

## DOWNLOAD PDF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO. THE CONVALESCENT, BY C. LAMB.

### Chapter 1 : From 'Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty years Ago.'

*CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO. IN Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school\*, such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the and*

His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf -- our crug moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Mondays milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extra-ordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. In lieu of our half-pickled Sundays, or quite fresh boiled beef on Thursdays strong as caro equina, with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth -- our scanty mutton crags on Fridays -- and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion -- he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin exotics unknown to our palates, cooked in the paternal kitchen a great thing, and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative in whom love forbade pride squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters disclosing the viands of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite; and the contending passions of L. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger eldest, strongest of the passions! I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town far in the west come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire! To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day-leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing. It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless -- shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges to the Lions in the Tower -- to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and waked for the purpose, in the coldest winter nights -- and this not once, but night after night -- in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder. There was one H--, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered -- at Nevis, I think, or St. Kits, some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron

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underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L. Under the same facile administration, can L. These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates children are universally fat-haters and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, unsalted, are detestable. A gag-eater in our time was equivalent to a goul, and held in equal detestation. He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would lay with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery-lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Hathaway, the then steward for this happened a little after my time, with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of --, an honest couple come to decay, -- whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! He was a tall, shambling youth with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks. I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had run away. This was the punishment for the first offence. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket -- a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted -- with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water -- who might not speak to him; -- or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude: The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn auto da fe, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire -- all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguise he was brought into the hall L. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these Ultima Supplicia; not to mitigate so at least we understood it, but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting -- circumstances, to make accurate report

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with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his San Benito, to his friends, if he had any but commonly such poor runagates were friendless, or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate. These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation after school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than in them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders just enough to disturb a fly was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will -- holding it "like a dancer. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often staid away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us -- he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," that passed current among us -- Peter Wilkins -- the Adventures of the Hon. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called cat-cradles; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English," and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time -- mixing the useful with the agreeable -- as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us. Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levee when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phaedrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper.

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### Chapter 2 : results in SearchWorks catalog

*Among the essays, "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago" features a schoolboy reminiscence of Coleridge, while "Confessions of a Drunkard" treats with ambivalence a theme that.*

Saturday, at chapel, W. Louise Plum, wife of Jacob H. The gas was turned on full from two jets and the circumstances pointed to a double suicide. But subsequent developments went to show that Hacker found the woman asleep in the house, and to prevent her leaving him, which she was contemplating doing, he turned on the gas and killed her and himself. The woman had been separated from her husband for three years because of her relations with Hacker. She had recently promised to return to her home, and it is suspected that when Hacker became aware of this he resolved upon the deed which ended both lives. Services Wednesday, August 24, at 1: Marik Sons Chapel, S. Funeral services May 20, from funeral chapel, W. Albert - [In Memoriam] - In loving memory of Dr. Chicago Tribune, April 30, Beloved wife of Ted F. Sister of Glenn L. For information please call Hartnett, aged 23 yrs. Deceased was a cousin of Mrs. Interment Fairmount Cemetery, Willow Springs. Visitation 4 to 9 p. Funeral Saturday, April 26, at 3 p. Burial at Mount Emblem. Robert Geraldine Wagner, Mrs. Resting at funeral home, 79th street and Phillips. Visitation 4 to 8 p. Rescue Squad in Wisconsin. Funeral Saturday at 9 a. For information call Yards Detroit papers please copy. Saturday July 24, ; DOD: Saturday June 02, ; Est. Funeral service Tuesday at 9: Hickory Hills to St. Patricia Church for 10 a. Mass Interment, Queen of Heaven Cemetery. Visitation Monday 3 to 9 p. Funeral services Tuesday, April 24, at 9 a. Visitation Monday, 2 to 9 p. Saturday November 07, ; DOD: Friday April 20, ; Est. Barbara Church, Prairie Ave, Brookfield. Interment will be at Mount Carmel Cemetery, Hillside. Hargarten was a retired self-employed accountant. Survivors include two sisters, Grace Folliard and Loretta Cahill, one brother Robert and nieces and nephews. Arrangements were made by Johnson Funeral Home, Brookfield. Funeral Monday, April 28, , at 2:30 p. Newland avenue, beloved husband of Violet, nee Lutter; fond father of Robert H. Reichard; grandfather of Nancy Harrington; brother of Viola Six. Service Monday, Feb 21, 2 p. Helen Kovins, and Mrs. Ethel Feldman of Hendersonville, N. Interment New Light cemetery. Harry Levy and the late Hyman Harris. Hartnett of the Parish Abbeyfeale, Co. Limerick and brother of Mrs. He was 26 yrs. The deceased was a descendant of an ancient family of honorable Irish Nationalists. Deceased was a member of Co. Funeral occurred from the Jesuit Church to Mt. Michigan, Cork Ire and New York papers please copy. Limerick, aged 21 yrs. Funeral from Nativity Church to Calvary -March 29, Daniel Hartnett, and Mrs. Spring of California, died at his residence, W. He was a native of Newcastle, Co. Limerick, and came to Chicago when a young man. He was an enthusiastic Democrat in politics and a faithful adherent of the elder Carter Harrison who appointed him poundkeeper of the West Side. The funeral occurred from Holy Family Church to Calvary. William Hartnett and Michael Ahern, and P. His wife, died on Jan. Cork, aged 32 yrs. Brooklyn papers please copy. Limerick, aged 64 yrs. Pius church to Mt. Native of Abbeyfeale, Co. Hartray; mother of Frank H. Hartray; grandmother of six; sister of Michael J. Funeral Saturday, 9 a. Ashland avenue, to St. Almira Chamberlain Hartwell, wife of E. Hartwell, Oak Park, Ill. Funeral at Graceland Cemetery chapel. Services at late residence, 32 Pine Grove-av. Submitted by Source 6 Chicago Tribune, Feb. Family will greet friends Wednesday, Anna Bersch and grandmother of Marion Bersch. Services at Graceland chapel Monday, April 28 [] at 2: Haussen; at rest in funeral church, Irving Park blvd, where services will be held Thursday at 2: Funeral from May-st. Oct 28, at Interment Elmwood Cemetery, Hammond. M, Maplewood Low Twelve club, T? The Chenoa Exchange records the passing of a former resident of Marshall county as follows: She was married to William A. Resided on a farm until , when they moved to Lacon, Ill. Haynes joined the Baptist church near her home when a young girl and on coming to Chenoa joined this church, in which she retained her membership until he death; always taking a deep interest in its affairs. She died at her home, Woodlawn avenue, Chicago, at 5: The funeral party arrived on the Chicago and Alton "Limited" on Sunday and services were held at the Baptist church, conducted by Rev. Haynes and Lester Silliman, nephews of Mrs. Parties from

