

**REMINISCENCES OF  
LITERARY LONDON  
FROM 1779-1853**

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Reminiscences of Literary London from 1779-1853 by Dr. Thomas Rees

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**Reminiscences**  
OF  
**Literary London**

**From 1779 to 1853.**

**With Interesting Anecdotes of Publishers,  
Authors and Book Auctioneers  
of that Period, &c., &c.**

BY

**DR. THOMAS REES,**

*WITH EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS BY*

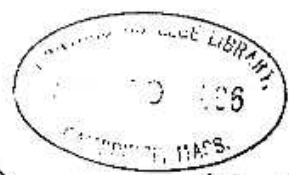
**JOHN BRITTON, F. S. A.**

**Edited by a Book Lover,**

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THESE interesting "Literary Reminiscences," written about 1853, and privately issued, are known to but few persons, as but a limited number of copies were printed for presentation. The volume includes extensive recollections of Authors, Publishers, and Booksellers from 1779 to 1853. The authors were personally acquainted with all the prominent writers, artists, and makers of books, and many curious anecdotes, prices received by authors for their well-known works, editions sold, and personal peculiarities of literary and business men here given will be new to the reader. The work is now for the first time edited, with the hope that it may prove as enjoyable reading to the purchaser as it has been to the

New York, 1896.

*BOOK LOVER.*







## PREFACE

*By John Britton.*

**A**T. PAUL'S Churchyard, Ave-Maria Lane and Amen Corner were familiar names to the eye and mind in my boy-days; but I had no more notion of the features and character of the places than of the interior of a man-of-war, or of Robinson Crusoe's island. After reading numerous magazines, and taking in several of the sixpenny numbers published by Harrison, Cooke, Parsons, etc., and thereby ascertaining something about authors, artists, printers, and booksellers, I became curious and anxious to see such gifted persons, their homes, or haunts; and also where the manufacturers of literature resided, what were their peculiarities, and who and what sort of beings they were. I also coveted to see and read more books than I could afford to purchase. During the apprenticeship, I do not remember to have had an opportunity of satisfying this curiosity, except early in a morning, before shops were opened, or on Sundays, when they were all closed, and "The Row," with its appendages, as

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dull and silent as many village churchyards; but after being relieved from my apprentice-bondage, I found my way to the famed book-mart; traversed the narrow, dark street, miscalled Row; stopped to gaze at every shop window, and even stealthily looked in at every opened doorway, to see if a Harrison, a Cooke, a Hogg, or even one of their Grub-street workmen, or a rich author, could be descried. The names of Peter Pindar, Thomas Holcroft, Dr. Buchan, Wm. Godwin, Dr. A. Rees, Mr. Howard, Mr. Hall, Thos. Paine, the Misses Porter, Hannah More, Mrs. Radcliffe, and many others were familiar to me, and I longed to see such super-human beings, as I then regarded them. At length I ventured to enter some of the houses, and thus obtain a sight of labelled numbers, and volumes of new publications, and also the persons and faces of some of their proprietors. At that time most of the tradesmen attended in their respective shops, and dwelt in the upper parts of their houses; now, the heads of many of the large establishments visit their counting-houses only for a few hours in the day, and leave the working part to junior partners, clerks, and apprentices. Vast and numerous changes have taken place in the publishing and bookselling business since I first haunted Pater-