The First Philatelist?
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by

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This hobby of stamp collecting does seem to have far more than its share of unusual stories. Consider that of the boy Samuel Lord who began a collection when the very first stamp came out in 1840. A long time ago one might say and yet there must be people alive today who met him in California.

The album referred to in the booklet was discovered only recently in Winnipeg; it and all its correspondence with such notables as William Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, etc.

Certainly worth checking all correspondence.

K.B.
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The First Philatelist

THE WORLD'S FIRST POSTAGE STAMP appeared on the scene May 6, 1840 in Great Britain and the world's first stamp collectors must have begun their work within 24 hours of that event. Within a year of 1840 there were reports of people accumulating the first black stamps, to cover table tops, to paper walls, to string together into decorative ropes or just to try and accumulate a million of them. That was about par for very early stamp collecting for the next 10 years.

A philatelist works somewhat differently. He begins to admire the design of the stamp, relates them to the sources that produced the stamps or even to the users of the stamps and in general to the life that unfolds around him. Collections assembled in a philatelic fashion did not begin to appear till the 1850's or even 1860's. With a recent discovery of an old album and its tantalizing hint that it was but merely number one in a series of albums, one must go back to a much earlier period. The candidate for the title of "first philatelist" was right there on the scene in 1840 and he was consciously and carefully mounting complete envelopes with the world's first stamp into his album.

He was Samuel Lord, Junior, and he began his collection in 1838 at the age of 15 in the village of Woodhouse which is near Leeds in England.

Now, in 1838 there was not a single postage stamp anywhere in the world so at this stage he certainly was not a philatelist but already he had all the attributes of a truly dedicated collector and the first 26 pages of his album were filled with delicate miniature art works all done in pencil by himself and all showing the birthplaces or other dwellings of famous Englishmen.

Several of the beautiful examples suffice. Under each he wrote out in a bold legible hand a brief description of the occupants.
Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh.

It is a well constituted farm house in the Parish of East Budleigh near Exmouth, Devonshire, where he was born in 1662.

Monmouth 21st October 1828.

Losewood in the north of Yorkshire where Lawrence Sterne wrote his "Sentimental Journey." He died in London March 1768 aged 52. He was presented with the curfew of Losewood in 1760 by Lord Talbotbridge.

Monmouth 25th Oct 1828.
Note the reference to Mr. Elwood; a Quaker.
In this rustic building, William Cooper translated his poems & wrote many original pieces. Here he passed his time from 1786 till 1795, with his amiable friends Mrs. Hunter and Lady H. Bath, & perhaps here were composed and reviewed many truly calculated by virtue and genius, and once broken words.
THE YOUNG BOY was obviously an artist of no mean ability, yet this was but secondary in his collecting activities. The sketches took two years of his spare time and then he decided to improve his collection in a different manner. Why not get some personal mementoes of the men who had lived in the houses he had sketched. It very likely did not take him long to discover that personal letters or signatures of the great were just not within the scope of his financial means. What to do? While in London he took to haunting museums and public record offices and then the next 50 or so pages of his album began to fill out with hundreds of autographs and even entire letters and poems of the famous, all reproduced exactly as in the original sources. With his artistic ability he could imitate any handwriting, from Shakespeare, Milton, John Bunyan, Henry the VIII, Anne Boleyn, Alexander Pope, on and on, right down to Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. They were all there, along with his comments and notes, and always the scrupulous warning that the signatures or documents or letters were but facsimiles created by Samuel Lord Jr.
William Shakespeare

Thyne Roose, 1st Earl of Northumberland

King Henry VIII

Alexander Selkirk

Autograph of Alexander Selkirk from a document dated January 13, 1717. He was left by his shipmates on the desolate island of Juan Fernández, where he abode for 11 years and 11 months, until he finally escaped in 1696. He related his adventures in the book "Robinson Crusoe". Selkirk also composed a poem about the wreck on the island concerning the monarch of all seamen.
The leaders of the English fleet that broke the back of the Spanish Armada. Above are Samuel Lord Jr’s reproductions of their signatures. All were neatly numbered and a brief description of each was on a following page in the album.

1. Charles Lord Howard
2. Francis Drake
3. William Wynter
4. John Hawkins
5. Martin Frobisher
6. Walter Raleigh
7. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester
8. Henry Seymour
An American touch was the signature of William Penn, the Quaker who founded Pennsylvania.
Samuel Lord Jr. did manage to get an original autograph from someone in 1840 and this was a document with the signature of King George III. Quite an achievement, and Samuel proudly wrote out a description of the document on the blank envelope in which it was sent to him.

