



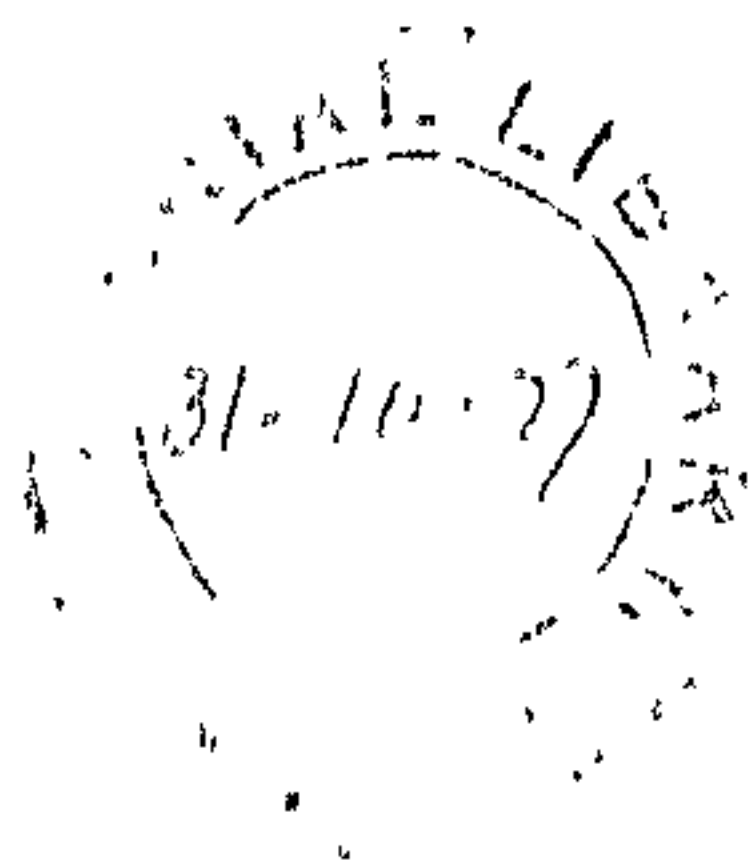
EDWARD FITZGERALD

From a Miniature

LETTERS FROM
EDWARD FITZGERALD
TO
BERNARD QUARITCH
1853 to 1883

Edited by
C. QUARITCH WRENTMORE

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BERNARD QUARITCH LTD.
11, GRAFTON STREET NEW BOND STREET
1926.



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PREFACE

THESE letters from Edward FitzGerald to his Publisher and Bookseller Bernard Quaritch, are reprinted from a collection now in the possession of the Editor - the elder daughter of the late Bernard Quaritch. Some of these letters may have been already quoted, in extract, as certain letters were lent by Bernard Quaritch to fellow members of the Omar Khayyám Club or others interested in the writings of FitzGerald. The majority of them however have never before been printed.

Numerous letters are undated, and in many cases bear no address. In arranging them for publication they are placed so far as possible in their natural sequence.

It will be seen by reference to the letter of April 20 (1879) that FitzGerald himself refers to his habit of beginning Nouns with Capitals. This peculiarity is retained, together with some of his methods of punctuation.

There is also in the possession of the Editor a small bound Volume containing a few Letters which relate to the printing and publishing of the 1879 Edition of "Omar Khayyám," the "Life of Jami," and "Salámán and Absál," which last work FitzGerald frequently refers to under the printers'

nickname of "Solomon and Absalom" and sometimes of "Solomon" only. In the volume are also proofs of the title page and sub-title page. Upon the former the words "*Rendered into English Verse*" have been questioned by FitzGerald, who adds a note: "'*Paraphrased in*' would be more accurate I believe—but do you & Critic decide. E.F.G."—which note has been struck through by the Critic. The frequent mention in the letters of "the Critic" has reference to Michael Kerney—sometimes personally named, a scholar learned in many oriental languages, all of which were self-taught after his day's work at Castle Street or at 15, Piccadilly where he spent upwards of 40 years of his life.

The Title pages are followed by a proof (with FitzGerald's MS. fly-sheet attached) of the latter portion of the "Notes" to Omar Khayyám. The proof is paged 35-36 and is set in a double frame-line with ornate corners. The contents of this proof form the last 10 lines of p. 33 and pp. 34 & 35 of the published Edition.

Then follows Sheet 8 of the second Revise of "Salámán and Absál" (pp. 97-112) together with the first Revise of the same sheet with FitzGerald's MS. fly-sheet attached (to p. 112) containing his Appendix Note as to the "Ten Intelligences." Both Revises have various corrections and comments by FitzGerald himself in red-ink.

There next follows the "Life of Jámi," the printed leaves extracted from the first Edition (the title altered by FitzGerald on each page to

"Notice of Jāmi's Life") with numerous revisions, and with a fly-sheet affixed to the last page—all in FitzGerald's handwriting, the whole intended for, and used as, printer's copy for the 1879 Edition.

Lastly there is a copy of the 1st Edition (1856) of *Sakínán and Absál*—45 pp. revised and somewhat heavily abridged by FitzGerald with various slips pasted over the original printed matter, and other alterations, some of which are explained by foot-notes to certain of the letters, wherein somewhat otherwise obscure references are made by FitzGerald. It will be seen that in many of the letters his references or suggestions are made subject to the Critic's supervision and approval. This deference is especially noticeable in his letter of April 20, 1879.

A feature in many of the letters is FitzGerald's extreme reticence regarding the publication of his name, and the humility of this learned Poet. The only Work bearing his name as author was his 1st (1853) Edition of the "Six Dramas of Calderon" which, as he states in his letter of Jan. 25, 1876, was only done "to distinguish them from those of Mr. Macarthy^(a) which came out the same year and almost the same month."

In the Collection of Letters and Memoranda is a little Brochure by Mr. Edward Clodd (of which 50 copies only were, in 1894, printed for distribution among the members of the Omar Khayyám

(a) Denis Florence M'Carthy.

Club) entitled "Concerning a Pilgrimage to the Grave of Edward FitzGerald."

Permission to reproduce this little booklet of 18 pages has not been sought, as to reprint it here would detract from the value of this "privately printed" tribute to the memory of FitzGerald. The Report from the Local Press, included in the Appendix which follows these Letters, gives a more detailed record of those who were present at, and of the proceedings connected with, the Pilgrimage to Boulge on 7th October, 1893.

I wish to thank all those who have given me permission to publish the letters to my late father, and also all those who have assisted me in preparing this Volume for publication.

CHARLOTTE QUARITCH WRENTMORE.

Stone Cross,
Nr. Tunbridge Wells,
April, 1926.

LETTERS FROM
EDWARD FITZGERALD
TO
BERNARD QUARITCH

Boulge, Woodbridge,
April 21/53.

Sir,

I have scarce had time to look at your Catalogue as yet: but at the first glance I see No. 122 (Olivier Basselin) that I want.

Can you send it to me here? by post I suppose. I can either send you the money now: or give it you when I go to London, which will be before very long I daresay.

Yrs &c.

Edward FitzGerald.

Boulge, Woodbridge
Septr. 5/53

Sir,

Will you be so good to let me know the price of that one Vol. Fol. Spanish Dicty I saw with you 2 months ago—I mean a *reduction* from the 6 Vol. Academy one.^(a)

Also will you tell me what you will allow me for a Biographie Universelle in 53 Vols: *—1/2 bound, and perfectly clean copy—almost unused indeed (b)

Yrs &c.

Edward FitzGerald.

[Figures by B.Q.] (a) £2 ... 1843; 10/- ... 1817.
 (b) £10 or £10. 10. 0 if fine.

Boulge, Woodbridge
 [September 1853]

Sir,

I have today sent off to [you] a Box containing the Biographie Universelle (52 Vols:) A Plato (11 Vols:) with other Books (some of Music) which I wish for your valuation of.

The Biogr: Uni: you will find scarcely touched in binding or interior, I believe.

You will be so good as to give me an answer about these Books separately—I mean, with the value affixed to each; & I will then decide as to whether they are to be sold.

As to the Spanish Dictionaries, I expect to be in London before long when I will see to the difference between the two Editions you speak of. If it were no great trouble, you might perhaps enclose me a line about them. I suppose the 1843

* Apparently the set referred to in FitzGerald's letter to Bernard Barton—April, 1838.—Ed.

one is another Edⁿ of the former & cheaper one.
Is it much fuller & better?

Yrs &c.

Edward FitzGerald.

If the Books do not arrive tomorrow or Thursday please to let me know.

Boulge, Woodbridge

October 2/53

Sir,

I did not reach home till yesterday, when I found y^r note.

I do not expect a valuation of each little bit of music or little Book: but surely there is some market value of such Books as the Biogr: Univ^{lle}, the Plato—the Czerny—Weber—Boccacio &c of which *you* must be a better judge than I—And in all my dealings in this kind, the *Buyer* (when in the Trade) has always proposed what to give. If I were to value the Books, I should probably do it wrong one way or other. If you value them, I shall know at once whether it is better worth my while to let them go, or keep them, or even give them away—In case I do not agree to your valuation, I shall of course pay you for all expenses of carriage, house-room &c.

Please to let me know at once what you offer for the Chief Books. You mentioned £10. 10.—for the Biogr: Un:—in case it were in good order: which

I presume you find it in. That sum seems a very fair one to me.

Yours &c. Edward FitzGerald.

[Figures &c. by B.Q.] Ben Jonson, 10/-; Pepy, 10/-; Spinoza, 5/-; Plato, 30/-; Czerny, £1; Weber, 10/-; Her & Marl, 12/-; Plates, £2; £1 more.

Biogr. Universelle,	£10. 10. 0.
Other Books	... £8. 0. 0.
	£18. 10. 0.

Boulge, Woodbridge

October 7/53

Sir,

I will not quarrel with your valuation of my Books. I really do not know where to stow them here.

You can send me, if you please, a cheque for the amount.

Yours &c. E. FitzGerald.

[Figures by B.Q.] £18. 10. 0.

Boulge, Woodbridge

[October 1853]

Sir,

Will you be so good to pay the money for me to Mr. Donne 12 St James' Square.

Yrs &c. Edward FitzGerald.

[This and the two following letters are taken from Copies in the Album of "FitzGerald's Letters and Memoianda." I am unable to state where the Originals are.—Ed.]

Geldestone Hall, Beccles
March 31/59

Sir,

I have been so harried about in Mind and Body too by the Fatal Illness of a Friend,^(a) I have not had opportunity to see, or write to you—Not that I had much to say:—only I wished to ask you to *Advertize* Omar Khayyám in the Athenæum & any other Paper you think good: sending Copies of course to the Spectator &c.

The Title outside the Pamphlet will of course do for the Adv^t.

Also will you please post your little *Manx Dictionary* to the Rev^d W Monkhouse, Goldington, Bedford.

And lastly will you let me know what all this costs, & I will return a P.O. Order.

Yours truly, Edward FitzGerald.

I will shortly let you know where to send me *my* Copies of Omar.

Geldestone Hall, Beccles
April 1 [1859]

Dear Sir,

Please to send an Advertisement of Omar to the *Saturday Review*.

Yours truly, Edward FitzGerald.

(a) William Brown who was fatally injured by his horse falling upon him.—Ed.

Geldestone Hall, Beccles
April 5/59

Dear Sir,

I enclose an Order to pay you Advts in the Saturday Review, Athenæum, & any other Weekly Paper you like (Spectator?) as also for any other incidental Expenses regarding Omar.

I wish him to do you as little *harm* as possible, if he does no good. I shall be obliged to you to send me 40 copies directed here by Eastern Rail & then I hope shall give you no more Trouble in this Matter.

I wish much you could get me a Copy of the Manx Dicty which I want to give a Friend.

Yours truly, Edward FitzGerald.

Mr. B. Quaritch,

Castle Street Leicester Square.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
Jan. 26/66

Dear Sir,

I enclose stamps for the Bill—But I don't think you have got *all* about Fualdès; your *first* Vol: speaks (in its opening) of a *former* account published: and I think that in looking over hastily, I saw something about a 3rd Vol: besides the two published by "Pillet" which you send.

The other Vol: "Coin du Voile levé" is probably a romance in the French taste.

But a *very* few years ago some new particulars were found & published about this wonderful Trial, which interests me from having occurred when I was a boy in France.

Yours E. FitzGerald.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
Febr. 10/66

Dear Sir,

Please to find, & send me, "*Pensées de Joubert*"
pub : some 20 years ago.

Yours E. FitzGerald.

Lowestoft
September 17/66

Dear Sir,

What I bought of you some years ago was *Three Vols.* of the Shah Nameh ; three consecutive Vols. to which *I think* the 4th was wanting. As I never cared to read about those Heroes, I now forget about the Book ; only remembering that George Borrow borrowed one of my 3 Vols. (which he never has returned) so as my stock is reduced to *two* Vols. When I get home I will see ; & you shall be welcome to what you want if it be there.

Yours truly, E.F.G.

Don't forget the new Edition of St^e Beuve's

Causeries; any new Edition that will not consist of so many little Volumes as the First.

I should like to know if one could get any good Collection of the common *French Vaudevilles* (Words, not Tunes) *not later than 1830*.

P.S 2. Can you send me down any 2nd hand Copy of *Blakesley's Herodotus* (Octavo) any D^o of *Bothe's Sophocles*, which I presume was published with the rest of his Greek Theatre at Leipsig about 1828.

I must have these Books *new* if I can't have them *old*; but I would prefer *old*, as I want them only for the occasion.

Please to send what is to be sent at once to

E.F.G. 11 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft.

Lowestoft

Sept. 18 [1866]

Dear Sir,

I should be glad if you could find for me, & put in among the Books I wrote for yesterday, a decent 2nd hand Copy of *Holmes' Life of Mozart*.

The Sophocles I wrote for is one of a Set of the Greek Theatre edited by Bothe some 40 years ago—Octavo, with the common German paper.

Yours &c. E. FitzGerald.

TO BERNARD QUARITCH

9

11 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft
Sept. 24 [1866]

Dear Sir,

Please to send me Blakesley's Herodotus (*new*, if not old) & Holmes' Mozart—*here*, & *directly*.

If Bothe's Sophocles can also be sent here at once (new also) I shall be glad. Otherwise, I will wait for that; as I want to hear about *Wunder's* Sophocles (?).

Yours E. FitzGerald.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
[September 1866]

Dear Sir,

I find I have only Vols. I & III of Shah Nameh; —I think I remember that I *never* had IV, and II has gone the way of all borrowed Books.

Yours E. FitzGerald.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
Jan. 7/67

Dear Sir,

I should like to have Lewis' Sketches in France & Germany—marked £1. 1. in the Catalogue you sent me.

Have you a cheap Copy of Cotgrave's Dicty?

Yrs. E. FitzGerald.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
[1867]

Dear Sir,

Pray dont waste your learned Catalogues on me who now buy nothing but Mudie's Secondhand Memoirs.

One Catalogue you sent me some weeks ago recalled to me what Edward Cowell had told me a year ago ; viz. that you had partly sold, partly lost, the copies of Omar Khayyám ; and thought a small Edition would sell.

Well—I have done with such things ; and I suppose you find that such "*livraisons*" even if they do sell, are not worth the trouble of keeping &c.

But as poor Omar is one I have great fellow feeling with, I would rather vamp him up again with a few Alterations & Additions than anything else.

You must tell me, Busy and Great Man as you now are, whether you care to take charge of such a shrimp of a Book if I am silly enough to reprint it.

Yours truly, E. FG.

If you ever come down here I will give you a sail in my Great Ship (of 14 Tons) and Good Entertainment at the famous *Bull Inn*, opposite ; where I find better Fare for my Friends than I can give them in this Lodging.

Can't you tell me of a good, readable, Edition of *Ste Beuve's Causeries du Lundi*, not in a dozen little Volumes.

Yours truly, Edward FitzGerald.

TO BERNARD QUARITCH

11

Market Hill, Woodbridge
Sept. 3/67

Dear Sir,

I hear no more of a collected Edition of St^e Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*—which I had hoped to hear of by this time.

You wrote me—somewhile ago—of part of the original Edition to be got. Please to send me what is to be got of this, if no chance of the other.

Yours &c. Edw^d FitzGerald.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
Oct. 7/67

Dear Sir,

Can you get me a Latin Translation (I suppose in Verse) of Goethe's *Herman & Dorothea*—which Version he thought highly of.

Also *Le Livre des Patiences* par Mad^e de F
Paris; chez Martisson Rue du Coq St^e Honoré—
1858.

Yours &c. E. FitzGerald.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
October 14/67

Dear Sir,

Please to post me 9244 *Nicolas' Omar Khayyam*:
for which I enclose 19^s for postage &c.

This Book, and No. 9245 (with my Name too!)
remind me of what Cowell has told me more than

once ; viz, that you thought a small Edition of my Omar would sell in time.

I had always wished to add some 20 or 30 more Stanzas to it and some additional matter ; but it seemed absurd to reprint a thing for that alone ; and I have no other object. I might also have added to it the translation of Jâmi's Salâmân & Absâl—printed in the same form—of which I have several copies left after Parker's Firm broke up.

These two would make a Pamphlet more worth 2/6 than the present Omar (I blush to see it!) at 3/6.

Yours Edward FitzGerald.

Woodbridge
October 24 [1867]

Dear Sir,

I must return you the Molière (which I do by To-day's Rail) as I have the very same Edition in 6 Vols—

Yours E. FitzGerald.

P.S. Since writing this I have received the French Omar. Please to procure another Copy directly, and send it, carriage paid, to

Professor Cowell
24 FitzWilliam Street
Cambridge.

I enclose the same P.O. Order as before—19^s—

[B.Q. Note—Quatrains de Khayam par Nicolas.]

Woodbridge
Nov^r. 11 [1867]

Dear Sir,

If the second Omar will be with you from Paris by the 15th Inst. or thereabouts, please send him to Cowell, as first arranged.

Edward FitzGerald.

Market Hill, Woodbridge
July 8 [1870]

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your note about poor old Omar's first "*fiasco*"—I suppose he does not fare much better now,^(a) in spite of all those Gentlemen's good opinions; which might not have been the case had one of them given him a good word years ago. But I never *ask* anyone to do such a Job for me, as someone I hear has now done in Fraser's Magazine^(b).

