I will give you an account of the manner in which I spent it, from rising to couching; & if you find the account dull & wearisome, tis the fault of my manner, & not the insipidity of the things I describe. At nine I rose & had my breakfast brought me (from the Coffee-

[1] The circumstances are elucidated in a letter from Manning to his father, February 12, 1802: "In fact I met with a disappointment in the letter I depended upon—it was from an Emigrant to a Republican (who *had been* his intimate friend) & did not produce the effects which so warm & recommendatory a letter of introduction naturally ought. Mr. Ventenat, the Introducee, (who is a celebrated Botanist), is very *civil* if I call upon him, & that's all. I have had another little subject of disquietude in receiving no answer to a letter I sent to Mr. La Grange, to whom I addressed a question, concerning where I might find the demonstration of a certain Theorem, to which he has never sent any answer—& the Question is important to me—as, *I believe*, no one has ever demonstrated the theorem satisfactorily, & *I* possess in my mind a genuine demonstration." Etienne Pierre Ventenat (1757–1808), French botanist; Joseph Louis La Grange (1736–1813), eminent geometer. This must have been the problem about which Manning is supposed to have reminded Napoleon when he saw him at St. Helena.

house, that being the laziest way possible) not in a tray, but in a little wicker basket, containing a penn'orth of bread, a pat of butter, a pot of tea, a *tinnikin* of sugar, a tin potkin of hot milk, a tin pot of hot water, a knife washed not sharped—tis the custom of the country to breakfast without table-cloth, & " when one is at Rome " you know " &c." I had scarcely finished my breakfast & read three pages of Boileau, before in came Mr. Gillet with a ticket for me of admission into the anti-chambers of the Tuilleries to see Bonaparte & his court & the grand review of his troups in the Cour of the Palace. *A digression.* Mr. Gillet is an acquaintance I made one day at an eating house, by means of a Metaphysical discussion we tumbled into. He is, *in fact*, an Englishman, but he has an employment under the French Government, being inspector & Governer of the Workshops at Brussels —institutions to prevent Mendicity. End of the Digression. When we arrived at the Palace we found a difficulty of passing the Guard at the gate as it was rather late, & the Palace was supposed sufficiently full of spectators. What plea do you think prevailed ? That Mr. G. was an officer under Governement ? No. That he had the billet of the

Préfet of the Police (which happened to be the case) ? No, but twas this. " Nous sommes Etrangers ; nous sommes des Anglois, Citoyen ! " Do you think now that a Frenchman would gain admittance to the Tower (to *see* it, I mean, not lodge there) or to the Gallery at St. James's, a bit the faster, for crying out, But I be de foreigner— I be vone frenchmans ? I must praise the French Urbanity—they are truly polite to Foreigners, & the name of an Englishman is the best passport to every exhibition, spectacle, &c. *We* go to the Grand Picture Gallery any day of the decade— whereas tis open to the French in general but 3 or 4 days in 10. The Abbé Sicard gives particular séances expressly for the English, at the Deaf-Dumb Institution. Well, having entered the palace & passed the Guard at the foot of the staircase by the same plea, we placed ourselves in the Antichamber & I had again the satisfaction of seeing the Premier Consul go by, clad in his simple blue uniform. Oh, what a God-like face ! When he returned from the review, a lady who stood near me, stopt him & addressed him on the subject of some plan or invention she or her husband had discovered, & gave me a full opportunity of contemplating his

divine countenance. After *he* was retired, crowds of courtiers passed by to the levé—chiefly military in various & most splendid uniforms, Conseillors d'Etat, Senators, Ministers, Ambassadors, the Prince of Orange, &c. His court is, I believe, the most brilliant in Europe. It was now near two o'clock, & as we were to go at 1/2 after 4 to the séance of the National Institute, for which also we had billets, we agreed to meet at 1/2 after 3 at Bertrand's, the Restaurateur, & dine together. In the meanwhile I went & took a turn in the Palais Royal. Do you know what the Palais Royal is? An immense Cloyster surrounds a sort of garden—the *immensity* of the Cloyster consists in its length—the whole round is above 1/2 a mile. This Cloyster may be considered as a sort of covered-in street exhibiting a continued range of splendid shops, coffee houses, &c., & the rooms over the Cloysters are likewise appropriated to every thing that can amuse & satisfy the body & mind—Billard tables, reading rooms, eating rooms, (i.e. Restaurateurs), coffee rooms, exhibitions of all sorts, smoking rooms, gaming houses, &c, &c. There are two theatres in it, in the same manner as Covent Garden Theatre is in the Piazzas. There [are] grand entrances in front & at

the corners, & little passages every 10 steps, by which you may go out & in from the neighbouring streets. There are lodgings to be let in it, & a man, who had nothing of the rover in him, might satisfy all the wants of his life without stirring out of the place. It is crouded from morning till late at night, & presents a different set of faces each hour of the day. It harbours Whores, rogues, thieves, pick-pockets in abundance—but all the world goes there. Here it was that I loung'd about till 1/2 after 3, when I & my friend Mr. G. took our place at one of the tables in Mr. Bertrand's Salle à manger. The room is capable of containing near 200, I think, & I have often seen it quite full. You may have a good dinner for 20 pence, consisting of Bread, a pint of fair wine, a potage, 4 plats, & a plate of desert or cheese as you like. Add a penny for the waiter, & you have the whole expense. As soon as we had finished our compote de prunots (stewed prunes) we adjourned to the Institut. By the way, I got my boots spunged & wiped (had not time for the blackening) at one of the 10 thousand cleaning blocks, which are dispersed over Paris—I paid a penny like an Extravagant Englishman. We entered the Salle of the Institut, where was already

collected a numerous & brilliant assemblage of Ladies & Gentlemen, together with *others*. Papers & memoirs were distributed among the spectators in magnificent abundance—soon after the members entered in the Associate dress, & took their seats. Then commenced the readings (which were some of them rather dull). Afterwards the séance broke up, & I walked into the middle of the Salle & mixed with the members, to contemplate their phisionomies & to view the Salle, which is adorned with good statues of the literary worthies of France. Leaving the Institut & finding ourselves rather dry, we agreed to repair once more to the Palais Royal, to read the English papers & take a glass of Punch. After we had chatted some time over *this glass of punch*, which however singular it may seem, was really of the plural number, we parted, & I returned home, where I found a note from Mr. Demaimieux (the author of a universal language called Pasigraphie, in which I being an adept, am become a great friend of the Author's) containing billets to admit me & my friends to a séance particuliere of the Abbé Sicard[1] for the 10th. Muse—

[1] Roch Ambroise Cucurron Sicard (1742–1822), French abbé, distinguished teacher of the Deaf and Dumb.

meditate—drink a glass of water—wind up my watch—get to bed. End of the day.

All my paper gone & not a word of the definitive treaty, & I recollect you apostrophized me once before on that subject. It was known here many days before the news reached England[1]—the people took it very coolly—the Tuilleries were illuminated in the evening, & the effect was very beautiful. The method of Illumination here is much better than in England. Is Madame Garnerin[2] arrived in England yet ?—I saw her ascend in a Balloon a few days ago ; it was a beautiful sight & quite new to me—she went up all alone. The English do not arrive in troops yet—Lord Buchan[3] I understand was refused a passport before the Peace. Dyer was to have given him a letter of Int^{n}. to me. The Concordat[4]

[1] The treaty of peace, formally concluded at Amiens on March 27, was not proclaimed in England till April 26.

[2] The wife, no doubt, of Andre Jacques Garnerin (1769–1823), noted French aeronaut, and the first who descended from a balloon by parachute (1797).

[3] David Steuart Erskine (1742–1829), the eccentric eleventh Earl, and patron of men of letters. Dyer had recently taken him to call on Lamb, and had found Mary doing the washing (letter to Rickman, January 9, 1802, Ainger).

[4] Between Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII, by which the Catholic Church was re-established in France.

is established! My God, what a farce! In these times after the complete exposure that priestcraft has had—& in *this* country! What do you mean by my spelling his name [*erased*].[1] I like your Londoner very much, there is a deal of happy fancy in it, but it is not strong enough to be seen by the generality of readers. Yet if you would write a volume of Essays in the same stile you might be sure of its succeeding. You don't tell me what the critics say to your play! Write to me very very soon. What is Coleridge doing? Have you heard from Charles Lloyd lately? I shall surely write to him soon. The next time I write, which will be as soon as I have heard from you, I will give you some account of the French theatres & other interesting matters. At present I have only room to say that I think the comic actors here superior to the English.

Yr. T.M.

This letter is endorsed by Lamb "Rec^{d} 19th April 1802," and his reply, written on St. George's Day, is in all the editions. "Although something

[1] The name is apparently "F + ll," and the erasure may have been made by Lamb, who wanted to show the letter to Fell.

of the latest, and after two months' waiting, your letter was highly gratifying. Some parts want a little explication ; for example, 'the god-like face of the First Consul.' *What god* does he most resemble ? Mars, Bacchus, or Apollo ? . . . Our London prints of him represent him gloomy and sulky, like an angry Jupiter. . . . I envy you your access to this great man, much more than your séances and conversaziones, which I have a shrewd suspicion must be something dull. What you assert concerning the actors of Paris, that they exceed our comedians, 'bad as ours are,' is *impossible*." But Manning, as we have seen, had not said this ; and the words within inverted commas must be taken as another instance of Lamb's verbal inaccuracy in quotation.

Two months again elapse before the next from Manning :

Rue du Faubourg Montmartre No. 25
Paris,
Wednesday, 9th June, 1802.

Dear Lamb,

The offer of a Friend to take letters over for me to England has fortunately put a stop to that

power one has of saying " I'll write tomorrow instead of today." What I mean to say is this— Henry Southey,[1] Brother of " Southey," leaves Paris tomorrow ; I have accepted his offer of taking letters for me, & consequently I must write them today. He travels with Wm Taylor of Norwich,[2] Translator of " Lenora," with whom I have been a good deal acquainted during his residence in Paris. I have found him well stored with Information, with understanding, & with Friendliness. I am speaking of Mr. Taylor ; Southey is a lad.—I cannot tell you what I have been doing here since I wrote last—in fact, I have been a good deal contemplative & sedentary. I have made a few excursions into the neighbourhood of Paris (mind how I avoid the word *environs*) & have been much entertained. I find Versailles a very magnificent & beautiful place, spite of what Pope says against it. " Each alley has a brother," &c.[3] Tis astonishing what a *prejudice*

[1] Henry Herbert Southey (1783–1865), younger brother of the poet, and afterwards Physician in Ordinary to George IV.