Alas, collectors sometimes have to suffer. Inside the envelope Samuel wrote, sometime later, just two words:

"Contents Stolen"
At the age of 17 Samuel began to tire of reproducing signatures. It was impossible or too difficult or too costly for him to get originals, but what about the poets or writers who were living in England? He took a momentous step sometime in September 1840 and wrote first to that poet of Irish and other melodies, Thomas Moore. What he wrote is not known. It would be interesting to learn whether in the collected archives of Thomas Moore there is somewhere a letter written by Samuel Lord Jr. At any rate, on Sept. 17, 1840 Samuel got a courteous note signed by Thomas Moore which Samuel promptly mounted in his album and then he did something else which up to then no collector of letters would have thought of doing. The Moore letter came in an envelope on which was the world's first postage stamp, the penny black. Samuel mounted on the page opposite the letter, the envelope itself with its stamp and his handwritten note on the flap as to when it was received. Consciously or unconsciously Samuel Lord Jr. thus became the world's first philatelist and one must lean to the theory that he knew what he was doing as he carefully opened up the envelope to show not only the front, but also the back flap with its postmark showing the date it was sent.
The world's first stamp issued May 6, 1840, on an envelope addressed by Thomas Moore to Samuel Lord, Jr.
Sir,

I have to apologize for not sooner answering your letter. With many thanks for the kind terms in which you do me the honour to speak of my works to myself, I am, Sir,

Yours,

Thomas Moore.

THOMAS MOORE, author of such songs as “The Last Rose of Summer”, “Oft in the Stilly Night”, “A Canadian Boat Song”, etc., writes a note to Samuel Lord, Jr.
With this happy result, Samuel at once began to write to other notables and the returns were more than pleasant. The poet Thomas Campbell wrote out the first three verses of his sombre poem "Hohenlinden" and sent it duly signed to Samuel the 28 Oct. 1840, and Samuel again mounted not only the sheet but once more the envelope in which it came.

No more fascimiles. Here were immortal words penned by the very hand that conceived them!

Envelope with the 1840 penny black, addressed by Thomas Campbell 28 of October 1840 to Samuel Lord, Jr.
On Linden when the sun was low
All bloodless lay the untrdden snow
And dark as winter was the howl
Of Burs rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night
Surrounding fires of death to light
The darkness of her staning.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful roving.

Transcribed from his Odes on Hohenlinden by

Thos. Campbell

London 28 Oct
1840
OTHER LETTERS went out, and back came replies: letters, notes and envelopes were all duly mounted. Some were brief but others were far more involved. The poet James Montgomery ended his letter thus “with J. Montgomery’ respects to his friendly correspondent” and then on a separate sheet sent Samuel a poem of 4 verses specially composed for him and of considerable feeling and beauty. A check of the published works by James Montgomery fails to show that this poem had ever been published at any time. Evidently Montgomery did not keep a copy of his own work in this instance.

With others Samuel was not so successful. He wrote William Wordsworth, the most famous living poet of the age, who by 1840 was over 70. Very likely Samuel had asked him to transcribe a poem for his collection. Wordsworth refused, nevertheless he took the time to write Samuel a note and this and the envelope were mounted as usual.
This is the envelope addressed to Samuel by William Wordsworth. It is still 1840 so on the envelope is the only stamp then used in the world. Again Samuel was very careful to show not only the front of the envelope, but also the postmarks on the back.
Accord my thanks for your congratulations upon my safe escape from a great peril.

The applications made to me for Autographs are so numerous that I have been obliged to decline giving any formally on the long year's neglect.

Yours truly,

Dec. 8th, 1840.

William Wordsworth pens a letter to Samuel Dec. 16, 1840.
The album ends with a folded letter, something that Samuel could not very well mount as he did all others, for in this case the message was on one side of a sheet of paper which was then folded, sealed and stamped on the other side. Known as a letter sheet, this was the normal type of missive before the general adoption of envelopes to hold the letters.

He had written to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet and in return got a rather whimsical reply in the form of an original poem addressed to Samuel.

*The one side of the letter sheet:*

**To Samuel Lord Junior**

Goldsmith told us long ago
Man wants little here below;—
Trivial boons are soonest given;—
Slight offences—easiest shriven;—
Petty griefs are quickly ended
and least said—is soonest mended
O’er and o’er it hath been writ
Brevity’s the soul of wit!
Scant of Verse and scant of Time
Shall my own be deem’d a crime
When I can no more afford—
Tho’ it be to please a Lord?
To Lord Westminister,

I humbly beseech you, long ago,
now points little here below;
Prime offences are common here and
Shall offenses exist for ever;
Virtue's the soul of wise,

Hence my reason be deemed a crime,

Where shall we no more afford:

This it be to please a Lord?