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a distance were Mr. Jay Fosdick, a brother from Missouri Valley, Ia.

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### Chapter 3 : Full text of "Book of hours"

Â· Full title of the essay is *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago*. Â· The school was originally founded in the 16<sup>th</sup> century in Greyfriars, London and Hertford. Â· Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia* is a study of personality.

Find your Free English Literature Essays. Thus the subjective note in his essays is vital. In almost all the essays, we find and we learn something about his life. Thus he speaks about his life, likings, whims and feelings. Lamb talks to the reader as if he were his friend and confides in him. His own memories are reflected in them. His personal experiences are revealed in autobiography. Moreover, the facts of personal life of the writer and the activities, relatives, friends, likings, dislikings, character etc. However, the autobiographical elements that we can get from his essays are written below: We know that he was a bachelor; we also know that he apparently loved but was refused by his early beloved. We know that he had some privileges in his school. He says about himself in the guise of Coleridge, "I remember L. Again he says "His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished". Moreover, he got his "extraordinary bread and butter" "from the hot-loaf of the Temple". The reason for why his essays appeal autobiographical is his subjective note which is predominant in all his essays. The subject of the *Essays of Elia* is Lamb himself. In all of them, he makes some reference to himself. In almost all the essays, he talks about himself, his family, relatives, and friends. From these essays, we come to know about his personality, nature and character which are revealed by himself. After reading his essays, we know all about his stammer, his work at India House and his companions there. It is this quality of self-revelation and confidential tone that entitles Lamb to be called the "Prince of English essayists". We also come to know about his relatives and friends. Some of his relatives and friends lived in London and who were, no doubt, very caring to him. In the same essay, we have collections about a number of other friends who studied with him. We know his friends lived in town. We also come to know that "he was a home-seeking lad" and did not enjoy him much with other boys. Other essays tell his feelings, ideas, dreams and unfulfilled longings. As we know that Charles Lamb was a bachelor and worked at The South Sea House and India House, he had experienced some bitter and humorous experiences from there. These experiences sometimes seem humorous and sometimes seem pathetic. Here he says, "What oftenest offends of at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a description: He thinks that the married people generally show that they are "too loving" and they show these things to the unmarried people "so shamelessly". This type of behaviour of the married people is painful to him. Charles Lamb is a true lover of the past. He loves past people, books, buildings and fashions, and does not care much about future. Memories of the past haunt him; recollections of events of the past are more important than the present; old familiar faces hold more attraction for him. Here he recollects the memory of the old building, its damp and dark rooms, the inner rooms which were even more sparsely peopled and the gloomy cellar which saw no light of the sun. Although Charles Lamb loved the past things, he loved his life and was loath to die. Like all other man, he loved the sun, the breeze, solitary walks, the very green earth. He declares his love for good food and drink. He also loves the theatre, books, good company, gossip and scandal. And again from many of his essays, we come to know that he likes irony, jokes, pun and paradox. He never wanted to hide his likings, dislikings, whims and oddities. He frankly confesses all these things to the readers. He desires the friendship of his readers, and not merely their respect. He confides in them all about his own weakness, follies and foibles. As Charles Lamb loved fun, he sometimes used to mystify the readers by declaring something true to be false, or by mischievously changing names and speaking under assumed personality. And it is the last three or two paragraphs when he unveils the curtain and writes as Charles Lamb. Lamb speaks of his personal reactions to various aspects of life in all his essays. And the comments about them are his own. He comments about John Tipp, "He sang, certainly, with other notes than to the orphan lyre". In most of the essays, he reveals the incidents, people and glories of the past. In fact, his own life is revealed by his essays.

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### Chapter 4 : Three centuries of English essays; from Francis Bacon to Max Beerbohm in SearchWorks catalog

*Preface --The first order and manner of the erection of the hospital --Anthem for the children of Christ's Hospital / by S.T. Coleridge --Charles Lamb: Note on C.L.;*