[2] William Taylor (1765–1836), the literary critic and friend of Southey, whose translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, published in 1796, had proved very popular.

[3] " Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother." Pope, *Moral Essays*, IV, 117.

the English have against regularity in gardening & against clipt trees. They never look to see if the Ground pleases their Eye, but to see whether tis what they call natural. They say clipping a tree spoils it—very true it spoils it as a tree, but it makes something else of it, & there are spots, near large Edifices, which, I think, are much adorned by that " something " else, altho trees could not be introduced there with any propriety. You might as well ask me to introduce trees into my bedchamber instead of the artificial furniture which is usually placed there. I am sick of the cant.

I have formed a *little* acquaintance with the *great* Carnot,[1] whom I find very pleasant. He is one of the firstrate Mathematicians in France, i.e. in the world.

What lies you fill your English papers with ! Every thing they say of Paris in their general Politics, every thing that is not extracted from the French papers, is miserable misrepresentation & nonsense. The *Morning Chronicle* is as bad as any

[1] Lazare Nicholas Marguerite Carnot (1753–1823), statesman, geometer, and military administrator ; father of Lazare Hippolyte Carnot (1801–1888), Radical politician, and grandfather of Marie François Sadi-Carnot (1837–1894), President of the French Republic.

of them. They must have a very bad set of Correspondents here. If I was not otherwise engaged I would send them a letter sometimes. You see contradictory accounts of the conspiracy against Bonaparte. His life was to have been attempted, but the plot was discovered beforehand, every thing was prevented with the utmost quietness—half the people of Paris know neither head nor tail of the business, & the Government here takes all the pains possible to silence the matter & discredit the idea of any conspiracy having been made. But I know better.

I am learning the Chinese Language. I expect next spring to set off on my Voyage to China. I shall return to Eng[d] first but not yet for some time. I intend shortly to take a little tour into the South of France. You don't tell me how your Tragedy is approved of by the Critics. What are you doing—any thing or nothing? Write to me soon, very soon—& double up your letters a little larger, for fear they should slip thro the crevices of the careless French Mail. Farewell.

Truly yrs.

T.M.

This is endorsed by Lamb " Rec^{d} 17 June 1802." No letter that has survived was written by him between it and the next.

MARSEILLES,
Septembre 10th, 1802

DEAR LAMB,

The rapidity with which I have travelled has absolutely prevented me from writing to any one. I left Paris the 14th of July, & since then I have been all over Switzerland, & down to Milan, & thro Savoy, & by Valence thro Avignon to Marseilles, where I am at present. I have met with abundance of adventures ; when I come to England, I'll shew you my Journal. I set out from Paris expressly to visit the South of France, thinking to take Switzerland in my way as it were, for three weeks ; my destination is Toulouse, where I shall stay about 6 weeks, I apprehend, & where I hope to receive a letter from you. I have travelled alone, occasionally falling in with companions. I have been a great deal on foot among the mountains—I have been lost & benighted—I have slept in outhouses & stables & beds of straw. For example, in Savoy, I lost myself among the mountains, &

slept at a little village, (at which I arrived by incredible difficult passes, at 10 o'clock) thro which no road leads—in the morning I found a Wolf's Tooth in my path, which I brought away as a trophy. My mind has been so much agitated by the variety of scenes I have passed thro, that I cannot sleep o' nights. My bed goes post, or is launched on some river, & I mourn to find myself travelling undrest. I passed over the famous St. Gothard (the grand route from Switzerland into Italy) alone & on foot, walking above 30 miles that day: then I descended down the Italian side, thro a most beautiful Valley, where the ripening clusters of grapes hung over my head as far as the Lake of Locarno. There I embarked for Milan, where I bought peaches 3 pence a pound in the Market places. The weather was prodigiously hot. Then I passed over Mt. Simplon, a terrible passage for badness of road, & thro La Vallée, to Geneva. From thence to Chamounï, & cross Savoy to Chamberry, Grenoble, Valence, Avignon, Aix, to Marseilles. The views in Switzerland are far inferior, I think, to those in the North of England. But there are many beautiful spots, & tis curious to see the mountains covered with snow in this terrible hot

weather. I am aware that I write very strangely; my head is confused & I am now writing in the room of an Englishman I found here, who interrupts me perpetually.

I cannot go on, Damn him.

Sunday evening, in my own chamber at the Hotel Beauveau.—I steal 1/2 an hour, between dining at my Banker's country house, & supping at the Préfet's, to continue my letter to you. You cannot conceive the difficulty I find in having a moment to myself; especially since I have fallen in with this Englishman, who attacks me morning & night. For fear of forgetting it I'll now mention again that I expect you to write to me & to direct your letter A Monsieur Manning, Poste Restante, à Toulouse. This is a most delicious climate, sultry as a Hay-field, yet fanned by breezes from the sea. Fruit in abundance, but the Peaches not good—Grapes all over the country, & excellent, no pasturage, no cows—everything dressed in oil instead of butter, but all very good. If Mr. Holcroft be returned to England, & you meet him at Godwin's or elsewhere, be so good as to present my kind remembrance to him to Mrs. H. & to Miss Fanny.

You must tell me whether you have written any

thing, or be writing. Things personal to yourself interest me most, & cannot be too trivial. Have you made any new acquaintance? Where's the mighty Coleridge? I have an idea that tis 1/2 possible I may meet him & Wordsworth at Montpellier.[1]

Next room to mine, in an adjoining house, there is a hop every night, & tho this is Sunday evening, the profane wretches are at it as usual. Where they expect to go when they die, I cannot think.— Interrupted again, by God. Farewell. Yrs truly,

T.M.

Lamb has endorsed this letter "Rec^{d} 23 Sep 1802," and the day after receiving it he wrote his famous one, in all the editions, describing his visit with Mary to Coleridge in the Lakes. Incidentally, he remarked: "My habits are changing, I think:

[1] Manning had got his idea from a letter of Sophia Lloyd's (unpublished), of June 21: "Coleridge has been spending the winter in London. We have heard that he with W^{m}. Wordsworth & his sister propose spending the summer at Montpellier, but since this a rumour is gone forth that W^{m}. Wordsworth is going to marry a Miss Hutchinson, so I know not how it will be!" The proposed stay in the south of France with Coleridge was not carried out, and Wordsworth, after a visit to Calais alone, married Miss Hutchinson in October.

i.e. from drunk to sober . . . O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shameworthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitiful tale to be read at St. Gothard; but it is just now nearest my heart." He concluded: "Thanks for yours, which was most delicious. Would I had been with you, benighted &c. I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell: write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow.

C. LAMB."

TOULOUSE,

Wednesday, October 6th, 1802

DEAR LAMB,

In recompense for your letter, which I eagerly seized & devoured at the Post Office the day before yesterday, I have begun, you see, here up a-top of the page, & am determined to go on to the end

of page 3, & even turn the corner, before I your-sincere-friend-yfy. So you have really visited the Lakes! Your Eye has reposed on the silent forms of the Mountains & on the limpid bosom of Derwentwater. You have done well—you have seen the choisest spot in Europe, compared with which the scenery in Switzerland is clumsy & graceless. In the wildest part of Switzerland you have precipices & rocks in your path, a deep deep hollow beneath you, along which a torrent falls with ungovernable fury, dashing from rock to rock with the wildest uproar; & looking up among the Clouds, & above them, your eye is struck with the cold dazzling of the never-melting snows. This is what you cannot see in the north of England; & tis what many people even who visit Switzerland see but little of. But for the rest, the north of E. is far more interesting. You say quasi nothing of Lloyd; by which I understand, that you have quasi nothing pleasant to say of him.

(Several days afterwards). There I was interrupted by a visit, & never since, till now, have I found a moment to finish my letter. Tis now, if I mistake not, Thursday the 14th of October, between 7 & 8 in the morning, & if a violent appetite

does not come to cross me, I expect to get pleasantly on to the end, before I stop.—I staid about a fortnight at Marseilles—then, coasting the Mediterranean Sea, I visited Toulon & the neighbourhood to see the Orange Trees in open air. From Toulon to Marseilles is a dreadful bad road, the ruins of an ancient good one, that has not been repaired these 12 years; & all the country there is infested by banditti. We were 3 carriages in company & had an escort of soldiers all the way, wh I thought very romantic and entertaining. I came here by way of Nismes & Montpellier. At Nismes & in the neighborhood are some of the finest Roman remains in Europe—particularly an Aqueduct—whose simple majestic forms delight the eye & compel you to acknowledge the inferiority of the Modern in Architecture. At Nismes there is a Roman building called the Maison Quarrée, which is far more elegant & graceful than the Senate house at Cambridge, which somewhat resembles it. There is also an Amphitheatre in fine preservation, & some glorious remains of a Temple of Diana.

Toulouse is a very large Town built all of red brick, & reckoned very ugly—but, would you think it, tis one of the handsomest towns in France.

Every house almost (at least all the large houses, of which there are great abundance) is strikingly like St. John's College, Cambridge. And that they call ugly! Damn their souls! I wander about its crooked streets in extacy, & to crown all there are promenades shaded by lofty trees, just without the walls, which are the most magnificent & extensive in the world (setting aside those of Cambridge). I have formed an Acquaintance here with some young men of cidevant rank, who have treated me with the utmost politeness & hospitality. Last Monday they took me down into the country to spend a day at a fine old chateau the property of one of them, about 12 miles from here. We travelled in the evening, & when got about 1/2 way stopt at the house of one of their acquaintance where a fête was going on. It was only to ask them how they did; but we were pressed into the service, & there we staid dancing & feasting till near one o'clock, when we pursued our journey to the chateau. It was a most delightful episode. You cannot imagine the graceful frankness & gaiety of the French women —& so polite to strangers, relieving them from all embarrassment in a moment. It was a picture of the most joyous moments in Languedocian life.

