

To the Memory of + + + + +

[4 Aug. 1828]

"With her ~~life's~~ little hour  
Paped like the fragrance of a flower,  
That leaves upon the vernal wind  
Sweetness we neer again may find."

Montgomery.

1  
Thou art gone the dark journey  
That leaves no returning  
No fruitless to mourn thee  
But who can help mourning  
To think of the life ~~that did~~  
That did laugh on thy brow  
In the beautiful past  
Left so desolate now

2  
When youth seemed immortal  
So sweet did it weave  
Heavens halos around thee  
Earths hopes to deceive  
Thou fairest & Dearest  
Where many were fair  
To my heart thou art nearest  
Thy name is but there

3  
The nearer the fountain  
More pure the stream flows  
& sweeter to fancy  
The bud of the rose  
& now thout in heaven  
More pure is the birth  
Of thoughts that wake of thee  
Then aught upon earth

4  
As a bud green in spring  
As a rose blown in June  
Thy beauty looked out ~~at~~  
& departed as soon.  
Heaven saw thee too fair  
For earths tenants of clay  
& ere age did thee wrong  
Thou wert summoned away

5  
I know thou art happy  
Why in grief need I be  
Yet I am & the more so  
To feel its for thee  
For thy presence hoped  
As thy absence destroyed  
The most that I loved  
& the all I enjoyed

6  
So I try to seek pleasure  
But vainly I try  
Now joys cup is drained  
& hopes fountain is dry  
I mix with the living  
& what do I see  
Only more cause for sorrow  
In loosing of thee

7  
The year has its winter  
As well as its May  
So the sweetest must leave us  
& the fairest decay  
Suns leave us to night  
& their light none may borrow  
So joy retreats from us  
Overtaken by sorrow

8  
The sun greets the spring  
& the clopom the bee  
The grass the blea hill  
& the leaf the bare tree  
But suns nor yet seasons  
As sweet as they be  
Shall ever more greet me  
With tidings of thee

The voice of the cuckoo  
Is merry at noon  
& the song of the nightingale  
Gladens the moon  
But the gayest to day  
May be saddest to morrow  
& the loudest in joy  
Sink the deepest in sorrow

10  
For the lovely in death  
& the fairest must die  
Fall once & forever  
Like stars from the sky  
So in vain do I mourn thee  
I know its in vain  
Who could wish thee from joy  
To earths troubles again

16  
Yet thy love shed upon me  
Life more then mine own  
& now thou art from me  
My being is gone  
Words know not my grief  
Thus without thee to dwell  
Yet in one I felt all  
When life bade thee farewell

Nelson & the Nile

Great Nelsons glory <sup>near</sup> the Nile  
Set ~~fast~~ bright swells on fire  
& raised a flame in Englands isle  
That never shall expire  
His empire was the ocean world  
The heart of war his throne  
Wherever Englands flag unfurled  
He reigned & ruled alone  
Wherever he was vengeance hurled  
There victory was his own  
With heart of fire that burnt the mind  
& found its peace in strife  
With thoughts that did out speed the wind  
& met from terror life  
Upon the sea his element  
In danger he grew strong  
To battle as a feat he went  
His thunder loud & long  
Was music to his hearts ascent  
Beat welcome to the song

My Dear Hood  
I am not able to write any  
thing now I have sent these two things written  
a good while ago so that you may have  
what you please - send the first a poem to  
my friend "Mrs E. L. Emerson 20 Stratford  
Place Oxford Street by the Proprietary Post  
I am sorry to put you to so much trouble &  
expense in postage - yours truly  
John Clark



96

96

WATER

96-ages.

96

96

40

20

12

24

Thomas Hood Esq

Robert Street

Adelphi

London

120

312

156

August 3  
1828

1828

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144

142

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Miss M.

Down

Delo

Delo

96

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XXV

The Gem.

You wish to know what I find to interest me in this little Gem of 1829, edited by Tom Hood!

A great deal. For it brings together in a very definite manner three of our friends of the old London Magazine, <sup>to wit: Lamb, Hood & Clare;</sup> and serves as to ~~a~~ focus for <sup>some</sup> ~~the~~ little <sup>pleasantnesses and</sup> pleasures associated with their names.

