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GRAY'S LETTERS

VOL. III

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THE LETTERS

OF

THOMAS GRAY

INCLUDING THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GRAY AND MASON

EDITED BY

DUNCAN C. TOVEY

EDITOR OF "GRAY AND HIS FRIENDS," ETC.

VOL. III

LONDON

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1912

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AD GRAIVM ILLVSTRANDVM
DE SVO CONTVLIT
DEDICAT PATER

TO FRIENDS OF EARLY DAYS

AT

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

[H. J., H. C. G. M., J. M. I., B. E. H.]

I might say, after Dogberry, "if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worships." But I prefer to say, after our author, "If this be as tedious to you as it is grown to me, I shall be sorry that I sent it you." I offer you a better text of the Letters than any hitherto published, and the notes you need not read. If you do, they will receive the rare tribute of kindly and candid and intelligent criticism. I ask you to accept them, because you are inseparably associated in my memory with a place always friendly to me, the dear and venerable House, to which, in the course of a chequered pilgrimage, my heart still returns untravelled.

D. C. T.

INTRODUCTION

THE Editor desires to acknowledge his obligations to many kind correspondents in addition to those already named in vols. i and ii. He is much indebted to Mrs. Ellershaw of Durham, to Sir Herbert Maxwell, to Lord R. Leveson-Gower, to Col. Prideaux, to Dr. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, to the Master and Dr. Walker of Peterhouse, and Mr. Minns of Pembroke, Cambridge, to Mr. W. H. Johnston, a connection of the Antrobus family, to Mr. John Murray, to whom this edition owes the more exact reprint of the Journal in the Lakes, to Mr. W. L. Courtney and Mr. H. Littledale, whose loss many students have cause to lament. An early correspondence of Gray's, which is said to throw light upon his difference with Walpole, was in the possession of Messrs. Quaritch, but the Editor has been unable to procure access to it.

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ERRATA TO VOLS. I AND II 357

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ERRATA

P. 7, par. 2 of n., *read* "de L'Esprit Essai, iii."
And *ad fin.* of same *insert* (perhaps) *before* remarks.
P. 10, n. 3, coserelle *italics*.
P. 14, n. 1, l. 2, *for* all *read* most of.
P. 14, *dele* n. 5.
P. 15, to Wharton, *for* Mr W[alpole] *read* Mr W:.
P. 16, n., l. 2, *write* come and *in full.*
P. 16, n. 1 *ad fin.*, *for* '65 *read* '63.
P. 17, l. 1, Brother, *insert as n.* 1: Stonehewer and Jonathan Wharton.
P. 18, n. 4, l. 1, *after* l. 9 *add* and n.
P. 21, n. 4, *for* Parleying *read* Parleyings.
P. 22, n., l. 14, *for* a doubtful, etc., *read* on doubtful, etc.
P. 22 *ib. ad fin.*, *after* man; *put* comma *instead of* semicolon.
P. 23, n. 2, *for* 72 *read* 71.
P. 26, n. 3, l. 6, *for* Lettres *read* Letters.
P. 27, n. 1 *ad fin.*, *put* "Of Gardening in the year 1685" in inverted commas.
P. 43, at end of n. 2, Therèse le Vasseur (no inverted commas).
P. 46, n. 2, *insert* p. 37, n. 3.
P. 48, n. 1, l. 5, *for* the legacy *read* it.
P. 48, n. 4, *dele* last two lines I believe *to* 2d.
P. 50, last n., *read* pp. 234-6 and nn.
P. 51, n. 3 *ad fin.*, *read* xiii and n. of.
P. 71, n. 1, *for* Robertson *read* Robinson.
P. 71, n. 3, *for* n. 6 *read* n. 4.
P. 73, n. 3, l. 6, *for* with *read* of.
P. 76, n. 2, *print* I, v. 30.
P. 78, n. 1, l. 2, *read* 238 *n.*
P. 80, n. 4, *read* '63.
P. 82, n., *dele* Ed.
P. 85, n., second par. *ad fin.*, *for* romance on *read* romantic conjectures about.
P. 121, n. 2, l. 2, *for* Elgoe *read* Eloge.

P. 144, n. 2, l. 6, *for* Barton-Pynsent *read* Burton-Pynsent.

P. 147, as n. 2, *add* A quaint expression of Brown's, elsewhere noted by Gray and Mason. See next letter *ad fin.*

P. 149. Interval after l. 29 the word "foil."

P. 162, n. 1, *for* Oden *read* Odin.

P. 163, n. 1, l. 3, *read* vol. i, p. 131, n. 3.

P. 164, *for* Tower roots *read* Flower roots.

P. 165, n. 2, *for* informant which differs, *read* source of information which differs.

P. 166, n. 1, second par., *read* nn. *for* n.

P. 173, l. 24, *after* write *full* stop.

P. 176, n. 1, l. 10, *for* boy *read* bay.

P. 177, n., "John Inglesant."

P. 178. *Address:* To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.

P. 179. *Address:* To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.

P. 180, n. 5, l. 3, *for* Grays' *read* Gray's.

P. 188, n. 1, *for* prayed to *read* believed in.

P. 188, l. 9, *for* to the Virgin? *read* in the Pope?

P. 188, l. 12, *for* worship *read* religion.

P. 232, n., l. 4 from bottom, *for* 1788 *read* 1768.

P. 232, l. 7, *for* across *read* cross.

P. 250, n. 2, *for* date *read* supra, p. 220, n. 1.

P. 251, n. 2, *dele* if ever; *add* But see *infra*, p. 253, l. 3.

P. 253, n. 2, *dele* Wrismose *and put* Wreenose *in inverted commas.*

P. 255, l. 13, full stop *after* demolish'd.

P. 255, l. 16, comma *after* it is.

P. 256, n. 1 *ad fin.*, *for* supra *read* u. s.

P. 261, l. 2, colon *after* mountain tops.

P. 262, second par., *after* pencil *print* 2 as ref. to n.

P. 262, *dele* n. 2, and change n. 3 to n. 2.

P. 269. *Head letter:* To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.

P. 270, n. 1, l. 2, *read* libre *for* libra.

P. 297, n. 2, *add* (?) Allin *and* italicize the i.

P. 300, n. 2, *insert* I *before* read Rapin.

GRAY'S LETTERS.

CCXLVII. *Mason to Gray.*[1]

Aston, January 15, 1763.

DEAR SIR—

I send you with this a drawing of the ruin[2] you were so much pleased with when you saw it at York. I take it certainly to have been the chapel of St. Sepulchre, founded by Archbishop Roger, of which Dugdale has given us the original *charta fundationis;* but, as this opinion seems to contradict the opinion of Torre, and of Drake too, who follows him, it is necessary to produce authentic authority in proof of my assertion. These two learned antiquaries suppose that the chapel in question joined to the minster. Thus Torre: "Roger (Archbishop) having built against the great church a chapel." And Drake: "Roger was buried in the cathedral, near the door of St. Sepulchre's chapel, which he himself had founded."—Vide Drake's *Ebor.*, p. 478, p. 421. From these accounts we should be led to conclude that this chapel was as much and

[1] This letter was first published in Mitford's "Correspondence of Gray and Mason," and is there without signature, and simply headed "To the Rev. James Brown." Accordingly Mr. Gosse has attributed it to Gray. Both Mitford and Mr. Gosse are mistaken; the dating from Aston, and above all Gray's reply of February 8 and Mason's note there show that the letter is Mason's and addressed to Gray.

[2] The ruin of a small Gothic chapel near the north-west end of the cathedral at York, not noticed by Drake in his "Eboracum." When Mr. Gray made me a visit at that place the summer before, he was much struck with the beautiful proportion of the windows in it, which induced me to get Mr. Paul Sandby to make a drawing of it.—*Mason.*

as close an appendage to the minster as the chapter-house is; but the original records, on which they found this opinion, may I think be construed very differently.

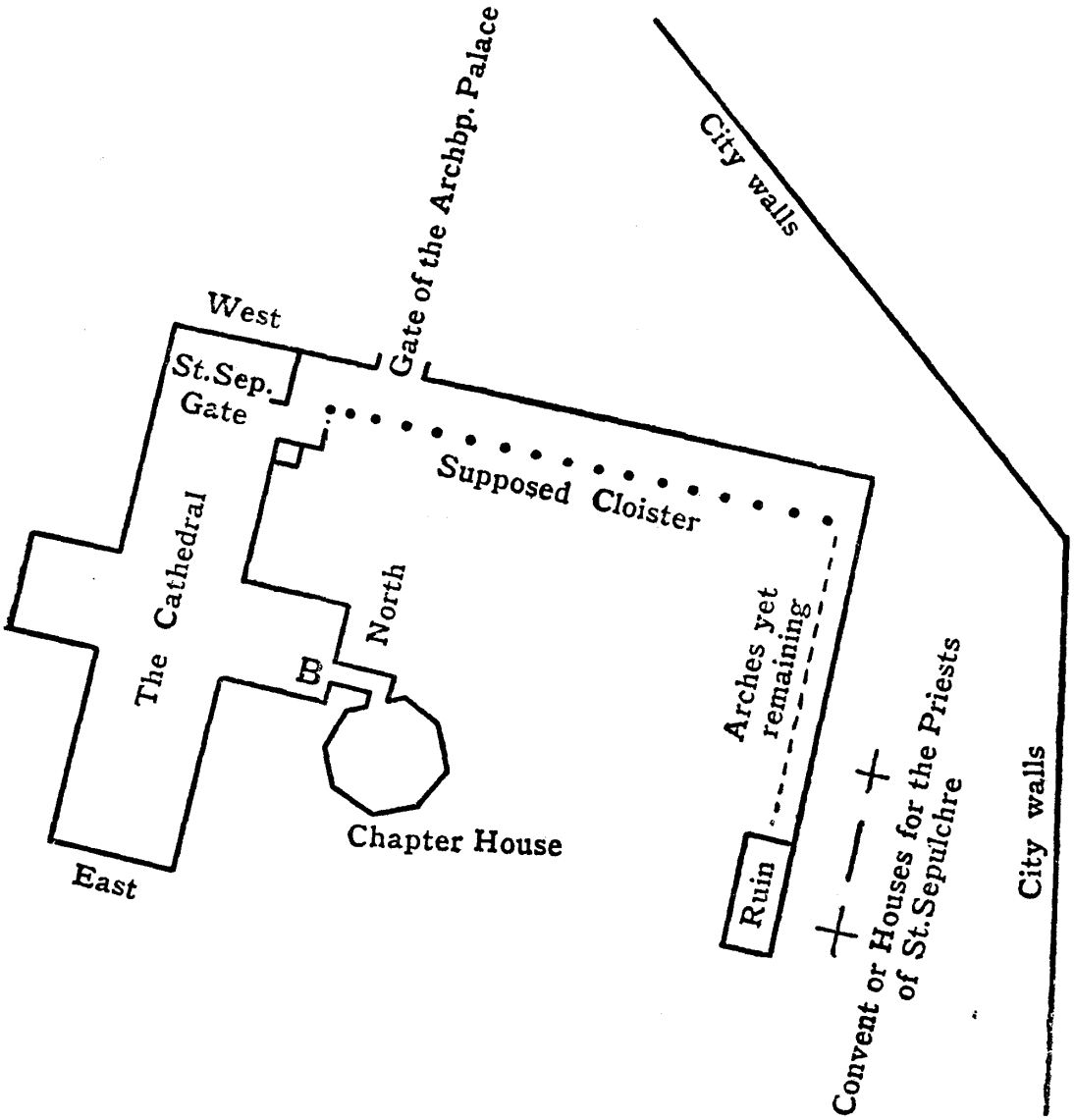
Archbishop Roger himself, in his *charta fundationis,* describes its situation thus:—"capellam quam juxta majorem ecclesiam exstruximus." "Juxta" is surely "near" only, not "adjoining;" and this ruin is near enough. In the extract of this archbishop's life, from an ancient MS. which Dugdale also gives us, we find these words, "Condidit etiam Capellam Sancti Sepulchri ad januam ipsius Palatii ex parte boreali juxta eccl'am S. Petri." The ruin in question might very probably be connected with the palace gate by a cloister, of which on one side there are a string of arches remaining; and on the outside of the minster, over the little gate next the tomb, there are also vestiges of the roof of a cloister, which I imagine went aside the palace gateway, and connected the three buildings; vide plan. But between this little gate and the palace gate (which still remains) it is very evident there was no room for anything but a cloister, for I do not think they are twenty yards asunder.