We talk much in England, you know, of the dances among the peasantry here—but to tell you the truth, that's all a hum. Tis among the gentry you must look for mirth & ease. Tis the gentry that have got all the *good* wine (for the vin du pays that the *poor people* drink, is detestable)—tis they that have got all the choice fruit—tis they that have meat in abundance & every thing good to eat—tis they alone that can find a room to dance in or music to dance to. Where do you think the peasants dance? on the greens? There are very few greens or meadows in Languedoc, & what there are, they carefully preserve for the cattle. No, they dance on the brown naked soil. And at what time of day do you think? in the evening? Oh no, they are too much tired with their day's work, a French lady told me the other day, to think of dancing in the evening. Tis in the middle of the day, in the burning sunshine, but they very seldom dance at all (& never in winter) except on the day of their village feasts. Whether it was the same formerly, I have not yet exactly made out; but I rather think mirth is on the decline since the revolution. Industry, damned industry, is promoted more than formerly; but as I said before, I am not thoroughly master

of this subject, & perhaps never shall be ; for what with lies & ignorance & partiality I find it pretty difficult to contract any certain information out of the answers to a hundred questions.

I have seen a vintage—that is to say, I have seen the peasants heating & wearying themselves in gathering the grapes in the hot sunshine. I have seen the peasants toiling & wearying themselves in pressing out the juice with their naked feet, while the careful Master (losing his labor) explained to me the value of the wine, the nature of the process, the capacity of his vats, & all the *25 per cent* part of the business. But I am growing querulous—let us change the subject. Let us talk of the Chateau. There I was feasted & treated with all the choicest wines in the world, without being troubled about their price. Tis a famous old chateau with eastern & western tours & Radcliffe Corridors ; but unfortunately like the rest of the chateaus in France it has been stript during the revolution of all its gorgeous massy furniture & decorations, & is now but partially furnished pro tempore—all the sculptured iron-work gone, even the Weathercock pulled down ; for a weathercock was a mark of Seigneury ! The peasants were not allowed to know which way

the wind blew—their only comfort was in the proverb that tis an ill wind that blows no good. The country around is most beautiful—vines & woods & cornfields & swelling hills & villages, & the unsheltered figtrees scattered about, even in the fields & in the hedges, declare the mildness of the climate & the fertility thereof.—I witnessed a burial service in the chapel of the Chateau, where the superstitious peasants sung forth Latin in most doleful discordancy. But the number of mummerys during this service, the crossings, the genuflexions, the lighting of candles & distributing them to the spectators, the putting out the candles, the kissing the cross, the ringing of a little handbell, &c, &c, &c, &c, was beyond anything I had an idea of. It was the 1st burial service I have seen abroad ; & was performed, I don't doubt, secundum artem.

Adieu. Write to me as soon as you receive this & direct as before—for I shall stay here some time. I am glad to hear you have left off *drinking & Sabbath-breaking* & are become a virtuous & sober citizen. You look forward now, I suppose, to some of the city-honors, but don't be over anxious—tis all a chance—the Lord-Mayoralty of London is not to be had in a day—but be industrious & send

your black cat to the Island of Mice, & there is no saying what you may not arrive at. If you find this letter dull, put it down to the account of the PUNCH I drank last night. Farewell. Write soon.

Yrs. Truly T.M.

This is endorsed by Lamb "Oct[r] 1802." His reply (undated, all editions) was written by return to Toulouse: "In case you should not have been *felo de se*, this is to tell you, that your letter was quite to my palate—in particular your just remarks upon Industry, damned Industry (though indeed you left me to explore the reason), were highly relishing."

But Manning had given up adventuring his life for the present, and had returned to his studies in Paris.

HOTEL DE PARIS, RUE DE LA LOI,

February 10, 1803

DEAR LAMB,

I should not write to you now, but for fear you should think me dead or unwell or forgetful of you. Mighty civil that confession, isn't it? but I'll explain. I have been so occupied & am still with plans of facilitating my entrance into China, that my ideas refuse any other channel—you may

expect before you get to the bottom of the page to find Priscian's skull terribly fractured,[1] for I am actually thinking of Independant Tartary as I write this. " But you go out & skait—you go out & walk sometimes ? " Very true—that's a distraction, but the moment I set myself down quietly to any thing, in comes Independant Tartary. For example, I attend Chimical lectures, but every drug that Mr. Vauquelin[2] presents to me tastes of Cream of Tartar—in short I am become good for nothing for a time, &, as I said before, I should not have written now but to assure you of my friendly & affectionate Remembrance. But as you are not in the same unhappy circumstances, I expect you'll write to me & not measure page for page. This is the 1st letter I have began for England for 3 months except one I sent to my Father yesterday[3]—by the bye, that one broke the ice & to it you are, I believe,

[1] " To break Priscian's head " is to violate the rules of grammar, from Priscian, the famous Roman grammarian of the 5th–6th centuries.

[2] Louis Nicholas Vauquelin (1763–1829), eminent French chemist, pupil of Fourcroy, and discoverer of the elements Chromium and Glucina.

[3] The letter is dated February 9, and in it Manning apologises for his long silence, partly due to " a peculiar state of mind," but does not mention " Independant Tartary."

indebted for this. The moment I come to myself, I'll give you further advice. At present no more from Yrs. most sincerely,

THOMAS MANNING.

Postscript. Write. Imperative mood.

On receiving this letter, Lamb adjured his friend on the same day (February 19, all editions): "For God's sake don't think any more of Independant Tartary." The letter, with its whimsical variations on this theme, is a favourite; but it was without avail so far as Manning was concerned. For the further period of two years during which he remained in Paris after war was renewed, no correspondence with Lamb is preserved. In January, 1805,[1] by favour of the French Government, he returned to England to complete the last stage of his Chinese preparations.

[1] Not 1803, as stated by Mr. Lucas (*Life of Lamb*, 5th edition, 1921, p. 478). His passport is dated "Nivose, an 13," i.e. December-January, 1805, and he sailed from Rotterdam about January 9. The story of his having reminded Napoleon at their interview at St. Helena of their previous meeting in Paris, I am afraid is legendary. No interview with Napoleon occurred in Paris; a very humble letter passed, together with a good deal of correspondence with lesser dignitaries.

PART II

1806–1810

THE year 1805 was passed by Manning in England, and during it he saw much of Lamb. The latter's letters for the year are three, of February 23, July 27, and November 15 (all editions). The first, acknowledging a gift of brawn, is the earliest expression of Lamb's enthusiasm on the subject of pig, and the means of acquainting us that Manning, on his return from France, had resumed his residence at Cambridge. The second, save for its statement "Have been taking leave of tobacco in a rhyming address," is unremarkable. The third is addressed to Manning in town, at a date at which he was engaged in the study of medicine at Westminster Hospital. During this period, and up to the eve of his departure, there are no letters from Manning to Lamb.

On the night of April 21, 1806, Manning, writing to his father from White Horse Hotel, Fetter Lane, says that he expects to leave London next week, and

that he has been hunting for Captain Riches, of the *Thames* East Indiaman, with whom he is to sail. On May 6 he writes again, giving the date of his departure as the following Wednesday afternoon. I suppose we may consider it probable that Lamb saw him off by the coach. On arrival at Portsmouth Manning sent him a letter, to which he replied on the 10th. This letter is in all the editions, and should be read. It concludes: "I didn't know what your going was till I shook a last fist with you. . . . That last token you gave me of expressing a wish to have my name joined with yours, you know not how it affected me: like a legacy."

Manning had time to write one more letter, and this is preserved:

PORTSMOUTH,
[P.M. *May* 12, 1806]

DEAR LAMB,

As we are not sailed yet, & I have a few minutes, why should not I give you a line to say that I received your kind letter yesterday, & shall read it again before I have done with it. I am sorry I had not time to call on Mary—but I didn't call even on my own father; & he's 70, & loves me like—a father.

I don't know that you can do any thing for me at the India house. If you hear any thing there about me, communicate it to Mr. Crabtree, 13 Newgate Street.

I am not dead nor dying—some people go into Yorkshire for 4 years & never come to London all the while! I go to China. What's the difference to our London friends?

I am persuaded I shall come back & see more of you than I have ever been able. Who knows but I may make a fortune & take you & Mary out a-riding in my Coach. There's nobody has a prior claim to you, you may depend upon it—of course you know you must leave room for my little Chinese wife, because poor pipsey's feet are so small she can't walk, you know!

Does a Man at my age forget & neglect his best & dearest friends? No. Well then you & Mary are safe—so God bless you both.

Writing does me hurt at present. My throat now begins to be sore, & I have no currant jelly aboard. Tell Holcroft I received his kind letter.

T. MANNING for ever.

[*Drawing of a ship and*] "Monday morning." [*Underneath*] "P.S. 1806."

From the Cape of Good Hope, where he touched in August, Manning wrote a letter which is not preserved. Lamb's reply to it is that dated December 5, 1806, in all the editions : " Your letter dated Hottentots, August the what-was-it ? came to hand. I can scarce hope that mine will have the same luck. China—Canton—bless us—how it strains the imagination and makes it ache ! " There is news of the forthcoming production of *Mr. H*——, and of a failure of Holcroft's. " N.B. If my little thing don't succeed, I shall easily survive, having, as it were, compared to H.'s venture, but a sixteenth in the lottery. Mary and I are to sit next the orchestra in the pit, next the tweedledees. She remembers you. You are more to us than five hundred farces, clappings, &c. Come back one day."

This must have crossed the next of Manning's, in which he says that he had written other letters. But some of these perhaps never reached Lamb.

CANTON,
April 21, 1807.

MY DEAR LAMB,

You are unlucky this time ; I have just been writing several letters, & my wit is exhausted, yet

finding a snug corner of an evening to spare at this moment, & fearing to find myself too busy tomorrow, next day, or any day before the fleet sails, I don't like to slip the opportunity, tho I very well might in Conscience—for have not I written to you all the way from the Nore to Canton, scattering my golden apples like Atalanta—not to lead you astray, but to comfort and refresh you, & help you along in the Godly race you are running. If you want news, I refer you to that excellent man my fr, to the learned Dr. D,[1] to the illustrious Sr J. B., to the sagacious Mr. C., to my very worthy & sensible friend, Mr. Cr., N. Street, or to &c, &c, &c, &c; &c.* But by God I cannot rewrite it. I'll give you your choice; either to take this scrall (scriptum informe) or run the hazard of having nothing at all till next season. Ah you are very right! As in presenti,—

* Jocumne tenes? etcæteram etcæteris adjungo.[2]

[1] Dr. Martin Davy (1763–1839), Master of Caius College, Cambridge, from 1803; Sir Joseph Banks (1743–1820), traveller and President of the Royal Society, whose influence with the East India Company had secured Manning his passage to China; Mr. C., I do not know; Mr. Cr., the Mr. Crabtree, of Newgate Street, no doubt, before mentioned.