The last pages of this "Literary Annual" are occupied by a poem by John Clare, in six stanzas, entitled "To the Memory of

\*\*\*\*\*." Inserted within the first cover of the copy before with an engraving on steel of the portrait of the poet by Hilton <sup>is</sup> the original M.S. of these verses, in Clare's autograph, together with the letter which accompanied them, <sup>addressed to Thomas Hood Esq., 2 Robert Street, Adelphi, London, dated</sup> ~~to Hood~~ August ~~1828~~

3rd. 1828, which runs thus: "My Dear Hood, I am not able to write any thing now & have sent these two things written a good while ago so that you may chuse which you please — Send the first rejected Poem to my friend Mrs. E. L. Emerson 20 Stratford Place Oxford Street by the Twopenny Post. I am sorry to put you to so much trouble and expence in postage, yours truly, John Clare." The other of "these two things" is a poem of seventy lines, headed "Nelson and the Nile," the original M.S. of which rests here in my Gem, <sup>together</sup> written as it is on the same sheet of paper, with the verses ~~had~~ printed by Hood — but not without editing; for Clare's poem ~~here~~ in M.S. extends to eleven stanzas, six only of which appeared in the Gem. Hood also saw fit to omit the ~~introductory~~ quatrain ~~which~~ Clare had taken from <sup>of</sup> Montgomery's with which Clare had prefaced his own lines: —

12

"With her life's little hour  
Passed like the fragrance of a flower,  
That leaves upon the vernal wind  
Sweetness we ne'er again may find."

[Clare's own <sup>composition</sup> effusions, by the way, is entirely guiltless of  
punctuation.]

Mrs. Emerson, it will be remembered, <sup>the handsome, graceful and accomplished</sup> was ~~the~~ lady  
to whom Lord Radstock took Clare ~~to~~ on his arrival in  
London in March 1820. In addition to being in easy circumstances  
and occupying a good social position, Mrs. Emerson, was  
of refined and poetic tastes, and extremely generous to young  
poets and artists. Clare found in her a <sup>tender and true</sup> ~~valuable~~ friend, with  
a ~~heart~~ and a firm believer in his genius. She did all in  
her power to assist him pecuniarily, and by ~~giving~~ <sup>giving</sup> cheery  
advice; <sup>or friendly rebuke</sup> Clare possessed at one time nearly three hundred  
of her letters to him. To her he was "dear Johnny," ~~and his~~  
~~supposed~~ ~~was~~ ~~evidently~~ His letters in return were what one  
would rather expect from a ~~the~~ bucolic poet <sup>in straightened circumstances</sup> unversed in the  
ways of the world; their "wildness and Platonic (?) passion"  
became at last so absurd that Mrs. Emerson had to request  
the return of her portrait. But Clare ~~got~~ gradually got some  
true idea of his position and mended his ways in this direction  
for we find him subsequently arriving at Mrs. Emerson's  
house carrying his belongings in his handkerchief. The  
end of it all was insanity, and a lunatic asylum for poor Clare.

3

until kindly Death came <sup>with grace</sup> to smooth his brow, whispering the  
whisper of a peace that was new to him.

But the peasant-poet found <sup>many</sup> friends and <sup>considerable</sup> favour  
among the literary men of his day, Charles Lamb among  
the number. In 1822, Clare sent Lamb presentation-copies of  
his Poems and Village ~~and~~ Minstrel, in return for which  
Lamb sent him his Works in 2 vols, with the autograph-  
inscription: "To Mr Clare, with C. Lamb's kindest  
remembrances." In due time these were followed by the Eliu  
volume inscribed: "Mr John Clare, with Eliu's regards."  
Lamb wrote <sup>in a</sup> kindly <sup>strain</sup> letters to Clare, ~~and~~ and Clare <sup>permeated</sup> ~~wrote~~  
his ~~xx~~ poem "To Charles Lamb, Esq."

