CHAPTER - III

SELF IN THE ESSAYS OF ELIA (1823)

Lamb did not let his friends any impression at the age of forty five that he was growing old, but he might think with Ralph Waldo Emerson as he said in "Terminus", "It is time to be old".

His personal life went on with little change of design to the end, governed by the deep mutual dependence between Mary and himself, and by his genuine allegiance to the office at the India House. The office of the India House was to him as a company or soldiers is to a good company commander. In the field of literature one thing was certain: he could look back on thirty or even on thirty-five years of his rich experience of love of human life, its puzzling situations and its men and women. From childhood he had been a collector of characters, even of places.

These first years of the 1820's were to be the most important years of his life; for in them he could show his genius as a writer. This came about unexpectedly and almost by chance.

When he was invited to contribute to the London magazine, edited by John Scott, in 1820, Lamb was certainly pleased; it was no casual offer. He was ultimately going to have a regular place. Reminiscence would furnish him with materials enough for most of the monthly papers desired. When the first series of the Essays of Elia appeared in a collected form in 1823, it consisted of
some five and twenty essays, contributed at the rate of one a month (Occasionally two) with hardly an intermission between August, 1820, and December, 1822. By reading these essays, it becomes apparent that no conditions or restrictions regarding the subject-matter of the essays was imposed by the editor. It seems that the editor had given him free hand to handle his experiences of life and to reproduce them in any form, and wandering from one point to another which he might think or wish to be proper on the way. The subject-matter of the essays is to a great extent personal, or tinged with the term autobiographical. The first of these appeared in August 1820. "The South Sea House" -- and Lamb, who does not oblige us with many peeps behind the screen concerning his literary methods, explains its signature "Elia": "A person of that name, an Italian was a fellow clerk of mine at the South Sea House."

Lamb has himself told us the origin of this immortal name "Elia". When he had written his first essay, and wanted to remain anonymous, yet wanting a convenient mark for identification in articles to come, he thought of an Italian name Elia. Out of a practical joke (Lamb confesses) he took his old friend's name, hoping to make his excuses when they should next meet. Lamb writes in June 1821:

I went the other day, (not having seen him for a year) to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name, for he died of consumption eleven months ago.
and I knew not of it. So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think, and 'tis all he has left me. ¹

Lamb says that he used the name as a protection, in case his brother John, still in that house, were offended by "certain descriptions" in the text. Yet Elia was, or became, more than a pseudonym. Elia also was a personality, for the purpose of these writings.

So far as Elia is indicated as "a phantom", a recluse living in the past and speaking in a language antique and remote, he may be described as an invention. In January 1823, Lamb tried to convince his friends and readers at large, by a farewell essay declaring that Elia was dead and gone, that he had carried on his fancy as far as he wished or ought. It was not accepted; the name had become an attraction, and the humour and sadness that Elia's style had presented were regarded as Lamb's undoubted self-expression. He agreed that he had on occasion communicated his own story through the disguise, and noted that sometimes he had done the opposite.

His first essay on the "South-Sea House" exhibits his openness of approach. He was not feeling either in matter or style. He started writing with the fulness of observation. Lamb takes the fine fascination in taking the case of bachelors being a bachelor himself. In "South-Sea House" -- the clerks that he had shown are mostly bachelors:
They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind.²

His description of John Tipp, the accountant, was enough to show that not only a keen observer, but a master of English was writing:

But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted....

He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart.³

This piece of writing exhibits Lamb's power of observation and forceful style. His style is such that he could portray the character of Tipp in a very effective manner.

There is a character of Henry Man. While depicting this clerk it seems as if Lamb had projected himself:

... the wit, the polished man of letters, the author, of the South-Sea House?⁴
Lamb left Christ's Hospital in 1789 and at the age of fourteen, he obtained a clerkship in the old South Sea House, where his elder brother John, also worked. He worked here until he secured another assignment in East India Company in Leaden Hall Street.

In "South Sea House" he says in the concluding lines that he had given fictitious names of the clerks which is not a new thing for Lamb. He rather loves to mystify his readers. It was nature ingrained in his personality. This trait is reflected almost in every essay. There is a charm in his art of mystification.

Lamb was in the habit of spending his short summer holidays in one or other of the two great University towns, and his second essay was an account of "Oxford in the Vacation". The half of the essay touches on Oxford, and the rest is divided between the writer - Elia, and a certain absent-minded old scholar, George Dyre. Lamb took pains to write about George Dyre and his peculiarities. He is never tired while dwelling Dyre. He refers to him as who has been engaged in various investigations in the university libraries of Oxford and Cambridge:

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately hit upon a MS. collection of characters, relative to C--, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points, particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation.
Lamb very minutely narrates the whole story of G.D. and how he was under-working himself at low rates for unappreciating booksellers. His life is such a mess of misfortunes and full of miseries:

-- wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning which commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the heart to sell themselves to the best advantage. 6

"Oxford in the Vacation" is the disclosure of his attraction towards the universities whose privileges and life he had been unable to share. Lamb interwove memories of Cambridge and introduced the portrait of Dyer in the library of his college. His first visit to Oxford took place in the summer of 1800, when he passed two days with the family of Matthew Gutch, a law-stationer in London. Gutch had offered him a lodging at 34, Southampton buildings, Chancery Lane, and here he settled with Mary in the last summer of 1800.