The last and only further account I can find of the situation is from the same Life, where it is said the canons of St. Peter, "graviter murmurabant super situ dictæ capellæ eo quod nimis adhæsit matrici ecclesiæ."

This I think need not be translated literally; the word "nimis" leads one to a metaphorical sense. The priests of St. Sepulchre were too near neighbours to St. Peter's canons, and were troublesome to them; accordingly we find the archbishop, to quiet matters, ordered that the saint of his chapel should make them a recompense, which is in this extract stated.

To these arguments I would add, that Archbishop Roger's donation was very great (as we find in Drake) to this chapel; and, from the number of persons maintained in its service, I question not but there was a large convent built round it, of which there are plainly the foundations still to be seen; and what puts the matter out of all doubt that this building was separate and entire, though indeed near to the minster, is the following fact, viz. that the tithes of the chapel and chapel itself were sold to one

Webster, anno 42 Elizabeth: "Capella vocat. St. Sepulcre's Chapell prope Eccles. Cath. Ebor. cum decimis ejusdem. W. Webster. Ap. 4, anno 4 Eliz."—Rolls. Chap. Thus you see the "juxta" and "prope" are clearly on my side; the "nimis adhæsit" is equivocal. I conclude with a rude draught of the platform according to my idea, but without



any mensuration, and merely to explain what has been said. I am with the greatest respect and deference to your sagacity, yours, etc. etc. etc

P.S.—I ought to mention to you, that in the transept (I think you call it) of the church, namely, at B, there is at the top over the large pillars, a range of stonework like the windows in the ruin, viz. three pointed arches under a circular one, but of a clumsy proportion. This part I think

you said was the oldest in the minster. Johnny Ludlam[1] found this out. Perhaps it contradicts all I have been saying, and proves the building much older than Archbishop Roger.

CCXLVIII. *To Mason.*

February 8, 1763.

DOCTISSIME DOMINE—

Anne tibi arrident complimenta?[2] If so, I hope your vanity is tickled with the *verghe d'oro*[3] of Count Algarotti,[4] and the intended translation of Signor Agostino

[1] There were two persons well known in literature and science, the Rev. William and the Rev. Thomas Ludlam, both Fellows of St. John's College. William was M.A. 1742, and died 1788; Thomas was M.A. 1752, and died 1811. They were both highly esteemed by Dr. Balguy and Dr. Ogden; and Bishop Hurd was so pleased with the merits of the Essays on Theological subjects as to contribute to the expense of the publication. My friend Mr. Nichols agrees with me in thinking that one of these brothers was alluded to: the familiar name *Johnny* being given to him from his residence at St. John's College.—*Mitford.*

[2] The Latin at the beginning of the letter alludes to a similar expression which a Fellow of a College had made use of to a foreigner who dined in the College Hall. Having occasion to ask him if he would eat any cabbage to his boiled beef, he said "anne tibi arrident herbae?"—*Mason.* In a MS. note Dr. Bennet, Bp. of Cloyne, says this happened at Pembroke, when Gray and Mason were present.—From *Mitford.*

[3] The common meaning of the words is "lingots" of gold; and they probably were in Algarotti's letter, in some such sense, in a figurative way; perhaps Gray jocularly plays upon the meaning; for "verghe" may mean "rods" or "twigs."

[4] Algarotti, who was made Count when Frederick was crowned, was the son of a rich Venetian merchant; he was about the same age as Frederick, and knew him as Crown Prince; was friend also of Lord Baltimore, sixth of that title; with both of these (1739) Frederick was fascinated. Algarotti had then written "Newtonianismo per le Donne;" translated (1739) by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the British Mme Dacier (who, says Johnson, could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus), under the title "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained for the Use of the Ladies; in Six Dialogues of Light and Colours." "The mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us," says Carlyle. Perhaps we owe the description of the young *dilettante's* "dusky skin, very white linen

Paradisi. For my part I am ravished (for I too have my share), and moreover astonished to find myself the particular friend of a person so celebrated for his *politezza e dottrina* as my cousin Taylor Howe.[1] Are you upon the road to see all these wonders, and snuff up the incense of Pisa, or has Mr. Brown abated your ardour by sending you the originals? I am waiting with impatience for you and Mr. Hurd, though (as the Bishop of Gloucester has broke his arm [2]) I cannot expect him to stay here, whatever you may do.

I am obliged to you for your drawing, and very learned dissertation annexed. You have made out your point with a great degree of probability (for, though the "nimis adhæsit" might startle one, yet the sale of the tithes and chapel to Webster seems to set all right again), and I do believe the building in question was the chapel of St. Sepulchre; but then that the ruin now standing was the individual chapel, as erected by Archbishop Roger, I can by no means think. I found myself merely on the style and taste of architecture. The vaults under the choir are still in being, and were undoubtedly built by this very archbishop. They are truly Saxon, only that the arches are pointed, though very

and frills and fervid black eyes" to Frederick's sister Wilhelmina, with whom also he was a favourite. Frederick calls him his "Swan of Padua," and he goes from the headquarters at Ottmachau on a fruitless mission to Turin, 1741, and returns to accompany the Silesian campaign that year. He parted from Frederick in 1753; "has no real love for Frederick only for his greatness" (Carlyle).

[1] William Taylor Howe, Esq., of Stondon Place, near Chipping-Ongar, in Essex, an honorary Fellow of Pembroke Hall, was now on his travels in Italy, where he had made an acquaintance with the celebrated Count Algarotti, and had recommended to him Mr. Gray's Poems and my Dramas. After the perusal he received a letter from the Count, written in the style of superlative panegyric peculiar to Italians. A copy of this letter Mr. Howe had just now sent to our common friend Mr. Brown, then President of the College; and also another of the Count's, addressed to Sig^r Paradisi, a Tuscan poet; in which, after explaining the arguments of my two Dramatic Poems, he advises him to translate them; but principally Caractacus.—*Mason.*

[2] Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, broke his arm, 1763, while walking in the garden at Prior Park. (Letter to Hurd, p. 340, Hurd and Warburton's Correspondence; to Stukeley, 6 August, 1763, in Nichols's Lit. Illustr., ii. 56.)—From *Mitford.*

obtusely. It is the south transept (not the north) that is the oldest part of the minster now above ground. It is said to have been begun by Geoffrey Plantagenet, who died about thirty years after Roger, and left it unfinished. His successor, Walter Grey, completed it; so we do not exactly know to which of these two prelates we are to ascribe any certain part of it. Grey lived a long time, and was archbishop from 1216 to 1255 (39mo Hen. III.); and in this reign it was that the beauty of the Gothic architecture began to appear. The chapter-house is in all probability his work, and (I should suppose) built in his latter days, whereas what he did of the south transept might be performed soon after his accession. It is in the second order of this building that the round arches appear, including a row of pointed ones (which you mention, and which I also observed), similar to those in St. Sepulchre's Chapel, though far inferior in the proportions and neatness of workmanship. The same thing is repeated in the north transept, but this is only an imitation of the other, done for the sake of regularity, for this part of the building is no older than Archbishop Romaine, who came to the see in 1285, and died 1296.

All the buildings of Henry the Second's time (under whom Roger lived, and died, 1181) are of a clumsy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and awkward ornaments; and this style continues to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, though with a little improvement, as in the nave of Fountains Abbey, etc. Then all at once come in the tall piqued arches, the light clustered columns, the capital of curling foliage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profusion of statues, etc., that constitute the good Gothic style, together with decreasing and flying buttresses and pinnacles on the outside. Nor must you conclude anything from Roger's own tomb, which has, I remember, a wide surbased arch with scalloped ornaments, etc.; for this can be no older than the nave itself, which was built by Archbishop Melton after the year 1315, one hundred and thirty years after our Roger's death.

. . . . . .

Pray come and tell me your mind, though I know you will be as weary of me as a dog, because I cannot play

upon the glasses, nor work joiner's work, nor draw my own picture. Adieu, I am ever yours.

Why did not you send me the capital in the corner of the choir?

[I have compared Helvetius and Elfrida, as you desired me, and find thirteen parallel passages, five of which at least are so direct and close, as to leave no shadow of a doubt, and therefore confirm all the rest. It is a phenomenon that you will be in the right to inform yourself about, and which I long to understand. Another phenomenon is that I read it without finding it out; all I remember is that I thought it not at all English, and did not much like it; and the reason is plain, for the lyric flights and choral flowers suited not in the least with the circumstances or character of the speaker as he has contrived it.] [1]

[1] This addition has been supposed to be a forgery by Mason, as in the MS. this part of the letter, as Mitford tells us, is in his handwriting. He certainly took atrocious liberties with this correspondence, but I scruple to pronounce him guilty of this on such imperfect evidence. There is every probability that he did desire Gray to compare Helvetius and Elfrida,—and the fact that the published letters do not contain this request, indicates perhaps that it was made in conversation when Gray was last with Mason at York. This is probably an excerpt (garbled, *more Masonico,*) from a separate letter, in which Mason, and perhaps his Elfrida, are treated with unbecoming levity.

Mason has given a portentous note, in which he illustrates these plagiarisms in Helvetius' "de l'Esprit" (Essai iii.). It appears that in a note there Helvetius cites a prose translation of a piece of English poetry in proof (!) of his thesis, which no one would care to dispute, that no great extent of memory is necessary to a fine imagination. It is the soliloquy of a maiden who goes before dawn to a valley, and is waiting for her lover, who is to offer a sacrifice to the gods at sunrise. It is in fact a cento from various parts of the Elfrida; the passages have little poetic value, though, as Gray (perhaps) remarks, they are more in place in Mason's play, than in their false setting.

Mason tells us that when Helvetius came to England (in 1764) he endeavoured, through two noblemen, to get from him an explanation, but with no satisfactory result. He believes that Helvetius has been imposed upon by some young English traveller. He pronounces him to be a receiver of stolen goods, but "out of respect to his numerous fashionable disciples, both abroad and at home, whose credit might suffer with that of their Master," he acquits him "of what would only be held criminal at the Old Bailey,

CCXLIX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

February 17, 1763.

You will make my best acknowledgments to Mr. Howe, who not content to rank me in the number of his friends, is so polite as to make excuses for having done me that honour.

I *was not born so far from the sun*[1] as to be ignorant of Count Algarotti's name and reputation; nor am I so far advanced in years or in philosophy, as not to feel the warmth of his approbation. The Odes in question, as their motto shews, were meant to be *vocal to the intelligent alone.* How few *they* were in my own country, Mr. Howe can testify; and yet my ambition was terminated by that small circle. I have good reason to be proud, if my voice has reached the ear and apprehension of a stranger distinguished as one of the best judges in Europe.

I am equally pleased with the just applause he bestows on Mr. Mason, and particularly on his *Caractacus*, which is the work of a Man: whereas the *Elfrida* is only that of a boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius:

that he received these goods, *knowing them to be stolen.*"—ED. Dr. Bennet, Bp. of Cloyne, in a MS. note of his copy of Mason and Gray, which I had, writes, "This is a very peevish remark of Mason, especially as there seems no doubt that Helvetius was imposed upon."—*Mitford.* Mason no doubt was of Warburton's opinion, who called Helvetius "a professed patron of atheism, a rascal and a scoundrel." The "de l'Esprit," in its own line a poor rival of Montesquieu's great work, is a flimsy performance, materialistic in tendency, and well adapted to the taste of the Parisian *salons*; it was proscribed by the authorities, and when search was made for it at Berne, together with Voltaire's infamous "Pucelle d'Orléans," the officer employed by the Canton (so Walpole gleefully relates), reported that they had found there "très peu de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle."

Helvetius (the name is Latinized from Schweitzer) was a handsome, courteous gentleman, a good husband and father, and kind and generous to his dependents. At an early age he was farmer-general, and consequently rich. He died in the same year as Gray (1771).