[2] "Do you see the joke? I add the other one to the rest." I don't see the joke; but perhaps it is a quotation. Manning has put a sort of frame round his first four etceteras.

& I'll give you a *rara avis* next time, for "as in presenti," you know, "perfectum format in *avi*."[1]

I have sent Mary a roll of Silk for which I shall apologize in a letter to her as soon as my wit is recruited. The 6 colored drawings, rolled up in the said Silk, are not for Mary but for certain *Designing* young ladies of my acquaintance, whose Cavaliere Servanti will one day or other call for them. So tell her to unroll them, & lay them by smooth. I give this advertizement now, for fear my letter to Mary should miscarry, for I send one letter by one ship & one by another, by which means &c &c &c. (You see what I was going to say, viz, if one miscarries, another comes safe).— I could say more, but wont. Notwithstanding which I am your very affectionate friend,

THOMAS MANNING.

P.S. Mr. B. is a P.

. . . . . .

les enfans aiment les Bals et les Poupées.

2ª P.S. My Beard is 5 inches long.

[1] *As*, *æsis*, a small copper coin—"as in presenti" being equivalent, I suppose, to our "bird in the hand." In the first conjugation, present termination *o*, *as*, *at*, the perfect would be *avi*.

Manning's beard was to become famous, and later, if one of his obituaries is to be believed, was very nearly the cause of a quarrel with His Majesty's Ambassador to the Court of Peking, who held it to be contrary to diplomatic usage. In the meantime, we may note as an instance of how Lamb treasured up his friend's sayings that he quotes " Mr. B. is a P——" to Manning twelve years after this, in his letter of May 28, 1819. Samuel Ball was an India House acquaintance, whom Lamb had mentioned to Manning before his departure. Manning's first impression of him may be interpreted, presumably, as meaning " Mr. Ball is a puppy " ; but later Ball returned to England, at much the same time as Manning, and they remained friendly throughout their lives, visiting Italy together, we gather, in 1827-8.

In his next Manning has received Lamb's of December, 1806, and is replying to it.

CANTON,
[dated at end 20 *Nov.* 1807]

DEAR LAMB,

I received your letter by the ship Retreat early in the summer at Macao ; what month I forget,

for tis now the middle of November. I thank you for it a 1000 times—it was the only one I had, which made it doubly precious. The same *ship* (brig, I should say) brought papers that announced the failure of Mr. H. Never mind ! you must try again. We have had no later news, domestic I mean, since that arrival (by the bye, that's wrong, but not much) —hints we have had of Bonaparte's victories, defeats, & victories again ; in an indirect manner, verbally by Americans & from Amsterdam &c.—The Bombay & China fleet arrived early in October ; why did not you write me by it ? The direct fleet is expected in December or January. I ought *then* to hear from you—also from Tuthill, whose escape from captivity I am rejoiced to hear of.[1] I have seen the Advertisement of YOUR *Tales from Shakespear*. Why not Mary's ? You send me a copy, no doubt, by the direct fleet. How strange & unsocial it seems to be at such a distance. I can't ask whether Mary

[1] George Leman Tuthill (1772–1835), Manning's fellow-mathematician at Caius, who, having taken up residence in Paris, had not shared his friend's good fortune in getting away after the rupture of the peace. He returned to Cambridge in 1807, became M.D. in 1816, and was knighted in 1820. As Physician to Westminster Hospital he was a co-signatory to the report on which, in 1825, Lamb was released from the India House.

has received her letter. I sent it last spring! I am sure it is not arrived yet, but it ought to be long before this reaches England; & it would be two years before I could get an answer to the question!! Shall I condole with poor Holcroft? No! rather let me hope that his sorrow was forgotten in some new success before I had even heard of it. I mean to write to him very soon. Remember me in the kindest manner at his house. I have been petitioning Mandarins for leave to go up to Peking as ASTRONOMER AND PHYSICIAN! (not astrologer & quack Doctor). They refuse as yet to send my petition to the

EMPEROR

but I have not given them up; they shall hear from me again shortly. I have made them speak; & that's something.

I have long been working my brain to do something for you. I would not have you laugh at my interest. I have the goodwill of everybody here & of many in a very high degree. If I did but know what to ask! *You told* me there was nothing to be done for you. I am sure that cannot be literally true. Favor could make you even Astronomer Royal (with an assistant)—however, I shall not ask that

place for you, as I should be sorry to vex Dr. Maskeline,[1] who is also my friend. Besides that, it would be very inconvenient to remove the instruments to the India house.

You'll hear more from me by the return fleet. Some of my good friends go home in it. If you should see any of them be courteous, & dont think them strange. Consider that a long voyage has a wonderful effect upon us. Ten to one but what you'll laugh when you see me again. Goodbye.

This goes round by [*sketch of a savage with bow and arrow*] which being interpreted means America.

The next was received by Lamb a month after the last. No further letter from Lamb had reached Manning.

[Dated at end, *Jany* 7, 1808]

Oh Lamb of the India house, that crackest away the best puns in the World, vouchsafe to hear me. What I say will be very short & not less sweet, unless it get spoil'd in a long voyage. Why did not

[1] Dr. N. Maskelyne (1732–1811), Astronomer Royal from 1765 to his death.

you write to me by the direct fleet? Why did not you send me out your new book—gilt, & adorned with cuts? I take it much amiss. Your letter by the Retreat Brig I received at Macao, as I have faithfully told you in a long letter, which you will receive, *if it comes safe to hand;* & upon the heels of which will come this—have letters heels? They have various hands, I know; & poetic letters have feet, but mine was in prose, as is this likewise, at least this first page; as for the next, it may be neither prose nor prize, but turn out a blank—so now I'll turn over.

I enclose two receipts (not for the Chilblains but) for 3 cases of tea which I send addressed to you. One of them, being Souchong, & being Marked S., is for my Brother Edward of Lynn or order; *therefore* write him three lines, so soon as you think you can *get it out;* tell him what there is to pay & he will reimburse or preimburse you & give you directions where & how to send it.—The other cases marked S & H is Hyson & Souchong; I should have intended it for you and Holcroft, but that the duty will be so high, that perhaps it will not be worth your acceptance. Do what you like with it. Sell it if you please & put the money in your pocket,

or, now I think of it, don't put the money in your pocket, but in a Drawer, especially if the India house pay in silver. I can only say that the tea is choise, but so much the better for those that buy it, tho I have no doubt but that the rogues of shopkeepers will mix it. It costs *me* nothing; therefore you need use no ceremony in leaving it to be bought out. But for the 1 case (marked S, to wit,) buy it out, unless contraorder'd by My Brother E.M. of Lynn; to whom I have written,[1] advertizing him that I employ you in this affair.

So God have you in his holy keeping.

Yr. friend,

MANNING.

P.S. Tis thought I stand *some chance*, at the next election for an Emperor, at Pekin, but I give myself no trouble in canvassing.

Tomorrow morning, Jany. 7, 1808

[1] We may read an extract from a letter to Rev. W. Manning of the same date: "I had almost forgot to say that I send a chest of supernaculum tea for the rectory. The Duty on it will cost you as much as the whole price of ordinary tea, but that I cannot help. You'll find none such in the shops, altho there may be as good to your taste, and even better. Tis directed to Mr. Lamb, who will take it out, as they call it, & pay the duty, which Edward will pay him I suppose." Supernaculum, "a liquor to be drunk to the last drop." (*N.E.D.*)

Three gentlemen of the factory going to England, viz, Sr G. Staunton, Mr. Larkin the tea inspector, & Mr. Cotton ; all three my good friends ; the two last, as having good interest at the India House I have spoken to very strongly ; they have promised their possible—what will you have ?

In writing the next Manning had still heard nothing further from Lamb.

[Dated at end *March* 3, 1808]

(On board the Discovery being one of the Honble Company's surveying ships, commanded by Lieutenant Ross, Macao Roads.)

You are the last person I write to, Lamb, by this fleet. I'm off tomorrow morning, I hope, for the Coast of Cochin China—what I shall do there, I'll tell you another time. You don't deserve a line from me—why did not you write by the Direct fleet ? Why did not you send me your Shakespeare's tales ? What tho you had received no letters from me ? You might be sure there were plenty on the road ! By this time I've no doubt you've had scores. The last I wrote was in January, about 6 weeks ago, wherein I told you, & that not for the first time, that I received yours by the Retreat in the summer

(1807). 'Tis now the 3[d] of March 1808.—I begin to talk a little *China*. I have Cochinchinese robes in my box, which I shall put on in a few days. I shall soon see the Emperor & shall perhaps feel his pulse! What stories I shall have to tell! & who knows but—aye, aye—yet—in short—however. If you see any of my friends tell them I'm off & in good spirits.

No more at this present from *I by myself I*.

3 *March*. Macao Roads, 1808.

The next was presumably written just before receiving[1] Lamb's of February 26, 1808, in all the editions: "Dear Missionary,—Your letters from the farthest ends of the world have arrived safe. Mary is very thankful for your remembrance of her, and with the less suspicion of mercenariness, as the silk, the *symbolum materiale* of your friendship, has not yet appeared."

[1] There is a little mystery here, however. In Manning's next (p. 111) we shall find him saying: "I answered your last (dated 26 February, 1808), almost as soon as received, by the Surat Castle." I can only suppose that Lamb's letter reached him after this one was written but before the *Surat Castle* sailed; and yet, a few lines later, he uses the word "letter," not "letters," as though the *Surat Castle* had taken only one.

Macao,

August 18, 1808

If Surat should arrive one day
You'll have this letter, & peruse it ;
If She be taken by the way
'Tis ten to one but what you lose it.

Ay there's the rub ; if I was sure 'twould come safe to hand, I'd go through it as I've began, in sweet proportioned verse ; 'twould be very easy for *We* geniuses—but tis still easier to write it in prose. Indeed whether verse or prose, tis a pity anything of mine should be lost.—I've a great mind to stop here & bid you good afternoon ; for every body tells me the *Surat* is but a poor venture. I wish you'd tell my friend Tuthill I'll write to him by the first sure hand & that will be very soon, most likely he'll have *my* letter before *your* notice.—You want to know what I've been doing in Cochin China. I'll transcribe you word for word what I've just written my Father on that subject.