He married Elizabeth Field, whose mother was for more than fifty years housekeeper at Blakesware in Hertfordshire, a few miles from Ware, a dower-house of the Plumers, a well-known county family. To John and Elizabeth Lamb, in Crown Office Row, were born a family of seven children, of whom only three survived their infancy. The block of buildings in which Samuel Salt occupied one or more sets of chambers, and in which the Lamb family were born and reared, is at the eastern end of Crown Office Row, and though considerably modified since in its interior arrangements, still bears upon its outer wall the date Charles Lamb received his earliest education at a humble day-school kept by a Mr. It was a school for both boys and girls, and Mary Lamb also attended it. On the whole he seems to have been happy in the school, and to have acquired considerable skill in its special studies, notably in Latin, which he was fond of reading, and in a rough-and-ready way writing, to the end of his life. Perhaps the school authorities were not careful to promote him to the superior rank, seeing that he was not to proceed to the university. As a Grecian Lamb would have been entitled to an exhibition, but it was understood that the privilege was intended for those who were to enter holy orders, and a fatal impediment of speech—“an insurmountable and painful stutter”—made that profession impossible for him even if his gifts and inclinations had pointed that way. The Lamb family had accordingly to leave the Temple, and there is no record of their place of residence until, when we hear of them as lodging in Little Queen Street, Holborn. John Lamb the elder was old and sinking into dotage. The mother was an invalid, with apparently a strain of insanity. Mary Lamb was overworked, and the continued strain and anxiety began to tell upon her mind. The wound was instantly fatal, Charles being at hand only in time to wrest the knife from his sister and prevent further mischief. An inquest was held and a verdict found of temporary insanity. Mary Lamb would have been in the ordinary course transferred to a public lunatic asylum, but interest was made with the authorities, and she was given into the custody of her brother, then only just of age, who undertook to be her guardian, an office which he discharged under the gravest difficulties and discouragements for the remainder of his life. Lamb was buried in the graveyard of St. The house no longer stands, having been removed with others to make room for a church, which now stands on its site. The family removed to 45 Chapel Street, Pentonville, with the exception of Mary, who was placed under suitable care at Hackney, where Charles could frequently visit her. The letters of Charles Lamb, through which his life may be henceforth studied, open with a correspondence with Coleridge, beginning in May The earliest of these letters records how Charles Lamb himself had been for six weeks in the winter of 1796 in an asylum for some form of mental derangement, which, however, seems never to have recurred. It is likely that this tendency was inherited from the mother, and that moreover the immediate cause, in this case, may have been a love disappointment. Thus far all is certain. Charles Lamb of the India House. Independently of the signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them. The sonnets are chiefly remarkable as reflecting the diction and the graceful melancholy of William Lisle Bowles [q. Field, who had died at Blakesware in In the summer of Lamb devoted his short holiday only one week to a visit to Coleridge at Nether Stowey, where he made the acquaintance of Thomas Poole [q. In November Coleridge, with Wordsworth and his sister, left England for Germany, and for the next eighteen months Lamb was thrown for literary sympathy upon other friends, notably on Southey, with whom he began a frequent correspondence. But rumours of this malady followed them wherever they went. Here they remained for nine months, but the old difficulties arose, and the brother and sister were again homeless. They then removed to Inner Temple Lane for a period of another nine years. Lamb now began to add to his scanty income by writing for the newspapers see his Elia essay, Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago. The Elizabethan dramatists were still sealed books save to the antiquary and the specialist. Meantime Charles and Mary Lamb were struggling with poverty, and with worse enemies.

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He was still dreaming of possible dramatic successes, but these were not to be. In he sends Manning his well-known verses on Hester Savory, a young quakeress with whom he had fallen in love, though without her knowledge, when he lived at Pentonville, and who had recently died a few months after her marriage. In September he is still thinking of dramatic work, and has a farce in prospect. The secret of Mr. Lamb was himself present, and next day recorded the failure by letter to several of his friends. He now turned to a wider field of work in connection with the drama. Lamb did the tragedies and Mary the comedies. This appeared in A much more important work was at hand. The publishing house of Longmans commissioned him to edit selections from the Elizabethan dramatists. These appeared in two volumes, dedicated to Coleridge, in , and at once obtained for Lamb a wider recognition. A more important result was to follow. Hazlitt, who was on the staff, introduced Lamb to the editor, John Scott, and he was invited to contribute occasional essays. In writing the essay, Lamb remembered an obscure clerk in that office during his own short connection with it as a boy, of the name of Elia, and as a joke appended that name to the essay. In subsequent essays he continued the same signature, which became inseparably connected with the series see letter of Lamb to his publisher, John Taylor, in July Between August and December Lamb contributed five-and-twenty essays, thus signed, at the rate of about one a month. These were reprinted in a single volume in Southey, in reply, wrote a loving and generous letter of explanation to Lamb, and the breach between the old friends was at once healed. The same year that brought Lamb this distress was to bring compensation in a new interest added to his life. He and his sister were in the habit of spending their autumn holiday at Cambridge, where they had a friend, Mrs. Here the Lambs met a little orphan girl, Emma Isola, daughter of Charles Isola, one of the esquire bedells of the university. They invited her to spend subsequent holidays with them, and finally adopted her. Lamb and his sister devoted themselves to her education, and though in after years she left them at times to become herself a teacher of others, their house was her home until her marriage with Edward Moxon, the publisher, in Moxon died in March Lamb describes the house in a letter of 2 Sept. Already he was considering the chances of retirement from the India House, and a severe illness in the winter of 1855 brought the matter to an issue. His doctors urgently supported his application to the directors, and the happy result was made known to him in March , when it was announced that a retiring pension would be awarded him, consisting of three-fourths of his salary, with a slight deduction to insure an allowance for his sister in the event of her surviving. The brother and sister took lodgings occasionally at the Chace, Enfield, and after two years became sole tenants of the little house. Meantime the trials of having nothing to do became very real to them both. Lamb was an excellent walker, and in the summer months he found great pleasure in exploring the scenery of Hertfordshire, with the comforting remembrance that he was still in easy touch with London and friends. That devoted friend of his childhood, Mr. I have none to call me Charley now. Arthur Tween, who was well known to the present writer, died at an advanced age at Widford in July In Lamb obtained some literary work of a kind thoroughly congenial. Acrostics also, and other such trifles, and album verses, became increasingly in request among his young lady friends. They moved, accordingly, to the adjoining house in Enfield Chace, and boarded with a retired tradesman and his wife, a Mr. The immediate effects were satisfactory, and for a while Mary Lamb seemed to improve in health and spirits. But Charles meantime became less at ease in country life. The next year brought him new distractions. Emma Isola, for whom the Lambs had found a situation as governess in Suffolk, had a serious illness, during which Lamb visited her, and finally brought her home, convalescent, to Enfield. In the Lambs moved once more, and for the last time. During previous illnesses she had been placed under the care of a Mr. In the same year Emma Isola became engaged to Edward Moxon, and the marriage took place in July , leaving Charles Lamb yet more lonely, and without social resource. He himself, more and more lonely and forlorn, bore his heavy burden five months longer. One day in December, while walking on the London Road, he stumbled and fell, slightly wounding his face. A few days later erysipelas supervened, and he had no strength left to battle with the disease. He passed away without pain, on 27 Dec. His sister survived him nearly thirteen years, dying at Alpha Road, St. Charles left her his savings, amounting to about 2,1. No figure in literature is better known to us than Lamb. His writings, prose and verse, are full of personal