Lamb opens his essay with this question to the Reader -- "Who is Elia?" Because in his previous essay - "South Sea House", Lamb has referred to his friends -- clerks colleagues and friends but he has not given the account about Elia. The account of Elia is the account of Lamb himself:

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some
old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self same college - a votary of the desk - a notched and cropt scrivener - one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill. 7

Lamb says the fore part of the day is spent in office - accountant work - like a cart-horse along a rutty road and after coming home Elia writes serious midnight dissertation. All earlier environment in the office is somewhat to be treated as settings up of an author. His spirit sours high and enfran chised after the drudgery of office work to:

... ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation. It feels its promotion. 8

Lamb very aptly says that he (Elia) is plainly speaking -- a very ordinary writer. He is boasting of nothing - knowledge and scholarship. He says:

I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority - I am plain Elia - no selden, nor Archbishop Usher - though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley. 9

In Lamb's opinion the best way to idle away one's leisure time is to be in the universities. As he admits:
I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with ours. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please.

Lamb enjoyed the vacations in Oxford very much. He renders such a minute picture as though he himself led the University life. The university education of which he was deprived of ever haunted his imagination.

Lamb's love for antiquity is shown in this essay. Antiquity always had a charm for him. He used to live in the past:

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity -- then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern! Whay mystery lurks in this retroversion?

Lamb finds himself most happy in the library of Oxford University. He seems to be in love with library shelves:
What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state.  

Lamb enjoys describing about library and books. He wants to quench his thirst of University education and every detail of it. To him library seems like an orchard where so many trees with flowers and fruits in the form of knowledge is there. One gets fragrance and taste of fruits in the orchard in the same way as in library the smell of old folios and reading the books is just like tasting the fruits in an orchard.

While dealing with library and books, he refers to Richard Porson, a famous classical scholar and critic, and Professor of Greek at Cambridge at the close of the last century and George Dyer, a scholar and antiquarian, educated at Christ's and Emmanuel College, Cambridge to whom Lamb was much attached. Lamb used to love and admire men and places alike. Although the title of the essay misleads us, the real subject is the impact of University life upon the characters of men studiously inclined, which Lamb illustrates by a description of its influence upon himself in his short visits, and upon his friend Dyer, who was lucky to have the advantages of university education which he himself could not attain.

"Christ's Hospital" is an account of his school days. As the heading of the essay suggests that the essay was written after
thirty-five years of his schooling, but the account is as fresh as if he had left the school the other day. The recollections were so strong and passionate.

Just to confuse the reader he opens the essay by describing the character of his beloved friend Coleridge under his garb. Lamb assumes the personality of Coleridge, and affects to describe Coleridge's experiences, as if they were chiefly his own. He mystifies the reader. The reader could only distinguish fact from fiction when he (reader) is well acquainted with the lives of both -- Coleridge and Lamb. Here he is describing the sad condition of Coleridge and not of himself:

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.\textsuperscript{13}

Lamb's assumption of Coleridge's personality could only be disclosed in these impressive lines written by him to describe the 'yearnings' of a poor lad separated from his home:

How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire\textsuperscript{14}

So 'sweet Calne in Wiltshire' a gratuitous mystification, such as Lamb delights in, for Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, the home of young Coleridge.
Lamb had mixed feelings regarding his life at "Christ's Hospital". He was too sensitive to undergo sufferings without having a strong impression on him but rarely he had to face the darker side of Blue-coat life. Hence it could never become a part of his personal experience. He enjoyed the Blue-coat life like anything. Nobody could ill-treat him as everybody knew the fact that he lived in the same house where the school governor lived. If anybody ill-treat him, he could have complained to the school governor. Lamb and his companions are realistically portrayed thus:

Gradually he grew to be the object of a special and amused affection. Indeed he must have been so from early days for it was noted that whereas other boys were known only by their surnames he was spoken of by everyone as Charles Lamb. He had been born with charm, and from the time he arrived at Christ's Hospital as an odd, stuttering seven-year-old it made itself felt. He liked it all the better for being a Blue-coat crowd.\(^{15}\)

It is Lamb's projection of himself here and there in the whole essay. He tells us how he was greatly attached to his aunt Hetty. Out of sheer love for the author she bought eatables for him:

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!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness. 16

The narrated episode shows Lamb's capacity to judge and to take into account the reactions of his other school fellows. By mixing his own feelings with his other school fellows he renders the piece of art which delights us.

The senior Lambs were trying hard to pull on with the education of their younger son. Lamb himself depicts the condition of his family in the essay where he discloses that he used to take remnants left after dinner at the school for his parents. This act made other school fellows curious and they followed him to his house; what happened afterwards is narrated by Lamb himself:

Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for Mr. Mathaway 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 reasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of
his good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! -- The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of --, and presented him with silver medal.17

Though this description given by Lamb in his essay does not clearly show that here it is his projection but knowing the background of his family it becomes clear that he depicted his own state of affairs; at last he was rewarded for saving his parents from mendicancy. He portrayed the whole episode in his characteristic manner that employs "wit", "humour" and "pathos" - and thus arouses our full sympathy for the author. It brings out the writer's identification with his readers, and makes him craftsman in mingling the humour with pathos.

"The Two Races of Men" was a discursive meditation, by which Lamb meant those who borrow and those who lend. The case of the lender, Lamb illustrated by the example of one Ralph Bigod (whom he had known in his journalist days).

With his personal experiences he makes the essay interesting and delightful for the readers. For his friend, Ralph Bigod, he says:

-- but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful
acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; ...