Extract.

" My trip to Cochin China was totally unsuccessful ; we went too late. Dringle—dringle !—No time to manage matters on shore, & other unlucky circumstances. So I was forced to accompany the Vessels

on their Paracel-exploring cruise ! ! ! A grievous bore, to say no worse of it. We found the Paracels in all their hideous deformity—breakers—sandbanks —coral rocks &c &c, turtles, shell-fish, wailing sea-birds so unused to man that they would not rise from their nests. Fishermen from Hainan visit these places for the sake of Turtle, Biche de mer, & other sea-productions*—What is very curious, the first object we saw on the very first Islet we came to (& that was before we put into Turon) was a large China Vessel wrecked, and a surprisingly numerous crew in great distress on the shore. We saved them all ; they amounted to 561 souls. Their Gratitude was unspeakable. Our ships were noisomely crouded with them. We made for Turon directly, where we landed them all. Their original crew, on leaving Amoy (a Port to the eastward of Canton, in the next province) amounted, they say, to about 700 ; partly poor passengers, going out to seek a livelyhood at Batavia, or other European settlements. Some had been drowned ;

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* N.B. I am not so *rude* as to say sea instead of marine—I *choose* "sea." N.B. within nota bene. This is not in my letter to my Father.

some had gone off in their boat. I was afraid at first &c (rather severe against my Captain & accounting for my want of success. I'll not transcribe it).— I saw a little of the Villages on the coast of Cochinchina, but that was not my object. I lost my time— I can hardly bear even now to think of it with patience. We returned here in the beginning of July—I study doubly hard to make up for my lost time. The veil'd Mysteries of the Chinese language gradually open upon my view." End of Extract.

I was in doubt whether to end my extract with " patience " or with " view " (I could pun now about carrying it on beyond the bounds of *patience* & having some object in *view*, but I've left off punning. Oh ! what twinge is that ? God forgive me for lying.) I was in doubt I say but I could not miss the opportunity of shewing off my— metaphor.

I have heard of people who write the same letter to two persons. That's what I never did in my life, no, not a single phraze of length, without noting it as borrowed. I can no more *write* the same things to two people, than talk the same things to 'em. " It would be interesting to see *all* my different letters upon the same subject, & a very curious

speculation to consider what effects &c &c &c." Vide G——n's Life of M. W. G——n,[1] where he talks of the probable & important effects that might have come of his & her earlier acquaintance. I am now writing satire, you see—presently 'twill be Eulogy—& that will be upon myself most likely—then Morality, for my friends, to wit, & then Nonsense, *for the choise few*!!! But no, no, so high a gusto as Nonsense mustn't be brothed out every day, not even to my *London particulars* (ask Larkins the meaning of that phrase, or ask *what's his name*, the great wine merchant) & may by no means be ventured into leaky vessels like the Surat (God forgive me if I'm censorious, & pick holes in another man's coat). *Therefore* the same to prevent (from prævenio) if I'm not too late, I subscribe myself yr. very ob^{t} & h^{le} s^{t}.

THOMAS MANNING.

P.S. You neglect me sadly, Lamb! I have written quires to you; & you are never inquiring after me. Considering the distance, the length of time, &c, there ought to be Realms between us. Goodbye. Best love to Mary.

[1] Godwin's *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin*, published in 1798.

Nothing further from Lamb was received by Manning between this one and the next.

[Dated at end *March* 1, 1809]

Re (*Re* indeed; but I must take a better pen: well then). Refreshed by the juice of the Tuscan Grape, neat as imported from Madeira, I sit down (you must suppose I was standing before) to write a line (numerus sin. pro num. plurali)[1] to my Dear Friend Lamb; you must know I have written five letters already today & therefore I say refreshed —yet tis but a figure, for I have not had a drop of anything today. I speak now as a stage Coachman, & don't reckon tea among the drops of things, but only your rum brandy wine cyder perry & beer; I might have mentioned mead, & made some good puns upon it, but I'm not inclined to be flowery just now, " and willingly forego the Punster's meed." You must observe I am not bound to write to you at all, for you seldom write to me, & I answered your last (dated 26 Feb, 1808) almost as soon as received, by the Surat Castle. Now the Surat Castle was no better than she should be, & may be gone to the bottom; in that case you've lost my letter—that's well (except the loss of the ship &

[1] That is, " numerus singularis pro numero plurali."

cargo). But I'll put by till after Dinner, for I really am tired ; and what's very curious, writing to one man I can't copy what I've just written to another— no, not a sentence. So that for example if when I've finished this, I should recollect that I ought to write to my friend Dr. Henley[1] the great antiquarian I must lay down my pen & take up quite another stile. For he's a wag, & you are a matter of fact man. I should begin to him thus perhaps

Adzooks ! for Merry Master Henley
I must aside my Charles-Lamb penlay ;
And seize a vein of light inditing
Such as a man may read while——*
Farewell Scaurus & Scamander [2]
Farewell Tomb of Alexander !
Farewell Zodiac Ægyptian
Farewell Babylon Inscription
Farewell Mundi Anno decimo
Welcome jokes cum fun novissimo
&c &c &c

* *lighting* himself up to bed.

Note upon Note. You see this wont do for you, because you can't light yourself *up* to bed ; unless you have changed your lodgings.

[1] Perhaps Samuel Henley, D.D., sometime Rector of Rendlesham, Suffolk, died 1816.

[2] Scaurus, a Roman consul, second century B.C. ; Scamander, a river of Troas, called Xanthus by the gods.

Now these verses you see belong to the learned Dr. & as they have robbed you of a piece of the paper, I shall make the matter up to you by a Grammatical Commentary—& what will be suited to your taste, & what you could not have had without the verses, you know.

v. . I consider *fun* as *indeclinable*, wherever you find it. I make it of the masculine gender, not to *rime* to decimo, but because the mas. is more worthy than the fem. vide Lil. Gram.[1]—The rest of this learned Commentary I'll give you after dinner.

After Dinner.

My Dear Lamb, I've dined, & am ruined. My ideas are obtundaded,[2] fattened, oil'd, quenched, overlaid, stuffed, greased, spoil'd! I pop my head out of the grease tub of digestion & find every breeze of recollection blow rough upon me. God bless you. I am quite well, & firmly yours, while I am any thing. But at present I'm jaded, & dare not express the sentiments of my heart, for fear my sleepyness should wrong them.

T. MANNING

[1] Lily's *Latin Grammar*, published 1513.

[2] Obtundere, to blunt, make dull; the dictionary word is "obtunded."

P.S. Love to Mary. You *should* have sent your Tales from Shakespear.

CANTON,
March 1, 1809.

Between this and the next Manning must have received Lamb's of March 29, 1809, and also, probably, that of January 2, 1810. Both these letters may be read in all the editions. The first reported, accurately enough, the death of Thomas Holcroft; the second the removal from Mitre Court Buildings to No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, together with other matters not so accurate.

We come to the concluding letter of the Far Eastern series, and the last, we may suppose, which Lamb heard of his friend for some time.

Oct. 11*th*, 1810

DEAR LAMB,

Just going to leave Calcutta for God knows where!

Very strange in mind—cannot write.

Give one of these boxes of India Ink to Mary & the other to my brother Edward when you see him.

I'll write to you before I am out of the bounds of civilization.

THOMAS MANNING

If Manning wrote again, his letter was either not preserved by Lamb, or did not reach him. Shortly after writing this one, he set out, disguised, on his adventurous journey through Bengal and Tibet, his journal of which was published under the editorship of Sir Clements Markham in 1876. " He appears to have received little or no aid from the Government," wrote Sir Clements, " to have been left entirely to his own resources without official recognition of any kind, and all the credit of his extraordinary journey is solely due to himself. Whether his disguise was effectual or not, he succeeded in reaching Lhassa, a feat which no official has ever yet achieved." After residing in Lhassa for several months, and having interviews with the Dalai Lama, Manning returned to India safely in 1811.

For the second period of his Chinese residence, at Canton and Peking, none of his letters to Lamb is preserved. Of Lamb's to him we have only one (all editions, December 25–26, 1815). It gives fanciful news of deaths that have occurred in his absence : " Mary has been dead and buried many years—she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her." It concludes : " Come as soon as

you can." Leaving Canton on March 7, 1817, Manning landed in England on the following 25th of July, having had his interview with Napoleon at St. Helena by the way.[1]

[1] For which see O'Meara's *Napoleon*, 1822, Vol. II, pp. 90–92.

PART III

1819–1834

THE first letter from Lamb which has been preserved after Manning's return to England is of May 28, 1819. He writes: "I want to know how your brother is, if you have heard lately. I want to know about you. C. Lloyd is in town with Mrs. Ll. anxious of course to see you. She is come for a few days, and projects leaving him here in the care of a man. I fear he will launch out, and heartily wish the scene of his possible exploits were at a remoter distance. But she does not know what to do with him. He run away tother day to come to London alone but was intercepted & now she has brought him. I wish people wouldn't be mad. Could you take a run up to look at him? would you like to see him? or isn't it better to lean over a style in a sort of careless easy half astronomical position eyeing the blue expanse?" Mr. Lucas says in his notes to this letter that Manning had settled at Totteridge,

Hertfordshire, but the place was Redbourne, on the main road from St. Albans to Dunstable and about equidistant from St. Albans and Wheathampsted. The Lambs were now at Great Russell Street, Covent Garden.

The reference in the opening sentences of Manning's reply is to Lamb's allusion to Mrs. Gould (Fanny Burrell, the actress), from whom he had expected a visit in the company of Fanny Kelly, which was not to take place. "Mrs. *Gold* is well, but proves 'uncoin'd,' as the Lovers about Wheathamsted would say." Lamb's letter also contained a foretaste of his Elia essay, "Mackery End in Hertfordshire" (*London Magazine*, August, 1821): "How are my cousins, the Gladmans of Wheathamsted, and farmer Bruton? Mrs. Bruton is a glorious woman.