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revelations. We possess a body of his correspondence, also of the most confidential kind, and his friends have left descriptions of him from almost every point of view. Notable among these are Thomas Manning and Bernard Barton. No man was ever more loved by a wide and varied class of friends. It is likely that the necessity of protecting and succouring his sister acted as a strong power over his will, and helped to preserve his sanity during the hardship of the years that followed. But one result of the taint of insanity inherited from his mother was that a very small amount of alcohol was enough at any time to throw his mind off its balance. He was afflicted, moreover, all his life with a bad stutter, and the eagerness to forget the impediment, which put him at a disadvantage in all conversations, probably further encouraged the habit. The infirmity, which has been in turn denied and exaggerated by friends and enemies, never interfered with the regular performance of his official duties, or with his domestic responsibilities. The extant portraits of Lamb are the following: Hazlitt, , in a fancy dress; in the National Portrait Gallery. By Henry Meyer, ; in the India Office: Charles Lamb and his sister together, by F. Cary, ; in the National Portrait Gallery. The bulk of the tales were written by Mary Lamb, Charles contributing the tragedies. The respective shares of the two writers were not indicated.

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### Chapter 5 : Charles Lamb Lamb, Charles - Essay - racedaydvl.com

*An excerpt from the essay "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago," by Charles Lamb, is presented.*

They were at no time misty nor inconsequent, but contained proof that he had reasoned out his idea. From the age of twenty-one to the age of fifty- nine, when he died, he hated fine words and flourishes of rhetoric. His imagination not very lofty, perhaps is to be discovered less in his verse than in his prose humor, than in his letters and essays. In these it was never trivial, but was always knit together by good sense, or softened by tenderness. Real humor seldom makes its appearance in the first literary ventures of young writers. This suggestion, the reason of which is not very obvious, was very readily acceded to, Lamb having a sincere regard for Lloyd, who with a fine reasoning mind was subject to that sad mental disease which was common to both their families. In the same year Lamb and his sister paid a visit to Coleridge, then living at Stowey, in Somersetshire; after which Coleridge, for what purpose does not very clearly appear, migrated to Germany. This happened in the year Charles Lloyd, one of the triumvirate of , was the son of a banker at Birmingham. He was educated as a Quaker, but seceded from that body, and afterwards became "perplexed in mind," and very desponding. He often took up his residence in London, but did not mingle much with society. An extreme melancholy darkened his latter days; and, as I believe, he died insane. He published various poems, and translated, from the Italian into English blank verse, the tragedies of Alfieri. His poems are distinguished rather by a remarkable power of intellectual analysis than by the delicacy or fervor of the verse. The last time I saw Charles Lloyd was in company with Hazlitt. We understood that he had selected these noisy apartments in order that they might distract his mind from the fears and melancholy thoughts which at that time distressed him. It was soon after the publication of the joint volume that Charles chronicles the different tastes of himself and his friend. Burns, indeed, was always one of his greatest favorites. Sometimes - in a way scarcely discernible - he would kiss the volume; as he would also a book by Chapman or Sir Philip Sidney, or any other which he particularly valued. I have seen him read out a passage from the Holy Dying and the Urn Burial, and express in the same way his devotion and gratitude. Lamb had been brought up a Unitarian; but he appears to have been occasionally fluctuating in a matter as to which boys are not apt to entertain very rigid opinions. At one time he longed to be with superior thinkers. At another time he writes, "I have had thoughts of turning Quaker lately. I love it in the books of Penn and Woodman; but I detest the vanity of man, thinking he speaks by the Spirit. This little holiday of a fortnight seems to have converted the acquaintanceship between Southey and Lamb into something like intimacy. He then paid another visit which he had long meditated to Coleridge, who was residing at Stowey. It must have been shortly after this first visit for Lamb went again to Stowey, and met Wordsworth there in that Coleridge undertook the office of minister to a Unitarian congregation at Shrewsbury, and preached there, as detailed by Hazlitt in the manner already set forth. In he took his departure for Germany, and this led to a familiar correspondence between Lamb and Southey. Coleridge, between whom and Lamb there was not much similarity of feeling, beyond their common love for poetry and religious writings, was absent, and Lamb was enticed by the kindred spirit of Southey into the accessible regions of humor. But they interchanged ideas on poetical and humorous topics, and did not perplex themselves with anything speculative or transcendental. The first letter to Southey, which has been preserved July, , announces that Lamb is ready to enter into any jocose contest. It includes a list of queries to be defended by Coleridge at Leipsic or Gottingen; the first of which was, "Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man? It has been surmised that there was some interruption of the good feeling between Coleridge and Lamb about this period of their lives; but I cannot discern this in the letters that occurred between the two schoolfellows. The message of Coleridge, and the questions in reply, occur in ; and in May, , there is a letter from Lamb to Coleridge, and subsequently two others, in the same year, all couched in the old customary, friendly tone. In addition to this, Charles Lamb, many years afterwards, said that there had been an uninterrupted friendship of fifty years between them. Writing to him on the subject of a volume of poems which he had lately published,