Lamb's friend had huge wealth and Bigod never cared for it. On the contrary, he always tried to keep his treasury empty. A good part of money he drank away, the other he gave away, the remaining he threw away. Lamb describes the throwing away of money by his friend Bigod in a very attractive and jovial manner. Lamb says that he treated money as something infectious. Lamb portrays it graphically thus:

..., the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him -- as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious, -- into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes, -- inscrutable cavities of the earth; -- or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again).

But when Lamb talks about himself, he says that he could act only as a lender of books. This was the only treasure with him. He admits it in this fashion:

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than
closed in iron coffers, there is a class
of iconoclasts more formidable than that
which I have touched upon; I mean your
borrowers of books — those mutilators of
collections, spoilers of the symmetry of
shelves, and creators of odd volumes. 20

Lamb eulogizes his friend Coleridge as a worthy borrower of
books. Coleridge freely borrowed from Lamb's library and so
bountifully returned the loan with interest in the shape of margi-
nal annotations. In the opinion of Lamb it makes some sense and
meaning by losing a volume to Coleridge.

In the concluding lines of the essay he advised the readers
to be reluctant, in showing the moderate collection but he fur-
ther says if at all their (reader's) heart overflowed to lend
them, lend your books but to such person like S.T.C. because :

-- he will return thom (generally anticipating
the time appointed) with usury; enriched with
annotations, tripling their value. I have had
experience ... -- I counsel thee, shut not thy
heart, nor thy library, against S.T.C. 21

The quoted lines exhibit Lamb's love and passion for Cole-
ridge. Lamb seemed to have taken pains to observe each and every
aspect of his bosom friend Coleridge. He looked to be well-
versed with the personality and actions of Coleridge. For Lamb,
Coleridge proved to be a valuable borrower as he himself admits
in his essay that Coleridge annotated in his books of Daniel, in
old Burton and In Sir Thomas Browne. So with his personal
experiences Lamb illustrated by the example of one Ralph Bigod
as a lender and Coleridge as an ideal borrower.

In reflective essays such as "New-Year's Eve", his style resembles that of Sir Thomas Browne. Lamb suffered only once from an attack of madness sufficiently serious to necessitate his confinement, but the gloominess noticeable in "New Year's Eve" is a strong proof of the disease latent in his nature. He can seldom write gaily for any length of time, the darker side of life forces itself upon his attention.

Lamb opens the essay in a very interesting manner - saying that every man has two birth days - one of his own and the other of the birth/a New-Year that is not his own but of everyone:

Every man hath two birth-days: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth his ... But the Birth of New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by King or Cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference.  

Lamb quoted the line out of Coleridge's - "Ode to the Departing Year" (stanza I) "I saw the skirts of the departing year", and he says that the notion of departing year makes him gather up all the images that have diffused over the past twelve months.

With the sober sadness we take leave of the departing year. In the essay, Lamb discusses his personal notions about the New-Year. Lamb says that he is not one of them to at once welcome
the coming of the New Year and take speedy leave with the past.

Lamb admitted that he was not so mentally tuned to adjust to the new things at once:

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years, -- from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to force the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions.23

He had mixed feelings for the past. With the past he suddenly plunges into past years, i.e., his youth and he says that it was better on his part to waste away his seven prime years in the pursuit of beautiful Alice W - n.

Lamb's mind was introspective and he had a graphic picture of that "other me". How the child Elia is changed into sophisticated Elia, honest, courageous, religious, imaginative and hopeful. To quote the remarkable lines where Lamb shreds off his assumed name of Elia:

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy.24

He admitted it himself. For this kind of sickness, simply the cause may be that he has no wife, no children; so might he be taking refuge through his memory upon his early ideas - as his heir and favourite. Again Lamb takes over the phantom cloud
of Elia if his speculations seem fantastical to the reader. For Lamb, his reader is the sole criteria.

The elders used to ceremonise every auspicious occasion whether it is the ringing out of the old year. With the advancement of age the author is conscious of rapidly passing away of the time. The child and youth does not bother but above thirty the man thinks of time and its significance differently. According to the author one realizes the importance too powerfully after crossing the two stages in life — childhood and youth. Lamb does not want to pass his time "like a weaver's shuttle". The author is in love with his surroundings — town, streets and his friends:

I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the ace to which I am arrived; I, and my friends; to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.25

Lamb moves towards gloominess — pensive thinking and brooding about death and its after effects. After death, Lamb hoped to see the beautiful face of Alice W — n. Lamb opines that men like him, who love to bask in the sunshine, forget our liability to death. By citing the example of snake, Lamb wanted to pinpoint human beings tendency of not thinking about death
and living in fool's paradise of immortality -- which is not the truth.

Lamb was impressed by Charles Cotton's poem and quoted it in his essay:

And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about. 26

Lamb questions the readers that after reading this poem -- where has gone those fears for death. They have just gone in a manner a cloud disappears in the clear sun light. A real poetry washes away the fits of melancholy. It (real poetry) is just like tonic or stimulating wine. With a cup of stimulating wine, he cheers the readers -- Marry New Year.