However Omar does not take up much room on your shelves, & will go off one day—when probably I shall be out of reach of a third Edition of 150 copies.

Meanwhile I console myself with my little ship, & am

Yours truly, Edward FitzOmar.

(a) Refers to 2nd (1868) Edition.

(b) Fraser's Magazine. New Series Vol. I, pp. 777-84. Article—unsigned—By Thomas W. Hinchliffe, vide Letter 28th Jan., 76 (post).

Market Hill, Woodbridge
July 21 [1870 ?]

Dear Sir,

Here is a very very small commission for you :—
Can you find & send me a tolerable French Dictionary: neither large nor learned but just sufficient to set me up in French Letter-writing on common subjects. I know that such Dictionaries are easily found: but I want one of *good large type*, not like the present School Dictionaries: & I should like *rather* an old one, as I hate the quite modern French type and paper.

2dly. I want a Book about the Quakers by a *Mrs. Green*. She wrote *two*: the second a dull Novel, or story, about Quakers, which I do not want: but her *first* related her own experiences among the Quakers: and that is the Book I *do* want, and cannot remember the exact name of it. I am convinced the Quakers have bought up this book as it tells droll stories of their little crafty ways.

I want it much: will you make out something about it?

This is giving you trouble about a trifle indeed: and—I shan't die if nothing is done, but remain

Yours E. FitzGerald.

Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft,
Saturday [August 1870]

Dear Sir,

Will you send me here Véron's Bourgeois, and La Marck's Mirabeau, which I see advertised among

the cheap Books in the Catalogue you have been so good as to send me. Such are the only books I now buy.

Cowell is here and sails out with me when weather permits.

Though I date from the Inn where I go to smoke a pipe & drink a Glass (or two) of Grog at night, I now write on board my Ship, as perhaps my writing testifies (not the Grog).

and remain yours truly, Edward FitzGerald.

P.S. The Books I mention were marked as *Sewed*, I think—which I prefer.

TELEGRAM

Lowestoft Sept. 20/70. 10. a.m.

From on board Ship where Professor Cowell is just going for a sail with yours truly E.FG.

10½ a.m.

A Melton Mowbray Pork Pie & a Bottle of Sherry just hoisted on board for the Professor's Luncheon.

11 a.m.

Professor himself just hoisted on board. He begs his Compliments.

11¼ a.m.

Topsail just hoisting in order to get the Professor & the Pork Pie out of Harbour. Wind very light. S.E.

Please to tell Count Bismarck that, if he could batter down Paris, without killing the Parisians, it would do more to keep France quiet for the next 20 years than the cession of Alsace & Lorraine.

[The above communication is written on the back of a receipted Bill for Mirabeau's Correspondence 3 Vols. sent to "E. FitzGerald, Esqre, Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft," by Bernard Quaritch, September 2nd, 1870.]

Market Hill, Woodbridge
[1870]

Dear Sir,

An Invoice of "Burnet's Geographie" comes to me here; I suppose it must be for one of my Nephews; of whose abode I know nothing. So I enclose it to their Father—"John FG. Boulge Hall, Woodbridge," where all such Letters & Catalogues had better be directed, in default of nearer knowledge of the two young Gentlemen's "*habitat*"—

As a general rule no one of my Family is ever to be heard about from a Kinsman: I only know of my Brother being close by from accidentally meeting him in the road two days ago.

I sent you a piece of seafaring gossip from Lowestoft, which was for *fun*, as Boys say, and needed, as you guessed, no sort of answer. The Paper shows you in what studies I pass my time; being owner of a Fishing Lugger there, which does all but pay: except in the good Company of Sailors.

Yours E.FG.

Woodbridge

May 5 [1871]

Dear Sir,

I really do not like you to be troubled with sending Catalogues to me. My Eyes have been so much amiss since Christmas that I have not read a book these three months, and get a lad here who scarce can read at all to spell over a bit of the Newspaper at night.

If I knew of any Man of Books about here I should forward your learned Catalogues to him: but we have only the Captain Brooke whom you know; I suppose that he gets the Catalogues; and if he did not do so for himself, I would not send them to him as he is a *Screw*.

I have been pretending to run to London to consult a German Oculist named *Liebreich* who works at St. Thomas' Hospital & lives in Clifford Street. But indolence, and a general idea that my Eyes will only mend (if they mend at all) by not using them, keeps me still in "Silly Suffolk" as an old Proverb calls us.

But I remain yours truly, Edward Fitzgerald.

Woodbridge

March 31 [1872]

Easter Sunday my own Birthday (64). I wonder how it is with Omar but I think I know.

Dear Sir,

You must think I have followed Omar underground, not to have answered yours sooner—But I have been looking over him in consequence of your letter, to see what I could make of him. I wonder that, with all your great Business, you care to be troubled again with this little one: but if you really wish to set off old Omar once more to America, I would do what I could for his outfit.

I daresay Edⁿ 1 is better in some respects than 2, but I think not altogether. Surely, several good things were added—perhaps too much of them which also gave Omar's thoughts room to turn in, as also the Day which the Poem occupies. He begins with Dawn pretty sober & contemplative: then as he thinks & drinks, grows savage, blasphemous &c., and then again sobers down into melancholy at nightfall. All which wanted rather more expansion than the first Edⁿ gave. I dare say Edⁿ 1 best pleased those who read it first: as first Impressions are apt to be strongest.

By the same rule might not those who read the 2nd Edⁿ first go the other way? The Gentleman in Fraser & some others seemed well satisfied.

As to the relative fidelity of the two Versions, there isn't a Pin to choose—not in the opening Stanzas you send.

All this seems making too much fuss about a small thing. But the truth is, that on looking over the two Versions, and ready to adopt your plan of reconciling two in one, I considered that

such a scheme, with brackets &c. *would be* making too much of the thing: and you and I might both be laughed at for treating my Omar as if it were some precious fragment of Antiquity.

Besides I doubt if the two Versions could now—as altered—*separately* dove-tail into one another without some fresh alteration—which I have lost heart and even Eyes for.

I doubt therefore that, if Omar be republished, he must go forth in one Shape or another—in his first, or second, suit. And I certainly vote for Version 2, with some whole Stanzas which may be “de trop” cut out, & some of the old readings replaced.

On all which I would ask advice of you & of such as you rely on, who would take the trouble of advising.

I said that I have looked over the two Versions and therefore I can report about them now. My Eyes have been so bad these last two years that I have read scarce anything: and feel a little reluctant to revert even to my little Omar for any purpose of revision.

If, however, you still wish it, I will send you the Poem curtailed, & altered back, as I have proposed.

Yours truly, E. FG.

By the by, Cowell wrote me some months ago that Edⁿ 1 had been reprinted by someone in India. So I have lived not in vain, if I have lived to be *Pirated*!

Woodbridge

August 24 [1872]

Dear Sir,

I found Omar on my return home yesterday. I can only say that I doubt you have put him into a finer Dress than he deserves—and that some other Critics will have their Bile raised to say so—if they take any notice now of the old Offender. I only hope you have not overestimated your Transatlantic friends who I fancy are our chief Patrons—The Americans (as I found from Mrs. Wister—a daughter of Mrs. Kemble's) taking up a little *Craze* of this sort now and then.

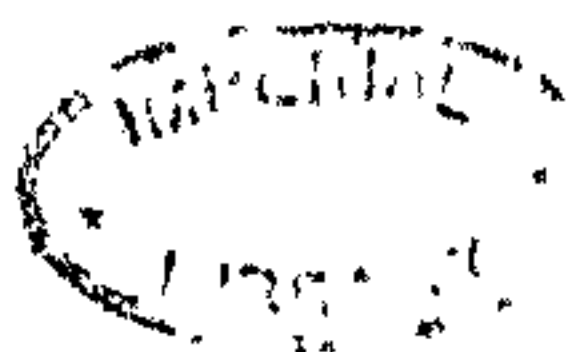
Well—you have chosen to run the risk: and you are such a clever man that I suppose you know that your Edition may evaporate in time: and I hope you may live to see it.

Meanwhile, when Edⁿ II is exhausted, you will owe me something for it—of so little consequence to me, or to you, that I shall desire you to give it to some Charity—public or private. If the Persian *Famine Fund* still subsists, the money might properly be added to that—as I daresay old Omar would have done—had he translated the Works of yours truly

E.FG.

I should like a *bound* Copy, such as you have sent me, to be sent to Cowell: and one also to "Alfred Tennyson, Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight."

A dozen other Copies will, I daresay, quite



suffice for myself: and these, I think, *not* bound, as I would do them up with a Revision of Salámán which I amused myself with two years ago. So I can stitch up the Saint & the Sinner together, for better or worse.

Endorsed by B.Q. " Sent Sept. 2/72 by G.E. Ry."

Woodbridge

August 27 [1872]

My Dear Sir,

"*In re*" The Profits of Omar the Second—scarce worth writing about—I write to you from a recollection of our agreeing to share them, as we shared in the publishing: you taking all the trouble &c, I the expense of Printing &c.

I did not keep your letter: you forget all about it; 'tis a case of "Equity."

You are an equitable Man: "argal" be you Judge, and pay what Costs you judge fair (I should think your £5 more than covers them) to the Persian or any other Charity; and say no more to me about it.

There is no hurry at all about the Copies to be sent: Tennyson is never in his Island during Summer: Cowell is somewhere in Wales; and I am always here; and always yours truly, E.FG.

Note by B.Q. Pay £5—sent Cheque Sept., 3/72—Persian Relief Fund
Mr. Lynch, 79, Gt. Tower St.,—Omar Khayyám's Memory.

Woodbridge

Sept. 3/72

Dear Sir,

I send you up some ten Copies of the *Salámán* which I told you I wanted stitched or half bound up with the new *Omar*. This can be better done in London than down here: will you be so good as to get it done for me, and I will pay the cost. If *half bound* the back may be lettered (*lengthways* you know) *TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIAN*." If you will get me this done I shall want no more Copies sent me down here [But I want one more of the half bound copies]*

No—That is all, I think—

Yours truly, E.FG.

Are you not going out for a Holy-day somewhere?

P.S. *Wednesday Sept 4* After writing the above, your Note, and then your parcel arrived. Notwithstanding that I shall return you the Sheets, along with the *Salámán*, to be dealt with "accordingly," if you will be so good as to get it done for me. And your Petitioner will ever pray &c.

* Struck out in letter.

Woodbridge

Sept^r 6 [1872]

Dear Sir,

I understand no more of what you say I wrote about "Two" or "more" copies of Omar than you do. I want "*no more*" copies than the two bound ones for Tennyson and Cowell; and the 10 sheet copies to be bound up with the ten Salámáns

Voilà tout! E.FG.

Market Hill, Woodbridge

November 18 [1873?]

Dear Sir,

I forgot to write yesterday & tell you of 2 dozen Copies of Salámán which [I] had sent you. I forget if I told them to pay the carriage: which you must let me know: else, you may be a year or two before the Books repay you *that*.

You are welcome to them: It would be absurd to make any terms about such a thing. I have kept half a dozen copies for myself: so do what you please with the rest which are your own. I suppose they are scarce worth your putting in your Catalogue: but, at any rate, here is a little (yes, & very well done) Oriental Translation to add to your large stock.

I can't write more with a steel pen: & this enough—

from yours truly, E. FitzGerald.

Grange Farm, Woodbridge
Febr. 24/74

Dear Sir,

Have you Shelton's Don Quixote? Don't send it till you let me know condition & price.

Were I ten years younger, I should have sent for the old 4^{to} Cervantes and the old Edition of Calderon named in the Catalogue you sent me: but 'tis too late now.

Yours truly, E. FitzGerald.

You see I have changed Quarters having indeed been obliged to leave the Lodging I hired, and to come to the Home I built.

I have a small 8^{vo} Erasmus "Moriæ Encomium" printed at Basle 1576 (so says the Title page—I should have thought the type 100 years later^(a)) with Holbein's ugly Illustrations—Is this Book worth anything? And worth what?

(Note by B.Q. 7s. 6d)

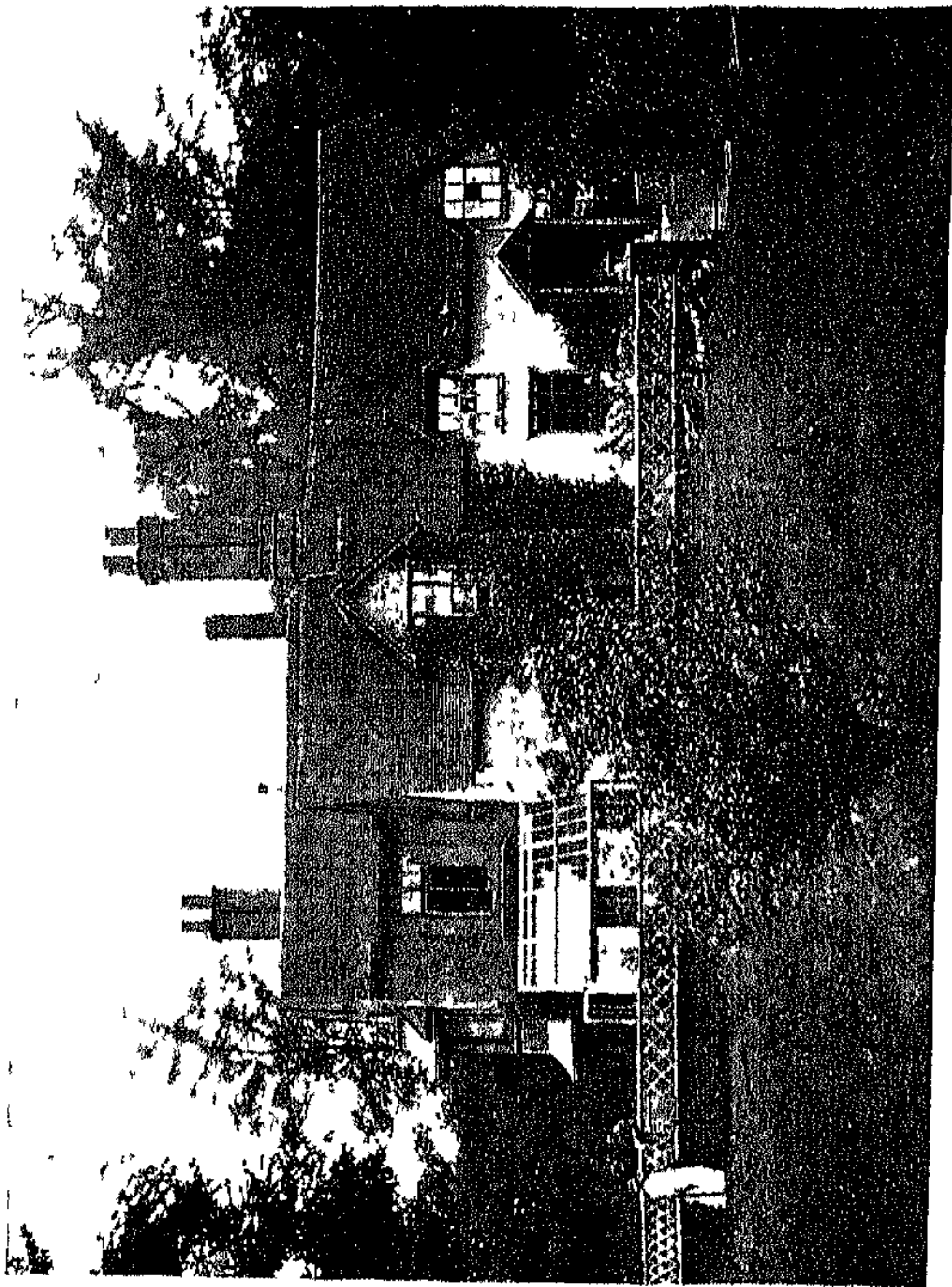
[March 1874]

Dear Sir,

Surely I said it was Edition 1 of Ray that I wanted, not Edⁿ IV at all? So I must send it back to you with the Carriage paid up and down.

As to Polonius, I did not, and do not advise Advertisement: only sending you that bit of Leader, in case you sh^d ever advertise in any way again. I must now leave it to you to give me

(a) It most probably was 1676—Ed.



LITTLE GRANGE WOODBRIDGE

To face page 24.

what you think it *may be* worth in time, if you choose to let it drain away or if you knock it off by some sudden *swop*.

Poor old Pol! He would do people more good than harm even at 2^s cost: --but having now let him go I must leave it to your conscience (which has been duly instructed by Omar and other such Worthies) to account for him. If I had had 250 Friends I would have made away all the Copies by way of Gift to them:--but having only about a Dozen, I had satisfied them 20 years ago. I suppose your Illness is cold with the hot sun & East-wind. This has been an unhealthy Winter hereabouts: but I am expecting to celebrate my 65th year on March 31—which is all but April Fool Day, you know: as is yours truly, E.F.G.

I enclose you a Photo of our *Great Author*:^(a) as he appeared under the Sun's Rays 3 months ago. Nobody knows it: I should not myself know it; it is *a Miracle* of 1 favourable Sitting. By such means I, a Sinner, turn out [a] much better man than my Brother, who is a Saint: only he didn't know how to sit for one. Isn't it quite *Beautiful*? Had the Original Omar a more contemplative look—even when drunk? or Polonius, the Original?

By the by I didn't send what Copies I had of Calderon as I saw my Rival Macarthy^(b) in your List: and one of us is enough. I hope *he* won't sell!

(a) The well known photograph by Cade & White of Ipswich.

(b) Denis Florence M'Carthy's Edition, 2 Vols. 1853.

[The following is endorsed upon a receipted account for eleven French Works (a) supplied to E. FitzGerald, Esq., Little Grange, Woodbridge, by Bernard Quaritch, Novr. 4th, 1874.]

P.O. Order enclosed (as I hope you will find) for amount of Bill de l'autre Coté.

I am almost tempted to send the Books back to have them $\frac{1}{2}$ bound as plainly as may be.

Meanwhile I do send you the "*Disjecta Membra*" of Firdusi; I will let you pay the Carriage, as you deserve,

and am yours (with some Bronchitis) E.FG.