Hail, Mackery End.—"

Manning's reply was sent by return:

[P.M. *May* 30, 1819]

DEAR LAMB,

I took all your letter very kindly, except the word *uncoin'd*—as you & I have *barred* punning, I could not tell at first what to make of it—I'm

afraid it will not pass current. I thought at first you alluded to her not being in a Family way. The phraze was familiar in Dryden's time—" stampt an image."[1] But what *interest* could you or I take in that? She's not likely to produce young Napoleons, I suppose! Then I exchanged that for another idea—but still *unfavorably*. Just as the circulating medium of my brain was at a standstill, & I feared I must let it aLoan, lo! the restriction (on my understanding) was taken off, (it went off without any *report*) but still I take it *unkind* (of you —to puzzle me so). Nothing in this life, as you justly observe, is without alloy—not even uncoin'd Gold—but let's change the note. Who is that Mrs. Bruton—the " glorious woman " you call her. Would you think it, I have ½ a mind to go over to Wethempsted, & inquire about her—only your notice is rather too vague. I know of but one Glorious Woman; & that is in the Revelations; & she wore the sun by way of a Brooche.[2]

I have not heard *of from* or *about* my brother

[1] Dryden, " Britannia Rediviva "—
" And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promised seed."

[2] Revelation xii. 1, but not accurate.

since he disposed of himself in the ablative case from the old Hummum's.[1] When so near a *relative* chooses to remain silent, instead of announce, we may pronouns him better—but there is some obscurity still hangs over *that*.

I know you Londoners despise us seely country folk. You cannot frame a notion of *our* delights. *You* delight in Elections ; we in a Horsefair. You delight in a rout ; we in routing the pigs out of the barley close. You delight in an interesting debate ; we in baiting a rat-trap. You in your pullings down, & buildings up ; your projected improvements, your openings from Haymarket to Maiden Lane, &c &c ; we in improvements made in lanes. You in your new post-office ; we in our old posts, 3 steps off us when we open the door. We in our Kitchen Garden ; you in your Covent Garden. We in cream ; you in Milik [2] (or something *below*.) You in fresh Mackerell; we in fresh air. You in roasting Larks ; we in singing Larks. You go off to Court & to the play; we doff our coats, & to the plough. You delight in state-affairs ; we in household affairs. You in

[1] The hotel in Covent Garden.

[2] This spelling, I suppose, from the way it was cried in the streets.

conversation ; we in knitting. You in crouded shops ; we in crouded barns. You in Dukes ; we in Ducks. In short, there's nothing you have, but we (silly as we are) have an Equivalent. I often purpose coming over to London to explain the matter more fully to you. But when I wake in the morning, & putting my head out of the window, infuse (inhale, I mean) the balmy air—when I hear the birds (the little warblers, I mean) singing (blithe, I mean) on every spray—when—oh Lamb ! what a number of delicious delicate romantic rhimes present themselves to the word *spray*—& this month of the year too ! I must refrain—if once I begin to pour out, who can draw their bent finger over my mouth, & wipe me dry ? The sweet ideas hang together like ropes of treacle ; one comes curling crinkle crankle after another. I've enough now ready in my mind to daub over 3 sheets of paper.—I refrain—I refer you to the Ranelaugh & Vauxhall songs. There you'll find most of the rhimes I teem with, elegantly strung up like hollow birds-eggs in a cottage. Yet tis a pity ! I've a great mind to venture upon " New mown hay." They can't have got that, surely !—If you come to ye grosser delights (we cannot be always spiritual,

Mr. Lamb,—corporal nature loves to see her corps well filled, she has no delight in your Skeleton Regiments) I say if you come to the grosser delights, what can be more delightful than killing a pig? It sounds perhaps like a joke or a paradox, but no such thing. I'm in earnest. A good fat hog—what plenty it makes to *kill one in* to the family! Doesn't it? Besides the regular roasting & boiling pieces, sper rib, griskin, leg & so forth, there's such a variety of odd ends & dainty bits; of preparations, conserves, & picklements; some of wh follow incontinently upon the cry of the pig. For example, the Haslet. Others again surprise you at intervals after a week or a fortnight's suspense, as the petitoes, sausages, &c. Others come forth in the shape of faces, hams, & bacon; & when you've quite forgot the pig—months & months afterwards—make beans grateful—fried eggs a luxury—& veal a treat. What benefits accrue from the death of that stubborn ill-manner'd animal! & yet what a noise a' makes at the time. One would think to hear him one was doing a mischief instead of a service! Take my word for it, to those that know how many yards of Chitterling go to a Dozen Sausages (learnt that phraze of Miss Halloway) no music like the cry

of a killing pig. What does your Brother John say to it? He's a man of taste, he loves sausages? For my part I know no better eating, except it be eel-pye. There! there's a *flea* in *his* ear. Let him take care how he raps my Eels about the Costard![1]

This is the 29th of May. I have not been shaved for 3 days. Leaning over the pales this morning I was accosted by Miss Halloway returning with a party from St. Alban's Market. She abused my super-rustic, untrim appearance. "Why," says I, "tis the Restoration today, isn't it?" "Yes," says she, "& what then?" "Oh, nothing," says I, "only I never shave that day." "Don't you! Why? I'm afraid you are a Jacobite then." "Oh no, no," says I, "tis not that, Ma'am: tis I cant help thinking of his poor father, Charles I. If I was a Jacobite, I should not treat him so cavalierly!" Whether the party saw that I doubted Miss Halloway's mistake, I don't know (twas Miss Peggy Halloway; her sister is a very superior girl, but not so handsome, understands geography

[1] *King Lear*, Act II, Scene iv. As to this passage, it was Manning, of course, who gave Lamb the idea for that "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" which made its appearance in the *London Magazine* for September, 1822.

& history—she worked a Sampler Atlas in 4 parts ; much admired—particularly Africa—the Dromedary done to nature) nor whether they were any of them able to string the words Jacobite, Jacobin, Cavalier, & the rest of the troop, on the right pegs. But as Miss Halloway & I bandied our Dialogue about with much smartness (for she's a witty girl, tho not so well-schooled as her sister) they all laughed, & admired our comical ways. They all, here, think me prodigious learned. I descanted t'other day at large before a large party on a map of the world that was brought out for our inspection & admiration. I made remarks on all the places—there were not many names on it—twas in tent-stitch & the letters take up room *in that* you know—tis troublesome to work in more than the capital towns. I said very little about Pekin, I thought it would smell of the shop. I enlarged a good deal upon Ispahan—gave it the true pronunciation, & instructed the eldest Miss Halloway how to husk out the Gutturals ; explaining to her the difference between *h*, *double h*, & *kh* ; w^{h} much gratified both her & her mother ; but drew forth some not over-dry remarks from Miss Peggy ; who did not like I believe that I should vis-a-vis her sister's mouth

so much. She thinks her own lips much prettier (& so do I) & is contented with such hh's as take place in our English *hoity-toity*, *hist !*, *hark !*, *hush !*, *hug*, &c. I saw her mind; & in quoting some guttural Persian, *of my own*, in order to exemplify my remarks, directed the more liquid parts to her; which pleased her mightily, & made her shew her white teeth again.—How people exaggerate & deceive themselves! They declare here that I understand all the Languages in the World! Whereas there is the Caribbee; there's the Islandic; there's your New Zealand language, & 2 or 3 more, that I'm quite ignorant of, *almost*.—The case you relate[1] (*case* from *Cado*. Vide Holofernes) *falls* hard. I'm persuaded they mean to restore the poor man after they've well frightened him awhile, unless indeed there be something in the Bye Laws to prevent 'em. For some days past I've been weaving a plan in my mind for coming up to London for a few days. Then something occurs, & I postpone it. For I always take care, in my weaving, to leave ample room & verge enough[2] for *that*. I should

[1] The "case" Lamb had related was that of Tommy Bye, dismissed from the India House for exceeding in his cups. Hence Manning's "Bye Laws."

[2] Gray, "The Bard," line 51.

like to see Mrs. Lloyd very much, & so I should my Friend Charles if I thought I could see him as I wish ; otherwise the thought oppresses me. I cannot tell whether a visit from me would really gratify him or not. If I thought it would, I would come & see him directly.—Bless me ! what an acre of letter I've written (don't pun, now, upon *acre*, *ache or*, *a cur*) I dare not read it over, for fear of finding nonsense in it. I'm so quick at discovering that, *when I read*. And I dare not sign my name for fear you should miss-lay it up, & some 40 years hence (50 I mean) your Executors (what a crapey word !) should miss-lay their Dye-stained hands upon it, & lug it forth. Farewell. [*No signature*.] You'll guess me.

Four months elapse between this and the next letter, during which we have nothing from Lamb.

[Dated at end *September* 2, 1819]

Dear Lamb,

I can't for the life of me recollect Lloyd's address ; so I apply to you to do a message for me. Tis not fair perhaps to be so careless, & then to trouble other folks ; but consider the numbers in

the Strand ! & then a corner house too—nominally in the street, but virtually, to us visitors, in a lane. No fat No. on a smokey-white post, meeting your eye thus 38, & making an impression that may be treasured up afterwards in your mind's Eye—altâ mente re*post*um[1]—nothing to point out which is the door, " if door it may be called, that door is none ; but rather hothouse frame, of Glassy squares compact "—no knocker, or any of the appurtenances that doors usually have ; one seems as if one was going to enter into a conservatory for rare plants ; for my part I'm always shy of looking at the pannels, because tis rude to stare into a private house. So if there be a number on them, cut with a diamond, I never saw it (tho I believe after all the glass is silvered at the back ; for I once saw a glimpse of my own spectacles in it, & nothing else). Besides I don't go by the N°, but by the words " Shoe Lane "—I turn the corner, & pull at the first bell I find. If a man lived at Somerset House or Exeter Change, there'd be no trouble in

[1] Virgil, *Æneid*, I, 26–7 :

. . . " manet altâ mente repostum
Judicium Paridis."

Spoken of Juno (" Deep in her heart lie stored the judgment of Paris," etc.).

sending him a letter—or under the belfry of the new Church,[1] or over Temple Bar (a *Capital* situation in former times).

[*A change of pen.*] When I was last in town (the pen will soon get softer) I promised Lloyd, that in about a fortnight from that time, I'd come & stay with him a few days. Now reckoning by St. Albans market there must have passed over since then at least 2 Saturdays. Therefore I make bold, having lost the post-clue to his house, to beg you to inform him that I intend to be with him on Tuesday next 7th Sepr provided it be a fine day, & provided I hear nothing from him to the contrary. Coaches being uncertain (as to accomodations) he need not expect me till he hears I'm come. Tell him this, & so shall he have a bed ready for me, & a Laver of fair water on a standish, with clean nappery, & scouring sand—there's no occasion to put Lavender between the sheets, tho I use it here. Excuse my rusticity, & believe me to be yours most sincerely

THOMAS MANNING.