Lamb loved quakers as speechless silence can be found in Quaker's meeting -- which is also the outlet for deeper feelings and emotions. Lamb could find an atmosphere in "A Quaker's Meeting" - for which he was craving for. Lamb felt that in their meeting the real peace and quiet can be found away from the noise and clamour of this busy world. In their meeting one is solitary and yet in company:

... would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being
shut out from the consolatory faces of
thy species; would'st thou be alone and
yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate;
singular, yet not without some to keep
thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate;
a simple in composite: — come with me
into a Quaker's Meeting. 27

The stillness of the Quaker's Meeting is uncomparable. It
could not be compared with the stillness of the desert. Lamb
quotes a line from Psalm, XLII.7 — "she too hath her deeps,
that call unto deeps" — very appropriately meaning by that
silence in itself her deeps depth which (silence) calls others
into that depth.

The sorrows cannot be healed up in imperfect solitude.
Imperfect means which is enjoyed by man himself. The perfect
solitude could be attained in crowds and more completely in a
Quaker's Meeting. Lamb's self expression is quite visible in
these lines of the essay:

In secular occasions, what so pleasant as
to be reading a book through a long winter
evening, with a friend sitting by — say,
a wife — he, or she, too (if that be
probable), reading another without
interruption or oral communication? — can
there be no sympathy without the gabble of
words? — away with this in-human, shy,
single, shade — and — cavern-haunting soli-
tariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a
sympathetic solitude. 28
The above quoted lines renders the picture of Lamb reading and his sister Mary Lamb sitting by his side. Those lines clearly exposes Lamb's own interest in books. He himself was a great reader of books and loved to read in company of his sister.

Owing to his personal sorrows and tragedies in life, Lamb always craved for a sympathetic solitude. His passionate way of writing shows that he really loved quakers. Lamb loved quakers as they never plot above all they were not intriguing sort of persons.

Lamb loved human beings and his love for quakers especially could be understood because their nature and behaviour matched with Lamb. He talks of their nature thus:

> If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. 29

Lamb admired many characteristics of quakers which we trace to be reflected in his own personality. The Quaker's Meeting usually ends up without a word having been spoken. But the real organ of the human body - mind is always fed. Lamb further adds to say that tongue - which is considered to be unruly remains tied up and slave there. Lamb himself liked the quiet atmosphere which has a soothing effect. He found it in a Quaker's Meeting. Lamb further eulogises their stillness and their garb and says it presents uniformity, peace and herd like attitude - as in the pasture - 'forty feeding like one'.
Lamb was a man of great likes and dislikes. He had his own reservations before liking an individual. He feels the differences of mankind. He himself was a bundle of prejudices. He confesses in "Imperfect Sympathies":

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices - made up of likings and dislikes - the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies.30

In the particular essay Lamb's self is projected in the manner exhibiting his likes and dislikes of the persons of different races. The essay projects his very personal views. Lamb remarked in his essay that he had been trying all his life to like Scotchmen but he admits that experiment ended in despair. They (Scotchmen) are not rich intellectually. Their minds are suggestive. They do not suggest the ideas but place them in perfect order and completeness. Their understanding is just like a bright and clear as noon day. They are not fluctuating in their tastes. They are not of compromising nature. Lamb writes "His conversation is as a book." Their affirmations have the sanctity of an oath.
Lamb takes the case of another member of mankind - Jew. Although he admits of having no disrespect for Jews but confesses plainly that he cannot enter their assembly (where Jews are gathered for religious teaching and worship). The Hebroes were not suited to the temperament of the author. He writes:

I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable.\(^{31}\)

In the opinion of Lamb the Jews who are converted - they are not converted fully towards christianity. They still continued to cling to their Hebrew culture and manners. These half converts - the author could not understand.

For the Negro's faces, Lamb observed that there are strong traits of benignity. Lamb further adds that he felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces - or rather masks that looked out kindly in casual encounters in the streets and highways. He quotes Fuller for them, who considers - "images of God cut in ebony." Lamb in no manner wanted to be linked with them or share their meals and their good nights as they (the Negro's) are black.

Lamb plainly admitted of his admiration for Quakers:

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path.\(^{32}\)
He has high praise for Quakers. Their meeting with him has rather soothing and lightening effect on him. The Quakers are cautious in using their words and seldom commit themselves. The Quakers could be relied on their words. The Quakers have praiseworthy presence of mind. They could achieve this presence of mind through self-watchfulness or alertness on their parts. They have the surprising self-restraint and composure. Just to prove this fact, Lamb cites an example where there was a heated provocation for these Quakers but they kept their composure and cool. They simply passed the 'phase' without creating a fuss - giving the best example for the principle - opposed to violence and war in any circumstances - they solemnly stood and practiced. So Lamb's sympathies lied with these Quakers. He loved and admired their ways and manners as the characteristics of Quakers very much reflected in the personality of Lamb. He himself was very polite, calm and never given to violence.

Lamb's direct "I" is well noticeable in the opening paragraphs of "Witches and Other Night Fears", where Lamb defends the wisdom of our ancestors, presenting his arguments as his personal feelings on the subject:

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of these reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse.\(^{33}\)

This essay originated through Lamb's own experience. He was led to relate how from the age of four to seven his nightly sleep
had been disturbed by childish terrors, in which the grim picture of Saul and the Witch, in Stackhouse’s History of the Bible had borne so prominent a part:

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father’s book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds — one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomons temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot — attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen.34

In order to strengthen his argument that these terrors are nervous, and to be traced to any gloomy or improper religious training, he cites the parallel case, within his own knowledge, of “dear little T.H.” (Leigh Hunt’s eldest son):

It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T.H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition, who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to hear or read of
any distressing story -- finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded ab extra, in his own 'thick-coming fancies'; and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of cell-damned murderer are tranquility.  