I cannot be sure whether your Correspondent (that is, to *me*) writes his name Farbey or Furbey (b): he is a Compatriot of mine; but I don't think his is an Irish name? Anyhow, please to thank him for his Politeness.

Recette pour le Bronchitis—Une bouteille par jour du vin d'Oporto de 1870. Ce n'est pas un remède Homéopathique, vous voyez, mais c'est égal.

(a) The Books referred to are:—

	frs.
1 Colombey	2
1 Manon Lescaut	2
1 Bouchaumont	3
1 Gil Blas	3
1 Piron	3
1 Corneille Theatre	3
1 Beaumarchais	3
1 Sévigné	3
1 La Fontaine, Fables	3
1 Molière, 3 Vols....	9
1 Brantome, Dames Illustres ...	3
	<u>37 frs.</u>

= £1. 10. 0

Carriage from Paris 4. 0

By G.E.R.

£1. 14. 0

(b) A. M. Furby, Chief Clerk at 15, Piccadilly.

TO BERNARD QUARITCH

27

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft
March 11/75

Dear Sir,

What is the best way to get a Book—or two—to America? You deal in those Quarters, & perhaps you will tell yours truly, E. FitzGerald.

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft
April—75

Dear Sir,

I shall be home in a few days, & will send you a Copy of "*Solomon & Absalom*" as the Printers called it.

I got some extra Copies, revised & amended (as I think) to bind up with the *Old Reprobate*.

Yours E.FG.

N.B. I don't want to be paid for the Copy.

United University Club
Pall Mall East, S.W.
30 April 75.

My Dear Sir,

I am very sincerely obliged by your kindness in communicating with Mr FitzGerald and obtaining for me the two little books which my Boston

friend was so anxious to acquire. I am sending them on to him with a letter to explain your good offices.

My making friends with him in the Bay of Panama on the strength of Omar Khayyám was curious enough.

This reminds me that I promised to send a copy of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám to a friend in Japan. Will you be good enough to send one to me at 64 Lincolns Inn Fields, and I will call & pay for it.

With many thanks,

I am very truly yours,

Thomas W. Hinchliff.

Little Grange, Woodbridge

August 23 [1875]

Dear Sir,

Can you get, & send me these three musical works—

1 Berlioz Soirées de l'Orchestre

2 Halévy's Origines de l'Opéra

3 Adolphe Adam's Souvenir d'un Musicien

I should like to know also if there be any *good* Life of Rossini in French.

And am yours truly, E. FitzGerald.

TO BERNARD QUARITCH

29

POST CARD.

Mr. B. Quaritch 15 Piccadilly London W.

Post-mark:—Woodbridge. Sp. 5. 75.

Please buy me Berlioz "Orchestre" & A. Adam's
"Souvenir."

I want to know of a good, but *not* voluminous
Edⁿ of Mad^e de Sévigné's Letters.

E.FG.

Woodbridge.

Woodbridge

Sept. 10 [1875]

Can you get me Berlioz *Mémoires*—mentioned
in the "Souvenirs d'Orchestre" as published since
his Death?

E.FG.

Woodbridge

Sept. 12/75

Dear Sir,

I should like to know the *date* of the two
Editions of Sévigné you tell me of—in 8, & 6 Vols.
I doubt that none are exact till the *last Edition*—
edited by Regnier, I think: and that I fear is in
many volumes—Can you tell me about this also?

I shall be glad of Berlioz's Memoirs and, when I have it, I can send Order for that, & the two others sent before.

And by the by—If you have made any so fair profit of Omar &c as to repay you for trouble as well as outlay, I think you should give of it something towards the relief of the Toulouse Floods and also of my poor Icelanders.*

I have already given some little to both—scarce enough I think. It is a shame that the English Nobility & Gentry who travel in France, adopt its fashions, read its Books—in short almost *depend upon it* for Civilisation have done so little—next to nothing—for them in this case of need.

Yours truly, E.FG.

* "£5. Q." in red ink.

[1875]

Dear Sir,

If you ever turn to St^e Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi* for 16 Decr 1861 you will see that according to him there was no *genuine text* of Sévigné till that edited by Regnier, published by Hachette, and of which only *two Vols.* were then out. Up to that time, all Editions went on the text modified by the Chevalier Perrin in 1734/1754.

I suppose it is this last and *genuine* Edⁿ of Regnier's that Nephew has in 15 great octavos: I really have not room for such: and the large

French Type is quite as bad to my Eyes as the very small—

This is a long story : but it may be of use to you to see S^{te} Beuve's short Article on the Subject.

I do not wish to dictate what you might give to the French & Icelandic sufferers. If you find you can afford the £5. 5.^(a) and volunteer to give it, why *do* give it. You tell me there is already enough for the French : are you sure of that? If not pray give some of the money to them and the rest to poor Iceland which I have a love for. You can hand over the money to Mr. Magnússon, if you please : I think it might go under the name of Omar which will represent you and

yours truly, E.FG.

I see by to-day's Paper there are *fresh* floods in the South of France.

Forgot you were enemies.

(a) " £5. 5. 0 " endorsed by B.Q.

[1875]

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to have troubled you about Sévigné : that 14 Vols. Regnier, with its blazing large type, is too much for me. You did not mention the *date* of the 6 Vol. Edⁿ. But it is not worth your while to take more trouble about it. If a good clear *Type* it might do " *pro tempore*."

I should not have adverted to Omar at all, but for you having given me to understand (a year ago, I think) that his last Edition was almost coming to an end:—insomuch that you even hinted at another. I am only surprised that there should have been any such likelihood; I daresay you now find he has pretty well run his course which has been much better run than ever I thought of. Why, he has had an immortality of nearly 15 years!

Yours &c. E.FG.

[1875]

Dear Sir,

I enclose you a P.O for £1. 6 for the Sévigné—which pleases me well for its' Binding, at any rate.

As to old Omar—I think he has done well, considering that he began his English Life as an "Enfant Trouvé"—or rather "perdu" in Castle Street 15 years ago.

I only wonder he has survived up to this time. We will leave at present to smoulder away what Life is in him—perhaps as much as in myself. I had once wished to associate him with the Jami—which I altered, but which I suppose no one would care for with all my alterations—

Enough for the present from

Yours truly, E.FG.

I should give to the Herzegovinians^(a) if I knew what was proper to do: though I *fancy* they ought

to be released from Turkish Rule. But I don't know the Rights of the case, and do not suppose Lord John Russell could tell me.

I dare say Mr. Magnússon will report himself in time. I think it was he to whom I sent my Name as a Subscriber to some Icelandic Work: but I never was called on for my Subscription, nor ever received the Book; though it came out, I believe. I did not want it, but was asked to subscribe by Aldis Wright.

(a) "Servians" struck through.

[1875]

Question Philologique

Le syllable final de votre Patronymique, n'est-ce pas le même que le *Fitz.* initial du mien? Fitz, Vitz &c

Que Diable m'envoyez vous vos grands & superbes Catalogues—moi, qui n'achète rien & que personne n'achète.

[N.B. Si vous auriez une seule Copie d'un Livre (en Elephant Folio) qui s'appelle "*Polonius*" —mais je m'en suis longtemps désespéré.]

Little Grange, Woodbridge

Octbr. 10 [1875]

Dear Sir,

Do me a little Service. There are some 2 Volumes of French Classics published by *Garnier* 8^{vo} I want Molière, Corneille, & La Fontaine.

D

I should have some trouble in explaining all this to a Woodbridge Wiseacre: you can do it without trouble, if you will descend to such a little thing for yours truly, E. FitzGerald.

I received the Polonius which I only enquired for in Joke. I can send *you* a Copy if you are in immediate & desperate want of one.

Woodbridge

Nov. 9 [1875]

Dear Sir,

You had the trouble to send before for "Agamemnon" for some Gentleman from America, as I suppose your present Enquirer may be. He is very welcome to a Copy; I had about 100 printed only for myself and Friends; I suppose it is my old & kind friend Mrs. Kemble who has spoken of it there.

I hope your Customer will find it worth the asking for, and am yours truly, E.FG.

As this is not the first time you have been asked for it, you may be asked again by one of your Transatlantic Friends who are my Omar's best Friends also. So I will send you $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen Copies in case you be asked again. If not asked the Copies (with their vile *Powder-bleu* Paper) won't take up much of your room, and if lost won't cause stocks to fall.

Please to read this at leisure

Woodbridge

Novr. 29 [1875]

My dear Sir,

A second Catalogue came this morning, thank you: but you know I deal so little in Books now—and in such learned Books as your's, not at all—that I scarce like your sending them. I know that you will be pretty sure to have anything I *may* want.

I think you partly send me these Catalogues with a kindly wish that I may behold my own self so liberally advertised. But indeed my dear Sir some of these same Advertisements rather frighten and shame me. There was one of "The Works of E.F.G.!" Oh dear! The Translations!

Then there was a *private* notice from some American (Thaxted?) welcoming Agamⁿ on that side of the Atlantic. I really do wonder that such a clever man as you really are don't see that such Announcements of *my Works*, and praise from some American almost unknown here, can do neither you nor me any good, but surely quite the contrary. If some English or American *Review* praised us, you might quote a bit; but the private letter of any Friend of yours or mine! I was frightened to think that I had (for fun) sent you a note from some Lady about Lord Lytton, for fear any of those sh^d appear which, if it should, would cause me to publish a disclaimer.

Don't be angry with me, as I am not angry with you: for I think you puff me for my sake as well as your own. But do wait till some public & independent Review gives you even so small a bit of quotable praise for *Agamēn*, I mean. I told you from the first *he* w^d scarce do: no *Scholar* will dare say he likes, even if he *does* like: and those who are not scholars won't dare to like—still less to *buy*—if no Scholar approves.

And people are now thinking of other matters than of Books much more important than *my Works*. I really would not send *Salámán* for fear of adding to List: *he* may one day accompany Omar in a modest form.

I hope you got your Holyday abroad & are better for it.

Yours truly, E.FG.

Woodbridge

Decr. 7/75

Dear Sir,

Surely you must have misunderstood me about those few *Agamemnons*. Surely I distinctly wrote along with them that they were to be *given* to any American who troubled himself to ask for them, as two or three have done before—just to save further trouble to all Parties. And now a cutting from one of your Catalogues has [been] sent me announcing the *Play* for sale—at some terrible

price for such a Scrap—and moreover *with my Name*, which I had always declined publishing—and such a Puff about me and my little works as I am really ashamed to read again. It is quite true that I might someday, if there was likely to be any demand, have published the Play, and some Calderon : but I am quite sure I never asked you to put the few Copies I sent you up to sale.

I now see by the Catalogue you have sent me, that the Copy advertized is quoted under the head of some Thisleton Library. If it were so, well and good : you could, of course, sell it, and for what charge you pleased. But even then my Name sh^d not have been added ; and such praise, as (instead of doing me any good) will only make your Readers say “ Who is this Mr. E.F.G. so belauded &c ? ” And I think it will hurt, rather than advance my cause—such as it is.

However, it is done, and I cannot help it : but I think you should explain & exonerate me from any share in it, as far as you can.

This you will think making Much Ado about very little ; and finding fault when you thought to give me a Lift. But thus it is.

I have had to send off two Agamemnons to America—one to a Mr. Perry of Boston ; another to Mr. Norton who writes to Carlyle about it. I post you a Copy of the Calderon for your Customer (I suppose, American too) and

remain yours &c. E.F.G.

Little Grange, Woodbridge
Decr. 18/75

Dear Sir,

I find I have come to the last *Seven* of the Play.^(a) I dare say the odd three will be enough for my further want:—So I send you the four you ask for. I suppose these are for some of my American Friends: anyhow, as I did not print them for Sale I do not wish them to be sold, especially, to such as take the trouble of sending all across the Atlantic for them. I think it will be well for yourself that my little Stock is exhausted: so as you will not have the trouble to write any more about it, but simply tell any who “enquire within” that the Well is dry.

Yours E.FG.

“À propos de Bottes”—It is hardly right to announce my Omar as a “*faithful*” Interpretation as you have done; it being indeed quite the reverse. Fraser’s Mag. had a better puff, if wanted.

À propos No. 2—Can you get me “*The Sketcher*” by the Revd. John Eagles?

(a) Agamemnon.

Little Grange, Woodbridge
Jan. 21 [1876]

Dear Sir,

Herewith goes up Agamemnon whom (for one reason or another) I did not take up to revise

until two days ago. I had not looked into it since it was printed: and you see I had quite forgotten that the Speakers' names *were* printed at length over their Specches; in very nice proportion, I think: and I suppose you will have to do the same. But *that* as you see fit.

The Book I send seems to me nicely printed and proportioned.

There are three notes, you see: at pp. 9 and 37. These, I think would do as well at the end of the Play, with due reference to pages of Text, so as not to intrude on it "en passant."

But here again it is for you to judge.

Yours truly, E.FG.

I suppose I may as well see the proof: I can engage that there will be little—if anything—to alter *anew*; and I will be answerable for it.

185 Regent Street W
21 Jan. 1876

Sir,

I am about to write, for a leading magazine, a paper upon the Rubáiyát of Omar. I know from my relative, the Rev^d John Rodwell, (translator of the Koran) that the translator of Omar is Mr. FitzGerald; but I should not like to mention this

unless I first knew that he would allow the fact to be made public. May I ask you if you can answer, or obtain me an answer, to this question.

I should further be glad of any particulars about so masterly a translator as Mr. FitzGerald might allow to be published.

I am Sir, Yours faithfully, H. Schütz Wilson.

Woodbridge
Jan. 25/76

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to Mr. Wilson for his Good Word, and Good Deed, "*re*" Omar and myself.

As for my *Name*. I always told you it w^d do both of us more harm than good by appearing on Title page or in Advertisement. *Good*, it could not; so many E.FG's; no one of them celebrated but the Lord of that name.

Why, there is one beside myself in this very Woodbridge, an Ex-policeman; there lately was another, a Parson, in a neighbouring Village; you knew another to your Cost.^(a) In fact *one* of us was generally hanged in Ireland once a Year till the Law was altered—

Shall all these dispute my Glory?

My name was only put to those first 6 Plays of Calderon to distinguish them from those of Mr.

(a) A man named FitzGerald—a book-thief.—Ed.

Macarthy^(b) which came out the same year, and almost the same month.

So much for Title pages &c. As to Reviews; as I suppose that *one of us* is known to be the Culprit by several among the small Circles of *Omarians*, Mr. Wilson will do as he finds most convenient to himself in naming *one of us* as the *understood* Translator, or simply saying "The Translator" in the Review he kindly proposes, and which of course I shall be glad of.

You can if you choose advertize Agⁿ in your Catalogue as "by the Translator of Omar"—which will have all the more force *after* Mr. Wilson's Review, I hope.

But I am afraid you will only provoke the Jealous Gods by printing me as if I were a Browning. And the Danger more because of so many of The Gods knowing more of Greek than of Persian. But I suppose you make your Calculation.

Thank you—as once before—for your Invitation to your pleasant Haverstock.^(c) But I scarce ever go to London now; and when I do, only to be back the same Day, without looking up even 50 year-old Friends. But I remain theirs & your's always,

One of the E.FG's.

(b) Denis Florence M'Carthy.

(c) 3 Haverstock Terrace, Hampstead.

United University Club
Pall Mall East S.W.
28th Jan. 76.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to say that a variety of matters of business tomorrow will prevent me from accepting your kind invitation, & in the early afternoon I must go to the country.

Otherwise I should have been very glad to talk about our old friend.

When I sent for the copy of Omar Khayyám for which I am sorry to see that I have forgotten to pay, it was for the purpose of sending it to a friend whose acquaintance I made when in Japan, & one who I knew would appreciate it. I am honest enough to tell you that when I found it had grown at a jump from half a crown to 7s 6d I looked over it to see what changes there might be in the text, in company with my friend Mr Simpson, the artist of the Illustrated News now in India, who is another worshipper of Omar: but we were grieved to find that Mr FitzGerald, in altering the text here and there, had grievously injured the Original. So much so that we agreed to send our friend in Japan an old copy which I had to spare, instead of the new and smarter edition.

In quatrain 12 and in the last few of the poem I think the changes have been peculiarly for the worse, and regret it deeply. The old edition was so good that I should have liked to see "well let alone." Authors however will have their own fancies on such points.

The only thing I ever wrote about it was a short paper in Fraser of June 1870, I think.^(a)

Regretting that I cannot join you tomorrow I am

My dear Sir

Yours truly, Thomas W. Hinchliff.

(a) See note p. 13.

Woodbridge

Febr. 17 [1876?]

Dear Sir,

I have troubled you before as to sending a parcel to America.

Now, it is only a small Book which would go quite well by Post; but if you know of a *safer* way—as in any parcel over the Atlantic—I should be glad to send it by the *safest*—to Professor Norton of Cambridge Massachusetts.

Yours truly, E.F.G.

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft

Saturday [1876]

Dear Sir,

The Revise of first $\frac{1}{2}$ sheet^(a) comes to me this morning from Woodbridge. I will return it after making a correction suggested by your Reader, and shall leave it to him to see accomplished.

Half sheet 2 Revise will come in time, I suppose. I wonder the Printer cares to have the Thing so long in hand.

I suggested American Co-operation because I thought America the better, if not the only, Market for this little piece of Goods. If you think otherwise, *of course* I shall not sanction any American Edition while this of yours goes on. Nor do I think any such will be tried without me: as I told Professor Norton (of Cambridge, Mass :) and Mrs. Kemble that you *were* about publishing it; and I suppose America *can* wait a reasonable time before being reduced by Despair to take it on herself!

Yours E.FG.

(a) The Agamemnon Reprint (1876).

Woodbridge

April 25/76

Dear Sir,

I really think it better *not* to publish the Spanish Plays separately: for whatever might be their reception in America which has so much befriended me, I feel sure that here in England the Critics would soon turn against "that terribly Encyclopædic Translator Mr. FG. &c."

I think it better to wait; if any call be hereafter made for my "Works," they may come out all together in a lump: if not they may die at once:—which is probably some dozen years before they die altogether.

Besides I do not like things coming out separately,

in 4^{to} shape, and at a price which they are not worth.