Hood & Lamb & Clare

See the MS & cuttings Vol. purchased when in London from Elkin Matthews  
On p. 73 too, is the "Widow" signed by with Lamb's signature suffixed

See Lamb's letters  
II. 204, 217  
339, 340/2

(appended). See Lamb's correspondence, whether this is not Tom Hood's  
production. \*Another contribution signed Lamb in same vol., "The  
Gem" 1829. The last item is "To the Memory of ~~the~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ by  
John Clare. This is what I have, in Clare's MS. with autograph  
letter addressed to Hood. (note the several stanzas omitted when pub'd by Hood in  
the Gem)

What the American in his book  
about autographs collect, says  
about Clare's factory notes to much  
- it about right

For the Mrs. Emerson named in this auto. letter to Hood, see  
Clare's Remains, p. 116. & back. (Letters II, 217 Lamb writes Hood in Hood's name  
addressing him as "Dear Lamb" (or "the Widow")

\*Also in this same "Gem", are the lines "On an Infant dying as soon  
as Born". This was sent by Lamb to Hood & his wife on such a loss to  
the Hoods - See Hood's Memorials Vol I, 18, 19. See Amey's Poems  
Play Passes 385.  
and 385  
malice

See re Hood's scraps for him, Amey's Lamb letters II, 198.

By Hood's  
Connection  
with Clare  
Didn't he  
"show him  
round" in  
London

In writing on Hood & Lamb there is a fit opportunity for bringing  
in "Literary Frevolities" re <sup>Clare's</sup> Lamb's death as per Lond. Mag. under  
Hoods sub-editorship (? the date of Hood's sub-editing).

Looks up Westwood's Notes & Queries letter for a descr: of Hood  
= Methodist minister without a snail all the time his every  
word was a pun - or some such words. (See Palgrave's My Friends i. 19 for descr. of Lamb as a Methodist parson  
in appearance  
So was Hood)

John Clare & Lamb in James Weatherbon's Collected papers in London Mag. 158  
Jan-June 1823. 48/9

For correspondence with Sir Walter Scott re The Gem, see Hood's  
"Literary Reminiscences" (Works II, 391)

Article somewhere  
on "Pasant's Poet"  
Clare  
(? in London  
magazine)

This enclosed sonnet "The Gipsy's Malism" was written for "The  
Gem" but declined on the plea that it would shock all  
mothers: see Amey's Letters II, 217 & elsewhere - also Bolin's  
Letters, Index

The poem "Epistle to Elia" quoted in life of Clare  
in Elton's Boyhood, 96: Lamb also in the same author's  
poem to Clare.



To the Memory of . . . . .

"With her life's little hour  
Passed like the fragrance of a flower,  
That leaves upon the vernal wind  
Sweetness we ne'er again may find."

Montgomery

1

Thou art gone the dark journey  
That leaves no returning  
Tis fruitless to mourn thee  
But who can help mourning  
To think of the life  
That did laugh on thy brow  
In the beautiful past  
Left so desolate now.

2

When youth seemed immortal  
So sweet did it weave  
Heavens halo around thee  
Earths hopes to deceive  
Thou fairest and dearest  
Where many were fair  
To my heart thou art nearest  
Tho' thy name is but there.

3

The nearer the fountain  
More pure the stream flows  
And sweeter to fancy  
The bud of the rose.  
And now thou'rt in heaven  
More pure is the birth  
Of thoughts that wake of thee  
Then aught upon earth.

4

As a bud green in spring  
As a rose blown in June  
The beauty looked out & de-  
parted as soon.  
Heaven saw thee too fair  
For earths tenants of clay  
& ere age did thee wrong  
Thou we'rt summoned away.

5

I know thou art happy  
Why in grief need I be  
Yet I am & the more so  
To feel it's for thee  
For thy presence possest  
As thy absence destroyed  
The most that I loved  
& all I enjoyed.

6.

So I try to seek pleasure  
But vainly I try  
Now joys cup is drained  
& hopes fountain is dry  
I mix with the living  
& what do I see  
Only more cause for sorrow  
In loosing of thee.

7

The year has its winter  
As well as its May  
So the sweetest must leave us  
& the fairest decay  
Suns leave us to night  
& their light none may borrow  
So joy retreats from us  
Overtaken by sorrow.

8.

The sun greets the spring  
& the blossom the bee  
The grass the blue hill  
& the leaf the bare tree  
But suns nor yet seasons  
As sweet as they be  
Shall ever more greet me  
With tidings of thee.

9

The voice of the cuckoo  
Is merry at noon  
& the song of the nightingale  
Gladdens the moon  
But the gayest today  
May be saddest tomorrow  
& the loudest in joy  
Sink the deepest in sorrow.

10

For the lovely in death  
& the fairest must die  
Fall once and forever  
Like stars from the sky  
So in vain do I mourn thee  
I know it's in vain  
Who could wish thee from joy  
To earths troubles again.