So Lamb tried to substantiate this point that night fears were not totally based on reading such type of books or viewing the pictures of witches. In his opinion these fears may find direction. Through his own experience and of little "T.H." he could maintain that these fears were ingrained naturally in nervous temperament of a child. Nothing else had to blamed for it except nervous background of a child. The essay exhibits Lamb as a real reader of child psychology. His own experiences made things quite easy for him.

Of his relations he gives us full and living pictures -- his brother John is the James Elia of "My Relations"; his sister Mary, never absent from his mind in life, is present throughout the essays as Bridget Elia and his aunt is referred to in "My Relations". Lamb starts the essay in a very emotional manner - writing that he had not his parents surviving to account for as relations. He calls singularity as a blessing. Lamb quotes from Browne's Christian Morals when after living for 60 or 70 years in the world:
... when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and many sensibly see with what a face in no long time OBLIVION will look upon himself. 36

Lamb could realise, without the aid of imagination how he himself will shortly be blotted out from the recollection of the world.

After feelingly expressing about the non-existence of his parents, he enumerates about his relations. First of them was his aunt, his father's sister, the "Aunt Hetty":

She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. 37

She was a religious minded woman. She read religious books and a Roman Catholic Prayer Book. She used to visit the church on every Sunday. She was a determined and rigid kind of woman in the sense that she became the member of the Unitarian Church which professes belief in one God, but do not accept the divinity of Jesus Christ. She liked the sermon and with intervals visited the Chapel in Essex Street. She was known for shrewd mind and was extraordinary at a repartee.

By his known way of mystifying the readers, Lamb introduces his elder brother John Lamb and his sister Mary Lamb as cousins namely - James and Bridget Elia. While narrating he discloses,
J.E. personality's abrupt contrasts. J.E. was made of contradictory principles. Lamb describes thus:

... the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine
is invariably at war with his temperament,
which is high sanguine.38

J.E. was known systematic opponent of innovation and opposed everything which has not stood the test of age and experiment. He gave much importance to practical wisdom. He was such a sort of man of saying or advising good things for others and practicing himself in quite contrary manner. The way of thinking and acting of both the brothers were different. This is quite evident thus:

... I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye - a Claude - or a Hobbema - for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's, and Phillips's - or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he must do - assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands - wishes he had fewer holidays - and goes off - Westward Ho! - chanting a tune, to Pall Mall - perfectly convinced that he has convinced
me—while I proceed in my opposite
direction tuneless. 39

So J.E. was given to paintings, fashions and enjoying life
fully while the other (Lamb) was not attuned to this way of
life. J.E. lived in his own world which was not sentimental.
J.E. had no respect for feelings.

His brother, John L., was full of inconsistencies. There
was hardly any understanding between the two. Lamb calls him as
"a wild kinsman".

Lamb through the essay projects a clear picture of his aunt
and elder brother—John Lamb. John Lamb's attitude towards life,
his likings and dislikings, his strangeness of behaviour; all came
to light. Above all, John Lamb's lack of sentiments towards
family members also finds a place in the depictions by Lamb.
Because of this laxity on the part of the elder brother, Lamb
had to look after Mary Lamb. John Lamb never acted as an elder
brother.

Lamb opens the essay, "Mackery End, In Hertfordshire" with
his favourite element of mystification. In the essay he presents
Bridget Elia as his cousin with a view to mystifying the reader:

We house together, old bachelor and maid,
in a sort of double singleness; with such
tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I,
for one, find, in myself no sort of
disposition to go out upon the mountains,
with the rash King's offspring, to bewail
my celibacy. 40
Lamb discloses that they (brother and sister) were quite in harmony, with each other except some bickerings which is obvious in near relations. Both were great readers but in different directions. Lamb was given to the writings of Burton etc. while she engrossed herself in some modern tales or adventures. Narratives never impressed Lamb. They had altogether different tastes for reading:

Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She 'holds Nature more clever'. I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici; but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, .... but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle. 41

Lamb's sister was not to be easily influenced in her opinion by her associates, free thinkers, leaders, disciples and even by Lamb. Both differed on moral points. Lamb writes that at least he used to make her round the corner to his way of thinking.

Lamb took pains to write about every detail of his sister's personality which influenced him immensely. He adds further that Bridget was not to be told about her faults. But, Lamb points out while reading she used to say 'yes or no' without understanding the question and in this way she used to offend the person who put the said question. She had the unique presence of mind.
After the account of his sister, Lamb switches over to "Mackery End, Hertfordshire". Lamb plunges into sweet remembrance when he visited that place:

... to a great aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget, who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division.\(^{42}\)

Lamb narrates about the house which was under the care of yeoman who had married his grandmother's sister — named Gladman. His grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. Lamb was speaking all about the place and people he had visited more than forty years ago. He was narrating all through conjecture. But both remembered their visit to the place:

We had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to that, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!\(^{43}\)

About the beauty and inspiration that Lamb drove out of the place was tremendous. He quotes the lines of Wordsworth's "Yarrow Visited" to express himself properly:
But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.44

Bridget had that bliss of easily remembering the old place
and old known people and places. Only difficulty remained with
Lamb how to enter the house of an old acquaintance because he
used to be very shy in facing the strangers and out-of-date
kinsfolk. But his cousin entered the house with overpowering
feeling of love rather than principle. Their they met youngest
of the Gladmans who by marriage with a Bruton had become the
mistress of the old mansion:

In five minutes we were as thoroughly
acquainted as if we had been born and
bred up together; were familiar, even
to the calling each other by our
Christian names.45

Lamb, his sister, and their friend B.F. were warmly welcomed by
his relation.