P.S. By the bye, I now recollect that Shoe Lane is in Fleet Street & not in the Strand—so I have

[1] I suppose this would be St. Mary le Strand, finished in 1723.

been expatiating on the latter to no purpose. Your mind, I dare say, did not go with me ; I had it all to myself, as Virgil says

Et sola in sicca secum *spatiatur arenâ*[1]

I have looked over this letter (a thing I seldom do) & don't quite understand it. I don't think Redbourn agrees with my wits. I have *marked* one or two of the most *market*able puns. Turn over.

Apropos of mark[et]ing, did you ever note Spencer's description of Covent Garden? Tis in the 6th Canto of the 3^{d} Book.

In that same garden all the goodly flowers
Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht, &c., &c.

When he comes to the Theatre he says

And double gates it had, w^{h} open'd wide
By w^{h} both in & out men moten pass ;

Old Genius the Porter of them was
Old Genius, ye w^{h} a double nature has.

Ne needs no Gardiner to sett or sow
To plant or prune &c.

[1] 1st Georgic, spoken of the cornix, " Stalking alone up and down the dry sea-sand " (i.e. Strand).

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth forms, wh none yet ever knew ;
And every sort is in a sundry bed
Sett by itselfe, & rankt in comely rew, &c.

Daily they grow, & daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more ;
Yet is the stocke, not lessened or spent
But still remains in everlasting store, &c.

The substance is not changed nor altered
But th' only forme, & outward fashion, &c.

Great enemy t' it & t'all the rest
That in the Garden of the Convent springs
Is wicked Time, who with his scyth addrest,
Does mow the flowring herbes, & goodly things
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither, & are foully marred, &c.

But were it not that Time their troubler is
All that in this delightful garden growes
Should happy be, & have immortal Bliss
For here all plenty & all pleasure flowes,
And sweet Love gentle fitts amongst them throwes
Without fell rancor or fond jealousy
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes
Each bird his mate ; ne any does envy
Their goodly merriment, & gay felicity,
&c.

Thursday Sepr 2^d^ 1819.

From Mr. Barford's Barn, *Riddle* corner, behind the Screen, under the Light-hole.

The next four years are unillumined by correspondence on either side. Manning's, when we come to it, is a letter apparently apropos of nothing, but I fancy that he knew of Mary's illness of September–October, 1823, and wrote with the idea of distracting Lamb's thoughts a little. The move to Colebrooke Cottage, Islington, had now taken place.

[P.M. *October* 23, 1823]

Dear Lamb,

I have now lying before me a store of good things, that have never seen daylight.—A beautiful Anagram on the word Charm, composed at Lassa, & till now buried among my Lassa papers. A little dialogue, entitled *Nonsense*, & *An Irish Story*, both composed in the same place. Also *literal* translations into Latin; composed in various places. Also, &c, &c. Shall I communicate any of these riches to you? What will you have? Where shall I begin? Speak quickly, for fear my paper should

not hold out. That's right ! you chuse some of the translations first. " In medias res," then.

Might I be at rest a moment o'time, or is it impossible,
I exclaimed.
Miti beat resta momento timoris it impossibili exclamet.

Let us feel his pulse a bit.
Latus felis pulsabit.

Rest is necessary, I see.
Restis necessarii se.

Dick's eye red is ; Duck's eye grey is.
Dixi reddis ; duxi graiis.

My rate is quick, we* see.
Miratis quicque se.

Man's pulse is subject to vary far, far !
Some tell us in some men 'tis never at par.
Mens pulsis subjecto varî, far, far ;
Sum tellus insum mentis neverat par.

For my day too late tis !
Formida tu latis.

* Ask a *common hand* to turn *we* into Latin, & you'll see my merit.

I must try to mend a man's waistcoat.
Imus tritu menda mansuescat.

Her bosom is pretty.
Herbosum is pretî.

So let her come as servant.
Solet hircum asservant.

Humble I come here a suitor.
Umbilicum Hera sutor.

A great Esquire attacks us : can he call us before 'em ?
Can he cite us ? can he hurt us ?
À gratis quia at taxus ; cannæ caulas biforem, &c.

He does call us.
Hædus caulus.

Caught us at last in Ivy !
Cautus atlas tinnivi.

Verses are a refuge,—yet when do you buy any mad verses ?
Versis ara refugiet tuendo ubi animadversis.

Mist him by G—— !
Mistim Bigæ.

I demand a speedy answer.
Idem andas pede anser.

ἴσημι οὖς
I see my house.

There ! I've thousands more behind : but I think you've enough.—What, you *will* have the Anagram, because twas made at Lassa ? Well, so you shall ; here tis.

ANAGRAM ON THE WORD CHARM

By twisting & by lopping me strange forms you may create,
But take me in my natural state, I'm form'd to fascinate ;
When interlopers spoil a plot, I've verb expressing *that*,
I've also rounded form much like the back of yawning cat.
A curve ; a four-legg'd beast with horns ; a savory Christian
dish ;
A month oft mention'd at Reviews ; a member, & a fish.
I've river giving name to town, whose fame stands very high,
I've mischief in me, & a verb that often follows I.
A vehicle, in which of old great Heroes used to ride,
A brace of interjections & one article beside,
Another word I can't get in—at least without a cram
So make me out from what you've got, or leave me as I am.
Yet—one hint more—cut off my head, & look at what is left :
You'll find that I am come to harm, but not of sense bereft.
But if you lop one portion more, you spoil me for your pains,
I vanish quite, except one arm, which still in sight remains !

In turning over the leaf where this Lassa Laurel lay as lost, long lock't up in lots of Lumber, I have found a drinking song, dated *Calcutta Oct* 24, 1812. I *expose* it now for the 1st time : mortal eye, but mine, never saw it before ! There are hundreds

in the Language better but this is *new* & *mine*, & as such I desire you not to despise it ; for &c, &c, &c., to the end of the page, in order that I may begin my song nicely at the top of the next. Wohey !

Song composed extempore upon hearing *in my ear* the words

" Of all the brave birds that ever I see
The Owl is the fairest in her degree."
Parody.

1.

Of all the brave liquors that ever I see,
Good 5 year old Port is the liquor for me,
Good for the stomach & throttle ;
Pop goes the cork
What signifies talk,
The Wine stands with you, sir, come pass the Bottle.

2.

I liv'd with a Friend at the edge of a Fen
Our Neighbors caught agues again & again
But we never shiver'd nor got ill ;
*Gug gug guggle gug
We decanter'd it snug
The Wind's in the East, Harry, pass the Bottle.

* Tis not every body can say *Gug*, *gug* & *Bub*, *bub* properly.

Drink water, you'll pump for bright sayings in vain ;
Of wit and good sense, that lie deep in the brain,
Good wine is your only good pumper ;
Bub bub in the glass—
We toast a tight lass
The Maiden is yours, Sir, come fill up a Bumper.

Well, I see you are tired, so I won't transcribe you my long descriptive poem entitled *Hell Kitchen*. Besides, *a great deal* of the beauty of it depends upon properly pronouncing, or rather not pronouncing but howling, certain uncouth sounds in it. What, for instance, would you make of the following, w^h^ yet is delightful, when properly set forth, " as pointed by the Author."

Here in a morning murky mists arise,
From Diabolic draughts that seethe & steam,
While furious forms of frightful fiery fiends
Bellow around for breakfast, Ou, yoi, yoi,
Hóuleio óireo, úngrai, yob, wob, wob ;
Our, óur oimwóil our oútch rob rob wob wob
Hóuleo oúreo outch, aum waum wob wob,
&c., &c.

Dear Lamb, If you find a quarter of an hour's amusement here *at my expense*, my end is answered.

I hope your dear Sister is got quite well, or at least up to " not quite." Your's ever,

T. MANNING.

(Mr. Barford's, Redbourn, Herts.)

Turn over.

If you ever see Rickman confidentially, ask him for a copy of the *Agricultural Report* for me & keep it till I see you.

Wednesday.

The next is without date or address, but is almost certainly the letter to which Lamb's of early February, 1825 (all editions), is the reply: " You might have come inopportunely a week since, when we had an inmate. At present, and for as long as *ever* you like, our castle is at your service." The " inmate " would probably be Emma Isola, the Lambs' adopted daughter, who would now have gone back to school at Mrs. Richardson's, Dulwich. Manning was staying with Lamb on February 27, 1825, as we know from an extract from Crabb Robinson's diary, given by Mr. Lucas. The Betsy of this letter is the Lambs' servant at Islington, and Prynne or Prince, Lamb's dog. Martin Burney,

of the oblique features and the faithful heart, stands in need of no introduction.

[*Early February*, 1825]

Dear L,

I expect to come to Town next week or the week after, being my nearest way into N[orfolk]. I would gladly make a few days stay at that cottage situate in a romantic nook on the banks of the New River & wd wish to know how the L^{d} & L^{y} of the Demesne stand affected thereunto. I spent many pleasant [hours there (?)], tho dayly barked at by Prynne, whose voice, mungrel as it is, I should hear again with pleasure. But perhaps in addition to the cropping of his Ears (whence the learned antiquarian Betsy calls him Prynne[1] instead of Prince) unhidebound Death has already cropped him, & sent his skin to the tanner, or at least adverse ravishing fate brought on his dissolution from your Society.—If you are after purchasing a boat for *your* portion of ye River, hasten the bargain & get it home, for I am very fond of the water, & can

[1] William Prynne (1600–69), Presbyterian lawyer, published *Histriomastix* in 1633 and lost both his ears, besides incurring fine and imprisonment.

fancy a strange pleasure in rowing from your arched Entrance to the Gates with Port-cullis at ye bottom of Cambden St.—Is there a P^t^ cullis there ? or do I dream ? I always think of Colebrook Cottage as a Mysterious Castle, hard of access to find—owing, I suppose, to first impressions ; for the Coachman & I drove three times round the walls & fosse before we [found (?)] that Sally Port—to w^h^ Sally Port the person who performed the office of Sally Porter was one Betsy I think. She also not easy of access—guarded with severe indifference, & stern neglect of all that does not concern her offices. The shafts of Badinage dropt from her like School-boy Arrows from the Walls of a lonely castle—you could not hear whether they hit her or not, so distant was she—you saw them drop into the Nettles & Rubbish below & were vext to think they were lost. But all this, rough & hard & Puzzling, does but give a zest to the hospitable & gracious reception of the Lady of the Castle within. Tis like the pleasure of cracking a hard *good* Walnut. Says Martin B who is now standing by me, " Aye & much better, for the within of a Walnut only gives you meat (" High as Hall ; Bitter as Gall ; Soft as silk ; white as Milk ; & yet tis man's meat." Vide

Seminarium Infantile) but the Lady within at Colebrook Hall gives you both meat & drink." And then he laughed with strange obliquity of feature, & I laughed for company; but I thought it a great falling down from the pure sublime I had been floating in. However it gives me a good opportunity of descending to the familiar & begging you to give me a line just saying whether it will be perfectly convenient to you and your good Sister to &c, &c, &c.