[1] Virg. "Aen.," i. 567:

"Non obtunsa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe."

yet this is the popular performance with us, and the other little known in comparison.

Neither Count Algarotti, nor Mr. Howe (I believe) have heard of *Ossian, the Son of Fingal.* If Mr. Howe were not upon the wing, and on his way homewards, I would send it to him in Italy. He would there see, that Imagination dwelt many hundred years ago in all her pomp on the cold and barren mountains of Scotland. The truth (I believe) is that without any respect of climates she reigns in all nascent societies of men, where the necessities of life force every one to think and act much for himself.[1] Adieu!

CCL. *To the Rev. William Mason.*

March 6, 1763.

DEAR MASON—

I should be glad to know at what time you think of returning into the North, because I am obliged to be in town the end of this month, or the beginning of next, and hope somewhere or other to coincide with you, if the waters are not too much out. I shall trouble you, in case you have any call into the city (or if not your servant may do it), to pay the insurance of a house for me at the London Assurance Office in Birchin Lane. You will shew them the receipt, which I here inclose. Pay twelve shillings, and take another such receipt stamped, which must be to 25th March, 1764.

You may remember that I subscribed long since to Stuart's book of Attica;[2] so long since, that I have either

[1] One is led to think from this paragraph that the scepticism which Mr. Gray had expressed before concerning these works of Ossian was now entirely removed. I know no way of accounting for this (as he had certainly received no stronger evidence of their authenticity) but from the turn of his studies at the time. He had of late much busied himself in antiquities, and consequently had imbibed too much of the spirit of a professed antiquarian; now we know, from a thousand instances, that no set of men are more willingly duped than these, especially by anything that comes to them under the fascinating form of a new discovery.—*Mason.*

[2] The first volume had recently appeared (see vol. i., p. 298, n. 4, and vol. ii., p. 244 n.).—ED. A house in St. James' Square,

lost or mislaid his receipt (which I find is the case of many more people). Now he doubtless has a list of names, and knows this to be true; if, therefore, he be an honest man, he will take two guineas of you, and let me have my copy (and you will choose a good impression); if not, so much the worse for him. By way of douceur, you may, if you please (provided the subscription is still open at its first price), take another for Pembroke Hall, and send them down together; but not unless he will let me have mine, and so the worshipful society authorise me to say. All these disbursements the college and I will repay you with many thanks.

Where is your *just* volume,[1] and when will you have done correcting it? Remember me to Stonhewer and Dr. Gisborne,[2] and believe me, ever yours,

T. G.

CCLI. *Mason to Gray.*

York, June 28th, 1763.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

Stonhewer tells me that you are returned to Cambridge; therefore I trust you are at leisure to read and to answer my letter, and to tell me what is to be done about the count and his *Coserella.*[3] One cannot thank him

Mrs. Montagu's in Portman Square, with a few others, remain as specimens of Stuart's architecture, and the Chapel of Greenwich Hospital.—From *Mitford.*

[1] "These discoveries are published by our philosophers, sometimes in *just* volumes, but often in *pamphlets* and *loose papers* for their readier conveyance through the kingdom."—*Lysicles* in Berkeley's "Alciphron," Dial. I.

Mason had hitherto published verse only in separate *brochures.* I have put in an appendix some suggestions and corrections of Gray's of the date of which I am uncertain. They have been attached to the letter to Mason of Jan., 1758, but were obviously sent later.

[2] Vol. ii., p. 170, n. 2.

[3] Mason should have written *coserelle.* In a letter to Gray, dated "Pisa, 24 Aprile, 1763," the Count says he has long been doubting whether a *dilettante* such as he is, should send to a Professor such as the *illustrissimo* Signor Gray, "*alcune due coserelle*"; what these "little things" were we shall see later. In the same letter he tells him that he intends to be the herald of his

for them, I think, till one has read them; and for my part I can only thank him in plain English whenever I do it. Pray write me your mind as to this matter.

You cannot think what a favourite I am of Mr. Bedingfield's.[1] I might have had an agate and gold snuff-box from him the other day, and why think you? only because I gave him an etching of Mr. Gray. "Lord, Sir," says I, "would you repay me with a thing of this value for a thing not worth three halfpence?" "What," says he, "a portrait of Mr. Gray done by Mr. Mason of no value!" &c. &c. In short he pressed me to accept it till there was hardly any such thing as refusing; however, I refused to the last, which you will own to be miraculous when you consider my avarice, my fondness for trinkets, and when I tell you the box was wonderfully handsome, and withal had a French hinge. This said gentleman is shortly going to leave York entirely, without having resolved in what other place to reside. To say the truth, I am not displeased at this; for of all the admirers I have had in my time, I think he would tire me the most was I to have much of him. He goes from hence to Norfolk first with his family, and that some time this next month, and intends you a visit in his way. Get your arm-chair new stuffed;—no, the old stuffing will have more inspiration in it. I send you on the other page a Sonnet intended to prefix to my first volume (Gray willing). It has, I assure you, cost me much pains, and yet it is not yet what it should be; however I will do no more at it till you have seen it, and send me your opinion of it.

I have got about ten subscribers to Smart,[2] and do not

praises in a Venetian journal, "the Minerva," that Italy may know that England rich in a Homer (Milton), an Archimedes (Newton), and a Demosthenes (Pitt) does not lack her Pindar.

[1] See vol. i., p. 291, n. 1; p. 365, n. 2.

[2] I now question altogether the notion that Smart was *twice* incarcerated in a madhouse. I believe the only period of his incarceration there is from 1756 (*circ.*), to the latter part of 1758. (See my articles in N. and Q., Mar. 25, and May 8, 1905.) I fix the last date on the faith of Anderson's statement that he was thus confined for about two years; but it is possible of course that he was still in the madhouse, though convalescent, when in Jan. 1759, Gray and Mason were interesting themselves in his fate. (See vol. ii., pp. 70 and 77.)

know how to transmit him the money. Stonhewer advises me to keep it, as he hears he is in somebody's hands who may cheat him. I have seen his Song to David, and from thence conclude him as mad as ever. But this I mention only that one should endeavour to assist him as effectually as possible, which one cannot do without the mediation of a third person. If you know anybody now in London (for Stonhewer has left it) whom I can write to on this subject, pray tell me. It is said in the papers he is prosecuting the people who confined him; if so, assisting him at present is only throwing one's money to the lawyers. Give my love to Mr. Brown and service to the college,

Yours most sincerely,

W. MASON.

SONNET.[1]

D'Arcy, to thee, whate'er of happier vein,
  Smit with the love of song[2] my youth essay'd,
  This verse devotes; from that sequester'd shade[3]
Where letter'd ease, thy gift, endears the scene,
Here as the light-wing'd moments glide serene;
  I arch[4] the bower, or, through the tufted glade,[5]
  In careless flow the simple pathway lead,
And strew with many a rose the shaven green.
So, to deceive my solitary days,
  Pleas'd may I toil till life's vain vision end,
Nor own a wish beyond yon woodbine sprays;
  Inglorious, not obscure, if D'Arcy lend
His wonted smile to these selected lays;
  The Muse's patron, but the Poet's friend.[6]

W. M.

Aston, May, 1763.

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[1] This Sonnet to the Earl of Holdernesse, the patron of Mason, is prefixed to the first volume of Mason's Works, in 4 vols. 8vo.—*Mitford*, who also records the various readings which follow.

[2] "Smit with the love of sacred song."—*Par. Lost*, iii. 29.

[3] Aston's secret shade.—*Var.*

[4] Weave.—*Var.*

[5] Around the tufted mead.—*Var.*

[6] With rural toils ingenuous arts I blend,
  Secure from envy, negligent of praise,
Yet not unknown to fame, if D'Arcy lend
  His wonted smile to dignify my lays.—*Var.*

CCLII. *To the Rev. William Mason.*

1763.

DEAR MASON,

As I have no more received my little thing[1] than you have yours, though they were sent by the Beverley, Captain Allen, I have returned no answer yet; but I must soon, and that in plain English, and so should you too. In the meantime I borrowed and read them. That on the Opera is a good clever dissertation, dedicated to Guglielmo Pitt; the other (Il Congresso di Citera),[2] in poetical prose, describes the negociation of three ambassadresses sent by England, France, and Italy to the Court of Cupid, to lay before him the state of his empire in the three nations; and is not contemptible neither in its kind; so pray be civil to the count and Signor Howe.

I think it may be time enough to send poor Smart the money you have been so kind to collect for him when he has dropped his lawsuit, which I do not doubt must go against him if he pursues it. Gordon (who lives here) knows and interests himself about him; from him I shall probably know if he can be persuaded to drop his design. There is a Mr. Anguish in town (with whom I fancy you were once acquainted); he probably can best inform you of his condition and motions, for I hear he continues to be very friendly to him.

When you speak of Mr. Bedingfield, you have always a dash of gall that shows your unforgiving temper, only because it was to my great chair he made the first visit. For this cause you refused the snuff-box (which to punish you I shall accept myself), and for this cause you obstinately adhere to the Church of England.[3]

[1] The *coserella*. See preceding letter.

[2] "Algarotti's monument (which I have seen) was erected by Frederick in the Campo Santo at Pisa, with the inscription 'Algarotto, Ovidii aemulo, Newtoni discipulo, Fredericus Magnus.' His works were published at Venice in 17 vols. 8vo, 1791-1794. . . . Tessaldo, in his Biographia, has given a list of the writers who have treated of the life of Algarotti, vol. vi., p. 175."—From *Mitford*.

[3] Bedingfield, it will be remembered, was a Roman Catholic.

I like your Sonnet better than most dedications; it is simple and natural. The best line in it is:—

"So, to deceive my solitary days," &c.

There are an expression or two that *break the repose of* it by looking common and overworn: "sequestered shade," "woodbine sprays," "selected lays;" I dare not mention "lettered ease." "Life's vain vision" does not pronounce well.[1] Bating these, it looks in earnest, and as if you could live at Aston, which is not true; but that is not my affair.

I have got a mass of Pergolesi,[2] which is all divinity; but it was lent me, or you should have it by all means. Send for six lessons for the pianoforte or harpsichord of Carlo Bach,[3] not the Opera Bach, but his brother. To my fancy they are charming, and in the best Italian style. Mr. Neville[4] and the old musicians here do not like them, but to me they speak not only music, but passion. I cannot play them, though they are not hard; yet I make a smattering that serves "to deceive my solitary days;" and I figure to myself that I hear you touch them triumphantly. Adieu! I should like to hear from you.

[1] It appears from the *var. lect.* recorded by Mitford in preceding letter, that Mason altered most of these.

[2] See vol. i., p. 106, n. 3; p. 208, n. 1. Burney, "Hist. of Music," tells us that Pergolesi's Salve Regina was performed at the Haymarket in 1740; so that it is a mistake to say with Walpole that Pergolesi's works were brought first from Italy by Gray, who did not return to England until 1741. The passage in the text has been explained to mean that Gray has "a mass of Pergolesi's compositions (*sic*) all divinity!" By "all divinity" he means, of course, that the Mass in question is absolutely divine.

[3] Karl Philipp Emmanuel, the second son of the great John Sebastian. He was at this date, Kapellmeister to the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederick the Great. Clementi and Haydn are said to have acknowledged their obligations to him for his works for and on the harpsichord.

"Opera" Bach is John Christian, a son of John Sebastian by his second wife, and therefore half-brother of Philipp Emmanuel. He went to Italy, and in the year of this letter, 1763, he came to England, being engaged by Mattei to compose for the London opera. His first opera in England was "Orione."

[4] *Vid.* vol. i., p. 334, n. 2.

The Petit Bon[1] sends his love to you. All the rest (but Dr. May[2] and the master) are dead or married.