In the concluding lines Lamb depicts a very natural pheno-
menon which occurs in human life. As soon as his sister meets
the old relation of theirs, their half-obliterated recollections
came to the surface of their memories:

With what corresponding kindness we were
received by them also - how Bridget's
memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed
into a thousand half-obliterated recoll-
ections of things and persons, to my
utter astonishment, and her own - and to the astoundment of B.F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there, - old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth.46

Lamb could be seen in the mood of remembering his sweet past in "Mackery End". Lamb's essay is full of personal touches and references. At last Lamb thought of his childhood days when he was under the tender care of his sister and later in his manhood too and again he plunges into the past. For a spur of moment he comes to the present but soon returns to the past. Because past is sweet and beautiful for him. Lamb's present was not smooth. His present ever haunted him so he took the shelter of past to be comfortable and at ease:

that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge -- as I have been her care in foolish manhood since -- in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.47

"The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple" comprises all that he remembered of his boyhood spent in the Temple, with particulars of the more notable Masters of the Bench of that day, obtained from his father, mentioned as Lovel of the essay, and his father's old and loyal friend Randal Norris, the sub-treasurer of the Inner Temple.
Lamb wrote the essay surcharged with emotion and passion for the place where he took his birth and passed his childhood. His childhood memories lingered on and took the shape of the essay. He begins:

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said — for in those young years, what was this King of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places? — these are of my oldest recollections.48

These old and his 'young years' recollections haunted him and he could not forget them. He quotes Spenser for his recollection of the place.

Lamb seemed to be fascinated by the beauty of the Inner Temple and its grand situation. He liked the location of the place:

What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden; that goodly pile...49

Lamb talks about fountains and sun-dials. The natural beauty of fountains was tremendous. For this he quotes Andrew Marvell, who through his verse depicts the days of artificial gardening and in those days how the gardner made a dial out of herbs and flowers. And Lamb quotes the verse — where Marvell
is speaking of sweet garden scenes. It is evident that such were the fountains in and around Inner Temple which captivated the heart and mind of child Lamb.

How the greenery gives the freshness of outlook! Now the greenery, sprouting out ever fresh streams from the innocent wanton lips in the square of Lincoln's Inn is all gone which Lamb saw himself in his childhood. They all are gone and the spring choked up. These fashions have gone and considered now as childish. These grown ups, e.g., Lawyers must have been children once, muses Lamb. He puts very searching questions to the readers and the whole humanity:

Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments?  

The above quoted lines depicts the sad mood of Lamb. How remorsefully he pin points the state of affairs and degradation of the human values. Nobody thinks of past - one's childhood and one's earliest enchantments. Nobody has the time now to think of those past days. But this was not the case with Lamb. He drove out the best material for his writings from the past.

Uptill now Lamb was talking about Inner Temple - its beauty, location, situation and surroundings but its story will remain incomplete if he leaves it here without telling us about the old Benchers of the Inner Temple. So one by one he introduces them.
In that list of benchers the two characters prominently figure
who had the direct relationship with Lamb -- Samuel Salt and
Lovel (Lamb's father). Samuel Salt is introduced -- as the kind
hearted and helpful benefactor of Lamb.

Lamb further takes the case of Samuel Salt for a very minute
description. Lamb could portray the ins and outs of Salt's per-
sonality because he was his father's boss. Lovel - the character
in the essay is none else than the father of Lamb - John Lamb.
Lamb details the relationship between Salt and Senior Lamb. How
Samuel trusted Lovel in every sphere of his life. Lovel used to
render him sound advices but Samuel had his own weaknesses:

Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest
men of his time a fit person to be consulted,
not alone in matters pertaining to the law,
but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments
of conduct - from force of manner entirely. 51

Salt was much known in the female world. The ladies died for his
love. Salt depended upon Lovel heavily. Salt would have suffered
severely if he had not had honest people around him:

Lovel took care of everything. He was at
once his clerk, his good servant, his
dresser, his friend, his 'flapper', his
guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer.
He did nothing without consulting Lovel,
or failed in anything without expecting
and fearing 'his admonishing'. 52

As soon as his account of the benchers is over he again
comes to the place Inner Temple and thinks about the changed
atmosphere. And all of a sudden, Lamb remembers his childhood
days and how the Inner Temple looked like. Lamb wanted to see
and find the Temple in the same way as he had seen in his child-
hood. Noticing the changes he becomes remorseful and writes:

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled?
Or, if the like of you exist, why exist
they no more for me? Ye inexplicable,
half-understood appearances, why comes
in reason to tear away the preternatural
mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded
you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in
my relation, who made up to me - to my
childish eyes - the mythology of the Temple?53

So we find Lamb fighting out his early childhood images and
specific connection between life and childhood. The light of
faith and imagination will still shine in the 'Goshen' (refuge)
of childish hearts, while their elders' sight is darkened by the
domination of the senses and of the world of matter.