There is a note from Charles and Mary of December 10, 1825, given by Canon Ainger, telling Manning that his red trunk (the companion of his Far Eastern journeyings) is safe deposited at the Peacock, Islington. "We have a corner at *double dumbee* for you, whenever you are disposed to change your Inn." After that, no more, apparently, until this one. It is undated by Manning, but was probably written in August or September, 1827, as on the 9th of the former month Lamb writes to Sir John Stoddart: "Manning is gone to Rome, Naples, &c." The Mrs. Payne of the opening is Sally Payne, née Burney.

FLORENCE INTIME

[? *August* 1827]

DEAR LAMB,

I cannot let Mrs. Payne leave Florence without sending you a line: it would be making as if I had forgot you, or changed—I, the unchangeable. You must be content for the present (as I dare say you will) simply to know that I propose writing to you *seriously*. What observations I have made on pictures & painting. What original ideas. Deep as the mud of the Thames—clear as Birch's Jellies! How you w[d] like Italy—particularly in my company. I am drunk with variety of ideas—& the Wine here is very good & wholesome, & does not give the headache, like port. Venice is worth your seeing. Titian is somebody, but Paul Veronese is a great painter. What we call Leonardo da Vinci's in England, are, many of them, by Luini; some write him Luino—I mean Bernardino Luini. Then the small birds; the thrushes, the Beccoficos,[1] the quails—roasted with a little thin stomacher of Bacon; looking so tidy in the dish. When a Quail

[1] Beccafico, a general name applied to the Warblers, especially the Garden Warblers, which were supposed to pick the figs.

is fat, tis curious. You may have them excellent at Padua. I should like to live at Padua, because there is an University there with fine architecture ; & it seems a respectable place ; & the learned men there (I felt as if it was full of them—learned in the Civil law) invite the fat things to their markets. The air from Milan to Venice is delicious, & makes one want to shout out ; but travelling with polite people, there are certain decorums to be observed, &c, &c, &c. We shall stay here in this jewel of a place (Florence I mean) some time longer. I have already been here 3 weeks ! & have not had a moment to spare to write to England ! ! !

Suppose you had been flying, literally flying, smoothly & easily, with untired wing, in the air round London, Gravesend, Margate, Hamsted, Chilworth, Saffron Walden, & home by St. Albans & Highgate, as soon as you alighted at Islington and had composed your pinions, could you pluck a quill out & sit down to write to L, merely because you had nothing to do ? I can't write while my mind is still afloat, & tis always so here. I wish I had somebody at my elbow who would take my thoughts down, *some of them are worth it*. But let me not be supposed to insinuate, &c, &c,

&c, not so vain, &c, &c, &c. You & Mary know that, &c, &c.

Yours heartily,

THOMAS MANNING.

No correspondence, on either side, seems to have been preserved between 1827 and 1834. The Lambs, after six years at Enfield, where Manning must have been often with them, had now made their last move together, to Edmonton. Manning was now living at Puckeredge, Hertfordshire.

May 2[d] 1834

Some go to bed & some they go to pot
As drowsyness or hunger may befall
But old lang syne by no man is forgot
Save him whose dry & has forgotten all.

Which I thus render into Latin for you

Hi requiescunt in pace hi ad cœnendum eunt
Pro ut vicissem somnus et fames suadent
Sed longe-olim-gesta non oblivisci queunt
Mortales, nisi quorum viscera non adhuc madent.

Observe how harmoniously, as in a Catch, I have transposed the idea of *going to pot* from board to bed. Catch me missing a hit of that sort—catch a tartar !

I have been unwell with a fever. It possessed me many days. Last Sunday it departed out of me —without giving me any rent—which was rather unfair as it had occupied me so long. I hope tis not gone to Hog's Norton to put the organ pipes there out of tune. Hog's Norton is a village in Norfolk. If ever you were in that county you will know they never mention Hog's N^{n} there but they add " Where the pigs play upon the Organ."[1] If you did not happen to know that you might wonder what I am driving at with my pigs.—Yesterday I walked in the garden (with my clogs on) & saw swallows flying about—I was surprised—could hardly swallow it. Heard the Cuckoo ; called out to the Kitchen-wench, who foreseeing rain was whipping linen off her line (tis not *her line*, neither, exactly— but we dont keep a regular laundress) " Cook ! ho ! do you hear that ? " Then how pleasant it was to see the Apple trees blushing & budding !— & the Gooseberries swelling to get themselves ready for a pudding—and the powdered Auriculas like rich & dainty ladies, dressed in brown satins for holy days & high days, & the green top rufflets of the

[1] " I think thou wast born at Hogg's Norton, where pigs play upon the organs."—Howell, *English Proverbs*, p. 16.

peas puckered & puffed out as if there was a *butterfly under them. And the Bees humming about as if they had a mind to plunder them.

Apropos of this I was sitting at the Blossoms public-house not many months ago, talking with the Landlady, when her Daughter Bet brought me a very so-so glass of Gin & Wr. "Why, this won't do at all," says I to the old Lady, "I have a good mind to pull her ears." "Her ears? whose ears?", says the mother, abstracting her attention a moment from certain chalk marks on the Chimney board (I am sorry to say the Carpenter of the village does not pay so regularly as he ought—he has good business too—turned me this table I am writing at) "Whose? Why Bet's. Would not it be a good deed?" "Bet? her let alone," retorted the mother slowly & with emphasis. I thought it not a bad hit

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* Peas & other papilionaceous plants blossom late about Puckeredge.† They begin to pucker about the 1st week in May. Vide *Transactions* of Buntingford Horticultural Society, Vol. 7, page 154.

† "Puckeredge quasi Pucker-hedge; because the hedges only pucker there when the Edmonton hedges are bursting into blossom." Lye's Junius.

for a country Alewife, though whether *she* meant it for better or worse, I dont know. *I* meant no harm.

There is one Wright (si rite audita recordor, for I speak by rote & am not sure whether I write it right or not)—but howsoever this W. has retranslated Dante they say

Chare [?] [1] quem Carius conversit ante.

Done for a pound tis not better done than Cary's; if it be this Wright must be charissimus. We are now in the month of May; as you may perceive by the uberity and sweet-breathedness of this letter —which is like that of a Cow fed on fresh & flush May pasturage. My imagination is as a may-meadow, humming with spring & life—yea, humming as a pot of beer hums when approached to the fire. My soul feeds therein; feeds & pauses & cocks up her tail & winces for very gust of joy.

[1] I don't know this word in Latin, but the idea is perhaps a play on *wright* (e.g. wheelwright), *turning*, i.e. translating. (The old English meaning of "chare" or "char" is a turn, thence an action or job of work.) Ichabod Charles Wright (1795–1871), banker and translator of Dante, published his version of the *Inferno* in 1833. Lamb, in his reply, says that he has not seen it, but that he and Mary, with the aid of Cary's, have recently completed a year's study of the original.

How do you do? & how does Mary. If she is well enough to be pleased with the enquiries of an old Friend, remember me most kindly to Her.

P.S. I post my letters by double entry, one entry for the date & another for the letter-box. So mind, you are not to receive this till tomorrow morning, May 6th, 4 days after Date. Longe post tempore datur! I hope you'll say.

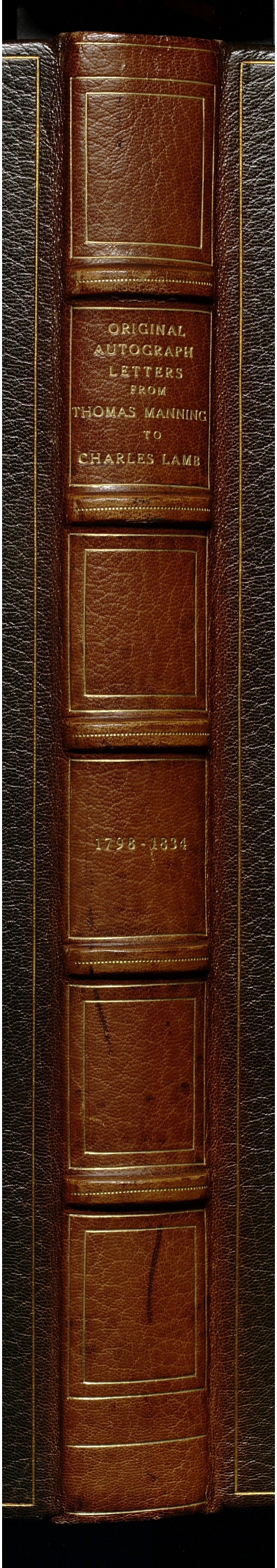
Monday

This is the last from Manning, and how gladly Lamb received it is shown by his prompt reply, of May 10, given by Canon Ainger: "You made me feel so funny, so happy-like; it was as if I was reading one of your old letters taken out at hazard any time between the last twenty years, 'twas so the same." There is sad news of Mary. "She is rising, and will claim her morning picquet. I go to put this in the post first. I walk 9 or 10 miles a day, always up the road, dear London-wards. . . . Do not come to town without apprising me. We must all three meet somehow and 'drink a cup.'"

We do not know whether Manning came to Edmonton. In December of this year Lamb died,

from the consequences of a fall during one of his walks on the London road. Manning removed shortly afterwards to Dartford in Kent; and, six years later, on May 3, 1840, he died at Bath, where, in the Abbey Church, he is buried.

SCROLL CLUB NEW


ORIGINAL
AUTOGRAPH
LETTERS
FROM
THOMAS MANNING
TO
CHARLES LAMB
1798-1834