CCLIII. *To Wharton.*

Dear Doctor

You may well wonder at my long taciturnity: I wonder too, and know not what cause to assign, for it is certain, I think of you daily. I believe, it is owing to the nothingness of my history, for except six weeks that I passed in Town towards the end of Spring, and a little jaunt to Epsom[3] & Box-hill, I have been here time out of mind in a place, where no events grow, tho' we preserve those of former days by way of *Hortus Siccus* in our libraries. my slumbers were disturbed the other day by an unexpected visit from Mr. W:[4] who dined with me, seemed mighty happy for the time he stay'd, & said he could like to live here: but hurried home in the evening to his new Gallery,[5] wch is all Gothicism, & gold, & crimson,

[1] James Brown. See Index.

[2] Samuel May, elected a Fellow of Pembroke, 1740, died in 1787.—*Mitford.* He seems to have generally supported Long, the Master, with occasional bickerings (vol. i., p. 150). Gray disliked him (*ib.*, p. 295).

[3] Where he probably visited his friend, Dr. Clarke (vol. ii., p. 165).

[4] Walpole has been making a sort of antiquarian and architectural tour, as Gray did before him in 1758, visiting, among other places, Fotheringay and Peterborough, as Gray did (vol. ii., p. 32). He would also have gone to Ely,—"but," he writes to George Montagu (July 25, 1763), "when we got to Cambridge we were obliged to abandon all thoughts of it, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However I made myself amends with the University, which I have not seen these four and twenty years, and which revived many youthful scenes, which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford: I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We [Cole, the antiquary, and I] surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea with him, and are come hither [to Hockerill] within sight of land."

[5] In May, 1763, Walpole tells Cole that the Gallery is fast

& looking-glass. He has purchased at an auction in Suffolk ebony-chairs & old moveables enough to load a waggon.[1]

Mason and I have received letters from Count Algarotti, Chambellan[2] de sa Majeste le Roi de Prusse, with observations, (that is panegyrics) on our Tragedies & our Odes, and a present of certain Italian Dissertations, wch he has lately publish'd on the state of Painting and Musick. one of them is dedicated to Mr. Pitt,[3] whom he styles—*Uomo immortale, e Restitutore d'Inghilterra, Amico del gran Federigo.*

I was in Town, when Mr Middleton died, & immediately got all the information I could (first from St:^r^ and

advancing, and in July it is almost "in the critical minute of consummation." In August "all the earth is begging to come and see it." A month afterwards, he is "keeping an inn; the sign, the Gothic Castle." His whole time is passed in giving tickets of admission to the Gallery, and hiding himself when it is on view. "Take my advice," he tells Montagu, "never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton-Court; everybody will live in it but you."—*Mr. Austin Dobson*, who describes the Gallery on pp. 220-221 of his "Memoir of Horace Walpole." "The ceiling," Walpole writes to Montagu, "is Harry the VIIth's Chapel in propriâ personâ."

[1] From the house of Lady Conyers, at Great Stoughton, in Huntingdonshire. "As I came for ebony, I have been up to my chin in ebony: there is literally nothing but ebony in the house; all the other goods, if there were any, and I trust my Lady Conyers did not sleep upon ebony mattresses, are taken away. There are two tables and eighteen chairs all made by the Hallet of two hundred years ago. [The Hallet of *Walpole's* day was a cabinet-maker, who bought the remains of Cannons, "Timon's Villa."] These I intend to have; for mind, the auction does not begin till Thursday. There are more plebeian chairs of the same materials, but I have left commission for only the true black brood." (Walpole to G. Montagu, May 30, '63.) There were eight of these chairs at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Is Carlyle wrong in supposing that Algarotti left Frederick finally in 1753, or is this an honorary title, conferred for life?

[3] Pitt wrote to Mr. Hollis (Mr. Hollis Brand) from Hayes, Dec. 27th, 1762: "With regard to the great honour destined to him from Pisa, Mr. Pitt blushes while he reads and while he answers; and standing as an example of human vanity, accepts with pride what he too well knows he has not the least title to receive." In the same style he acknowledges to Mr. How (July 4, 1764) the news of Algarotti's death.—From *Mitford.*

then from your Brother[1]) of the dispositions he had made. I suppose, they are as good as you expected, & tho' the prospect is but small, that you should enjoy the benefit of them in your own person, yet that is not impossible; & your Son (I think) stands a very good chance, wch cannot chuse but open an agreeable prospect to you, in wch I take a part, & congratulate you both upon it. I doubt you have not read Rousseau's *Emile*:[2] everybody that has children, should read it more than once, for tho' it abounds with his usual glorious absurdity, tho' his general scheme of education be an impracticable chimera: yet there are a thousand lights struck out, a thousand important truths better express'd than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest Man. particularly I think he has observed children with more attention & knows their meaning & the working of their little passions better than any other Writer. As to his religious discussions, wch have alarmed the world, and engaged their thoughts more than any other part of his book, I set them all at nought, & wish they had been omitted. Mrs Jonathan[3] told me, you begun your evening-prayer as soon as I was gone, & that it had a great effect upon the congregation: I hope you have not grown weary of it, nor lay it aside, when company comes. poor Mrs. Bonfoy[4] (who taught me to pray) is dead. She struggled near a week against the Iliac Passion (I fear) in great torture with all her senses about her, and with much resolution took leave of her physician some days before she expired, & would suffer no one to see her afterwards but common Servants.

You describe Winston[5] *con tanto amore*, that I take it amiss I was not suffer'd to see it, and want to be buried there too. but enough of death! I have forgot to tell you

[1] Stonehewer and Jonathan Wharton.

[2] Published in Paris and in Holland in 1762. See Preface to vol. i., p. xiii, sq.

[3] Mrs. Jonathan Wharton, sister-in-law of Thomas.

[4] Vol. i., p. 281, n. 3.

[5] A parish in the Co. Pal. of Durham, on an eminence rising from the northern bank of the Tees. Perhaps it is the picturesque situation of the church and churchyard that fascinates Gray and Wharton. A one arch bridge of 111 feet span was built over the river here, the year after this letter.

that Dr. Long has had an audience of the K: & Queen an hour long at Buckingham House. his errand was to present them with a Lyricord (such a one!) of his own making, & a glass-sphere:[1] he had long been solliciting this honour, wch Ld Bute at last procured him, & he is very happy. the K: told him, he bid fair for a century of life at least; ask'd him, whether he preach'd; why he did not write verses in the Cambridge collection;[2] & what not? The Q. spoke French to him, & ask'd, how he liked Handel?

And I ask you, how you like the present times? whether you had not rather be a Printer's Devil, than a Secretary of State? you are to expect (I hear) a new Ministry,[3] composed of the Earl of Shelburne, Mr Rigby,[4] Duke & Dutchess

[1] To Wharton, Mar. 9, 1749, Gray calls Dr. Long "Lord of the Glass Uranium."

[2] Gray probably remembered with amusement that Long had written in the Cambridge Collection, on the death of the King's father, Frederick, P. of Wales (vol. i., p. 123, n. 1).

[3] At the date of this letter (Aug. 9) power was ostensibly in the hands of George Grenville, Lord Egremont, and Lord Halifax. Bute had resigned, but still advised the King; and it was probably by his instigation that the King was insisting upon the return to his service of Lord Hardwicke and of the Duke of Newcastle. It was perhaps of common knowledge that the "Triumvirate" were in difficulties with the King, but Gray's particular forecast was, as I guess, derived from Stonehewer. It was not verified, though the situation was not improved by the sudden death of Lord Egremont five days later (Aug. 14). On Sept. 1 Walpole writes to Mann: "The present history is like some former I have sent you,—a revolution that has not taken place, and resembling Lord Granville's [in 1746], begun and ended in three days." He then tells him of the death of Lord Egremont—and that Lord Shelburne, "a young aspirer who intends the world shall hear more of him, *et qui postule le ministère*, was in the meantime one of the candidates to succeed him." Walpole adds that "while this vacancy was the public's only object," the mob and the ministry were alike startled by seeing *Pitt* going openly in his chair to Buckingham House. But Pitt demanded conciliation with the great Whig chiefs, and this the King refused; consequently this step, instigated by Bute, proved abortive. Lord Shelburne determined to stand by Pitt, and resigned his office as President of the Board of Trade.

[4] See vol. i., p. 328, l. 9, and n. According to Walpole it was Rigby who incited the Duke of Bedford to suggest to the King the recall of Pitt, and then Bute "hearing this measure had been prescribed by the Duke, thought it wiser to have the merit of it himself." (Memoirs of the reign of George III., vol. i., page 227.)

of Bedford,[1] Earl Gower,[2] &c., which doubtless will give universal satisfaction. the great Ld Holland,[3] who is at Paris, being lately asked by a young Man, who was returning home, whether he had any commands in England, made no reply but by shrugging up his shoulders, & fetching a deep sigh.

I kept an exact account of Heat and Cold in the Spring here: the sum & substance of wch is, that (at 9 in the morning) on the 18th of January, the Therm: was at 31, & the small birds were so tame you might take them up with your hand. this was the greatest cold. on the 15th of April it was at 58, & the same afternoon at 65, wch was the greatest heat from Jan: 1 to May 1st.

[1] Jocularly included by Gray in this prospective ministry, because she is supposed to lead her husband. Her insatiable ambition and arrogance made her a later counterpart of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

[2] Granville Leveson Gower, Earl Gower, brother of the Duchess of Bedford, "a converted Jacobite." He had, at this date, succeeded the Duke of Devonshire as Lord Chamberlain.

[3] Henry Fox had been made Baron Holland, of Foxley, in the County of Wilts, on the 16th of April, '63. His strange alliance with the favourite Bute had lost him many friends, and soured his naturally amiable temper. His overtures to the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Newcastle, and others among the great chiefs, had been rejected, in some instances with scorn. Shelburne, who had negotiated the alliance, had told Bute that Fox would quit the Pay-office for a peerage, and Fox, who had no intention of purchasing a title at that price, had denounced Shelburne as a perfidious and infamous liar. Ere this he had shamelessly purchased support, and had dismissed from offices and emoluments, high and low, all who were even remotely connected with his political opponents. He was as much hated by the mob as Pitt was beloved. The resignation of Bute took him completely by surprise, and left him in the lurch. Either this secrecy, or Shelburne's misrepresentations Bute excused as a "pious fraud." "I can see the fraud plain enough," said Fox, "but where is the piety?" Calcraft, a cousin and creature of Fox, deserted him, and supported Shelburne's story. Rigby, "the man he most loved," and whom he had done his best to promote, said to him, "'*You* tell your story of Shelburne; *he* has a d—d one to tell of you: I do not trouble myself which is the truth;' pushed him aside, and ordered his coachman to drive away." Hence in Gray's Impromptu (XXIX. Pitt Press ed. of Gray's poems; see notes there):

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had Bute been true,
Nor Shelburne's, Rigby's, Calcraft's friendship vain," etc.

Feb. 3. Snowdrops flower'd.
... 12. Crocus & Hepatica fl: the snow then lieing, & Therm: at 45.
... 18. Chaffinch sings. Bees appear.
... 21. White butterfly abroad.
25. Gnats flie, & large flies. Mezereon fl:
27. Honeysuckle and Gooseberry unfold their leaves.
March 1. Violet flowers (in the garden). Rose open its leaf.
... 3. Daffodil & single hyacinth fl: Spider spins.
5. Thrush singing.
6. Elder in leaf: currant and Weeping Willow in l:
8. Apricot blows. Sky-Lark singing.
11. Wind very high at S:E:, wch continued with hard frost.
16. Frost gone.
18. Apricot in full bloom.
19. Almond flowers. Lilac, Barberry, & Gelder-rose in leaf.
April 2. Standard-Abricot, & Wall-Pears flower. Quince, Apple, and Sweet-briar, in leaf. Currant flowers. Dutch-Elm opens its leaf.
4. Plumb in leaf.
5. Crown Imperial fl:
6. Plumb flowers; Hawthorn, Horse-Chesnut, Mountain-Ash, in leaf.
9. Lime-tree in leaf. Jonquil & single Anemone flower. Lady-birds seen.
11. Cowslip flowers, & Auricula. Swallow appears. young Rooks caw in the nest.
14. Red-Start appears. Cherries in full bloom.
15. Frontignac Vine in leaf. Double Wall-flower blows.
16. Nightingale sings. Apple blossoms.
19. Chaffinch and Red-Start sit on their eggs.
20. Elm, Willow, and Ash, in flower (with the Black-thorn) Hawthorn in full leaf.
21. Sycomore quite green. Oak puts out.