In P.S. Lamb writes about the imperfect memory and erring
notions of childhood. He mentions the name of Randal Norris, a
friend of Lambs, father and son. He was sub-treasurer and Libra-
rian of the Inner Temple. He married a young woman, friend of
Mrs. Field who died in childhood. And R.N. (Randal Norris) could
not come out from the effects of deep melancholy. Lamb appears
to have been deeply attached to him, and to have felt his death
acutely. And Lamb prays the new benchers of the Inner Temple to
cherish his name kindly because he was the kindliest of human
creatures. The last lines of the essay is very touching. Like the nursery maid who by permission takes the child for fresh air and fresh emotions brought to the child, in the same manner, youngsters (meaning young benchers) of this generation will look upon the old benchers and would be feeling in the same way:

... superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnized the parade before ye! 54

Such a realistic approach can only be noticed and expressed to by nobody else but lovable Lamb. He had the capacity in his pen to draw such realistic and obvious account tenderly and in a touching manner. Lamb gives us a portrait gallery of so many characters in this essay but three of them influenced him much namely - Salt, Lovel - his father and Randal Norris. Through Salt's personality he learnt the lesson of generosity and affection. Lovel - his father was the source behind his tenderness towards women and children. Randal Norris affected his personality much. Through him, Lamb could learn the lesson of true and faithful friendship. Lamb depended heavily upon R.N. So all three had their respective shares in shaping the personality of Lamb.

Lamb had a love of mystifying and putting his readers on a false scent. He alters names and places when there would seem to be little reason for it. A curious instance of this habit is supplied by the touching reverie called "Dream Children". This essay appeared in the London for January, 1822. Lamb's elder
brother John was then lately dead. John Lamb had lived his own, easy, prosperous life up to this time, not altogether avoiding social relations with his brother and sister, but evidently absorbed to the last in his own interests and pleasures. The death of his brother, wholly unsympathetic as he was with Charles, served to bring home to him his loneliness. He was left in the world with but one near relation, and that one too often removed from him for months. It made him keenly aware of his solitude. It was no matter of wonder if his thoughts turned to what might have been, and he looked back to those boyish days when he wandered in the glades of Blakesware with Alice by his side. He imagines himself with his little ones, who have come round him to hear stories about their "great-grandmother Field." Lamb while describing his grandmother -- retains his grandmother's real name, he places the house in Norfolk, but all the details that follow are drawn from Blakesware:

Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it ... but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately
at the Abbey and stick them up in Lady C's
tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled,
as much as to say 'that would be foolish
indeed'.

Lamb in a touching manner put the thin disguise in which
he clothes them, are the valuable memories. Lamb thus presented
to gather the sympathies of the great public. More touching
still is the almost superhuman sweetness with which he deals
with the character of his lately lost brother. He had named his
little ones after this brother, and after their dead mother -
John and Alice. There is something of the magic of genius, a
burst of uncontrollable anguish in the revelation with which his
dream ends. Lamb, still kept a closely guarded secret about his
beloved’s name. But he tells us who it was that won the prize
from him, and it is no secret that in this case the real name is
given. The conclusion of this essay substantiates all the argu-
ments raised:

Then in somewhat a more heightened tone,
I told how, though their great-grand
mother Field loved all her grand children,
yet in an especial manner she might be
said to love their uncle, John L --,
because he was so handsome and spirited
a youth, and a King to the rest of us;
... and how he used to carry me upon his
back when I was a lame-footed boy- for
he was a good bit older than me -- ... and
how I bore his death as I thought
pretty well at first, but afterwards it
haunted and haunted me; and though I did
not cry or take it to heart as some do,
and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long and knew not till then how much I had loved him... Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W-n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial meant in maidens... We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams... and immediately awaking I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair. where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side; but John L. (Or James Elia) was gone for ever.  

Lamb's account of day dreaming is quite fascinating and revealing. We know very little about his relationship with his elder brother John Lamb but through this account the whole relationship is crystal clear. Though altogether different in nature and mood they loved each other and their 'blood relation' overpowered the other factors. He also reveals about his grand mother and his love - Alice W-n. In fact, his day-dreaming is his self-projection. The end of the essay reminds us of Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale's" particular line "Forlorn! the very word is like a bell".

As the word 'forlorn' reminds the poet about his loneliness, in the same manner, as soon as Lamb's day dreaming ends, he comes to the reality and finds himself seated in his bachelor arm-chair
with his ever faithful Bridget and John L. not to be found. The end of the essay is simply superb and charming.

Lamb's other essays, such as that "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers" and "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars, in the Metropolis", contain the results of that observing eye with which he daily surveyed the streets of his beloved city for so many years. It was the habit of Lamb not to look at a face for more than a moment. But still he managed and planned to see and observe while roaming about in his beloved city.

Lamb liked to meet a sweep. He opens the essay in a very natural manner comparing a sweep with a young sparrow. As a young sparrow makes the sound of 'peep-peep' at the time of dawn, so the sweep starts the day by cleaning the chimneys. Lamb had a kind of reverence for these persons. He says they (sweeps) put before mankind a kind of lesson when they clean the chimneys:

in the nipping air of a December morning,
preach a lesson of patience to mankind.57

Lamb had a quite strange fascination for these sweeps. He took keen interest in their work. These sweeps clean the blackness of the chimneys and their work is quite interestingly compared by Lamb as entering into hell (blackness) and after cleaning it - it becomes clear as day-light. All through the day these sweeps have to put themselves to very hard labour.

Lamb believed that these sweeps were coming from noble family. Lamb had a very sympathetic outlook for them. Lamb considered
these sweeps to be young stolen children – coming from noble mothers who are still mourning for their children. Their 'premature apprenticements' led Lamb to believe of their high descent. For this he cites an example where a sweep takes nap on the bed of a Duke. It is impossible, according to Lamb, to have such courage until or unless he is coming from his descent.