Yours truly, E.F.G.

Little Grange, Woodbridge,
May 24/76

Dear Sir,

I ought to thank you *by Name*^(a) for the care you have bestowed upon *Agamemnon*, and for the several avoidable Corrections you have pointed out. My printing "Nephew" instead of "Cousin" in *Dram : Pers :* is a fine piece of *Paddy*.

As to the two pages I sent, and now return to you ; I also preferred the Heroic Colopi : but the Commentators are for Helen, on account (I suppose) of the *εὐμορφοί*, and also something about Love wanting in the Eyes. 'Tis a wonderful jumble of obscure Conjecture, when I feel at Liberty to take my own course if I know best to steer it : but am doubtful.

As to the other passage about Sea & Sky—*Æschylus* calls Water and Fire (sc: Lightning) old Enemies—(a Shakesperian Conceit) and some Critic might say I had confused his meaning with my own here too. If you do not think this is open to cavil, I prefer the passage as printed.

When I was only privately printed I did not mind such things. But, now that one is to be *public*, it is otherwise.

Your much obliged, E. FitzGerald.

(a) This Letter was apparently addressed to Mr. Kerney personally.—Ed.

Woodbridge

June 29/76

Dear Sir,

Cowell—the Sheikh—told me some while ago that you thought of reprinting *Salámán*; and he says so again in a letter of yesterday. You are very welcome to do so if you think it worth while. You will tell me if you continue to think of it: & I will send you an altered copy if wanted.

I am very likely to be away from home next week so as I should not get the *Revise of Agamē* if sent. I don't wonder at you being in no hurry for it: and I am sure *I* am in none; but I wonder that your Printer does not want to get it off his hands.

Please remember that I have seen no *Revise* except *Sheet one*—to p. 16.

And am yours truly, E.FG.

Woodbridge

July 11/76

Dear Sir,

Yesterday I got home, and found the Copy of *Agamemnon*—I must complain that no *Revises* were sent to me after the first Sheet, in spite of my repeatedly asking for them, having some slight alterations to make, which are now impossible, I suppose.

And I mark at least *three misprints* (pp. 66—67—82) in the copy sent.

But there is yet worse. Between pp. 8—9 there is, I suppose, as much as *half a sheet* of Copy (printed, & revised by me) *left out*, as you will see by the Enclosed. All which Mr. Kernee [Kerney] will remember, if the Printer does not: and you will see for yourself at a glance, if you have time to bestow so much upon it.

Yours E.FG.

Surely *your* printed Note about "consisting of 250 Copies," *if necessary at all*, wd be fitter for your *Catalogue*. It simply announces that the Book is only worth it's Price because of only so few Copies being printed: which is but a bad recommendation. I must say that I wish it away from the Book itself.

Little Grange, Woodbridge
July 30 [1876]

Dear Sir,

Agamⁿ came safe & sound. I am only ashamed at his looking so fine: but that is your doing, you know: and I only hope it won't lose you money, nor draw the "Evil Eye" on myself.

If you advertize it in your Catalogue, please do so *without any encomium* till someone else offers you a Quotation. "*By the Translator of Omar K.*" will be enough as to the Authorship.

As to Copies: I would have a Dozen Copies sent me please (one I have, you know): as also

one to Mr. Schütz Wilson, and one to Mr. Kerney, for their respective kind services to me.

Now for Don Quixote. If your present Copy be *well & handsomely* bound—strong, well-opening, well-*margined*, and well-looking it will do for me. If not, I will wait till another Copy turns up.

I hope you are about to take your Holyday; & am yours truly,

E.FG.

I should like a copy of *Heinrich Heine's* shorter Poems; if in the compass of one or two Vols.

Newtonville, Mass^{ts.}

August 17th 1876

Dear Sir,

Please accept my most hearty thanks for your Note of Augt 1st—just received—with the Vol. "Agamemnon" that accompanied it.

A year since, through the courtesy of Mr. Hinchliff, I was favoured with a copy of the 'privately printed' edition so that the great merit of the work is already familiar to me. Be assured I shall continue to do—as I have done—all in my power to make the work known and appreciated.

Mr FitzGerald has many admirers in this country, readers of Omar Khayyám, who will count themselves fortunate to possess a copy of

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Little France; Woodbridge July 3.

Dear Sir -

[1876]

Agam. " comes safe & sound:
I am only ashamed at his looking
so fine: but that is your doing, you
know: and I only hope it won't
lose you money, nor draw the "Willie"
on myself.

If you advantage it in your
Catalogue, please do so without any
encumbrance tell some one that offers
you a Librarian. "By the Translation
of Miss H." will be enough as to
the authorship.

As to Copies: I would have

(one I have, you know)
a dozen copies sent me, please:
as also one to Mr. Schütz, Wilson,
and one to Mr. Kerney, for
their respective kind services to me.

Now for Don Quixote. If your
present copy be well & handsomely
bound & strong, well-opening,
well-margined, and well-looking,
it will do for me. If not, I will
write the author (for twice up).

I hope you are about to take
your holidays; & am yours truly
S. D. L.

"Agamemnon." They are to be congratulated*on the opportunity now offered.

I shall hope before long to send you orders for copies. Thanking you again for your kindness.

Believe me very truly yrs.

L. L. Thaxtet.

To Mr Quaritch.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall

Friday Evg. 8 Sept. 76

Dear Mr Quaritch,

I have been for the last four months continually on the move on the Continent or in England ; and returning home a few days ago I found among a heap of various things waiting for me a copy of Mr FitzGerald's Agamemnon as a present from you.

I beg to thank you very much indeed for it, and I will come some day and talk about it to you when I have had time to read it. At present I am hurrying through business in London and starting again for Scotland tomorrow.

I have not heard lately from my American friend in Boston who commissioned me last year to get for him the Agamemnon as well as some more of Omar Khayyám.

I hope Mr. FitzGerald is glad to find the increasing popularity which is so truly due to his works, and with many thanks

I remain, Y^{rs} very truly, T. W. Hinchliff.

185 Regent Street

10th Sept. 76

Dear Sir,

I have just returned from Switzerland & hope that before I went I had done some little good to Mr FitzGerald's & your Agamemnon?

Yours truly, H. Schütz Wilson.

N.B. In what papers did notices appear?

Bernard Quaritch Esq.

Little Grange, Woodbridge

September 19/76

Dear Sir,

If you have no prospect of another, and *gayer*, Copy of Clemencin's Quixote, I must have the one you sent me, if you still have it to send.

Have you any Copy of *Olivier de Basselin's Vaux de Vire*?—*Octavo*.

Yours E. FitzGerald.

The writer of the enclosed Note^(a) had been asked about your humble Servant on behalf of Lord Lytton in India: and this is the answer to Donne of whom she enquired. Not wanted back again: but do you think I am likely to act as a Barrier against Russia in the East, as Lord Beaconsfield thought the Title of *Empress* would do?

By the by, I suppose you are out for your Holyday: anyhow, nothing here needs answer except about Don Q. & Olivier B.

(a) Miss Stokes.

[The enclosure referred to above.]

Carrig Brear, Howth, Near Dublin
Sept^r. 16/76

Miss Stokes presents her compliments to Mr. Donne and begs to acknowledge his note referring to Mr FitzGerald.

Miss Stokes does not think Lord Lytton's interest in Mr FitzGerald was likely to be dependent on the fact of his being connected with India. He was merely anxious to know if he were still alive, and where he lived as the extreme beauty and faithfulness* of some of his translations had filled his Lordship with very great admiration.

* Notated by E.F.G. in violet ink "*Stokes jokes!*"

The Academy Offices
43 Wellington Street
Strand, London W.C
Feb. 23 1877

Dear Sir,

Why haven't you sent us "*Agamemnon*"; here is Mr Symonds waiting to review it along with Omar Khayyám. By the bye can you tell me who

is the publisher of the French Prose Translation of the Rubáiyát mentioned in the preface to your poetical rendering? The author is a certain M: Nicolas.

Yours truly, C. E. Appleton.
B. Quaritch Esq.

Little Grange, Woodbridge
Oct^r. 27 [1877?]

Dear Sir,

I think you must be tired of my often asking you the Price of little Books which I do not buy. As may be the case very likely with those I now enquire for; so you have fair warning whether to read further or not.

I want to know the size and Price of *Walkenaer's Sévigné*—the eternal Sévigné!—which I want only for his Notes:—

2^{ndly} Size & Price of her friend "le petit" Coulange's "Chansons" or "Chansons choisies." He is a dear little fellow.

Voilà—mon petit sac est vide, as she says of Coulange's Stomach after being scoured by Vichy waters.

Yours truly, E.FG.

The initials of so illustrious a Person are enough.

By the by, one of your Catalogues said that Agamemnon the Little was out of Print: but he figures in your Last. Is he returned on your hands?

Woodbridge
Nov^r. 2 [1877]

Dear Sir,

I would have the Paris Reprint (1754) of Coulange's Chansons £1. 5. if you care to get it for me.

Walkenaer shall wait till I want him again.

You did not answer me about my old Friend Agamemnon whose Destiny puzzles me more than his Tomb did Dr. Schliemann. One of your Catalogues spoke of him as "out of print"—as indeed I thought he must be if his 250 Copies were not inexhaustible as the Widow's cruse. But a subsequent Catalogue spoke of him as sufficient in stock to form part of an Auction, and you last devotes a paragraph to his Ghost.

Yours truly, E.FG.

Woodbridge
Jan. 25/78

Dear Sir,

I know not if I am in any way indebted to you for a handsome—too handsome—Edition of Omar which came here a week ago; Messrs. Osgood, I see, Publishers. I wish that, at any rate, they would have let me know of their intention, as I have a few alterations, & an additional Note.

I suppose it will be a long while before your Agamemnon be anything near running out; but,

if you should know of any American Publishe thinking of an Edition—a cheap one might perhaps pay them—I should be much obliged if you would tell me, and ask those on the other side of the Atlantic to let me know, as I want to alter some things which I have been told of.

Of course *I* should not sanction any Reprint, if ever contemplated, while *your* Edition remains on hand.

Yours truly, E.FG.

Woodbridge

Jan. 27 [1878]

Dear Sir,

I did not want to *add* to King Agⁿ only to *alter* here & there :—which must wait to be done if ever he should be reprinted.

I wanted to *add* (a Note) to Omar but of little consequence, Only, I think Messrs. Osgood who are, I believe, respectable Publishers, might have apprized me before they brought out their Edition. It is such a Curiosity of spinning out that I will send it to you to look at.

But I think I will, as I said, leave Omar for the present; there has been Enough of him here, & now will be more in America. One day I may bring him out in better Company.

Yours truly, E.FG.

Woodbridge
Feb. 22 [1878?]

Dear Sir,

Excuse me for having troubled you about Mr Norton's Book. As I had to pack it up I thought it as well, after all, to post it at once to America, trusting it will reach him as safe as through your mediation; for which I am equally obliged.

"En revanche" I send you the American Omar as sent to me—a curious piece of Much Ado about very Little, at any rate.

E.F.G.

P.S. Saturday 23rd

In answer to yours of this morning, I still say I think there has been enough of Omar for the present: & I will bide a "wee" in case of any other Reprint asking his Company.

Little Grange, Woodbridge,
August 19 [1878]

Dear Sir,

Imprimis. I want you to get for me a little Vol. lately republished.

Près de Haydn, Mozart, Metastase par Henri Bergh (Stendhal)—and post it to

F. Tennyson Esq

St Heliers

Jersey

Now as to Omar—overleaf

I never even *wished* for a "popular Edn" of Omar: but only for one of a price proportionable to his size & value. Even as to market value, the Americans (as I told you, I believe) reprinted him for 2s. 6d.—wh. seems to me enough: a very nice 4^{to} wh. I will send you if I can find what they sent me.

Besides this, I fancied that *Salámán* (which you proposed to print separately) might go along with Omar, if printed at all. *Salámán* however would be much longer, & not half so welcome: & that is why I did not think he w^d do alone. Besides, I really could not bear another of my things to be separately published, & recommended by Advertisement, so close upon the other two: whereas, *alongwith* Omar for Trumpeter, *Salámán* might come modestly forth: *both*, at a moderate price. *You*, however, may wish to keep the two separate; and that much you can tell me about if you care to do so; and I will then decide what shall be done in this very important matter.

Yours truly, E.FG.

[Endorsed by B.Q. Permission to reprint Omar & *Salámán*.]

Woodbridge
Novr. 23/78

Dear Sir,

I am sorry you are plagued about Omar: but the Plague will probably soon cease. Meanwhile, I must for the present abide by what I wrote before; viz. that I do not care to reprint him

alone, and *you* would not care to reprint him in Company which might detract from what little Profit he can bring you in. I have wished (for one thing) to send Salámán along with him (very much retrenched) since Cowell expressed a wish to that effect; but I cannot say I think it would *pay*: though the two might go into a smaller shape than Omar has yet been in.

I will speak, or write, to Cowell on the subject when his Lecturing at Cambridge is over: and in the meanwhile I will leave things as they are, if you please. Perhaps Persian, Greek, and Spanish, might one day all gather into one little Volume; but that would be quite out of your way.

Yours truly, E.FG.

Do you never light on a Copy of the Hague Edition (1726) of Sévigné?—Walkenaer says the most accurate of all—at any rate up to his time.

Little Grange, Woodbridge
Decr. 9/78

Dear Sir,

If Omar be reprinted, Cowell wishes Salámán to go along with him.

Now, by this post, I send you Salámán, so as you may judge what room he may occupy, and

at what expense in a Volume of the size now generally used for Poetry, and with no more ornament within, or without.

The *spaces* between Salámán's Sections might be retrenched; and his *Type*—if not smaller—yet packed *closer*: so as to occupy but little more than Omar at 4 Stanzas a page.

Of all this you must judge for yourself; and then let me [know] whether you wish to undertake the Book; for an Edition of how many Copies; and on what terms. If we do not agree, no harm done on either side.

Yours E.FG.

You could have Salámán's Steel plate Frontispiece to engrave from.

[Note by B.Q. Offered £25 for privilege to print 1,000 copies.]

Little Grange, Woodbridge
Decr. 17 [1878]

Dear Sir,

I was away from home when your last letter came and did not return till Saturday Night.

About your proposal I will say:—

1st That an Edition of 1000 Copies would—at

the rate I sell at—amount to a *final* Edition—for *my* Life assuredly.

2nd I still demur at the 4^{to} size you propose. I suppose, the same as previous Omars. I quite understand that only *the few* buy me, and you suppose that those few will be willing to pay such a price as will make up for *many* at a cheaper rate. But even were that so, you see Osgood made a very small Vol. of Omar, though doubling its size by blank pages; and if *Jāmi* were added to Omar, those pages might be occupied. All *Verse* should, I feel sure, be in a *handy, pocketable*, size: as much better Verse than mine is generally printed in. And I have a dislike to see my minor things swelled out into 4^{to} margin as if they were precious things. You said in a former letter that I could choose my own shape of Book: and, unless you care to trouble yourself with further Argument on so small a matter, I am for the usual size.

All This you can consider if you choose: there *can* be no hurry for I suppose no one will think of printing till Xmas is over and 1879 come.

Meanwhile now you have seen Salāmān so as to judge of what space he would occupy, I wish you would send him safely back to me, as I would consult Cowell about some points which are better certified in MS. than in Print.

Yours E.FG.

Direct always Little Grange, Woodbridge.

Woodbridge

Jan. 16/79

Dear Sir,

I prefer the *smaller* page (which I enclose). Should have liked it better with either *no frame line*, or a quite plain one.^(a) I am not so precious.

In case of our agreeing to print, I want to stipulate—

1st. That Omar, who is to stand *first*, be never reprinted separate from Jami—

2ly. That I sh^d have Proof, and Revise, sent me of both Poems before going to Press (which was not done with Agamemnon). And that any Alterations I make be strictly done.

3ly. That my Name do not appear in any Advertisement, nor any notice of the Book added to any such Advertisement unless quoted from some independent Review.

I should much prefer 500 Copies instead of 1000—unless under some understanding as to the Copyright reverting to my Heirs, Executors or Assigns, in some stipulated time after my Decease. I feel pretty sure that, at my rate of sale, 500 will see *me* out:—however it may be with you.

I wish *this* point to be settled between us before we begin:—And, if you do not care for all such Bother, you have but to drop the thing, and no harm done on either side.

Yours truly, E.FG.

I will send you the original Frontispiece to

"*Solomon*" to use or not as you please. But I should like *his Seal* at the end to be done in Red Line, and red inscription, as I marked in the Book^(b)

- (a) In the Album containing many of the FitzGerald Letters and various Newspaper cuttings and other Memoranda are two specimen pages numbered 7 and 8 respectively. Both are frame-lined. P. 7 bears the frame-line used in the published Work. The frame-line to p. 8 is more embellished at the corners. These pages are apparently duplicates of those submitted to FitzGerald, and, as above, commented upon by him. P. 7 contains the stanza appearing at p. 7 in the 1st Edition but cut out by FitzGerald when making the abridgment. P. 8. contains part of the stanzas on p. 8 of the Original Edition, omitting certain MS. corrections. It would appear that these specimens were made specially by the Printers to shew the proposed size, types, and frame-lines, prior to the 1st Proofs being set up.—Ed.
- (b) This Book was a copy of the Original [1856] Edition of *Salāmān and Absāl*, revised and abridged by the Author for use as the Printer's Copy in proofing the 1879 Edition.—Ed.

Woodbridge

Jan. 21/79

Dear Sir,

Well then—take Omar & Jāmi on the terms proposed in your letter of Jan. 17: It is not worth more fuss on either side only, I should like, in addition, to have some 20 Copies for myself included.

I send you, along with Jāmi the Copper plate, which you can use or not as you please; I don't care about

* * * * [portion cut off] * * * *

I enclose also what you can add or not, as you

please, to note 24 of Omar. Send it back to me if you want it not.

Omar's *first three* Stanzas should contrive to go in his *first* page: they are the "Lever de Rideau" as it were.

Yours truly, Edward FitzGerald.

Woodbridge (a)

Jan. 23 [1879]

Dear Sir,

As you tell me the Copper (b) has arrived, I suppose the Copy also—of Salámán.