Pray present my respects to Mrs & Miss Wharton. I am ever

Sincerely Yours.

Pembroke, Aug: 5. 1763.

We have nothing but rain & thunder of late.

CCLIV. *To Count Algarotti.*[1]

Cambridge, September 9, 1763.

SIR—

I received some time since the unexpected honour of a Letter from you,[2] and the promise of a pleasure, which, till of late I had not the opportunity of enjoying. Forgive me if I make my acknowledgments in my native tongue, as I see it is perfectly familiar to you, and I (though not unacquainted with the writings of Italy) should from disuse speak its language with an ill grace, and with still more constraint to one, who possesses it in all its strength and purity.

I see with great satisfaction your efforts to reunite the congenial arts of poetry, music and the dance, which with the assistance of painting and architecture, regulated by taste, and supported by magnificence and power, might form the noblest scene, and bestow the sublimest pleasure, that the imagination can conceive. But who shall realise these delightful visions? There is, I own, one Prince[3] in Europe, that wants neither the will, the spirit, nor the ability: but can he call up Milton from his grave, can he re-animate Marcello,[4] or bid the Barberina[5] or the

[1] This letter exists in the *Additional MSS.* of the British Museum, not in Gray's handwriting, but apparently copied by a Frenchman, for all the "ands" are written "et."—*Mr. Gosse.*

[2] The same hand has transcribed a letter from Mason to Algarotti; and some extracts from Milton, and Hobbes.—Leviathan, 1651, p. 48 in folio. *In* folio suggests a foreigner.

[3] Of course the great Frederick.

[4] A great musician in his time; was the son of a Venetian senator—was born 1686, and died in 1739, in a high official position at Brescia,—in the same year in which Gray arrived in Italy. Perhaps it was with some reminiscence of this that Gray dubbed Edward Delaval, a man of kindred tastes and social position, "Marcello." It is interesting to note that Marcello's great work, a paraphrase of the Psalms set to music, was announced to England and, as some say, in part adapted, by Charles Avison, the Newcastle organist, whom Browning, in "Parleyings with certain People," has rescued from oblivion (see vol. i., p. 236, n. 4).

[5] The Dancer, whose story we may epitomize from Carlyle and Walpole. She was popular in Paris, and was on the London Opera

Sallé[1] move again? can he (as much a king as he is) govern an Italian *Virtuosa*, destroy her caprice and impertinence, without hurting her talents, or command those unmeaning graces and tricks of voice to be silent, that have gained her the adoration of her own country?

One cause, that so long has hindered, and (I fear) will hinder that happy union, which you propose, seems to be this: that poetry (which, as you allow, must lead the way, and direct the operation of the subordinate arts) implies at least a liberal education, a degree of literature, and various knowledge, whereas the others (with a few exceptions) are in the hands of slaves and mercenaries, I mean, of people without education, who, though neither destitute of genius, nor insensible to fame, must yet make gain their principal end, and subject themselves to the prevailing taste of those, whose fortune only distinguishes them from the multitude.

stage in 1742; and Walpole tells us how she was, on leaving the House in December of that year, attacked by four men masked, and rescued by the guard. In 1744 Frederick obtained her from Venice, with a masterfulness which almost answers Gray's question, for the Opera at Berlin. He had engaged her, but, instigated by an admirer, said to be James Mackenzie, a younger brother of the Earl of Bute, she renounced the engagement. Frederick waited his time; and when a Venetian Ambassador was on his way through his capital, detained his luggage, and did not let him have it again, until he was assured that the Venetian authorities had packed the lady off to Berlin. Thither Mackenzie followed her; wanted to marry her; Frederick, however, informed the young man's friends of this, and got him fetched away; for which reason, it is said, a doubtful authority, Mackenzie cherished a deadly hate against Frederick, with which he contrived to infuse his brother Bute; hence peace with France, in 1762, in the hope of damaging Frederick! She married Cocceji, son of Frederick's Chancellor, and when the marriage was declared, gave up "the Opera and public pirouettes." But they quarrelled, and were divorced; and the Barberina married again—"a nobleman of sixteen quarters this time." She introduced Collini (from Venice) to Voltaire (in 1750)—Collini in consequence became Secretary to that great man, and has given a vivacious account of his rupture with Frederick.

[1] The possibility of theatrical dance . . . was illustrated by the performance of *Pygmalion* by Mdlle Sallé in London (1732). Enc. Brit. 9th ed. s.v. Dance. This cannot be Rousseau's "Pygmalion," the date of which is 1775.

I cannot help telling you, that eight or ten[1] years ago, I was a witness to the power of your comic music.—There was a little troop of Buffi, that exhibited a Burletta in London, not in the Opera House, where the audience is chiefly of the better sort, but on one of the common Theatres full of all kinds of people and (I believe) the fuller from that natural aversion we bear to foreigners: their looks and their noise made it evident, they did not come thither to hear; and on similar occasions I have known candles lighted, broken bottles, and pen knives flung on the stage, the benches torn up, the scenes hurried into the street and set on fire. The curtain drew up, the music was of Cocchi,[2] with a few airs of Pergolesi interspersed. The singers were (as usual) deplorable, but there was one girl (she called herself the Niccolina)[3] with little voice and less beauty; but with the utmost justness of ear, the strongest expression of countenance, the most speaking eyes, the greatest vivacity and variety of gesture. Her first appearance instantly fixed their attention; the tumult sunk at once, or if any murmur rose, it was hushed by a general cry for silence. Her first air ravished everybody; they forgot their prejudices, they forgot, that they did not understand a word of the language; they entered into all the humour of the part, made her repeat all her songs, and continued their transports, their laughter, and applause to the end of the piece. Within these three last years the Paganini[4] and Amici[5] have met with almost the same

[1] It was in fact nearly ten.

[2] See vol. ii., p. 71, n. 2; *ib.*, p. 82, n. 4.

[3] "Music has so much recovered its power of charming, that there is started up a burletta at Covent Garden, that has half the vogue of the Beggar's Opera: indeed there is a soubrette, called the Niccolina, who, besides being pretty, has more vivacity and variety of humour than ever existed in any creature."—Walpole to Bentley, Dec. 19, 1753. Gray was probably in Jermyn Street at this date, having come there from Stoke about Nov. 19th. The Niccolina was, it is said, the Signora Spiletta. She perhaps adopted the stage name from the Nicolini familiar to us in the "Tatler" and "Spectator." Gray, it will be observed, denies her beauty.

[4] Vol. ii., p. 186, n. 2.

[5] Anna de Amicis (so I find the name given) performed in the comic operas in London in 1763, and was afterwards selected by

applause once a week from a politer audience on the Opera stage. The truth is, the Opera itself, though supported there at a great expence for so many years, has rather maintained itself by the admiration bestowed on a few particular voices, or the borrowed taste of a few men of condition, that have learned in Italy how to admire, than by any genuine love we bear to the best Italian music: nor have we yet got any style of our own, and this I attribute in great measure to the language, which in spite of its energy, plenty, and the crowd of excellent writers this nation has produced, does yet (I am sorry to say it) retain too much of its barbarous original to adapt itself to musical composition. I by no means wish to have been born anything but an Englishman; yet I should rejoice to exchange tongues with Italy.

Why this nation has made no advances hitherto in painting and sculpture is hard to say. The fact is undeniable, and we have the vanity to apologise for ourselves, as Virgil did for the Romans, *Excudent alii*,[1] etc. It is sure, that architecture had introduced itself in the reign of the

J. C. Bach to take the principal parts in serious operas. She is described as a graceful actress with features high-bred and interesting, if not beautiful; and sweet voice. She subsequently held high rank among female singers in serious opera in Naples and other Italian cities.

[1] "Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera," etc. (Virg. "Æn.," vi. 848 *sq.*

> "Let others, if they may, with finer skill
> Shape into perfect form the breathing bronze,
> Or from the marble call the speaking face,
> Or plead at bar with more persuasive art,
> Tell star from star, as into view they rise,
> And trace with wand the wheeling orb of heaven;
> But thou, O Son of Rome, be it thy care
> To rule the nations with a sovran sway;
> Let thy arts be, to discipline mankind
> Into the ways of peace, with gentle hand
> To bear on those thy prowess has subdued,
> And with thy legions battle down the proud."
>
> SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

An apology which many, besides Gray, have transferred from Rome to Britain.

unfortunate Charles I. and Inigo Jones[1] has left us some few monuments of his skill, that shew him capable of greater things. Charles had not only a love for the beautiful arts, but some taste in them. The confusion that soon followed, swept away his magnificent collection; the artists were dispersed, or ruined, and the arts disregarded till very lately. The young monarch now on the throne is said to esteem and understand them. I wish he may have the leisure to cultivate and the skill to encourage them with due regard to merit, otherwise it is better to neglect them. You, Sir, have pointed out the true sources, and the best examples to your countrymen. They have nothing to do, but to be what they once were; and yet perhaps it is more difficult to restore good taste to a nation, that has degenerated, than to introduce it in one, where as yet it has never flourished. You are generous enough to wish, and sanguine enough to foresee, that it shall one day flourish in England. I too must wish, but can hardly extend my hopes so far. It is well for us that you do not see our public exhibitions.—But our artists are yet in their infancy, and therefore I will not absolutely despair.

I owe to Mr. How the honour I have of conversing with Count Algarotti, and it seems as if I meant to indulge myself in the opportunity: but I have done. Sir, I will only add, that I am proud of your approbation, having no relish for any other fame than what is conferred by the few real judges, that are so thinly scattered over the face of the earth. I am, Sir, with great respect, your most obliged humble Servant,

T. Gray.

A. S. E. Il Conte Fransisco Algarotti,[2]
Ciambellan di S. M. il Ré di Prussia, etc. etc.
Italia, Bolognia.

[1] "The English Palladio" died in poverty in 1651, being heavily fined as a "malignant." He was employed by Charles IV. of Denmark, James I. and Charles I.; designed Whitehall; pronounced Stonehenge to be a *Roman* (!) ruin; and, as designer of Court Masques, was at feud with Ben Jonson.

[2] So Mitford; but this address is not in the transcript in the British Museum; and is otherwise open to suspicion.

CCLV. *To William Taylor Howe.*

Cambridge, September 10, 1763.

SIR—

I ought long since to have made you my acknowledgments for the obliging testimonies of your esteem that you have conferred upon me; but Count Algarotti's books[1] did not come to my hands till the end of July, and since that time I have been prevented by illness from doing any of my duties. I have read them more than once with increasing satisfaction, and should wish mankind had eyes to descry the genuine sources of their own pleasures, and judgment to know the extent, that nature has prescribed to them: if this were the case, it would be their interest to appoint Count Algarotti their "Arbiter Elegantiarum." He is highly civil to our nation, but there is one little point, in which he does not do us justice. I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own, the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure; I mean, our skill in gardening, and laying out grounds.[2] That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection, seems very probable from the Jesuits' Letters,[3] and more from Chambers's[4] little dis-

[1] Three small treatises on Painting, the Opera, and the French Academy for Painters in Italy; they have been since collected in the Leghorn edition of his works.—*Mason.*

[2] After this follow, according to Mason, the words, "and this is no small honour to us, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it." These are interpolated from a later letter to How, in November.

[3] Those concerning China will be found in vols. from 16 to 26 of "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses écrites des Missions Etrangères, nouv. éd. par Querbeuf, 1780-83." To the Jesuit fathers generally, *e.g.* the Père le Comte, the Chinese artificial imitation of Nature seemed an evidence of neglect. The imperial gardens of China are described in one of the Letters dated Pekin, 1742. This was translated by Spence under the fictitious name of Sir Harry Beaumont.