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he remarks, "The Rose is the only insipid poem in the volume; it has neither thorns nor sweetness. Cottle, a bookseller of Bristol, published , jointly with Coleridge and Southey. In he was introduced by Coleridge to Godwin. For the Anti Jacobin made its appearance about this time, and denounced them all in a manner which in the present day would itself be denounced as infamous. Accordingly they were represented as being guilty of blasphemy and slander, and as being adorers of a certain French revolutionist, named Lepaux, of whom Lamb, at all events, was entirely ignorant. They wore, moreover, the subject of a caricature by Gilray, in which Lamb and Lloyd were portrayed as toad and frog. I cannot think, with Sir T. Talfourd, that all these libels were excusable, on the ground of the "sportive wit" of the offending parties. Referring to Coleridge, it is stated that he "was dishonored at Cambridge for preaching Deism, and that he had since left his native country, and left his poor children fatherless, and his wife destitute: A scurrilous libel of this stamp would now be rejected by all persons of good feeling or good character. It would be spurned by a decent publication, or, if published, would be consigned to the justice of a jury. It is defective as a regular tale. It wants circumstance and probability, and is slenderly provided with character. There is, moreover, no construction in the narrative, and little or no progress in the events. Yet it is very daintily told. The mind of the author wells out in the purest streams. Having to deal with one foul incident, the tale is nevertheless without speck or blemish. A virgin nymph, born of a lily, could not have unfolded her thoughts more delicately. And, in spite of its improbability, Rosamond Gray is very pathetic. It sold much better than his poems, and added "a few pounds" to his slender income. Dyer was one of the simplest and most inoffensive men in the world: He seemed never to have outgrown the innocence of childhood; or rather he appeared to be without those germs or first principles of evil which sometimes begin to show themselves even in childhood itself. He was not only without any of the dark passions himself, but he would not perceive them in others. He looked only on the sunshine. Hazlitt, speaking of him in his "Conversation of Authors," says, "He lives amongst the old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the pages, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not too rudely be brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow, but as such he is respectable. He browses on the husks and leaves of books. His means of living were very scanty; he subsisted mainly by supervising the press, being employed for that purpose by booksellers when they were printing Greek or Latin books. You might meet him murmuring to himself in a low voice, and apparently tasting the flavor of the words. In absence of mind, he probably exceeded every other living man. But it is scarcely worth while to chronicle minutely the harmless foibles of this inoffensive old man. If I had to write his epitaph, I should say that he was neither much respected nor at all hated; too good to dislike, too inactive to excite great affection; and that he was as simple as the daisy, which we think we admire, and daily tread under foot. In Charles Lamb visited Cambridge, and there, through the introduction of Lloyd, made the important acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Manning, then a mathematical tutor in the university. This soon grew into a close intimacy. Charles readily perceived the intellectual value of Manning, and seems to have eagerly sought his friendship, which, he says, December, , will render the prospect of the approaching century very pleasant. And there sometimes lie behind the outer projections of character a thousand concealed shades which readily intermingle with those of other people. His acquaintance with Southey, in the first instance, had the effect of increasing the activity of his mind. Afterwards, especially after the Manning era, they exhibit far greater weight of meaning, more fecundity, original thoughts, and brilliant allusions; as if the imagination had begun to awaken and enrich the understanding. A long correspondence took place between them. At first Lamb sent Manning his opinions only: 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. 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

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brought over much material for the purpose - his purpose was never carried into effect. Lamb had great love and admiration for him. In a letter to Coleridge, in after years, he says, "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 any one hardly but me knowing how stupendous a creature he is. It is sometimes critical, sometimes jocose. He discusses the merits of various authors, and more than once expresses his extreme distaste for didactic writing. Now, he says, it is too directly instructive. Then he complains that the knowledge, insignificant and vapid as it is, must come in the shape of knowledge. In general he bore these changes with fortitude; I do not observe more than one occasion on which being then himself ill his firmness seemed altogether to give way. In, indeed, he had said, "I consider her perpetually on the brink of madness. My head is very bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead. At all other times he bowed his head in silence, uncomplaining. It was during his stay at Pentonville that he "fell in love" with a young Quaker, called Hester Savory. As he confesses "I have never spoken to her during my life," it may be safely concluded that the attachment was essentially Platonic. This was the young girl who inspired those verses, now so widely known and admired.