On the other side of this paper is my interpretation of my own Enigma, about the Seal at the end of Salámán.

You can please yourself about when to print. Only let me see the Proof &c. of Omar; as well of the others

Yours E.FG.

[On reverse]

Jámi's Seal at the end of Salámán to be done in *red*—on *oval* lines, with, or without flourish—letters in small Caps—as marked in Copy

- (a) This letter is pasted in at p. 42 of the Printer's Copy of Salámán and Absál.
- (b) The frontispiece to the 1879 Edition taken from this plate is of Horsemen and Attendants playing "The Royal Game of Chúgán," shortly described in the Appendix to Salámán and Absál (1879 Edn., p. 110), "and now [played] in England itself under the name of Polo."

Woodbridge

Jan. 28 [1879]

Dear Sir,

Aldis Wright, a considerable Authority on Editing, Printing &c., says he much dislikes the mixture in a page of roman and italic in my *Salámán*.

I do not care at all: if you prefer *roman* also, into roman let the little حكايت (a) go.

The long note at end about "Intelligences" (b) should go in Appendix so as to leave text clear.

Do as you please. No answer needed.

E.FG.

(a) = tale, *roman*.

(b) In the 1st Edition of *Salámán* and *Absál* is a footnote as to "Intelligences" in precisely the same wording as in the 1879 Edition. In the Printer's copy for this latter Edition FitzGerald has added in red ink at end of the footnote the initials "E.B.C." thus shewing that Professor Cowell was the compiler of the original footnote. Upon the 1st Proof FitzGerald has also added the words "v. Appendix."

At the end of the Appendix, FitzGerald has added on a fly-sheet the long note which appears at p. 112 of the 1879 Edition.

Woodbridge

Monday

[March 1879]

Dear Sir,

N.B. I am in not the least hurry for Proofs, which may be deferred as long as you please. But, as such little Papers are apt to stray by a Country Post, this line is only to say that no Proof has reached me *since the Second* in which I crossed

out all the Second Prefaces as I hope was duly attended to. I also suggested the omission of the *numerals* in the Text referring to after *notes*, both in Omar & Salámán: but I merely suggested it for you to choose or not, the Edition being *your's*.

I had Colomb's "Song of the Bell," thank you—

Could you get me a French Play "*La Boule*" played in Paris some four years ago.

Yours E.FG.

Woodbridge

March 24/79.

Dear Sir,

Here are the two Sheets, so carefully & critically noted before coming to me that I have not looked very closely myself, feeling assured that all that was to be done already *was* done, better than I could do it.

The Preface to Jâmi is too long for the very contracted Poem, as I ought to have remembered before: all the *Travel* part might well be contracted into less than a quarter by the skilful hand of the Annotator. But if, now as 'tis printed you prefer keeping it—C'est égal!—

By the by, (of French) I will enclose Post Stamps for "*La Boule*"—an admirable thing of it's kind.

And am yours, E.FG.

I was in London for a day last week: but near all day with a sick Friend.

Woodbridge

Tuesday

[April 1879]

Dear Sir,

I find an incorrect correction in the following passage of the Proof I returned you :

[8 lines cut from a copy of the Original Edn. (p. 41), here inserted.]

“ And what the Flood on which they sail’d, with those
 “ Fantastic creatures peopled ; and that Isle
 “ In which awhile their Paradise they *found*,*
 “ And thought, for ever ?—That false Paradise
 “ Amid the fluctuating *Wilderness*^(a) waters *found*
 “ Of Sensual passion, in whose bosom lies
 “ A World of Being from the Light of God
 as “ Deep in ~~that~~ unsubiding Deluge drown’d
 ^

substituting * “ found ” for “ made ” forgetting that
 “ found ” occurs again two lines on. I brought it
 to the latter place so as to approach it nearer to
 it’s rhyme “ drowned ” at the expense of somewhat
 tautological “ fluctuating Waters.” Let your
 Critic decide on which rendering to retain.

Yours truly, E.FG.

Don’t take any trouble about the Seal ; only
 don’t have that mural monument.^(b)

I should like to see *Revise* before struck off ;
 and then Adieu to Persia.

E.FG.

(a) FitzGerald appears to have cut out a portion from another copy
 of the 1st Edition and used it here without making the revisions
 already effected by him in the printer’s copy. He thus left the

word "Wildeiness" in line 5 of the excerpt, as shown above, which he underlined in red ink, and he placed in the outer margin the words "waters found," leaving thus the word "found" at the end of both the 3rd and 5th lines.

The "incorrect correction" to which FitzGerald refers appears in red ink at p. 105 of the 1st Revise. The word "found" has been restored to "made" by the Critic, in the 2nd Revise.

- (b) FitzGerald's instructions for Seal (at p. 42 of the printer's copy)—opposite a small label pasted centrally, (and containing the Words "The Truth God only knows" on five lines with rough circular scroll around)—are:—"N.B. This in middle of page with some flourish about it like a Seal."

Cf also Letter of 23 Jan: [1879].

The Printers set this up in 1st (New) Proof (p. 107) in black in heavy wavy diamond frame—against which the Critic (Kerney) wrote "As a seal it ought to be oval or round—This was ordered to be printed in red." To this FitzGerald added:—

"And in oval; (round if you will). Not like this detestable 'Mural tablet' to be found in Woodbridge Church. If the red Oval, or Round cannot be done, pray let the words be printed (in the Caps) in a line."

The 2nd Revise produced a Seal set in a circle $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter which required reducing. The sheet was marked "26/5/79 Revise wanted on account of p. 107."

Ultimately the small red seal which appears in the Work as published was approved by the Author.

FitzGerald's wishes as to a red seal do not appear to have been regarded in certain subsequent Editions.—Ed.

Woodbridge

April 14 [1879]

Dear Sir,

I shall not be able perhaps to send back Jami Proof for a few days as I am engaged with the business of Visitors just now. I only write a line to answer your Query about whether Notes sh^d be at bottom of several pages or lumped, according to page, at the end. The latter w^d, no doubt, look best: and would need no more than

just the page, (without line) specified. But in this you must please *yourself*, whose Edition it is. I only write this line now in case the future printing be affected by it.

Yours E.FG.

N.B. Proof came with *open* Envelope.

Woodbridge

April 18. [1879]

My dear Sir,

Please to show the enclosed to your able Critic—it concerns two MS. notes he put to the first Salámán Proof. I do not like to go against his Authority unless *my* old Sheikh warrants me in so doing.

I shall send you *both* Proofs by Monday: there is indeed *nothing* to be altered all through Poem I believe (except a word now & then) except the first d—d sentence. But what has detained me thus long, is, the meaning to weed out a lot of *Capitals*, which some one said stuck up like thistles out of corn.

On looking at the pages again, I doubt not that, as far as look goes the notes ought to be reserved to the end, "en masse"—not only on account of their taking room in an already small page: but taking it up with a *third* type. But I say it is for you to judge, whose Edition it is—I being

Yours truly, E.FG.

Woodbridge

April 20 [1879]

Dear Sir,

I enclose you the two Sheets of "Soloman & Absalom" as Mr. Child's printers called it.

I should like to see Revises when your Apollonius ^(a) (v. note p. 52) of a Critic has "scrutinized" & decided (if he will take the trouble) on some points I have submitted to him.

I hope he understands that I am very grateful to him for his suggestions, of which (he sees) I generally avail myself: when I do *not*, I hope he believes that I may have some little reason, not worth naming, which prevails with me against his much superior scholarship and equally poetical taste. I ought to say *versifying*: for I pretend to little more.

You (who have no time for such things) will see that I only fuss about the opening Sentence—the "premier pas." I think there be no further hitch. I submit *this* to your Critic on a separate paper for *him* to decide on.

The rest is, & will be, little else than changing some of those tall *capitals* to common type. They got in because of my habit of beginning Nouns with Capitals: but it is contrary to the usage of far better men than myself, & looks ugly. Perhaps your Critic would be at the trouble of striking out those which he considers not *emphatically* wanted. They puzzle my bad Eyes a good deal, which is not a proper reason for

puzzling his: but he brings a clearer head to *that*, as to much else, in regard to the Book.

You will, I daresay, give him this letter, as well as the enclosed paper: both of them referring rather to him than to your busy self.

Yours truly, E.FG.

[P.S.] Cowell's Letter not wanted back. (b)

- (a) The reference "v. note p. 52" appears to relate to the *Revise*, as it then stood, taken from p. 1 of the 1st Edition (ll. 29-30 of which read):—

"and through the Eyes
"Of Man, the subtle Censor³, scrutinize."
The Note thereto is:—

³ "The Apollonius of Keats' *Lamia*."

These lines were subsequently altered and now appear as:—

"and through those Eyes
"Of him whom Man thou madest, scrutinize."
The "Censor" thus disappears, together with the footnote as to "Apollonius."

- (b) Professor Cowell's letter—see p. 71.

[Enclosure referred to in Letter of April 20—Suggested revisions of opening lines of the Preliminary Invocation—*Salámán* and *Absál*.]

O Thou whose Spirit through this Universe
In which Thou dost involve Thyself diffused
Shall so perchance irradiate } Human clay
Shall strike a splendour into }
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose themselves
In ecstasy before a mortal Shrine
Whose Light is but a shade of the Divine

or

O Thou whose Spirit from his fount unseen
Through all created Universe diffused
Shall so perchance irradiate &c.

Please to choose one of these Versions—neither of them good, nor worth the bother; but one

would not have the reader stumble over the threshold. The *first* might be best if it were not somewhat repeated next page, though I there change "invest" (a) &c. to "*behold*" or "*reflect*" himself &c. That whole paragraph beginning "Thou lurkest" &c. down to "scrutinize" might as well be omitted, so as to bring the preceding paragraph about the "Double World" next to the cognate one about "Dividuality" &c. but there is a quaintness about that "*scrutinize*," and I suppose one must not make the Serious Exordium out of proportion short compared to the Pumpkin after-piece. (b)

I am glad to find that I had revolted with reason from "pectus intra." (c) Twenty five years ago, when the Poem was published, I know "*ejus*" was the word, but "Pectus ejus" was intolerable; and I asked Cowell if "*illi*" might do—for an unnatural Monk. (d)

(a) The 1st Edition reads (p. 1, ll. 27-29):—

"Look where I will, still nothing I discern
 "But Thee throughout this Universe, in which
 "Thyself Thou dost invest, * * *

This now reads (1879 Edn.):—

"Look where I may, still nothing I discern
 "But Thee throughout this Universe, wherein
 "Thyself Thou dost reflect, * * *

(b) The 1st Edition (p. 2, ll. 22-23) reads:—

"So to make the matter certain
 "Round his ancle ties a Pumpkin"

pen-altered to "Strung a gourd about his ancle"

Seven lines later "Pumpkin" is again altered to "gourd"; but was subsequently restored to "pumpkin."

(c) *Vide*. Notice of Jami's Life—p. 50. [1879 Edition.]

(d) *Vide infra*. Letter from Professor Cowell.

[Professor Cowell's letter referred to in FitzGerald's letter
of 20 April 1879]

Marion House,
Llanfairfechan
N. Wales
Ap. 17. 1879

My dear Fitzgerald,

We are staying here for a fortnight or so as I felt rather overdone by the hard work of last Term and so I came here to rest and enjoy myself. I have brought a Vol. of Calderon to amuse myself with. I have been enjoying it exceedingly. Calderon has been brought to my mind lately, as I have been teaching a friend of mine, one of the Fellows of Corpus, a little Spanish, and we read together occasionally of an evening part of the Civic play, "El mayor encanto Amor." I wish you were here to read a play with me now.

I am delighted to hear that Salámán is in the printer's hands. I should *certainly* keep that note about Spectacles. The Feringhi glasses of the text must mean some kind of spectacles. Jámi lived till the latter half of the fifteenth century (did he not die about 1490?) and so I see no incongruity in his mentioning them. If the lines are not interpolated they must mean "spectacles," & I should certainly leave the note, if only to promote discussion. I see no reason for doubt about it.

As for the Chaucerian bit about the old man, we did not suppose that either borrowed from the other. I was always interested in the parallel as a

parallel,—it is always so interesting to compare two representations of the same thought in two different authors, when, as here, there could be no suspicion of borrowing. *Homo ex humo* is good philology as well as good science; and it seems a word as old as the oldest days of the Indo-European tribe; the idea is natural enough.

I shall quite look forward to seeing the Crabbe—I liked very much the two sheets Aldis Wright has [End of letter missing]

[On front page] The Prophets name is Khizr. Is not *intra* better after all than *illi* ^(a) in the line of monkish latin? "His bosom boils *within*."

We had a beautiful walk yesterday to Aber waterfall. The Spring is really coming on. We saw hundreds of the unfolding leaves of the Wood-sorrel.

(a) Professor Cowell here refers to the lines at the end of the "Notice of Jami's Life":—

"Dum Salámán verba regis cogitat"

"Pectus illi de profundis æstuat"

In FitzGerald's Letter of 1856 to Cowell, as to the "Life of Jami," he renders it as "Pectus intra," and this version was adopted in the 1856 Edition. It is to be noted that FitzGerald adhered to his choice of "Pectus illi" in the 1879 Edition.

[April 1879]

Dear Sir,

You will take care that your printer does not print you *both* the Stanzas I left to your choice?—He might do so unless one of them be crossed out—and then *A Bother*.

E.FG.

Woodbridge

Tuesday [May 1879]

Dear Sir,

As I am going away from home till the week's end I return you the Revise, which I have scarce read over, relying on your Excellent Critic's bienveillance in the matter.

I only persist in *stet-ting* ^(a) at p. 105, for a reason I c^d give if it were worth troubling him or you with it.

And so, Adieu to Persia!

I hope that your Critic as well as yourself think *Salámán* improved—by abbreviation—at any rate: and I think that if you name it in any of your Catalogues you can just say "Revised"—and no more.

Yours truly,
The Great Un-nameable.

- (a) A minor alteration¹ in the last line of the cutting affixed to the letter dated "Tuesday" [April 1879] in which the placing by FitzGerald of the word "as" in the margin (with an almost indecipherable "caret" under the Text, to indicate its position), had been misread, causing the second Revise to be wrongly altered.

Woodbridge

'Tuesday [June 1879]

Dear Sir,

Here are the Proofs *for Press* when two or three Corrections are duly seen to.

Some people have preferred the form of Stanza XXXIII as it stood in Edⁿ 2. It has the merit of a fuller Rhyme; whether any other advantage I know not; and will leave to you and your able Critic Overseer to choose whether to restore or not. I am quite indifferent about it.

If you find any difficulty in *pageing* the Notes at the end, I will do it. The Text looks all the better without the Numerals I think, and I am

Yours truly, E. FG.

Little Grange, Woodbridge
June 4 [1879]

Dear Sir,

The *last page* of the Preface to Salámán (about the *metre*) *must be cancelled* if already, as I suppose, struck off. It contains a blundering misremembrance wh. wd hurt us both. I will pay for the extra expense; but it must be done, "coûte que coûte."

If you will send the leaf *directly*, I will return it by return of Post:—for it is only to strike out a line or two. (a)

E.FG.

(a) This letter apparently received too late, as the last page follows the MS, addendum attached by the Author to the printers-copy.—Ed.

Woodbridge

Aug. 5 [1879]

Dear Sir,

I found my Persian "Siamese" here awaiting me: they look very handsomely in their new Clothes.

One Erratum I found—my oversight, I daresay, which, as it confuses the Sense, should be set right in a preliminary strip—as overleaf.

Yours truly, E.FG.

[On reverse]

Erratum. Preface to Omar p. xv, Line 2 from top. For "*Sometimes* as in the Greek Alcaic" read "*Somewhat, &c.*"

Woodbridge

Aug. 10 [1879]

My Dear Sir,

I am very sorry to trouble you about a Slip wh: I ought to have corrected in the Proof. It is but a *word* wrong, I know: but a word that alters all the meaning & the *fact*.

The Blank third Line in the Stanza does *not* "*sometimes*" resemble that in the Alcaic, but does ALWAYS "*somewhat*" resemble it: which makes all the difference, surely.^(a)

It may be a trifle: but must it not be more *aesthetically* wrong than such a very tiny Slip (as small as may be) wh. may be inserted at the beginning or end to correct it?

Yours E.FG.

The 2nd Batch of Books came safe, thank you. I want *Inglis'* Book about following the Footsteps of Don *Quixote*. I forget exact Title—Pub. some 50 years ago. I am going to read with Cowell.

Page XV. Two lines from top—For "Sometimes as in the Greek Alcaic," read "Somewhat as in &c."^(a)

P.S. *I wd* just as soon—nay, *Rather*—have just the one Word corrected by a Pen in the margin.

(a) The passage referred to will be found in the Preface, p. XV of the 1879 Edition.—Ed.

38, Minerva Terrace, Lowestoft,
August 20. [1879]

Dear Sir,

I had your Note of August 16 concerning "Inglis," but not some previous note which this refers to.

Cowell says the Inglis is a poor, pert Book: so I am sorry to have troubled you about it.

What I *do* wish you to send me at once is any respectable Copy of Lord Bacon's "Sylva" (I think is the name) a collection of Experiments or Experiences in Natural History. The Book used to be common enough: a small, thin, Folio. Please send a decent Copy to me here. I want it for Cowell.

If he were not engaged as Sanskrit Professor, he would be the man to do the Work which he says is the Work wanted: viz. a Dictionary of the *Spanish* Language on same plan as Littré's, & more needed, inasmuch as there are more Languages mixed up in it—Latin—Arabic—Goth—Carthaginian—Basque, and the Lord Knows what beside.

This would be a Work for you to undertake if you could find the man to do it.

Yours truly, E.FG.

Little Grange, Woodbridge

May 23/80

My dear Sir,

I suppose that Sir F. Leighton enquired for the Six Calderon Plays published by Pickering,^(a) now 30 years ago. I have not a copy left, except one, for my own keeping. I do not know what became of the rest. ^(b)

As to Omar:—I should have thought his day was done before your last Reprint; which, you know, was at your own wish; so as I am not to blame if it sticks on the market.

I take for granted that you are not worse in health, if not younger, than when I last heard from you a year ago. I am not *better*, if not yet much worse, and

Yours truly, E.FG.