[4] The author has since enlarged and published it under the title of "A Dissertation on Oriental Gardening" [1772]; in which he has put it out of all doubt that the Chinese and English tastes are totally dissimilar.—*Mason.* This is the Sir William Chambers to whom Mason addressed the "Heroic Epistle." He had resided at

course published some few years ago. But it is very certain, we copied nothing from them, nor had anything but nature for our model. It is not forty years, since the art was born among us; and it is sure, that there was nothing in Europe like it, and as sure, we then had no information on this head from China at all.[1]

I shall rejoice to see you in England, and talk over these and many other matters with you at leisure. Do not despair of your health, because you have not found all the effects you had promised yourself from a finer climate. I have known people, who have experienced the same thing, and yet at their return have lost all their complaints as by miracle.—I am, S^r^, your obliged humble Servant,

T. GRAY.

P.S.—I have answered C. Algarotti, whose letter I conveyed to Mr. Mason, but whether he has received his books, I have not yet heard. Mr. Brown charges me with his best compliments.[2]

Canton. He was an architect, and built the present Somerset House. He was also Surveyor-General. What Gray had read or seen was an appendix to his "Designs of Chinese Buildings," etc., 1757.

[1] Mason thinks that this is saying too much. He believes that Sir William Temple's praise of the Chinese as imitators of Nature may have stimulated English taste in the same direction. Temple does indeed tell us that "the Chineses," according to report, despise symmetry in planting, as a thing within the compass of "a boy that can tell a hundred;" and when they see an artistic disorder "say the *Sharawadgi* is fine, or is admirable, or any such expression of esteem." But he dissuades us from such attempts; it is "twenty to one that they will fail; whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults." ("Of Gardening in the year 1685.")

[2] To this letter How replied from Brussels, Nov. 8, 1763. He has communicated Gray's criticism to the Count, who has, in consequence, altered the passage in question, so as to attribute to the taste of Kent and Chambers only an independent resemblance to that of China.

CCLVI. *To the Rev. William Robinson.*[1]

Pembroke Hall, October 10, 1763.

DEAR (REVEREND) BILLY—

Having been upon the ramble, I have neglected all my duties, in hopes of finding pleasures in their room; which, after all (as you know well), one never finds. My conscience reproaches me with your obliging letter, and would (I really think) carry me into Somersetshire, did not poverty and winter stare me in the face, and bid me sit still. I well remember Dr. Ross's[2] kind invitation, and in better days still hope to accept it. Doubt not but my inclinations will be quickened by the hopes I entertain of seeing you in so many new lights; the travelled Mr. Robinson, with a thousand important airs and graces, so much *virtù*, so much *sçavoir-vivre!* the husband, the father, the rich clergyman, warm, snug, and contented as a bishop. My mouth waters; but sure—the family will be in town this winter, and I shall see you there in November. Is this the fine autumn you promised me? Oh! I hear you (not curse, you must not, but) . . . this untoward climate. I doubt not but you write to Mason, though he does not tell me so. There is he, repining at his four-and-twenty weeks residence at York, unable to visit his bowers, the work of his own hands, at Aston, except in the depth of winter; and longing for the flesh-pots and coffee-houses of Cambridge. There is nobody contented but you and I—oh yes, and Dr. Ross, who (I shrewdly suspect) is the happiest of the three. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me sincerely your friend and humble servant,

T. GRAY.

Present my compliments to Mrs. Robinson.[3] Some time or other I hope to have the honour of being better known to her. Mr. Brown is well, and much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of him.

[1] See vol. ii., p. 108, n. 4; *ib.*, p. 156 and n. 2.

[2] See vol. i., p. 197, n. 3; *ib.*, p. 226. I conjecture that Ross at this date had a living in Somersetshire.

[3] See vol. ii., p. 161.

CCLVII. *To William Taylor Howe.*

London, November 1763.

S^r

I am ashamed of my own indolence in not answering your former letter: a second, which I have since received, adds to my shame, and quickens my motions. I can see no manner of objection to your design of publishing C. A.'s[1] works complete in your own country. It will be an evidence of your regard for him, that cannot but be very acceptable to him. The Glasgow-press,[2] or that of Baskerville, have given specimens of their art, equal (at least in beauty to anything that Europe can produce. The expence you will not much regard on such an occasion, and (if you suffer them to be sold) that would be greatly diminished, and most probably reimbursed. As to notes (and I think some will be necessary) I easily believe you will not overload the text with them, and besides everything of that kind will be concerted between you. If you propose any vignettes or other matters of ornament, it would be well they were designed in Italy, and the gravings executed either there, or in France, for in this country they are woeful and beyond measure dear. The revising of the press must be your own labour, as tedious as it is inglorious; but to this you must submit. As we improve in our types, etc., we grow daily more negligent in point of correctness, and this even in our own tongue. What will it be in the Italian?

[1] Count Algarotti.

[2] The brothers Foulis, Robert (b. 1707), and Andrew (b. 1712), were from 1743 printers to the University of Glasgow. Their editions of the classics were very famous, some of them remarkable for their extremely minute size, but all exquisitely printed. We shall hear of them again as the printers of Gray's Poems. They spent their money too lavishly in the encouragement of the fine arts, and died encumbered with debt, Andrew in 1775, Robert in 1776.

John Baskerville, originally a writing-master at Birmingham, made a fortune as a japanner, and about 1750 began to found types of an exceptionally beautiful kind. His splendid quartos of Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, etc., were much prized, and are now extremely rare.

I did not mean you should have told C. A.[1] my objection, at least not as from me, who have no pretence to take such a liberty with him: but I am glad, he has altered the passage. He cannot wonder, if I wish to save to our nation the only honour it has in matters of taste, and no small one, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it, when they see it. Mr. Mason has received the books in question from an unknown hand, which I take to be Mr. Hollis, from whom I too have received a beautiful set of Engravings, as a present; I know not why, unless as a friend of yours. I saw and read the beginning of this year, the *Congresso di Citéra*, and was excessively pleased in spite of prejudice, for I am naturally no friend to allegory, nor to poetical prose. *Entre nous*, what gives me the least pleasure of any of his writings, that I have seen, is the *Newtonianism.*[2] It is so direct an imitation of Fontenelle, a writer not easy to imitate, and least of all in the Italian tongue, whose character and graces are of a higher style, and never adapt themselves easily to the elegant *badinage* and *légèreté* of conversation, that sets so well on the French. But this is a secret between us.

I am glad to hear, he thinks of revisiting England: though I am a little ashamed of my country at this present. Our late acquired glory does not set becomingly upon us; and even the Author[3] of it, that *Restitutor d'Inghilterra*, is doing God knows what! If he should deign to follow the track of vulgar Ministers, and regain his power by ways injurious to his fame, whom can we trust hereafter? M. de Nivernois[4] on his return to France says (I hear) of

[1] Algarotti had gently complained to Howe that Gray had not made his criticism directly to himself; it seemed to imply that the Count was more attached to his own opinion than to the truth.

[2] Walpole in a letter to Mason, after jocularly suggesting Saturn as a subject for verse, says: "Fontenelle would have made something of the idea, even in prose, but Algarotti would dishearten any body from attempting to meddle with the system of the Universe a second time in a genteel dialogue."

[3] Pitt.

[4] The duc de Nivernois had come to England in Sept. 1762 as Ambassador Extraordinary on the matter of the peace. Walpole describes him as very plain and little, but with the air of a gentle-

England, "Quel Roy, quel Peuple, quelle Société!" And so say I. Adieu, Sir, I am your most humble servant,

T. G.

Addressed:
A Monsr
Monsieur Taylor-How
Gentilhomme Anglois a
Bruxelles.

CCLVIII. *To Wharton.*

Feb: 21. 1764.

Dear Doctor

If the ill-news be true, wch your last letter to Mr Brown makes very probable, I am heartily sorry for the loss you have had of poor M^r R: Wharton,[1] as I am sure you cannot but feel it very sensibly in many respects.

I have indeed been very remiss in writing to you, nor can alledge any other excuse for it but the lowness of spirits, which takes from me the power of doing everything I ought: this is not altogether without cause, for ever since I went last to Town, in the beginning of November I

man. He was a man of letters, wrote much, criticized much, imitated much, and translated much; among other things Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead," and, late in life, Walpole's "Essay on Modern Gardening." At Esher, in May of 1763, he had certainly *enjoyed* English society, played the violin there, accompanied by Lord Pembroke on the bass-viol, and danced a minuet, though, says Walpole, who danced also, "he has one more wrinkle than I have" (Nivernois was forty-six, Walpole forty-five); it was unkindly said of him that he was *guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué, auteur manqué.* He was very kind to Walpole in Paris at a later date than this; and still later Walpole somewhat ungratefully calls him a namby-pamby kind of pedant, with a peevish *petite santé*, and much more fit to preside over a foolish Italian Academy than to manage the affairs of a great kingdom. He lived in great retirement at last, yet he narrowly escaped the guillotine, being one of the prisoners who were mercifully delivered on the death of Robespierre, the famous 9th of Thermidor, 1794. He died in 1798 in his eighty-second year.

[1] Brother of Gray's correspondent, and father of the boy in whose admission to Eton Gray interested himself in June and July, 1761. (See letters of that date in vol. ii.)

have suffer'd a good deal from a *complaint*, wch I have often mention'd to you, and which is now grown almost constant. I have left off wine, eat less than common, have made use of the common applications in such cases, & am now taking soap: yet find no essential amendment in myself, so that I have but an uncomfortable prospect before me, even if things remain as they are: but (I own) what I apprehend, is still worse.

Mason has pass'd three weeks here with me in his way to Town. the general report was, that he was going to be married out of hand: but I find it was only a faint sort of tendency that way, that may or may not come to something of maturity just as the season of the year shall incline him. the best I can tell you of her is, that she is no fine lady, and the worst, that her fortune is not large. now you know it might have been a fine lady with no money at all. He still talks of visiting Old-Park before he is tied down to his Summer-Residence.

This silly dirty Place has had all its thoughts taken up with chusing a new High-Steward, and had not Ld Hardwick [1] surprisingly & to the shame of the faculty recover'd by a Quack-medicine, I believe in my conscience the noble Earl of Sandwich [2] had been chosen, tho' (let me do them

[1] The quack medicine was not very effective; Hardwick died on the 6th of March. It is clear that the excitement at this date is in anticipation of his death; and the Cambridge dons are with indecent haste concerning themselves as to his successor in the High Stewardship. It was his son, at *this* time Lord Royston, who was the *actual* competitor with Sandwich. Sandwich was in the Tory administration and the Court interest, and the Cambridge aspirants for preferment therefore promoted his canvass.

[2] Gray probably speaks of Sandwich (and Halifax) in a letter to West, the last of Gray's that he ever saw: "They are now statesmen; Do you not remember them dirty boys playing at cricket"? (May 27, 1742.) Upon this contest for the High-Stewardship Gray wrote "The Candidate, or the Cambridge Courtship" ("When sly Jemmy Twitcher," etc., XXVI. in Aldine edition with Bradshaw's notes). The nickname, "Jemmy Twitcher," from the "Beggar's Opera," was originally given to Calcraft by Wilkes (Walpole to Conway, May 1, '63), in an unpublished "North Briton" found among his papers after his arrest. But Sandwich had denounced Wilkes in the Lords for the "Essay on Woman"; a few days afterwards "The Beggar's Opera" was performed at Covent Garden, and when Macheath came to the words, "That

the justice to say) not without a considerable opposition. His principal Agents are Dr Brook[1] of St. John's, Mr Brocket,[2] & Dr Long, whose old Tory notions, that had long lain by neglected & forgotten, are brought out again & furbish'd for present use, tho' rusty & out of joint, like his own Spheres and Orreries. their crests are much fallen, & countenances lengthen'd by the transactions of last week, for the Ministry on Tuesday last[3] (after sitting till near eight in the morning) carried a small point by a majority of only 40, & on another previous division by one of 10 only;[4] and on Friday last[5] (at five in the morning) there were 220 to 234, & by this the court only obtained to adjourn the debate for four months, & not to get any declaration in favour of their measures. if they hold their ground many weeks after this, I shall wonder: but the new reign has already produced many wonders. the other House I hear, will soon take in hand a book[6] lately pub-

Jemmy Twitcher should peach I own surprises me," the audience promptly applied them to Sandwich, and to him the name stuck. Walpole oddly commends the conduct of Sandwich as a masterstroke of policy at this crisis, but people in general, who knew him as a rake, were disgusted to find him a hypocrite also.