Windsor December 17th 1844

Benjamin Burton
On the other side of the letter sheet there is the address written by Bernard Barton and a notation it was received by Samuel April 24, 1841. The stamp is still the black penny though by this time it now had a companion, as on Feb. 10, 1841 the color of the black stamp was changed to a reddish brown.
THIS ENDED ALBUM No. 1. It took about 3 years to put it together. Samuel was now 18. It must have been No. 1 in a long series of albums but whether they still exist, or along what lines the collection developed is not known. It is inconceivable that all this activity suddenly ended in 1841. There is a tantalizing glimpse of an event 17 years later: a solitary envelope with its contents tucked away in the back of the album, very likely fallen out of some other volume and placed in error in the first.

This letter proves indisputably that 17 years later Samuel Lord was still a collector hard at work at his hobby. The letter is from no less a personage than Leigh Hunt, the close friend of Shelley, Keats and Byron. Hunt was also a collector; he had saved locks of hair from all three and had numerous locks from others including John Milton. Samuel asked to see the collection. Here is the reply:
I am sorry to hear that you are unwell. I hope you will recover soon.

I am looking forward to seeing you soon. Please keep me updated on your condition.

Your sincerely,
[Signature]
True to form Samuel saved the envelope addressed to him by Leigh Hunt and mailed Oct. 29, 1858. The stamp by this time, while still of the same design and still reddish brown, had long since perforations to facilitate separation. Also by this time most nations in the world had stamps of their own.
In the envelope carrying the Leigh Hunt letter there was also a newspaper clipping of 1858. Leigh Hunt was to pass away in 1859.

Leigh Hunt.—Leigh Hunt lives in a neat little cottage in Hammersmith, quite alone, since the recent death of his wife. That dainty grace, which is the chief charm of his poetry, yet lives in his person and manners. He is 78 years old; but the effects of his age are only physical; they have not touched that buoyant, joyous nature which survives in spite of sorrow and misfortune. His deep set eyes still beam with a soft, cheerful, earnest light; his voice is gentle and musical; and his hair, although almost silver white, falls in soft, silky locks on both sides of his face. He has a curious collection of locks of the hair of poets, from Milton to Browning. That thin tuft of brown silky fibres, could it really have been shorn from Milton’s head, I asked myself. “Touch it,” said Leigh Hunt, “and then you will have touched Milton’s self.” “There is life in hair, though it be dead,” said I, as I did so repeating a line from Hunt’s own sonnet on this lock. Shelley’s hair was golden, and very soft; Keats’s a bright brown, curling in light bacchic rings; Dr. Johnson’s grey, with a harsh wiry feel; Dean Swift’s both brown and grey, but finer, denoting a more sensitive organisation, and Charles Lamb’s reddish brown, short and strong. I was delighted to hear Hunt speak of poems he still designed to write, as if the age of verse should never cease with one in whom the faculty is born.—Bayard Taylor.
That is the story of this first album and perhaps the only one now remaining, assembled by Samuel Lord Jr., first at the age of 15. He had the true collector's interest and a formidable artistic talent, as shown by this vivid insight into a three year period of his life. What else is known about him? The briefest of facts. Born in 1823, he entered the ministry in 1848, retired in 1889, at the age of 70 went to California in 1893 where he passed away in 1912.

That is all known to the writer. Perhaps others can help fill in the gap.
FURTHER NOTES:

This album No. 1 was discovered first about 1920, but getting into non-philatelic hands it remained there rather unappreciated for the next 52 years.

From another source there was added to it an engraved picture showing Samuel Lord as he appeared in May 1884 at the age of 61. Question is, what is the source of this engraving? Was it taken from some book?

At the age of 70 he went to live in California. Where? Santa Cruz, Calif.

He lived there in retirement for the next 19 years. Judging by the tremendous energy he exhibited over a span of 3 years, 1838 to 1841, it is hardly possible he led a quiet somnolent life for these 19 years. Does anyone have any information covering this last period of his life?

He passed away in 1912. Where is he buried? Santa Cruz Cemetery.

Above all, it is possible there are still somewhere perhaps literally dozens of albums covering the great span of his years. It is worth re-examining old envelopes to see if any are addressed to Samuel Lord. If such are discovered it is almost certain they will have been addressed by some very famous personage.

Whatever further information is available by all means send it on to the writer of these notes.

KASIMIR BILESKI,
Station B,
Winnipeg, Manitoba,
Canada.
Here follow some blank sheets wherein the owner of this booklet can mount whatever additional information is uncovered. It is expected that the booklet will eventually reach hundreds of thousands of collectors of art, and autographs, and above all, stamps. Someone somewhere will be able to add to it. Properly credited and reproduced, all new data will go out to owners of the booklets.