Pray, what is the price & *number of Volumes*, of the last and best Edition of Sévigné's Letters? And also of some Dictionary of her peculiar Words? I know not the names of the Editions.

- (a) John W. Parker & Son were the Publishers—Ed.
- (b) About 30 Copies were subsequently found by FitzGerald's Executors. *Vide* Letter from Dr. Aldis Wright, 22 June, 1883. Appendix—post.

Woodbridge

May 26 [1880]

Dear Sir,

I did not mean to say I was *now* suffering with any special Illness, but only not the better of being a year older than when last you heard from me.

I am not the less obliged to you for your friendly and hospitable offers, but I scarce get to London now-a-days.

I am sorry to have troubled you about Sévigné: I only wanted the newest Edition for Notes, & Vocabulary, preferring the type & Paper of older Editions; and also smaller.

You must not take the trouble to send me your learned Catalogues; for you see I do not avail myself of them. Cowell said that your September Spanish one offered quite a History of that Literature.

Yours truly, E.FG.

I am glad that Omar has, as I suppose, pretty well cleared his Expenses. I was afraid that Jámi might hang about him: but Cowell wished for him: but was frightened at last from the two which he taught me being dedicated to him, as he had once agreed to: and even wished for.

Woodbridge
July 22 [1880]

Dear Sir,

My Nephew Gerald,^(a) who died a year ago, left a Collection of Books, which his Irish Kinsfolk think very large & very choice. And they want to sell them.

I think he had many of his best—French & Classic—from you; so that you can judge better what sh^d be done with them than any Irish Kinsfolk—myself included, who never saw one of them.

I do not ask you to buy them: but to be so good as to tell me the best way of selling them. Ireland is out of question.

Yours truly, E.FG.

(a) Gerald Purcell FitzGerald died in 1879.

[The following three Letters, all undated, &c., are on similar toned paper and in similar style of writing. They are dated as of 1881 owing to the reference to the blizzard in the January of that year.—Ed.]

[1881]

My dear Sir,

I write at once so as to catch you (I hope) before leaving Piccadilly for Haverstock Hill, which I know to be your Esquire address.

I wish to thank you at once for your offer of showing me your fine Books: I am sure you do so with all free Goodwill and wish that I could avail myself of them.

But:—

1st. I really hate all big Books—having given all my own away because of unhandiness as well as want of room.

2ly. I probably sh^d not find out the little I want—even though Aldis Wright, who comes to “faire ses Piques” here, were with me.

3ly. I should be bothered about repacking and renvoying them safe to you.

So—“Thank you all the same” as they say: I would *rather* not have them. I shall find out what I want somehow: my Neighbour Le Capitaine Brooke may perhaps help me: and, if I do not get to know at all, I can do without it.

I think you must be laughing in your sleeve when you talk of the *honour of my* Publication!—of one Book of some 70 or 80 pages: which I only wonder People have not grown so tired of as to

say it is poor stuff. For that is a very common Fate for such *minor* Successes after less than 20 years.

Yours truly E.FG.
alias "Laird of Little Grange," or as Sévigné
directs to me,
A Monsieur
Monseigneur de Petit Grange.

[1881]

My dear Sir,

A friend of mine to whom money is now more valuable than Books wants to sell a Folio Copy of *Bailey's Dictionary 1730* on the Title page of which is the Autograph of "*W. Pitt*" (*Lord Chatham*). In this Autograph the value of the Book relies: and for that it is remarkable, inasmuch as it is recorded by Charles Butler quoted in *Timbs Anecdote Biography* p. 7. that "Lord C. had twice read it from beginning to end" and Lord Holland tells same the story to T. Moore—in his Diary July 25—1819.

Whether in either of these Books, or elsewhere, it is said that Bailey was *one* of the two Books—Bailey & Spenser's *Fairy Queen*—that he had drawn his command of good vernacular English; his reading not having been very extensive while he was the "terrible Cornet" of Dragoons.

This it is which makes Book & Autograph of

peculiar value, and I wish you could give the owner a fair price for it.

Yours truly, E. FitzGerald.

You will see that the Book was given by me to the present owner: & he, as I said, wants money more than Books now, and I *wish* him to sell my present.

[Jan. 1881]

My dear Sir,

I have before this asked you about Books which I did not get when you told me of them. And now so it is about Paris. But only think: I want but to know the definitions of old Paris—where Ville—Ile—& Faubourg began and ended—where the Hotel Carnavalet and its street "*Rue de la Culture Ste. Catherine*" were: that is all—and surely to buy Folios of £16. 16. merely to find out that would be "Taking a Gun to shoot a Fly" and at a very considerable cost. I thought there might be some little old Guide or Sight Book of such places: indeed I once had one, gone I know not where. Or I do think you might get one of your Staff to make out and very briefly answer these few Questions for me, for old (Omar) acquaintance sake. Any cost for any such work I shall be glad to pay.

Why you must be capable of boring through the Alps like Hannibal if you could carry a Bag of

Books from Piccadilly to Haverstock Hill through that Snowstorm when we country folks could scarce keep our legs.

Well, surely old Omar never was at such a "pareille fête" (a) as you tell me of, before.

Yours E.FG.

If I knew your Haverstock Address, I should Esquire you which I suppose you mind no more than I do.

(a) A private exhibition of rare books.—Ed.

Woodbridge

Oct^r 81

Can you get me the "Correspondence de S.A.R. La Duchesse D'Orléans, Mère du Régent," translated (I think) from the German into French.

E.FG.

Woodbridge

June 22/82

Dear Sir,

On returning home yesterday I found your packet of Don Antonio de Truebe: and the Enclosed Bill which you doubtless understand, but I do not. Please to let me know what it amounts to in Pounds Shillings & Pence: and believe me yours,

E. FitzGerald.

Little Grange, Woodbridge
October [1882]

My dear Sir,

Will you put your name as Publisher to a little Volume of "Readings in Crabbe" (of whom you probably never heard) and Edited by me, and charge yourself with some 50 copies to sell—of which 50 Copies you may perhaps sell about 25 if you will bestow on them the usual Publisher's care, at the usual Publisher's remuneration.

If you agree to undertake this very lucrative business, I will have the Title page with your name as Publisher, and my own under the name of my dwelling place,— and

Yours sincerely, " Littlegrange "

I shall be glad to hear of your being well, during a year that has proved very vindictive to many of my friends, and has settled Bronchitis on myself—

And pray how does Omar do?

Woodbridge

February 18/83

My dear Sir,

As you consented to undertake the very unprofitable charge of publishing my Crabbe—I send you up some 47 Copies which, with all due deductions for Museums &c. I honestly think you will scarce get rid of.

You will judge if there be any good in sending Copies to Athenæums, & Academies &c. who will

only quite overlook, or give a paragraph to bid others do so. *Advertizing* is, I think, out of the question. So if you are willing to do me—or much rather my old Poet—a good turn, you can do little more than let a copy or two lie on your Counter, perhaps also saying a word to one or two of your Customers about our *Existence*. For, as to our merits, you are too busy a man to look into them. As usual I do not put my illustrious name on the Title page: but I don't care who knows it—for no one is likely to publish it.

I wish you would give a copy to the Gentleman who did me so much service in revising my other "Broachers" (as we say hereabout) while in the course of printing. I was never told his name or I would send him a Copy direct, bidding him, as my rule is, simply say "Thank you" *and no more*.

And so I will bid you farewell for the present, being

Yours truly, *The Laird of Littlegrange*.

P.S. About the *price*—I suppose it may be 3^s. 6.? *Certainly* not more: *less* if you think better.

Woodbridge

Feb. 22/83

My dear Sir,

Pray give a Copy to Mr Ruskin if you think good. I once had a little correspondence with him about Omar; but I never trouble any but intimate friends with presents of my Booklets; and *them*

only on express condition that they will say no more than simply "Thank you" in return.

To have to say more is an odious tax on the Receiver when once the Book is published: it is all fair to ask their opinion *before*.

I shall be obliged to you to send a Copy to the Librarian of the *London Library*, Mr. Harrison.

I expect no more than you of my *Sale*; but I have made my little shot at bringing up my old Poet (worth all the living ones except Tennyson) out of Oblivion; and I reckon your consenting to publish and keep in hand a few Copies on the chance of a Customer as an act of gratitude to one you have had something to do with these 30 years & more.

Perhaps the best way would have been to *give* all the Copies away at once; and yet that would look a silly thing too. Let the Book take its chance, and

Believe me yours truly,
The Laird of Littlegrange.

It was Mr. S. Wilson (to whom I sent a Copy) who told me he thought the Book somewhat marred in appearance by MS. correction, and in pasted addition.

Woodbridge
Feb. 23 [1883]

My dear Sir,

It has been hinted to me that my Crabbe is not very carefully "got up." I see that I ought to

have shown it to you before I availed myself of your permission to put your name on the Title page. Unless you regret having anything to do with it, you can, if you please, insert a slip to intimate that the Editor, and not the Publisher, is responsible for its imperfections. The *clothing* (by my friend Fox) seems to me tidy enough: I suppose the MS. correction on the last page of the Preface, and the stuck-in paragraph at the end of the Volume, is the discreditable thing.

I hasten to write this directly I am told of it—in a letter—but $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour ago—and before I hear from you of the receipt of the Book, which went off on Tuesday. You must act as you think due to yourself, and believe me yours,

E.FG.

Woodbridge

Feb. 27/83

Dear Sir,

Please send a Copy to the writer of the enclosed. I am sorry to trouble you; but I can say there will be no more such applications. If any others of the same sort *do* come to yourself give them the Book, and trust—but *do not ask*—anyone not to kill us with this arrow plucked from our own wing.

Yours truly, The Laird of Littlegrange.

APPENDIX.

Trinity College, Cambridge
22 June 1883

Sir,

My friend the late Mr. Edward FitzGerald, who died very suddenly last week, has left me his literary Executor.

I find that he has made some additions to his Preface to the Readings from Crabbe, a proof of which came to Woodbridge after his death. This I have corrected and returned to the printer. If there are any copies of the book as yet unbound, it may be as well to attach the amended Preface to them.

In the letter of instructions which he has left for me, he mentions as among his writings which may be resuscitated after his death, the translation of the *Agamemnon* which you have published, and a similar rendering of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Colonæus* of Sophocles, which have never yet appeared. Of these I have corrected copies as well as of *Omar Khayyâm* and *Salámán* and *Absál*. There are some changes too which he wished to have made in any future issue of the *Agamemnon*.

His Executors have found some copies (about 30 I think) of the *Six Dramas* from Calderon, which he published in 1853 and afterwards suppressed. They will no doubt be willing to negotiate with you for them.

Yours faithfully, W. Aldis Wright.

Mr. B. Quaritch.

Trinity College, Cambridge
25 November 1883

Dear Sir,

My time has been so much taken up with official work that I have been unable to reply to your letter of the 19th instant.

When I last wrote to you in the summer I only contemplated the publication of some of Mr FitzGerald's unpublished and unprinted writings. Since that time when you were so kind as to offer to undertake this work, my plan has grown and I now think of adding selections from his correspondence woven together into a narrative of his life. In the event of my being able to command sufficient material for carrying out this larger work I shall naturally place it in the hands of my own publishers Messrs Macmillan & Co.

With this design on my part Mr. Crabbe one of the executors fully agrees, as do other of Mr FitzGerald's friends.

With regard to reprinting the Six Plays from Calderon I should prefer to postpone this for the present.

Believe me Yours faithfully

W. Aldis Wright.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

15 Piccadilly

November 27 1883

Prof. W Aldis Wright
Cambridge

Dear Sir,

Your letter of Nov. 25th has very much astonished and grieved me.

I consider it was understood between you and me, that I was to be publisher of your Memoir of your friend the late Edward Fitzgerald.

With me this publication was not viewed from a commercial but a sentimental point of view.

I consider that it was due to my commercial agency, in distributing at a mere nominal price, the *first* edition of "Omar Khayyám," that Fitzgerald obtained his subsequent celebrity.

The books Mr. Fitzgerald published elsewhere never had any circulation.

Rather than lose your Memoir of my friend FitzGerald, I offer you £25 for the Manuscript when ready for the printer.

I would go to a further expense of £25 for an engraved Portrait.

A mere publisher would simply look upon the venture as a commercial one, and as such, I think, it would not be remunerative.

I am anxious that my name should remain associated with that of FitzGerald, regardless of profit.

Please reflect again on the subject and accept my services as your publisher for this projected work.

I remain, dear Sir
Your obedient Servant
Bernard Quaritch.

Trinity College, Cambridge
2 December 1883

Dear Sir,

I am at a loss to know what you mean by saying "I consider it was understood between you and me that I was to be the Publisher of your "Memoir of our friend the late Edward Fitzgerald," for as far as I am aware the subject has never been mentioned before.

You must allow me to be the best judge of what I shall ultimately do with my own work. I do not undertake it for profit and therefore should not in any case accept your offer.

Yours faithfully W. Aldis Wright.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

[The following letter from Mr. William Simpson, (which with the head note and footnote added thereon comprises the Article "Omar Khayyám's Grave" in the 1887 Edition of "The Works of FitzGerald,") is contained in my Collection of FitzGerald's Letters. I have included a copy of this letter as shewing how the hips from the Rose-bushes growing beside Omar's Tomb were sent to England.---Ed.]

Nishapur 27 Oct. 1884

Dear Mr. Quaritch,

From the association of your name with that of Omar Khayyám I feel sure that what I enclose in this letter will be acceptable. The rose-leaves I gathered today growing beside the tomb of the poet at this place, and the seeds are from the same bushes on which the leaves grew.*

I suppose you are aware that I left early last month with Sir Peter Lumsden to accompany the Afghan Boundary Commission in my old capacity as special artist for the *Illustrated London News*. We travelled by way of the Black Sea, Tiflis, Baku and the Caspian, to Tehran; from that place we have been marching eastward for nearly a month now, and reached Nishapur this morning.

For some days past, as we marched along, I have been making enquiries regarding Omar Khayyám and Nishapur; I wanted to know if the house he lived in still existed, or if any spot was yet

* Note subsequently added by W. Simpson, in 1887, at foot of Original Letter. "These seeds were handed over to Mr. Baker of Kew Gardens, who planted them, and they have grown up successfully but as yet they have not produced flowers. W.S."

associated with his name. It would seem that the only recognised memorial now remaining of him is his tomb. Our Mehmandar, or "Guest-Conductor,"—while the Afghan Boundary Commission is on Persian territory it is the Guest of the Shah, and the Mehmandar is his representative, who sees that all our wants are attended to,—appears to be familiar with the poet's name, and says that his works are still read and admired. The Mehmandar said he knew the tomb, and promised to be our guide when we reached Nishapur. We have just made the pilgrimage to the spot: it is about two miles South of the present Nishapur; so we had to ride, and Sir Peter, who takes an interest in the matter, was one of the party. We found the ground nearly all the way covered with mounds, and the soil mixed with fragments of pottery, sure indications of former habitations. As we neared the tomb, long ridges of earth could be seen which were no doubt the remains of the Walls of the old city of Nishapur. To the east of the tomb is a large square mound of earth, which is supposed to be the site of the Arg, or Citadel of the original city. As we rode along, the blue dome, which the Mehmandar had pointed out on the way as the tomb, had a very imposing appearance, and its importance improved as we neared it; this will be better understood by stating that City walls, houses, and almost all structures in that part of Persia, are built of mud. The blue dome as well as its size, produced in my mind, as we

went towards it, a great satisfaction ; it was pleasing to think that the countrymen of Omar Khayyám held him in such high estimation as to erect so fine a monument, as well as to preserve it,—this last being rarely done in the East—to his memory. If the poet was so honoured in his own country, it was little to be wondered at that his fame should have spread so rapidly in the lands of the West. This I thought, but there was a slight disappointment in store for me. At last we reached the tomb, and found its general arrangements were on a plan I was familiar with in India ; whoever has visited the Taj at Agra or any of the large Mohammedan tombs of Hindustan, will easily understand the one at Nishapur. The monument stands in a space enclosed by a mud wall, and the ground in front is laid out as a garden, with walks. The tomb at Nishapur, with all its surroundings, is in a very rude condition ; it never was a work which could claim merit for its architecture, and although it is kept so far in repair, it has still a very decayed and neglected appearance. Even the blue dome, which impressed me in the distance, I found on getting near to it was in a ruinous state from large portions of the enamelled plaster having fallen off. Instead of the marble and the red stone of the Taj at Nishapur, with the exception of some enamelled tiles producing a pattern round the base of the dome, and also in the spandrils of the door and windows,—there we find only bricks and plaster. The surrounding wall of the enclosure was of

crumbling mud, and could be easily jumped over at any place. There is a rude entrance, by which we went in, and walked up to the front of the tomb; all along I had been under the notion that the whole structure was the tomb of Omar Khayyám; and now came the disenchantment. The place turned out to be an Imamzadah, or the tomb of the son of an Imam. The son of an Imam inherits his sanctity from his father, and his place of burial becomes a holy place where pilgrims go to pray. The blue dome is over the tomb of such a person who may have been a brute of the worst kind,—that would not have affected his sanctity,—instead of the poet whom we reverence for the qualities which belonged to himself. When we had ascended the platform, about three feet high, on which the tomb stood, the Mehmandar turned to the left, and in a recess formed by three arches, and a very rude roof, which seemed to have been added to the corner of the Imamzadah, pointed to the tomb of Omar Khayyám. The discovery of a "Poet's Corner" at Nishapur, naturally recalled Westminster Abbey to my mind, and revived my spirits from the depression produced by finding that the principal tomb was not that of the Poet. The monument over the tomb is an oblong mass of brick covered with plaster, and without ornament,—the plaster falling off in places; on this, and on the plaster of the recess, are innumerable scribblings in Persian character. Some were, no doubt, names, for the British John Smith has not an exclusive tendency

in this respect; but many of them were continued through a number of lines, and I guessed they were poetry, and most probably quotations from the Rubaiyat. Although the "Poet's Corner" was in rather a dilapidated state, still it must have been repaired at no very distant date; and this shows that some attention has been paid to it, and that the people of Nishapur have not quite forgotten Omar Khayyám.