Later on, in the essay, Lamb wrote a very interesting episode that took place in his times that his friend jaw White used to entertain these chimney sweepers once in a year and he (J.W.) himself became the host and waiter. In this style, he instituted an annual feast these sweeps used to get the 'delicacies' according to their varied tastes. In this feast, proper 'toasts ceremony' was held in the name of "the King", "the Cloth" – stands for the profession of chimney sweepers. In this noble way, Lamb's friend used to puff up the feelings of chimney-sweepers in an "equally diverting and flattering" manner. It was really a comforting process for those young orphans.

However, with the death of James White the feast stopped. As Lamb had a unique fascination for the past, the case was with his friends. These friends were highly valuable for him:

He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died – of my world at least.58

His 'clients' (young sweeps) looked for him in vain. They missed him very badly. The glory, fun and enjoyment of the feast – all became the things of past.
It is noticeable that the essay projects Lamb's views in
general about chimney sweepers, beggars etc. showing his love
and kindness for these people and his sympathetic attitude towar
them. It is his concern and love for them that he chose to write
an essay on them. The essay projects Lamb as a man of social
instinct.

In his essay "A Bachelor's Complaint of The Behaviour of
Married People", Lamb eulogises himself to be what he was
unmarried man. He tried to find out the weaknesses of the
married people. The only way left for him to console himself.

In his essay, Lamb tried to pin-point the peculiar aspects
of the married couples. The strange aspect that he noticed in
married couples is to show off that they are too loving couples
on the earth. The married couples' preference for each other is
shown in such a manner that it becomes ridiculous for an unmarried
man to bear.

Lamb preferred rich man to married couple. Because he says
that rich man's houses and pictures, his parks and gardens are
there and he (unmarried man) can have the privilege of temporary
right of enjoyment over his (rich man's) possessions and on the
contrary the happiness of married couple has none of 'these palli-
atives'. On the contrary, in the house of married -- "... it is
throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult. "59 The show
of gratification and sense of complacency on the part of married
people is always there and they ignore altogether the unmarried.
men -- their world and joys. The married people consider unmarried ones as irrational and their opinion has no weightage and their views are silenced in the presence of married people.

Lamb very interestingly narrates the mentality of married woman. It is their mentality to expect from bachelors "love me, love my dog." Lamb in a realistic tone advances the point that married woman attacks the bachelors by her child with two arrows and one is bound to hurt the bachelor. The first arrow is such if the bachelor is engrossed in his thinking and paying no attention to her child then he would be labelled as "untractable, morose, a hater of children." On the other hand, if he shows the interest, the child would be called out of the room with some pretext, so the second arrow of insult will hurt the bachelor.

Lamb further adds that there are innumerable ways and means which the married woman can adopt to insult the unmarried man. One such example Lamb narrates is of staring by married woman. Firstly she laughs on the unmarried man in a manner of wonder as if he is a queer kind of fellow. Married woman have a particular kind of stare and ultimately make their husbands realise that such unmarried friends may be good for their unmarried days but not so for their married days:

This may be called the staring way, and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.60
Lamb did not want to get into minute details, considering it as vain endeavor. But he has one major complaint against the married woman:

I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty, -- of treating us as if we were their husbands, and vice versa. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. 61

Lamb, while concluding the essay, confessed his feeling tired of mentioning his married acquaintance by Roman denominations. So in a compromising tone he advises the married women to take note of their ways and manners otherwise he would be forced to mention their "full-length English of their names" to the wonder and horror of all such desperate offenders in future.

Lamb was one of the most autobiographical of authors. To read him virtually on any subject is to read about him. It is to know him with a daily intimacy for which few writers are known. In his copy Lamb could not escape from himself as he could not leave Mary while living. Yet he was not self-centered. For the conceited man, the world starts and ends with himself.

He was aware that few people are able to speak for themselves, much less for others. Speaking of and through himself was his way of speaking for all. He knew his own voice contained the echoes of other voices. Thus in a very skilled manner
he used to make himself many, and reducing many into himself.

Since truth to Lamb was as personal as everything else, facts enjoyed no exemption from his own tricks. It diverted him to distort them when, as Elia, he wrote of his friends, his family, or himself. His love of mystification was one of the abidingly boyish aspects of his character. It pleased him in his essays to mislead his readers by false scents, for instance to name Oxford when he meant Cambridge; to make Bridget his cousin, not his sister; to merge Coleridge's boyhood with his own. By deliberate, sometimes mischievous design his familiar essays were but the shadows of the facts. They were just semblances of truth not fundamental truths. Yet Lamb was present, quintessentially if not factually, in every phrase and sentence. At least, an important part of him was present, though not by any means the whole man.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3. Ibid.,</td>
<td>pp.6-7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Lamb, Charles</td>
<td>Essays of Elia And Last Essays, p.18.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Ibid.,</td>
<td>pp.22-23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Ibid.,</td>
<td>pp.34-35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. Ibid.,</td>
<td>p.41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34. Ibid.</td>
<td>pp.95-96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35. Ibid.</td>
<td>pp.98-99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48. Ibid.</td>
<td>pp.109-120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52. Ibid.</td>
<td>p.127</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
53. Ibid., p.130
54. Ibid., p.132
55. Ibid., pp.146-147
56. Ibid., pp.148-150
57. Ibid., p.157
58. Ibid., p.165
59. Ibid., p.184
60. Ibid., p.188
61. Ibid., p.190