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### Chapter 6 : Essays of Elia - lamb, life, humor, literature, whom, english and authors

*Full text of "Christ's Hospital; recollections of Lamb, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt; with some account of its foundation" See other formats.*

Please improve it by verifying the claims made and adding inline citations. Statements consisting only of original research should be removed. Lamb was the youngest child, with a sister 11 years older named Mary and an even older brother named John; there were four others who did not survive infancy. Lamb created a portrait of his father in his "Elia on the Old Benchers" under the name Lovel. Lamb was also cared for by his paternal aunt Hetty, who seems to have had a particular fondness for him. A number of writings by both Charles and Mary suggest that the conflict between Aunt Hetty and her sister-in-law created a certain degree of tension in the Lamb household. However, Charles speaks fondly of her and her presence in the house seems to have brought a great deal of comfort to him. A picture of these visits can be glimpsed in the Elia essay Blakesmoor in Hampshire. Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms were tapestry so much better than painting not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid replaced as quickly to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally all Ovid on the walls, in colours vividder than his descriptions. It is believed that he suffered from smallpox during his early years, which forced him into a long period of convalescence. After this period of recovery Lamb began to take lessons from Mrs Reynolds, a woman who lived in the Temple and is believed to have been the former wife of a lawyer. Mrs Reynolds must have been a sympathetic schoolmistress because Lamb maintained a relationship with her throughout his life and she is known to have attended dinner parties held by Mary and Charles in the s. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The upper master i. While Coleridge and other scholarly boys were able to go on to Cambridge, Lamb left school at fourteen and was forced to find a more prosaic career. Charles would continue to work there for 25 years, until his retirement with pension the "superannuation" he refers to in the title of one essay. In while tending to his grandmother, Mary Field, in Hertfordshire, Charles Lamb fell in love with a young woman named Ann Simmons. Although no epistolary record exists of the relationship between the two, Lamb seems to have spent years wooing her. Miss Simmons also appears in several Elia essays under the name "Alice M". Miss Simmons eventually went on to marry a silversmith and Lamb called the failure of the affair his "great disappointment". Family tragedy[ edit ] Both Charles and his sister Mary suffered a period of mental illness. As he himself confessed in a letter, Charles spent six weeks in a mental facility during Coleridge, I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. But mad I was and many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume if all told. My Sonnets I have extended to the number of nine since I saw you, and will some day communicate to you. On 22 September , while preparing dinner, Mary became angry with her apprentice, roughly shoving the little girl out of her way and pushing her into another room. Her mother, Elizabeth, began yelling at her for this, and Mary suffered a mental breakdown as her mother continued yelling at her. A terrible event occurred: Mary, "worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery by attention to needlework by day and to her mother at night", was seized with acute mania and stabbed her mother in the heart with a table knife. While reports were published by the media, Charles wrote a letter to Samuel Taylor Coleridge in connection to the matricide: MY dearest friend White or some of my friends or the public papers by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines. My poor dear dearest sister in a fit of insanity has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad house, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses, I eat and drink and sleep, and have my judgment I believe very sound. My

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poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr Norris of the Bluecoat school has been very very kind to us, and we have no other friend, but thank God I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write, "as religious a letter as possible" but no mention of what is gone and done with. God almighty have us all in his keeping. Although there was no legal status of "insanity" at the time, the jury returned the verdict of "lunacy" which was how she was freed from guilt of willful murder, on the condition that Charles take personal responsibility for her safekeeping. The death of John Lamb was something of a relief to Charles because his father had been mentally incapacitated for a number of years since suffering a stroke. The death of his father also meant that Mary could come to live again with him in Pentonville, and in they set up a shared home at Mitre Court Buildings in the Temple, where they would live until Their London quarters became a kind of weekly salon for many of the most outstanding theatrical and literary figures of the day. In 1795, a club, The Lambs, was formed in London to carry on their salon tradition. On his deathbed, Coleridge had a mourning ring sent to Lamb and his sister. In he contributed additional blank verse to the second edition, and met the Wordsworths, William and Dorothy, on his short summer holiday with Coleridge at Nether Stowey, thereby also striking up a lifelong friendship with William. Lamb continued to clerk for the East India Company and doubled as a writer in various genres, his tragedy, *John Woodvil*, being published in 1796. His farce, *Mr H*, was performed at Drury Lane in 1797, where it was roundly booed. The original caption said "'Mr Lamb having taken the liberty of addressing a slight compliment to Miss Kelly in his first volume, respectfully requests her acceptance of the collection. His collected essays, under the title *Essays of Elia*, were published in "*Elia*" being the pen name Lamb used as a contributor to *The London Magazine*. The *Essays of Elia* would be criticised in the *Quarterly Review* January 1800 by Robert Southey, who thought its author to be irreligious. When Charles read the review, entitled "*The Progress of Infidelity*", he was filled with indignation, and wrote a letter to his friend Bernard Barton, where Lamb declared he hated the review, and emphasised that his words "meant no harm to religion". First, Lamb did not want to retort, since he actually admired Southey; but later he felt the need to write a letter "*Elia to Southey*", in which he complained and expressed that the fact that he was a dissenter of the Church, did not make him an irreligious man. The letter would be published in *The London Magazine*, on October 1800. Rightly taken, Sir, that Paper was not against Graces, but Want of Grace; not against the ceremony, but the carelessness and slovenliness so often observed in the performance of it. You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks, think to be so. Also, in 1800, Samuel Coleridge died. The funeral was confined only to the family of the writer, so Lamb was prevented from attending and only wrote a letter to Rev. James Gilman, a very close [word missing], expressing his condolences. He died of a streptococcal infection, erysipelas, contracted from a minor graze on his face sustained after slipping in the street, on 27 December 1800. His sister, who was ten years his senior, survived him for more than a dozen years. She is buried beside him. The sonnets were significantly influenced by the poems of Burns and the sonnets of William Bowles, a largely forgotten poet of the late 18th century. As he himself came to realise, he was a much more talented prose stylist than poet. Indeed, one of the most celebrated poets of the day "William Wordsworth" wrote to John Scott as early as that Lamb "writes prose exquisitely" and this was five years before Lamb began *The Essays of Elia* for which he is now most famous. Lamb, on the other hand, published a book entitled *Blank Verse* with Charles Lloyd, the mentally unstable son of the founder of Lloyds Bank. It was a verse that Lamb chose to remove from the edition of his *Collected Work* published in 1803. In the final years of the 18th century, Lamb began to work on prose, first in a novella entitled *Rosamund Gray*, which tells the story of a young girl whose character is thought to be based on Ann Simmons, an early love interest. How much knowledge of the sweetest part of our nature in it! The most successful of these was *Tales From Shakespeare*, which ran through two editions for Godwin and has been published dozens of times in countless editions ever since. While the essay certainly criticises contemporary stage practice, it also develops a more complex reflection on the possibility of representing Shakespearean dramas: Accelerating the increasing interest of the time in the older writers, and building for