[1] Zachary Brooke, the successful candidate for the Margaret Professorship, the contest for which Gray describes to Mason, in January, 1765. The "Cambridge Courtship" will explain to us why Gray there facetiously makes Lord Sandwich also a competitor. It was "Divinity" who consented to be "Mrs. Twitcher."

[2] See vol. ii., p. 1.

[3] Feb. 14. The majority, according to Walpole, was twenty-four not forty. The Government thus succeeded in dismissing the complaint of Wilkes for illegal arrest. (Gray is scarcely justified in calling this a small point.) This was, at that date, the longest sitting on record. Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford (Feby 19 '64): "A company of colliers emerging from damp & darkness could not have appeared more ghastly and dirty than we did on Wednesday morning."

[4] They carried the acquittal of Robert (Palmyra) Wood for his part in the arrest of Wilkes. See vol. i., p. 349, n. 4.

[5] This was the debate on the legality of general warrants. Walpole gives the figures as 218 and 232.

[6] "On the very day of the last great debate in the House of Commons, Lord Lyttelton, seconded by the Duke of Grafton, acquainted the Lords that on the following Tuesday he should lay a complaint before them against a new book called 'Droit le Roi.' . . . The author was one Brecknock, a retainer of the law, and a

lish'd by some scoundrel Lawyer on the Prerogative, in which is scraped together all the flattery & blasphemy of our old Law-books in honour of Kings. I presume, it is understood, that the court will support the cause of this impudent Scribbler. there is another impudent Fellow[1] of the same profession, but somewhat more conspicuous by his place (a Friend of yours, with whom I sup'd at your house ten or eleven years ago) that has gain'd to himself the most general & universal detestation of any Man perhaps in this age. I congratulate you on your acquaintance with him.

Mr Brown is preparing your grafts, wch are to be sent about a week hence, for that is the proper time: but as your parcels used to be carried to your Brother's, we are afraid they may be neglected there in the present confusion. if you think so, you will direct him forthwith to whom he may address them.

Pray tell me (when you are at leisure) all the transactions & improvements of Old-Park, that I may rectify and model my Ideas accordingly. what has become of you in these inundations, that have drowned us all, & in this hot and unseasonable winter? Present my respects to Mrs Wharton, and my compliments to Miss. how do the little family do? I am ever sincerely yours.

hackney writer." On the 21st, the date of Gray's writing, Lord Lyttelton made his complaint. "The book was sentenced to be burnt, and the author ordered to be taken into custody. The latter part of the sentence nobody took any pains to execute." (Walpole, Memoirs of George III., vol. i., ch. xxvi.) Timothy Brecknock was afterwards hanged in Ireland as an accomplice of George Robert Fitzgerald. (Croker.)

[1] Quaere? Philip Carteret Webbe, Solicitor to the Treasury, extremely unpopular for the part he took against Wilkes—or Samuel Martin, who had recently fought a duel with Wilkes and wounded him dangerously. (See for these things Walpole's Letters and Memoirs of George III.)

CCLIX. *To Wharton.*

Cambr: July 10, 1764.

My Dear Doctor

I do remember and shall ever remember, as I ought, your extreme kindness in offering to be present, & to assist me in the *perilous hour.* when I received your letter, I was pleased to find, I had done everything almost, that you advised. The fault lay in deferring matters too long. upon inspection they found no reason to apprehend a Fistula, but the piles only in an extreme degree, that threaten'd mortification. 9 or 10 strokes of the lancet, and the application of a caustic, with fomentations innumerable I suffered manfully: indeed the pain in idea is much greater than in reality, & now I am glad, I know it. it is certain, I am better at present, than I had been in at least a year before the operation. I should tell you, that for some days before I submitted to it, I had taken soap in large quantities, & for aught I know the inflammation might be rather increased by it. Dr. Whytt (I remember) speaking of the use of Lime-water and Soap, says, that if the Patient be subject to the piles, he must omitt the latter. towards the end of my confinement, during w^ch^ (you may believe) I lived on nothing, came the Gout in one foot, *but* so tame you might have stroked it;[1] such a *Minikin,*[2] you might have play'd with it. in 3 or 4 days it disappear'd.

It was true, as Stonhewer told you, that I had a great tendency towards Old-Park & Hart-le-pool: but on prudent consideration I find, I cannot well afford it, & must defer that pleasure to another summer.[3] The Minikin and I act

[1] "I, who was born in an age of mobs, never saw any like those of this week; they were, as George Montagu said of our earthquakes, *so tame you might have stroked them.*" Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, Feby 17, 1779. The year to which Montagu's *mot* belongs is 1750, and Gray probably heard it from Walpole.

[2] With an allusion to the rivulet to which Gray gives this name, in, or near Old Park.

[3] It appears nevertheless that Gray did make an excursion to the North in August of this year. In "Gray and His Friends," p. 260, are printed for the first time notes by him of a "Journey into Scot-

upon the same principles: she cannot be a river, nor I a traveller, without money. If we had but a *head*, we should both of us make a figure in the world.

Mason does not seem very impatient, for he writes word, that he is busy in modelling antique vases in clay, & in reading a course of ecclesiastical History, when I expected *consummation*, & was praying heaven to give him a good and gentle Gouverness: no Man wants such a thing more in all senses; but his greatest wants do not make him move a foot the faster, nor has he properly speaking anything one can call a passion about him, except a little malice and revenge.

Our election here is in Westminster-Hall: but it is not likely that any great matter can be done in it till Michaelmas-Term next. in the meantime L[d] Sandwich & his friends do what they can to keep up an interest & a bustle. here is a poor Scribler, that he hires to write a weekly paper called the *Scrutator*, who by abuse of characters does all in his power to provoke people: but can not so much as get himself answer'd. I could not find any one in Town, that ever heard of it (tho' the subject is well known there),

land, from Rose-Castle in Cumberland Aug: 1764." He mentions the Bishop of Carlisle, at that time Dr. Charles Lyttelton. Rose-Castle is the episcopal palace. Thence he proceeded to Netherby; which he identifies with the Æsica of the Itinerary of Antoninus. (Roman antiquities have been discovered near Netherby Hall.) Here he admired the hot-houses, kitchen-garden and great plantations of the Rev. Mr. Graham. In Annandale he noted the wretched appearance and dwellings of the common people; he found Dumfries a large and handsome town; went to Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry, went along the Clyde, and admired the falls, and found a landscape of woods and rocks worthy of Poussin; at Glasgow "an elegant city," saw the Roman inscriptions at the College, and the picture-gallery collected by Foulis (see on letter to Howe, Nov., 1768); found "the Kirk (the ancient Cathedral) a noble Gothick Building, miserably spoil'd with Galleries & out of repair"; saw Ben-Lomond from "the exquisite Landscape round the Lake"; thence by Dumbarton, Stirling, etc., to Edinburgh, where he found the inns miserable; and visited "Holy-rood House." At Melrose he admired the Abbey, and notes that there is a Colony of Masons still dwelling there; on the southward journey he saw Norham Castle, Holy Island and Bamborough. It is possible that Wharton was his companion on this journey, as we shall see later on. (See vol. ii., p. 51, n. 3.)

& if anybody saw its name in the advertisements, I believe, they only took it for a *Scrutore*[1] to be sold. the Nation is in the same hands as the University, & really does not make so manful a resistance. grumble indeed every one does, but since Wilkes's affair they fall off their metal,[2] & seem to shrink under the brazen hand of Norton[3] & his colleagues. I hear there will be no parliament till after Christmas. if the French should be so unwise as to suffer the Spanish Court to go on in their present measures (for they refuse to pay the ransom of Manilla,[4] & have driven away our Logwood-cutters[5] already) down go their friends the Ministry, & all the schemes of Right Divine & Prerogative; and this is perhaps the best chance we have. are you not struck with the great similarity there is between the first years of Charles the first, and the present times? who would have thought it possible five years ago?

That old rogue Ld Bath[6] is dead at last. I understood

[1] So Gray writes, though Mitford (and Mr. Gosse) print *scrutoire.* But the word is purposely misspelt.

[2] Note the spelling here; the distinctive *mettle* for the derived sense of the word is not yet carefully observed.

[3] Sir Fletcher Norton, *Attorney*-General at this date. "An excellent bull-dog," "impudently profligate," a "hero of brass," are the epithets with which Walpole honours him. (See to Brown, Oct. 13, '64.)

[4] We took Manilla with the rest of the Philippines between Sept. 23 and Oct. 6, 1762. It was Brigadier-General Draper (the Sir William Draper of Junius' Letters) who suggested and carried out the expedition, of which he published an account in 1763. The ransom was a million sterling, half of it in bills; at the close of 1764, or beginning of 1765, Draper wrote "An answer to the Spanish arguments for refusing payment of the Ransom bills." He was most unjustly accused by Junius of abandoning the cause of his men, who it seems would have had a large share of this ransom. He says (Feb. 17, 1769), that he had urged their claims in vain on successive ministers, and that he himself probably lost £25,000 by the Spanish breach of faith. See "Letters of Junius," II. to VII.

[5] In the Bay of Honduras. See vol. ii., p. 236, n. 4.

[6] The famous William Pulteney; at first the ally and then the bitter antagonist of Walpole, whom he attacked in Parliament and in "The Craftsman." Hence Horace Walpole's hatred of him, which Gray shared, as he shared all Horace's political antipathies. Pulteney was enormously rich, and in small matters extremely penurious.

the contest for his spoils lay between your noble Friend at Raby[1] and Mr Coleman,[2] the Comick Poet, but whether they are fallen to either of them I have not heard as yet. pray what is the policy of that castle? the elder Brother[3] lives more than usual in the country, as if he were not in the best humour with his Friends at Court, and the younger has been at times an Orator in the opposition? have they been disobliged, or do they fear to disoblige their former friends, who may come into play again?

Two more volumes of Buffon[4] are come over: I mention them in case you chuse to have them. I know of nothing else, except half a dozen new works of that inexhaustible, eternal, entertaining Scribler Voltaire, who at last (I fear)

[1] The mother of Viscount Barnard, Earl of Darlington of this date, was the daughter of the first Duke of Cleveland (illegitimate son of Charles II.), who had married a Pulteney, aunt of Lord Bath. The late Lord, who had died in 1758, was the Harry Vane who was "Pulteney's toad-eater." (Vol. i., p. 170, n. 3.)

[2] George Colman the elder, Lady Bath's nephew; see vol. ii., p. 141, n. 2.

"Lord Bath had not accumulated without an object; all his thoughts and hopes were concentrated on his only child, Viscount Pulteney, a young man of moderate abilities. His son died abroad. The intelligence had reached the guests at his table before himself. He learnt it from their faces while he was drinking the dead man's health and happy return, as may be read in a pathetic narrative by Newton. Thenceforward he became indolent and indifferent about the disposal of his riches. From want of interest, not, as his enemies insinuated, from reluctance to repeat those self-denying words, 'I give and bequeath,' he left the whole to the amount of £1,200,000 in a few words to a cousin." (Stebbing, "Verdicts of History Reviewed.")

[3] The elder brother is, I suppose, the successor to "Pulteney's toad-eater," and the younger perhaps is Frederick Vane, for whom Wharton voted in 1761. (See vol. ii., p. 205, and n. 2.) He had married a sister of Sir William Meredith, conspicuous at this time by his action against the Government, especially in the matter of Wilkes. Horace Walpole tells us that *old* Darlington's brother, "a convert to us," seconded Meredith's resolution of the illegality of the Warrant. This was Gilbert Vane, Frederick's uncle; and Frederick may have followed suit. (To Earl of Hertford, Feby. 15, '64.) There are other possible explanations of Gray's reference; I only offer this as the most likely.

[4] The first fifteen volumes of Buffon's great work were published between 1749 and 1767 in quarto. See vol. i., p. 260 and n. 4 (with *erratum*); p. 207 and n. 1.

will go to heaven, for to him entirely it is owing, that the king of France & his council have review'd & set aside the decision of the parliament of Thoulouse in the affair of Calas.[1] the poor man, 'tis true, has been broke on the wheel long ago: but his Widow and wretched family may have some reparation & his Murtherers may smart a little for it. You see a Scribler may be of some use in the world!