The Imamzadah—this word, which means son of an Imam, applies to the person buried as well as to the tomb—was Mohammed Marook, brother of the Imam Reza, whose tomb at Meshed is considered so sacred by the Shias;—the Imam Reza was the eighth Imam and died in 818; This gives us an approximate date for his brother, and it is, if I mistake not, a couple of centuries before the time of Omar Khayyám; and the Imamzadah—here I mean the building—would have been erected, most probably, about that number of years before the poet required his resting place. Behind the Imamzadah is a Kubberstan, or "Region of Graves," and the raised platform in front of the tomb contains in its rough pavement a good many small tomb-stones, showing that people are buried there, and that the place had been in the past a general graveyard. All this is owing to the hereditary sanctity which belongs to the Son of an Imam, and we are perhaps indebted to Mohammed Marook, no matter what his character may have been, for the preservation of the site of Omar Khayyám's

burial place: the preservation of the one necessarily preserved the other.

In front of the Imamzadah is the garden, with some very old, and one or two large trees, but along the edge of the platform in front of Omar Khayyám's tomb I found some rose-bushes: it was too late in the season for the roses, but a few hips were still remaining, and one or two of these I secured, as well as the leaves,—some of which are here enclosed for you; I hope you will be able to grow them in England,—they will have an interest, as in all probability they are the particular kind of roses Omar Khayyám was so fond of watching as he pondered and composed his verses.

It may be worth adding that there is also at Nishapur the tomb of another poet who lived about the same time as Omar Khayyám,—his name was Ferid ed din Attar; according to Vambéry, he was "a great mystic and philosopher. He wrote "a work called 'Mantik et Teyr, the Logic of Birds.' " In this the feathered creatures are made to contend " in a curious way on the causes of existence, and " the Source of Truth. 'Hudhud' the All-Knowing " magical bird of Solomon, is introduced, as the " Teacher of Birds; and also Simurg, the Phoenix of " the Orientals, and Symbol of the Highest Light." In this it is understood that the Birds represent humanity, Hudhud is the Prophet, and the Simurg stands for Deity. This tomb I shall not have time to visit. Another three marches takes us to Meshed, and then we shall be close to the



THE TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYÁM
at Naishápur, Persia

To face page 98

Afghan frontier. I am sending a sketch of Omar Khayyám's tomb to the *Illustrated London News*.

Believe me, Yours very truly,
William Simpson.

Note.—The rose-leaves were given to me upon their arrival in England; and the hips were placed in my hands before being sent to Kew Gardens.—Ed.

14 Netley Street
Hampstead Road N.W.
Mar. 1886

Dear Sir,

I have engraved the signature and return to you enclosed Mr FitzGerald's Note. I am now waiting for the printer to take another proof^(a)

Yours truly, H. Costello.

(a) FitzGerald's portrait and signature which appear as the Frontispiece to the 1887 Edition.

Cambridge
April 3 1886

My dear Sir,

I am very much obliged to you for the Portrait of Edward FitzGerald which you have kindly sent me. The Portrait vividly brings back my dear old friend to me. We shall never look upon his like again.

I remain, Yours sincerely, E. B. Cowell.

Herbarium, Royal Gardens, Kew
May 2 1886

My dear Mr Quaritch,

The Rose of which you sent us the seed last year from the tomb of Omar Khayyám is now an unbranched stem a couple of feet high, bearing prickles & leaves copiously.

I cannot see any flower bud, but it is not likely to flower the first year. It has been raised in a pot, but I asked them to plant it out & take special care of it. I cannot quite make out yet what species it is, but it is not the sweet briar, nor the damask rose. Will you look in some Sunday afternoon & have a cup of tea & go and see it?

I live in the house next the Herbarium, east side.

Yours truly, J. G. Baker.

19, Church Road, Willesden N.W.
23 Aug. 1887

Dear Mr. Quaritch,

I have to return you my very best thanks for the copy of FitzGerald's Works.^(a)

It is a worthy Monument to the Man.

I wish I had known about Jámi,—I slept a night in Turbat-i-Shaik Jam, visited his Tomb,—which I did not sketch, but I have a slight sketch of the Village, which might have been given with his

life. Should you reach a second Edition, you ought to remember this.

Again thanking you,
Believe me Yours very truly
William Simpson.

(a) The 1887 Edition.

30 Blenheim Terrace, Scarboro'
Sept. 5. 1887

My dear Sir,

I am quite sure that you would not do anything discreditable to the memory of our friend FitzGerald.

I know quite well your long regard & esteem for him. Still my friendship for Mr. Aldis Wright would necessarily prevent my writing any notice of this Edition and Memoir.^(a)—I shall be much interested to see the comparison of the different texts which you speak of. I do not think that they imply any wish on his part to make the translation more literal. FitzGerald disregarded being literal as long as he caught the spirit of his original.

His translations are often finer than the original; and sometimes I am afraid he boldly improved upon it, where he thought he could do so.

I remain, Yours sincerely, E. B. Cowell

(a) The 1887 Edition.

Beverly Farm. Mass
Sept. 21st 1887

Dear Mr Quaritch,

I have received the two beautiful volumes^(a) which you have kindly sent me and I thank you most heartily for your charming gift.

I have always admired the *Rubáiyát*, and I am very glad to possess the other translations and poems of Mr. FitzGerald and the Memoir of him, in this attractive presentment.

I have just received one early copy of my little book "Our Hundred Days in Europe." That copy I have given to my daughter, who was my companion, but I shall soon have other copies and I promise myself the pleasure of sending you one of the earliest among them—a very poor and slight return for your present to me, but you must imagine it interleaved with my kind wishes for, and my best respects to the great Bibliophile, as well as great Bibliopole of the central mart of civilisation.

Believe me Very truly yours
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

(a) The 1887 Edition.

[Extract from letter of W. Aldis Wright dated Jan 1. 1888]

"With regard to Omar Khayyám, it was Mr. FitzGerald's express wish that it should never again be published separately, and made this a condition

with you when he gave you permission to print it with Salámán and Absál. I cannot therefore violate his distinct orders "

[This extract is in the hand-writing of the late
Bernard Alfred Quaritch.]

3 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park W.
27 April 1889

Dear Mr Quaritch,

You will remember my father's name W. Bodham Donne, and the fact that you purchased his small library. I send you the enclosed catalogue in case the collection should be worth your notice.

Archdeacon Groome was a great friend of my father, and of Edward FitzGerald.

Yrs faithfully

W. Mowbray Donne.

3, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park W
27 Nov. 1889

Dear Mr Quaritch,

I have never seen the original of the letter from which an extract appears in the Blackwood article on Edward FitzGerald, nor had I seen the extract until it appeared therein.

My father was usually so accurate that I am surprised he should have made such a mistake.

I send Mr Groome's address ; and as I know nothing of the matter, have sent on your letter to him.

I am dear Mr. Quaritch

Yours sincerely, W. Mowbray Donne.

P.S. F. H. Groome Esqre
 36 Warrender Park Terrace
 Edinburgh.

36 Warrender Park Terrace
Edinburgh

Dec. 1. 1889

My dear Sir,

Herewith the photo of Little Grange^(a) promised in my first letter. Since writing it I have seen Mr. Blackwood and heard from Mr. Mowbray Donne, both of whom express much regret.

Also, since writing it, I have spent some time over the two volumes you so generously sent me. In the Biographical Preface I notice one slip. Prof. Cowell had no connection with Cambridge till 1867 ; he was an Oxford man—of Magdalen Hall.

At Kew, there is now flourishing a rose tree, a scion from that which grows over the grave of Omar Khayyám. So Mr. Clodd tells ; it was brought back from Persia by a friend of his, Mr. Baker, an artist.

Clearly, a scion of it should be planted over FitzGerald's grave in Boulge churchyard.

I remain, Very truly yours
F. H. Groome.

B. Quaritch Esq.

- (a) A copy of this photograph appears at p. 24. It has also been published in "Two Suffolk Friends," by Francis Hindes Groome, the writer of this Letter.

36 Warrender Park Terrace
Edinburgh

Dec. 4. 89

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter. I remember, now that you mention it, the name of the artist was Simpson, (I wrote from recollection, for I keep few or no letters), but I did not know it was to *you* the seeds were sent. Will you not then see to it, that a scion of this rose-tree be planted at Boulge. Col. Kerrich of Carlton, Colville, Lowestoft, Mr. FitzGerald's nephew & executor, would, I know, gladly see it done. I heard of it, a couple of months ago, from Mr. Clodd, & mentioned it to Col. K.

If the photo of Little Grange is of any use to you, I shall be very glad. Bredfield Hall & Farlinghay should also be photoed. I daresay I could manage it.

My Father knew Mr. Aldis Wright, but I have absolutely no knowledge of him.

I remain, Very truly yours, F. H. Groome.

P.S.—Fanny Kemble's *Reminiscences*, as they originally appeared in the *Atlantic*, though not in their English dress, contained I think a good many references to Mr. FitzGerald. An old lady of my acquaintance at Ipswich has a beautiful engraving of his Mother.

Woodbridge

Dec. 10, 1889

Dear Sir,

Be so good as to send me Coue's "Birds of the North West" 10/- as reported—per Suttons. I will remit on receipt.

As to Mr. Aldis Wright being the *owner* of Mr. FitzGerald's copyright, I know nothing more than the letter addressed to him, and leaving him the box of MSS. as asserted in the preface by A.W.

Have you had much demand for the Book? He left me a fine old portrait of Raphael Mengs, painted by the artist himself—a d-----d ugly fellow—but as good as Rembrandt, only in a different way of course.

I always used to admire it when I went to see him—so he told me one day—that I should have it.

I was in America when he died—and the first letter I had on my return was the announcement of his death.

I recollect when I was a Collector at Simpkins—44 years ago coming now and again to *worry* you.

I am dear Sir, Yours very truly,
J. Loder.

B. Quaritch Esq.

19 Carleton Road

Tufnell Park N.

1 Sep. 1893

My dear Sir,

You may perhaps remember that our friend William Simpson gave me the pleasure of introduction to you at the last Omar Khayyám Club dinner.

He may have told you that I have from time to time, had reports from Mr Thiselton Dyer of the condition of the rosetree which has grown from the hip sent by Simpson through you to Kew.

It is a weakling in this climate, but by skilful grafting Mr. Dyer tells me that they have secured a plant which, I long ago suggested, should be placed on FitzGerald's grave at Boulge near Woodbridge, Suffolk.

This preamble I now follow by asking if you can go to Woodbridge on Saturday 7th October by

10 o'clock train with Simpson & a few other lovers of Khayyám & FitzGerald for the purpose named.

I proposed that, after that function is discharged, we go on to Aldeburgh, where I shall be very pleased to receive you & the other friends as my guests till Monday morning.

I am Yours faithfully, Edw. Clodd.

Bernard Quaritch Esq.

73 Eaton Terrace S.W.

9.10.93

Dear Mr. Quaritch,

I should like to have the first Edition of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, No 426 of your new Catalogue if you still have it.

I wish I could have been at Boulge on Saturday.*

Sincerely yours, Justin Huntly McCarthy.

*A Report of the Pilgrimage proceedings at Boulge on 7th Octr., 1893, taken from the "East Anglian Daily Times," will be found at the end of this Appendix.

19 Carleton Road
Tufnell Park N

20 Jan^{ry} 94

Dear Mr Quaritch,

I was vexatiously detained at one of our Branches this morning. Knowing you to be the Soul of Punctuality, felt sure that you were waiting for me.

Thanks for leaving the letters now returned herewith: all that FitzGerald wrote has a refreshing directness, causing me to feel that he holds you by the buttonhole. I have made copies of the two letters to stick in my copy of the "Rubáiyát" published by you.

Concerning the Book-plate—the volume left at yours this morning, Mr. Egerton Castle tells me that he has the original, & that he has included a print in his work on "Book-plates."

I am willing to undertake the book you suggested when we met at Kew for the honorarium of £10.10. you named. Perhaps you will look out the letters, & when ready, I will call in Piccadilly for them one afternoon.

I am sorry that Mr. Baker cannot join us at Henley. Perhaps he can run down to Aldeburgh with us in the Autumn, when you promise to come.

Yours sincerely Edw. Clodd.

B. Quaritch Esq.

Royal Gardens, Kew

June 19. 1894

Dear Mr Quaritch,

I am sorry to say I cannot conveniently accept your kind invitation to the dinner of Omar Khayyám Club at Henley on July 14.

The Editor of the Illustrated London News wrote to ask me to send him a photograph of the

Rose. I lent him another Sketch which my wife made, thinking this would do it better justice than a photograph of the whole bush.

Yours very truly J. G. Baker

P.S.—Next year they will propagate it and plant it outside in the public part of the Garden.

[Reprinted by permission of the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office, from the "Kew Gardens Bulletin," No. 90. June, 1894]

With the Compliments of the Director
Royal Gardens, Kew

June 22. 1894

OMAR KHAYYÁM'S ROSE.—Omar Khayyám is one of the classical Persian poets. He flourished about the time of William the Conqueror. His poems were translated into English a generation ago by Edward FitzGerald, the friend of Tennyson, and he now numbers, both in this country and the United States, a band of warm admirers. In 1884 some fruits were brought to England from the roses that are planted on his grave at Naishapur, in Persia, by Mr. William Simpson the well known artist of the *Illustrated London News*. Some of these fruits were presented to the Royal Gardens by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, and the bush which grew from them, of which cuttings were sent a year ago to plant on the grave of



OMAR KHAYYÁM'S ROSE.

To face page 110

FitzGerald, in Suffolk, has now flowered for the first time. The plant proves to be a form of *Rosa centifolia*, the sweetest scented of all the roses, from which the cabbage rose, the moss rose, and the pompon are derived. The native country of the plant is not known with certainty but it was considered by Bieberstein to be truly wild in the Caucasus, and was found by Haussknecht in a semi-double form at an elevation of 3,500 feet, amongst the mountains of Assyria. Omar Khayyám's plant has fully double flowers and evidently belongs to a long cultivated race.

Savile Club, 107 Piccadilly W
29 June 1894

Dear Mr. Quaritch,

I have been carefully through the letters which you handed me at Aldeburgh & also through the additional ones sent by Miss Quaritch.

But with a quite rare exception, there is scarcely anything of public bibliographical interest in them, and, certainly, not enough material for annotating the proposed Extracts from the published "Letters."

* * * * *

I feel a disappointment that you will share at the lack of material for carrying out your idea. But would it not be well to publish some more

complete story of his life, into which there should be interwoven his criticisms on men & books selected from the published "Letters" & from your collection, which has a good deal of interesting matter anent the books which he published through you? For there is precious little about Omar & "Salámán" in Wright's volumes: he takes too much for granted the readers' knowledge of the interesting history of these. It was a great pleasure to see you at Aldeburgh again: you were the youngest of the party!

Yours sincerely Edw. Clodd.

P.S. On returning home on Monday I found that Mr Thiselton Dyer had sent me a cutting from the Rose, which I forthwith planted in my front garden.

E.C.

19 Carleton Road
Tufnell Park
31 July 1894

Dear Mr. Quaritch,

I have availed myself of your courteous permission to keep the FitzGerald letters &c now returned herewith until I had time to make a few Extracts from them. This I have now done.

* * * * *

I thank you very much for entrusting me with these documents, & I will, when I am next passing your shop, fetch the book with FitzGerald's book plate which I lent to you.

I am leaving here on Friday for Norway returning on 22nd so may not call till after that date.

Yrs sincerely,
Edw. Clodd.

Omar Khayyám Club
St Margaret's House
Ironmonger Lane E.C
21 Jan. 1895

Dear Mr Quaritch,

You will remember that at one of our dinners a letter was read from FitzGerald to yourself in which the word "Omarian" occurred, which was at once adopted by the Club.

It was stated in "Writers and Readers" of the Daily Chronicle of Wednesday last, that the word was of recent introduction and of questionable taste! Would it be troubling you to ask you to write to the Chronicle giving the authority for the term?—or if you would kindly lend me the letter, or send me a copy of it, I would do so.

I was sorry you were not at our last dinner, which was a great success.

Yours very truly
Frederic Hudson.

Boulge Hall, Woodbridge
4 Nov. 1925

Dear Madam,

By all means photograph the Rose-tree on FitzGerald's grave—as a matter of fact it is a successor to the original planted in 1893, it is a cutting from it. I suppose you want the photograph at once, but it would be better to wait until the summer when it is covered with blossoms.

Yours faithfully,
R. Eaton White.

Mrs. Wrentmore,
Stone Cross, Ashurst,
near Tunbridge Wells

East Anglian Daily Times, Monday, October 9, 1893.*

POET-PILGRIMS IN SUFFOLK

EDWARD FITZGERALD AND
OMAR KHAYYÁM.

A ROMANTIC MEMORIAL.

The commonplace and somewhat perverted truism, that "A prophet hath no honour in his own country," was the first and most forcible reflection suggested by an interesting ceremony which took place in the neighbourhood of Woodbridge on Saturday afternoon. When one of the well appointed omnibuses of the Bull Hotel was driven off to the Railway Station, and it was stated bluntly that a distinguished party were coming down to plant a Persian rose tree on Edward FitzGerald's grave in Boulge Churchyard, the habitués of that famous hostelry were simply struck dumb with astonishment. Many of them well remember the late Mr. FitzGerald—or "old FitzGerald," as they called him, not disrespectfully—but the reason or the apology for planting a rose bush over his tomb—and a Persian rose, too!—was matter past ordinary comprehension. "Somebody must be

*Reprinted by permission of the East Anglian Daily Times
Company Ltd.

badly in want of a job," was the remark made by one well-known resident, and endorsed by many; and it is saddening to think that this same sentiment of untutored surprise may be shared by some readers. "Such is fame!" to quote the old epithet.