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himself a reputation as an antiquarian, in Lamb compiled a collection of extracts from the old dramatists, *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets Who Lived About the Time of Shakespeare*. Immersion in seventeenth-century authors, such as Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne, also changed the way Lamb wrote, adding a distinct flavour to his writing style. He prefers bye-ways to highways. When the full tide of human life pours along to some festive show, to some pageant of a day, Elia would stand on one side to look over an old book-stall, or stroll down some deserted pathway in search of a pensive description over a tottering doorway, or some quaint device in architecture, illustrative of embryo art and ancient manners. Lamb has the very soul of an antiquarian. The most famous of these early essays is *The Londoner*, in which Lamb famously derides the contemporary fascination with nature and the countryside. He would continue to fine-tune his craft, experimenting with different essayistic voices and personae, for the better part of the next quarter century. Because of his notoriously quirky, even bizarre, style, he has been more of a "cult favourite" than an author with mass popular or scholarly appeal. Lamb was honoured by *The Latymer School*, a grammar school in Edmonton, a suburb of London where he lived for a time; it has six houses, one of which, "Lamb", is named after Charles. Quotations[ edit ] "But, then, in every species of reading, so much depends upon the eyes of the reader. Hence not many persons of science, and few professed literati, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else, in the weed, pleased him. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. He must always be trying to get the better in something or other. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false come to affect us at all? O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or without the body, they would have been the same. That the kind of fear here treated is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless on earth, that it predominates in the period of our sinless infancy—are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence.

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**Chapter 7 : The Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge by James Gillman - Full Text Free Book (Part 1/5)**

*LAMB, CHARLES* (), essayist and humourist, was born on 10 Feb. in Crown Office Row in the Temple, London. His father, John Lamb, who is described under the name of Lovel in Charles Lamb's essay 'The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,' was the son of poor parents in Lincolnshire, and had come up as a boy to London and entered domestic service.

Jan 01, Sean rated it liked it Recommends it for: Several times I found myself reading along like a good citizen of the literary highway and Wham! Out of the blue I realize I have no idea where I am or how I got there. Som I give up! Some of that is probably my fault, but some of it, I think, just might be the fault of L. I have too much money invested in sweaters. But B H has nothing sensible to say to my confundment or perplexification on attempting to read L in his guise of E I read "The South Sea House," in which, pointless as it was, Lamb did a fine job of delineating the characters of several persons so carefully I felt I knew them, before he pulled the rug from under me. As Elia, Lamb severely disagrees with an essay he had written under his own name about the orphanage in which he grew up. As Lamb he seems to have thought it a rather decent place. As Elia, he found it horrid and abusive, the terrible conditions and hatred of children we expect of that era from having read Dickens. This was masterful and worth the read. Then I pressed on and read "The two races of Men. He divides humans into two "races: He humorously finds the borrowers to be more expansive and interesting than the lenders. I was expecting to have a serendipitous time with many witty or insightful observations, but, sadly, no. And I meant to but did not take to heart his practice of reviewing the old year first and then planning for the new. But it was tedious and dull and confusing and I forced myself to the end and then I quit. By all means, read Lamb for historical interest if you like, and I hope you find it more interesting than I did. But life is short and if you have too many books on your list, skip this one for now.

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### Chapter 8 : Essays of Elia - Wikipedia

*Charles Lamb (10 February - 27 December ) was an English essayist, poet, and antiquarian, best known for his Essays of Elia and for the children's book Tales from Shakespeare, co-authored with his sister, Mary Lamb ( ).*

For a few days prior to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on the Wednesday evening, that her brother, early the next morning, went to Dr. Pitcairn , but that gentleman was not at home. It seems the young lady had been once before deranged. The Jury of course brought in their verdict, Lunacy. Lamb himself, at the time we speak of, being a mere clerk, and unable to afford them much assistance, the weight of their maintenance fell upon his sister, the well-known Mary Lamb. By her needle she contrived to support them. Pitcairn in the morning to consult about her, but unhappily did not find him at home. On that very afternoon -- it was the 22nd Sept. Her infirm old mother, with eager and terrified calls upon her to desist, attempted to interfere. With wild shrieks Mary turned upon her mother, and stabbed her to the heart! She then madly hurled the knives and forks about the room, one of which struck her helpless old father on the forehead. The shrieks of the girl, and her own wild cries, brought up the landlord of the house; but it was too late; he stood aghast at the terrible spectacle of the old woman lifeless on the chair, her daughter fiercely standing over her with the fatal knife still in her hand; her father bleeding at the forehead, and weeping by the side of his murdered wife; the girl cowering in a corner. An inquest was held the next day, at which the jury, without hesitation, brought in the verdict of lunacy. Here there is a blank in our narrative. We do not know whether Mary Lamb was confined for any period in an asylum, and released on being pronounced sane, or whether Charles from the first undertook that watchful care of her which formed the heroism of his subsequent life. Lamb by her insane daughter. Like a brave, suffering, unselfish man, he, at twenty-one, renounced the dream of love for the stern austerity of duty. He died in Tall, erect and handsome, his practice included patients from every rank of society: The wound was instantly fatal, Charles being at hand only in time to wrest the knife from his sister and prevent further mischief" DNB: Lamb was too far into his dementia to provide witness and only Mary and Charles were actually present, the aunt having "fainted away". Mary Lamb would have been in the ordinary course transferred to a public lunatic asylum, but interest was made with the authorities, and she was given into the custody of her brother, then only just of age, who undertook to be her guardian, an office which he discharged By volume two he does so in reference to Mary Lamb herself: Hunter and Macalpine , p. Mary Lamb was never tried for the murder of her mother. My interpretation of what happened is that Mary was confined in a friendly madhouse partly to remove her from any risk of arrest and trial. Also threatening was the possibility of confinement as a criminal lunatic in Bedlam. In , Jane Jameson of Newcastle went to trial for a similar murder of her mother - but whilst drunk. She was publicly hung - The first woman in Newcastle to be hung for 71 years. A letter from Charles Lamb on 3. The most likely place is a house run by Jess Annandale in that is later listed as Fisher House, Islington. Aunt Hetty returned in December I will only give you the outlines: My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of our own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses; I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgement, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr Norris, of the Bluecoat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me "the former things are passed away", and I have something more to do than feel. God Almighty have us in His keeping! Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine I give you leave without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you. Your own judgement will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family; I have reason and strength left to take care of mine. I