11

Yet thy love shed upon me  
Life more than mine own  
& now thou art from me  
My being is gone  
Words know not my grief  
Thus without thee to dwell  
Yet in one I felt all  
When life bade thee farewell.

My dear Hood

I am not able to write anything  
now & have sent these two things written a  
good while ago so that you may chuse which  
you please - send the first rejected Poem  
to my friend "Mrs E.L.Emmerson 20 Stratford  
Place Oxford Street by the Twopenny Post. I  
am sorry to put you to so much trouble & ex-  
pence in postage

Yours sincerely  
John Clare

Thomas Hood Esqr  
2 Robert Street Adelphi  
London

August 3rd 1828

Nelson & the Nile

Great Nelson glory near the Nile  
Set fames bright scroll on fire  
& raised a flame in Englands isle  
That never shall expire  
His empire was the ocean world  
The heart of war his throne  
Wherever Englands flag unfurled  
He reigned & ruled alone  
Wherever he war's vengeance hurled  
There victory was his own.

With heart of fire that burnt the mind  
& found its peace in strife  
With thoughts that did outspeed the wind  
& met from terror life  
Upon the sea his element  
In danger he grew strong  
To battle as a feast he went  
Its thunder loud & long  
Was music & his hearts assent  
Best welcome to the song.

The stubborn storm whose fury rends  
Full many a gallant mast  
His valour seemed to make them friends  
Who worshipped as he past  
He led his fleet along the sea  
The flying foe to hast  
His daring filled with merry glee  
The sport of the gale  
Who took him for its god to be  
& sung in every sail.

Yet long he sought till fortunes day  
The first of August came  
When Nelson bore into the bay  
That deified his name  
But day when dared & year when done  
My pen need not defile  
For history wrote it while the sun  
Did hold his light & smile  
To see how Nelson fought & won  
The battle of the Nile.

The taunting foe of safety vain  
Then anchors cast aground  
Untill the mighty of the main  
Like a tempest gathered round  
& they that did the world deride  
Now trembles at his name  
While rocks & shores & seas defied  
& danger dared his fame  
To all in thunder he replied  
& dangers shrunk in shame.

Full soon their colours & their fleet  
Did ruins throne bedeck  
Till the weary ocean at his feet  
Seemed sinking with the wreck  
Their pompous ships blew up on high  
& on their wings of flame  
Told to the wondering blushing sky  
His glory & their shame  
While Mars in eccho made reply  
& marvelled at his name.

The elements suppressed & won  
To view so grand a fight  
Chased night away from round the sun  
To let him mark the sight  
The sea forgot its waves & lay  
Quite still the sight to see  
While Neptune from his caves that day  
Looked out amazedly  
& threw his coral crown away  
For Nelson ruled the sea.

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strel, in return for which Lamb sent him his Works in 2 vols, with the autograph inscription: "For Mr Clare, with C. Lamb's kindest remembrances." In due time these were followed by the Elia volume inscribed: "Mr John Clare with Elia's regards". Lamb wrote in a kindly strain to Clare, and Clare penned his poem "To Charles Lamb, Esq."

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Hood, & Clare, & Lamb:

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\*Also in this same Gem, are the lines "On an Infant Dying as soon as Born." This was sent by Lamb to Hood & his wife on such a loss to the Hoods - See Hood's Memorials Vol 1, 18, 19. See Ainger's Poems, Plays, & Essays, 385 and 385 Malison. See re Hood & scraps for him, Ainger's Lamb Letters, ii, 198.

(Marginal note) What the American (Adrian H. Joline) in his book about autograph collecting, says about Clare's poetry, not up to much - is about right.

In writing on Hood & Lamb there is a fit opportunity for bringing in "Literary Frivolities" re Lamb's (Elia's) death as per Lond. Mag. under Hood's sub editorship (?the date of Hood's sub editing) Look up Westwood's Notes & Queries letter for a description of Hood - Methodist minister without a smile all the time his every word was a pun - or some such words. See Patmore's My Friends i 19 for descr. of Lamb as a Methodist parson in appearance (so was Hood)

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Ty Hood's connection with Clare. Did'nt he "show him round" in London, &c

Ty article somewhere on "Peasant Poets"- Cunningham & Clare (? in London Magazine)

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