

The editors welcome Melvin Schuetz to the CSA advisory board and thank him profusely for these and other leads he has provided over the years.

*David Southern*



## Nero Comes to Agrippina

MITCH FRAAS, CURATOR AT THE KISLAK CENTER FOR SPECIAL Collections, Rare Books, and Manuscripts, University of Pennsylvania, noticed this letter for sale at a fair in New York City and brought it to the attention of the editors. Offered by Wiggins Fine Books of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, it has been purchased and will be presented to the David M. Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Duke University. In his graduate school days at Duke, Mr. Fraas worked at that library as well as proofreading two volumes of *The Collected Letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle*.

Charlotte Williams Wynn (1807–69: *ODNB*) was a diarist and frequent correspondent of the Carlyles. The letter is hitherto unpublished; the “Papers” mentioned within seem to have been “five old Chronicle Newspapers: on prostitute Needlewomen, Miners &c &c ” that TC mentioned in his letter to John Forster on the following day; see *CL* 24: 298. TC misspelled Wynn.

Most notably, the “little Dog” was Nero, who appears in Robert Scott Tait’s painting, *A Chelsea Interior* (1858), and this letter documents his arrival, arranged for by the merchant and Carlyles’ friend Stauros Dilberglue, whose will is discussed separately in this issue. With the advent of Nero to the Carlyle household, Harriet Lady Ashburton frequently referred to JWC as Agrippina.

Chelsea, 27 Novr, 1849

Dear Miss Wynne,

Thank you much for the Papers; which I will read this evening. Do not take the trouble, another time, of sending down your Servant; the Newspaper will come

itself by Post, so soon as you have all quite done with it in Grafton Street; it can even be returned by the same conveyance, if needful.

In spite of the frost, my Wife continues in motion; doing out her season &c; — in hourly expectation too of a little Dog! We hope to see you again some evening soon, when you dare venture out so far. Evening or morning such an *Erscheinung* is well worthy of welcome, depend upon it! —

Yours very sincerely

T. Carlyle

*David Southern*



## “His humanity and cordiality as a tutor”: Remembering C. S. Lewis

*The following memoir of his Oxford tutor C. S. Lewis (1898–1963; ODNB) was written by the late Professor Kenneth J. Fielding on 11 December 1989, at the request of a friend. The editors are grateful to Mary Fielding, KJF’s sister, for her kind encouragement and permission to publish this document.*

I do sometimes think that I would like to write a little about [C. S. Lewis], just as I knew him; but the essential thing is to have someone cast in the role of the interested listener, for which perhaps you should do? The greatest obstacle, apart from not doing justice to even the slight relationship of being a pupil for a short while, is that I find when I settle myself to remembering the past is that I keep coming in the way of the subject. I suppose we have been told about this, when thinking about autobiography or reminiscences. It is fine when the subject is one’s own memories; but it won’t do when trying to meet the demand of giving a clear, and even “loving” picture—as TC would say. It is not that I did not feeling something of what he really was, and can confirm that the impression one has of him from his books is the same as that of the man