There is a good deal to be said, however, in extenuation of local indifference to the memory of a remarkable man. Edward FitzGerald, who died no longer ago than 1883, was held in the highest esteem by a small circle of friends of greater distinction in the world of letters than he himself could ever claim. In a charming collection of his "Letters and Literary Remains," most ably and discreetly edited by that eminent scholar and critic, Mr. William Aldis Wright (himself a man of whom Suffolk may well be proud) it is said that his "friendships were more like loves". The late Poet Laureate declared that he had never known "one of so fine and delicate a wit"; Thackeray loved "dear old Fitz" above all others; Carlyle himself, quick to discern faults and failings, had nothing but kindness "for the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man, and his innocent *far niente* life". Absorbed in his own pursuits and honoured by such close intimacies, it is hardly to be wondered at that FitzGerald never courted local popularity, even in legitimate ways. He made infinite fun of having been asked by the Secretary of the Ipswich Mechanics' Institute to lecture upon any subject but "Party politics or Con-

troversial Divinity"; nobody knew better than he, probably, that his own works were "caviare to the general", and the natural result of all this was, that the people, amongst whom he lived, remember the eccentricity of his character far more vividly than the genius which accompanied and redeemed it.

To revive the whole story of Edward FitzGerald's career, however, would in this connection be a superfluous attempt. It is sufficient to explain that the latest tribute paid to his memory was inspired by one of the most singular and fascinating associations ever recorded in the history of literature. Briefly stated, FitzGerald took up the study of the Persian language and literature on the recommendation of Professor Cowell, a relative of Mr. Charles Henry Cowell, and eventually rendered into English verse the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," the astronomer-poet of Persia, who lived and died in the eleventh century. The work comprises a number of "quatrains," expounding a philosophy of life and destiny which is variously estimated by different schools of thought, so far as moral teaching is concerned. But it is now generally regarded as a most wonderful and vigorous poem, well worthy a place amongst those great efforts of human intellect and imagination which are not for an age but for all time. For fifteen years FitzGerald's translation was neglected. Copies of the first edition, exceedingly valuable in these days, drifted into that last receptacle of unappreciated literature—the penny box at a

bookseller's shop. At length, however, the poem was "discovered" by critics everywhere; the fame of the old Persian poet and his modern English interpreter has been sung wherever the English tongue is spoken; and there is now a Club in London bearing Omar Khayyám's name, which has for its object the cult of Anglo-Persian poetry. With this explanation, the bare record of Saturday's proceedings will sufficiently explain how the Persian rose tree came to be planted upon FitzGerald's grave.

The party of pilgrims brought down by the 12.19 train from London to Woodbridge comprised Mr. Bernard Quaritch, who may perhaps be described as the greatest bookseller in the world; Mr. Moncure D. Conway, the American author; Mr. E. Clodd; Mr. W. Simpson, the veteran artist of the *Illustrated London News*; Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of that publication; Mr. George Whale, vice-president of the Omar Khayyám Club; and Mr. F. Hudson, secretary. Amongst other admirers of FitzGerald who regretted their inability to attend were Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy (President of the Omar Khayyám Club), Mr. Thiselton Dyer (Director of Kew Gardens), Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Grant Allen, and Mr. Edmund Keene, C.I.E., but it will be seen that several of these gentlemen showed their sympathy with the movement by literary contributions. A start was at once made for

Boulge, and on the way the party stopped for a few minutes to inspect Little Grange, at Woodbridge, a quaint old house, half-covered with ivy, where FitzGerald lived for many years, and from which many of his published letters were addressed.

A pleasant drive through Bredfield took the travellers to Boulge Church, a plain and unpretending edifice, standing far back from the high road. Edward FitzGerald lies buried outside the family vault, under the shadow of the tower, his resting-place being marked by a recumbent tomb of red granite. A heavy shower of rain came up when the simple and informal ceremony commenced. Amongst those who joined the small company were Colonel E. Kerrich, nephew of the poet, and the Rev. E. G. Doughty, of Martlesham, Sir William Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G., Mr. J. Loder (Woodbridge), Mr. Barrett (Ipswich), and the sons and daughters of Mr. Robert Holmes White, of Boulge Hall.

At the outset, Mr. William Simpson read the following interesting statement:—

Gentlemen,—It may be as well to explain to those present the circumstances that have led to the simple ceremony that has, in the name of the Omar Khayyám Club, taken place to-day. As far back as 1884 I accompanied the Afghan Boundary Commission from Teheran eastwards to Central Asia. Our route passed through Naishápúr, which was the capital of Khorassan in the time of Omar Khayyám. In this city Omar was born, and

in it he died. Before reaching Naishápúr I began making inquiries about the poet. Our "Guest-Conductor", who seemed well acquainted with the place, told me that the grave of Omar Khayyám still existed, and promised to take me to it. The city of Omar's period is now only a mass of mounds, about a couple of miles distant from the present Naishápúr. The tomb is only a part of a larger tomb. Knowing that the poet had expressed the wish that the wind might scatter rose leaves on his grave, I was much struck on reaching the spot by finding that rose bushes were growing close to it, and I naturally guessed that these had been planted there in fulfilment of the poet's wish by some fond admirer. Our visit took place at the end of October, too late for the roses, but luckily, as it has turned out, the flowers had turned to seed, and I secured some of the hips, as well as a few of the leaves. Knowing that Mr. Quaritch had been so intimately connected with the publishing of the Quatrains, and that he felt a justifiable pride in a transaction which is now one of the historical links that has led to the existence of the Omar Khayyám Club, I sent him some of the leaves and the seed.

The idea in my mind at the time was that Mr. Quaritch might perhaps plant the leaves in a pot at home, and that it would be a satisfaction to have growing beside him a rose from the grave of Omar Khayyám. I was certain he would value it, and in this I was right. He did not plant it him-

self, but sent it to Mr. Thiselton Dyer at Kew, to whom our best thanks are due for the great care and attention he has devoted to this plant. He succeeded in growing a bush from the seeds, but after a year or two of expectation it became evident that in this climate the rose would not flower; and at last, to realise this result, he grafted it on to an English rose. I understand by this means the Persian rose here planted will now bloom on English soil, a fitting emblem of the manner in which the Persian rhymes, by being grafted on to English verse, have flourished, and wafted to us the fine scent of Omar's poetic words.

To this I may add as part of the history connected with the day's proceedings that the first suggestion of planting this rose came from Mr. Edward Clodd, and to him we are also indebted for the organisation of our dutiful pilgrimage. When the Afghan Boundary Commission started, among the instructions given to it was one that they were to try to find the Soma plant from which the old Aryans extracted their Divine draught; the object in that case was to discover some evidence of the original home of the Aryan race. We did not find the plant in question, but I found what I am sure the admirers of Omar Khayyám will value more—I found this rose, which, while it grows and blooms here, will always remind us of the home of Omar Khayyám. The rose in olden times had much symbolism attached to it. This rose will have a new meaning, for it will be a link

of connection between the two great men we have this day come to honour. I need scarcely say that I feel a satisfaction in having thought of sending home those seeds, which have led to this meeting at the grave of one to whom we all feel such a debt of gratitude for bringing to us the poetry of the old poet of Khorassan. The two names, Omar Khayyám and Edward FitzGerald, are now inseparable. There was much that was similar in the two men, and had they met here, they would have been friends. If they have met above—and I hope they have—I feel sure that the old "tent maker" is producing a quatrain on the event of this day. If such is the case it has not reached us; but a quatrain has been communicated from another source, which I think you will agree with me is well fitted for the occasion. It comes through our friend Edward Clodd, and we are indebted for it to Grant Allen, who deeply regrets that he is not with us to-day.

Here, on FitzGerald's grave from Omar's tomb,
To lay fit tribute, pilgrim singers flock:
Long with a double fragrance let it bloom,
This rose of Iran on an English stock.

Two small but healthy-looking rose bushes, about a foot in height, were then unpacked and carefully planted at the head of the tombstone by Mr. Curtis (gardener at Boulge Hall). A metal plate, bearing a brief account of the proceedings, was placed in the bed of mould, a galvanised wind guard was put round for protection, and the

Rev. E. G. Doughty ventured to promise that the ladies at the Hall would tend the plants carefully.

Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY said: It gives me very great pleasure as an American from old Virginia—born on the farm adjacent to that where Washington passed his childhood and boyhood, and familiar with all parts of my country—to say how dear to us over there, or to many of us, is the poetry of Omar Khayyám, and how much gratitude we have always felt to Edward FitzGerald for having not merely translated him, but interpreted him, so that it is almost like the re-appearance of Omar Khayyám in an English heart and an English brain. There is about the man that lies in the grave before us, as may be seen in his poetry, a certain personality which wins the affection and touches the heart, so that I never read his verse without feeling a sort of pain that I cannot take his hand and tell him how much I love him—how much I feel the peculiar perception, the fine nature, the delicate thought which were required to reveal such a wonderful genius as Omar Khayyám. That may have been to a certain extent due to the inspiration he derived from that wonderful poem, for in reading Omar Khayyám we feel the same thing—that charm of personality, that feeling when we read his quatrains, that we are conversing with a soul, with a heart—not with mere literature, not with a book, but with a man. It is wonderful to find how many people in various parts of the world, of

various minds, have been touched by the poetry of Omar Khayyám as he has been interpreted by FitzGerald. I remember once conversing on the subject with Mark Twain—a humorous man, and a man of great power as well—and he startled me, as I had not associated him with such poetic ideas, by saying that he regarded one quatrain of Omar Khayyám's—the famous and the bold one beginning:

“O Thou, who man of baser earth did make”

—as containing the most far-reaching and grand thought ever expressed in so short a space, in so few words. The poet was of course dear also to Emerson, my old master when I was at Harvard; and from all parts of my country, indeed, if we could see and read the hearts of individuals, and they knew we were here, we might feel that we are surrounded by a large group and company of friends and fellow-sympathisers. Here we are in large-hearted England that takes us all in, whether from America, from Persia, or India—England which with sweet toleration includes millions of Bhuddists, Brahmins, and Parsees,—here we are, symbolising in a small way that large-heartedness which is now, I believe, the great and living breath of the world, which is keeping peace between jarring religions, stopping their civil wars, and promoting, especially amongst the millions of the East, that mutual toleration and affection which are attended with such vast and beneficial results to mankind. Mr. Conway concluded by reading some other translations from

Omar Khayyám—very incompetent ones, he said—not contained in FitzGerald's wonderful book. These may be quoted as examples of the old Persian's poetic philosophy:—

Diversity of worship has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From among all their dogmas I have selected one—Divine love.

The morning hath already thrown off the veil of darkness. Wherefore thy sadness? Rise up, let us breathe again the morning air before having to long for it. For alas! long enough will the morning breathe when we breathe not.

The entire world shall be populous with that action of thine which saves a soul from despair.

A thousand chains of thine own, broken by thee, are less than to have chained to thee by sweetness the heart of a free man.

The dogmas admit only what is obliging to the deity. But refuse not thy bit of bread to another; guard thy tongue from speaking evil and seek not the injury of any being; and then I undertake on my own account to promise thee Paradise.

Since from the beginning of life to the end there is for thee only this earth, live at least as one who is on the earth, and not buried under it.

O, my heart, thou wilt never penetrate the mysteries of the universe; thou wilt never reach that culminating wisdom which the intrepid omniscients have attained. Resign thyself then to make what little Paradise thou canst here below, for, as for that one beyond, thou shalt arrive there or thou shalt not.

Mr. EDWARD CLODD then read the following:

INSCRIPTION

By Edmund Gosse

Reign here, triumphant rose, from Omar's grave,
Borne by a fakir o'er the Persian wave;
Reign with fresh pride, since here a heart is sleeping,
That double glory to your master gave.

Hither let many a pilgrim step be bent
To greet the rose, re-risen in banishment;
Here richer crimsons may its cup be keeping,
Than brimmed it ere from Naishápúr it went.

Colonel KERRICH one of the executors under the Will of the deceased poet, acknowledged in most appropriate words the very high, impressive, and far-reaching tribute which Mr. Moncure Conway had paid to the genius of FitzGerald, and assured the company that the touching and graceful function of that day was exceedingly gratifying to all who had known and loved the poet, dearly and deservedly.

The party was afterwards entertained by Sir William Brampton Gurdon, at Grundisburgh Hall, and at luncheon some further quatrains were read, which had been written by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy.

QUATRAINS

Written for the occasion by

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

(Chairman of the Omar Khayyám Club).

From Naishápúr to Suffolk; from the tomb
Where Omar slumbers to the narrow room
That shrines FitzGerald's ashes, Persia sends
Perfume, the purple of her rose, to bloom.

Wedded with rose of England for a sign
That English lips, transmitting the divine
High piping music of the song that ends,
As it began, with wine, and wine, and wine.

Across the ages caught the words that fell
From Omar's mouth and made them audible
To the unnumbered sitters at life's feast
Who wear their hearts out over Heaven and Hell.

Vex not to-day with wonder which were best,
The student, scholar, singer of the West,
Or student, scholar, singer of the East.
The soul of Omar burned in Edward's breast.

And howsoever autumn breezes blow
About this rose and winter's fingers throw
 In mockery of Oriental noons
Upon this sod the monumental snow.

Still in our dreams the Eastern rose survives
Lending diviner fragrance to our lives ;
 The world is old, cold, worn by waning moons,
But Omar's creed in alien verse revives.

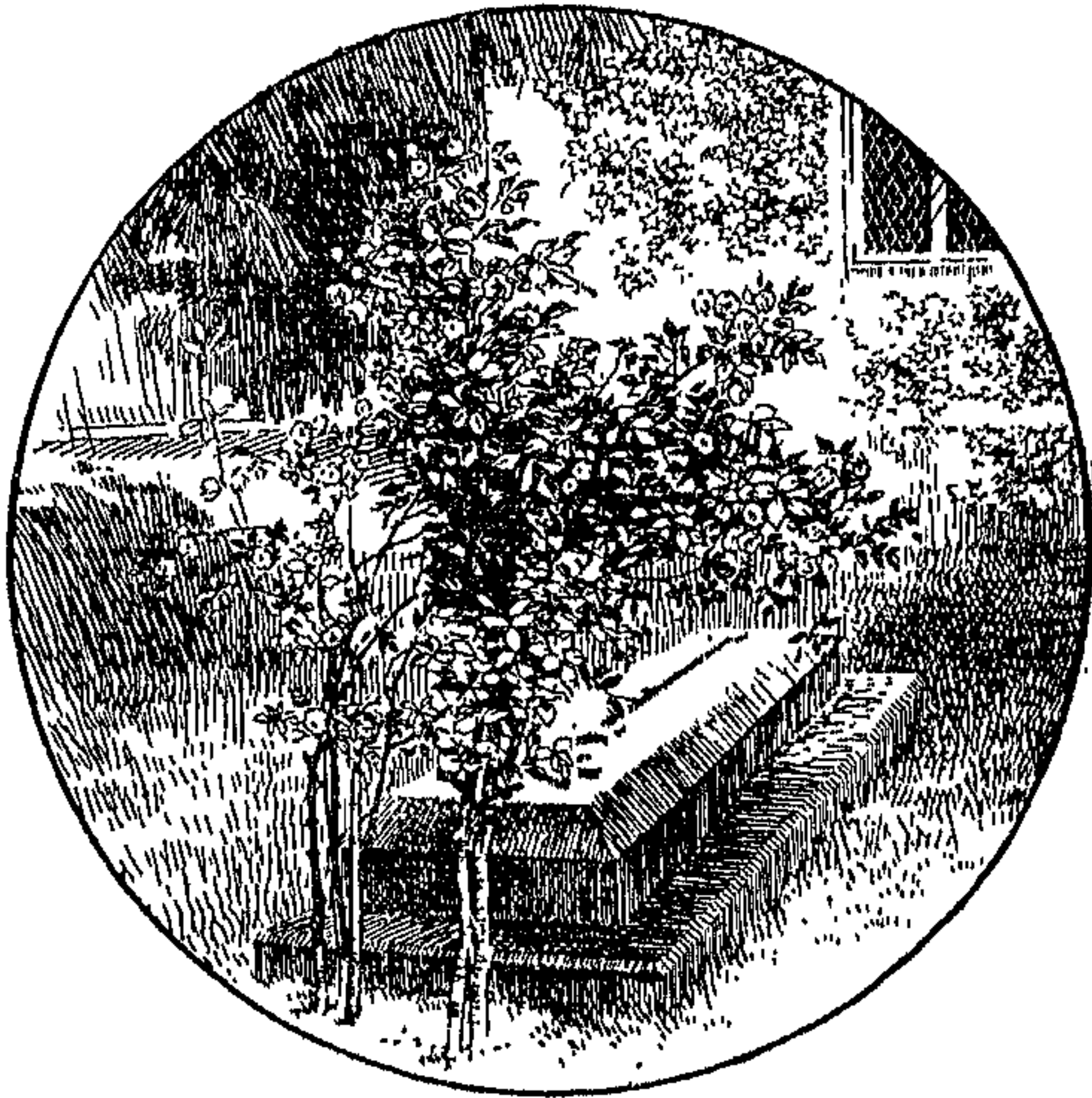
The fountain in the tulip-tinted dale,
The manuscript of some melodious tale,
 Babbling of love and lovers passion-pale
Of rose, of cypress, and of nightingale.

The cup that Saki proffers to our lips,
The cup from which the rose-red mercy drips,
 Bidding forget, how like a sinking soul
Day after day into the darkness slips.

The wisdom that the watcher of the skies
Won from the wandering stars that soothed his eyes
 The legend writ below, around, above,
"One thing at least is certain---this life flies."

These were the gifts of Omar ; these he gave
Full handed, his disciple sought to save
 Some portion for his people ; and their love
Plants Omar's rose upon FitzGerald's grave.

THE TRUTH GOD ONLY KNOWS



FITZGERALD'S GRAVE, BOULGE CHURCHYARD.

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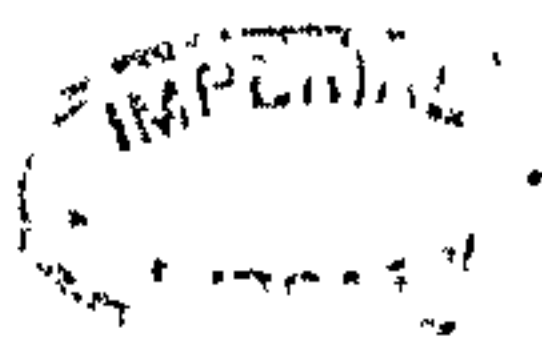
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