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will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us! They became lifelong companions, separated only when Mary went into an asylum during periods of insanity. My reference also says that after her release from wherever she was, Mary had "rooms of her own" for about a year, where she lived with a caretaker until her Aunt, whose name I have as "Hetty" had gone to live with other relatives. She was removed to a private asylum at Islington, and Charles and his father went to 45 Chapel Street, Pentonville. Sarah Lamb, an aunt who lived with the family, was taken into the house of a rich relation, but soon returned to her brother and nephew, dying early in Lamb, thus, in his twenty-third year, had "the whole weight of the family" thrown on him - a father in his second childhood, a dying aunt and a sister whose returning reason was liable to fail again at any moment. John, the elder brother, though possessed of many good qualities, was wrapped up in his own affairs. It would have been easy to have taken his advice and consigned Mary permanently to a madhouse; but Charles preferred to make a home for his sister. Here, Charles spent his Sundays and holidays, and, when their father died in , she took up her abode permanently with her brother, leaving him only when the threatenings of recurrent attacks of insanity made it necessary. I have seen her. I found her this morning calm and serene, far very very far from an indecent forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind, and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even she might recover tranquillity. I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. The good lady of the mad house , and her daughter, an elegant sweet behaved young lady, love her and are taken with her amazingly, and I know from her own mouth she loves them, and longs to be with them as much Mary received at an Islington madhouse, also supports the view that humane treatment was practised in some eighteenth-century madhouses. Another letter from Charles Lamb to Coleridge: At midnight when I happen to awake, the nurse sleeping by the side of me, with the noise of the poor mad people around me, I have no fear. The spirit of my mother seems to descend, and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reasons which the Almighty has given me Never could believe how much she loved her -- but met her caresses, her protestations of filial affection, too frequently with coldness and repulse, -- Still she was a good mother, God forbid I should think of her but most respectfully, most affectionately. Yet she would always love my brother above Mary, who was not worthy of one tenth of that affection, which Mary had a right to claim. Let us both be thankful for it. I continue to visit her very frequently, and the people of the house are vastly indulgent to her; she is likely to be as comfortably situated in all respects as those who pay twice or thrice the sum. They love her, and she loves them, and makes herself very useful to them. Benevolence sets out on her journey with a good heart, and puts a good face on it, but is apt to limp and grow feeble, unless she calls in the aid of self-interest by way of crutch. Chapel Market is by the Angel, Islington.

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### Chapter 9 : English Literature Essays: Autobiographical elements in Charles Lamb's essays

*"Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago" presents the "wit-combats" between Coleridge and a fellow student in the same way that Thomas Fuller in his History of the Worthies of.*

Lamb had written familiar essays since 1789. In 1793, his collected works appeared in two volumes. Then in 1795, John Scott, the editor of the newly established London Magazine, asked Lamb to contribute. I will write for antiquity! However his shelves and mind admitted almost no modern literature. This love for the past is evident in the very titles of the essays: Lamb here relates that Blakesware, a country house in Hertfordshire, contained an old chimney piece bearing the carved story of the Children in the Wood. Or, What You Will pr. In this love for the past Lamb is one with the Romantic movement. Other Romantic traits that surface in the essays are the emphasis on the autobiographical and the dream state. Spectator, the Rambler, the Idler—but they used this persona to separate writer and subject. One method of camouflage is the change of names, beginning with Elia himself. Changing dates is another masking device. Lamb here relates that Bo-bo accidentally burns down the family hut, and that in the conflagration nine suckling pigs perish. Once others taste this delicacy, their houses also catch fire, until someone finds a way to cook a pig without consuming a house in the process. His essay also contains the story of the plum cake and so demonstrates how Lamb used humor to distance the tragedies and disappointments of his life. The dream also allows Lamb to get closer to his experience through seeming distance. In its imaginative portrayal it seems a tale that Coleridge might have written, and its concerns with childhood and reverie place it squarely within the Romantic sensibility. The piece contains humor and expresses no bitterness, but a gentle sadness suffuses the writing, a sense of loss and regret for what might have been. Like many other Lamb pieces, it plays variations on the ubi sunt theme: Whereas Coleridge argued that at a play the audience engages in a willing suspension of disbelief, Lamb more persuasively maintains that the spectator can enjoy the representation of a coward or a miser only when the spectator recognizes that such a despicable character is being acted, not actually present on the stage. Still, his assessments, whether of William Hogarth or Sidney or his favorite actors, are invariably fascinating and usually correct.