If you see Stonhewer at his return from Buxton, be so good to tell him, that there will be only 200 copies of Ld Herbert's Life[2] printed, half of which are for L^d^

[1] Madame Suard asked Voltaire why he kept the melancholy picture of the Calas family, which hung at the foot of his bed, always before his eyes. He replied, that he had become identified with them and their misfortunes, and that till he had redeemed all that was redeemable then of their wrongs, he should never laugh without feeling self-reproach.—*Mitford.*

Jean Calas was a Protestant merchant of Toulouse, where he had resided for forty years. His son Louis had become a Roman Catholic—he was of a melancholy turn, and predisposed to suicide. He hanged himself in his father's warehouse. The fanatical fraternities of the place denounced the family as his murderers; the parliament of Toulouse condemned the father to be broken alive upon the wheel, and then to be burnt to ashes; this sentence was executed Mar. 9, 1762. His son Pierre was banished for life. The cause of the widow was taken up by Voltaire, with what success Gray tells us. Add that the chief magistrate of Toulouse was degraded and fined. See vol. i., pp. xv-xvi.

[2] The "Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury," for the first time printed at the Strawberry Hill Press, in small 4to, in 1764. 200 copies.—*Mitford.* It is an autobiography. He had been a soldier; ambassador to France from 1618 to 1625; was made an English peer in 1631; espoused the cause first of the Court, then of the Parliament in the Civil War; in the course of which his castle was destroyed by the Royalists. He was a philosopher, and by some has been called the father of English Deism. In his principal work in this department, "De Veritate," etc., he combined a new system of philosophy with a very elementary rule of faith. He anticipated Kant in affirming a certain furniture of the mind, antecedent to and necessary for experience. He wrote in English "The Life & Raigne of Henry VIII." His own reminiscences are chiefly of his earlier career down to the time of his return from his embassy. He died in 1648 at the age of sixty-six. Walpole, while he printed the "Life," laughed at its extravagance, and the folly of those who were "mad after it." (To Montagu, Dec. 16, '64.) He tells the same correspondent (July 16), that he and Gray read it at Strawberry to amuse Lady Waldegrave "in her grief,"—and "could not get on for laughing and screaming."

Powis,[1] & the rest will be given away only. if I happen to have two (wch I do not expect) he shall have one of them.

Ah! poor James Lyon![2]—how do the—Family bear it? my best respects to the Lady of Old-Park (the Dutchess I should say) & Lady Mary, &c. I hope they are all well. are M^r and Mrs Jonathan with you? do you say your prayers o' nights? Adieu, I am ever

Yours

T.G.

Mr. Brown, who is quite well, presents his humble Service. he would wish to come to-morrow, only he thinks it impossible; and does not believe any body did ever really go so far.

To
Dr Thomas Wharton
Old-Park near
Durham.

CCLX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Southampton, at Mr. Vining's
Plumber, in High Street. . . . .
Monday.

DEAR SIR—

I received your letter before I left London, and sit down to write to you, after the finest walk in the finest day that ever shone to Netley Abbey—my old friend,[3] with whom I longed to renew my acquaintance. My ferryman (for one passes over a little arm of the sea about half a mile) assured me he would not go near it in the night-time for all the world, tho' he knew much money had been found

[1] This was Henry Arthur, Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Earl Powis, who had therefore a family interest in the work.

[2] See vol. i., p. 327, n. 3; vol. ii., p. x, and nn.

[3] He had visited it in the latter half of July, 1755. See letter to Wharton of the following Aug. 6, vol. i., pp. 267, 268. Netley Abbey was a Cistercian monastery founded in the reign of Henry III. Mitford refers us to Gilpin's description of it in his 'Tour in the Western Parts of England," p. 347.

there. The sun was "all too glaring and too full of gauds" [1] for such a scene, wh^ch ought to be visited only in the dusk of the evening. It stands in a little quiet valley, wh^ch gradually rises behind the ruins into a half-circle crowned with thick wood. Before it, on a descent, is a thicket of oaks, that serves to veil it from the broad day and from profane eyes, only leaving a peep on both sides, where the sea appears glittering thro' the shade, and vessels, with their white-sails, that glide across and are lost again. Concealed behind the thicket stands a little Castle (also in ruins), immediately on the shore, that commands a view over an expanse of sea clear and smooth as glass (when I saw it), with Southampton and several villages three miles off to the right, Calshot Castle at seven miles' distance, and the high lands of the Isle of Wight to the left, and in front the deep shades of the New Forest distinctly seen, because the water is no more than three miles over. The abbey was never very large. The shell of its church is almost entire, but the pillars of the aisles are gone, and the roof has tumbled in; yet some little of it is left in the transept, where the ivy has forced its way thro', and hangs flaunting down among the fretted ornament and escutcheons of the Benefactors. Much of the lodgings and offices are also standing, but all is overgrown with trees and bushes, and mantled here and there with ivy, that mounts over the battlements.

In my way I saw Winchester Cathedral again with

[1] "The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world
Is all too *wanton* and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell," etc.
King John, iii. 3, 36.

Gray's notes here are characteristic of the author of the Elegy,—we may add also of the Wartons,—but the details here especially recall Collins—who writes in the first edition of his "Evening":

"*Then* let me rove some wild and heathy scene
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dales."

And in the later form of the same poem adds, "the sheety lake" whose "last cold gleam" is reflected by the "time-hallowed pile." One can well believe that he had in mind the scene, of course very familiar to him, which Gray here describes.

pleasure, and supped with Dr. Balguy,[1] who, I perceive, means to govern the Chapter. They give £200 a year to the Poor of the City: his present scheme is to take away this, for it is only an encouragement to laziness. But what do they mean to do with it? That indeed, I omitted to enquire, because I thought I knew. I saw St. Cross,[2] too, the almshouse of Noble Poverty (so it was called), founded by Henry de Blois and Cardinal Beaufort. It maintains nine decayed footmen, and a master (Chancellor Hoadly), who has £800 a-year out of it.

This place is still full of Bathers. I know not a soul, nor have once been at the rooms. The walks all round it are delicious, and so is the weather. Lodgings very dear, and fish very cheap. Here is no coffee-house, no bookseller, no pastrycook; but here is the Duke of Chandos.[3] I defer my politics. My service to Mr. Talbot,[4] Gould,[5] etc., and to Mr. Howe,[6] if with you.—Adieu.[6]

[1] See vol. i., p. 309, n.

[2] About a mile distant from Winchester. Henry de Blois, Bp. of Winchester, the first founder (1136), was the brother of K. Stephen.

The famous Cardinal Beaufort, Bp. of Winchester the great-uncle of Henry VI., enlarged and rebuilt St. Cross (1405-1447). The hospital was designed to provide board and lodging for thirteen poor men, and a daily dinner for a hundred others. Of the last bounty nothing remains but the "dole" of a little bread and beer for wayfarers, which the curious visitor may obtain if he asks for it.

[3] This was Henry, the second Duke of Chandos, who died in 1771. His son and successor died in 1790. The family name was Brydges; and the eccentric Sir S. Egerton Brydges persuaded himself that he was descended from a younger branch of the same family, laid unsuccessfully a claim to the barony of Chandos, and used to sign himself *per legem terrae* B. C. of S. (Baron Chandos of Sudeley).

[4] There seem to have been two Talbots among Gray's friends according to Mitford. The person mentioned here is, he says, Thomas Talbot of Queen's, A.M. 1764; therefore much Gray's junior. The Mr. T. of the letter to Brown, which follows, he explains to be Fellow of Pembroke.

[5] Fellow of New Hall, A.M. 1760, says Mitford. But this is obviously a misprint. ? Emmanuel.

[6] A.B. 1760.—*Mitford.* I suppose the Howe of the Algarotti correspondence. He was at Brussels in Nov. of the preceding year. See address of letter to him of that date.

CCLXI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Southampton, October 13, 1764.

DEAR SIR—

Since I have been here, I have received from you, and by your means, five letters. That from Pa.[1] I could wish you had opened, as I know you, by your good will, would have done. The sum of it is, that he is at Geneva, with the Rhone tumbling its blue and green tide directly under his window. That he has passed a fortnight in the Pays de Vaud, and the Cantons of Berne, Fribourg, and Soleure, and returned by the lake of Neufchâtel. That the whole country, and particularly the last-named, appeared to him astonishingly beautiful. He inquired much after Rousseau,[2] but did not meet with him; his residence is at Moitier au Travers, about four leagues from Neufchâtel, where he lives in great plenty, the booksellers at the Hague being his bank, and ready to answer any sum he draws for. It is amazing what he got by his last two books.[3] He is often flying about from village to village; generally wears a sort of Armenian dress,[4] and passed for a kind of misanthrope, but is held in great veneration by the people.

[1] Palgrave, vol. ii., p. 49, n. 1.

[2] "Emile" had been condemned by the parlement of Paris, June 11, 1762, and Rousseau had fled France, from fear of arrest. Motiers (so is it spelt, and so Gray probably wrote) at this time belonged to Prussia and Frederick; and Keith (Lord Marischal), governor of Neufchâtel, protected him.

[3] The "Contrat Social" and "Emile"; the first published at Amsterdam, the second both in the Low Countries and at Paris, in 1762; both were condemned to be burnt at Geneva, and the author to be arrested if he came there; hence his refuge at Neufchâtel. He is said to have received 6,000 livres for "Emile," 1,000 for the "Contrat Social." It is difficult to reconcile statements of fact about Rousseau, at this, or any other time. "He was a poor man," says Mr. Morley. "His annual outlay at this time was covered by the modest sum of sixty louis" ("Confessions," xii. 237). When Malesherbes asks him to collect plants for him, he replies that he cannot subsist without the aid of his own labour, or offer the use of his time for nothing. (Morley's "Rousseau," vol. ii., ch. ii., p. 76.) He accepted 300 louis from Lord Marischal for Thérèse le Vasseur. (*Id. ib.*, p. 80 n.)

[4] "A society, clothed in breeches, was incensed about the same time by Rousseau's adoption of the Armenian costume, the vest,

He says, he saw all the matters that come in course in France, and was greatly disappointed. The only thing he mentions is the church at Amiens, which was really fine. They set out in a few days (his date is 19th September), and go by Chambery to Turin, from whence he will write to you. His letter, he says, is not worth the postage; but it is the abundance and not the want of matter that makes it so poor.

After this what shall I say to you of my Lilliputian travels? On Monday I think to see Salisbury, and to be sure Wilton, and Amesbury, and Stonehenge. This will take up three days, and then I come back hither, and think to be in London on Saturday or Monday after, for the weather grows untoward, and the sea (that is, the little miniature of it, Southampton River) rages horribly, and looks as if it would eat one, else I should have gone to Lymington and Christchurch, and called upon Mr. Mansfield in the New Forest, to see the bow that killed William Rufus, which he pretends to possess. Say not a word of Andover.[1] My Lord Delawar has erected a little monument over the spot where, according to ancient tradition, that king was slain,[2] and another in God's House Chapel,[3]

the furred bonnet, the caftan, and the girdle. There was nothing very wonderful in this departure from use. An Armenian tailor used often to visit some friends at Montmorency. Rousseau knew him, and reflected that such a dress would be of singular comfort to him in the circumstances of his bodily disorder (Conf., xii., 198). Here was a solid practical reason for what has usually been counted a demonstration of a turned brain. Rousseau had as good cause for going about in a caftan as Chatham had for coming to the House of Parliament wrapped in flannels."—Morley (*ib.*, vol. ii., p. 92).

[1] Perhaps Gray fights shy of his correspondent Mr. Butler there, —for whom see vol. i., p. 371, n. 2; vol. ii., p. 4.

[2] This stone was erected in 1745, upon a spot where stood, according to tradition, the tree whence Tyrrel's arrow glanced. The Delawar above mentioned was the seventh Baron, and was created first earl of that name in 1761. He died in 1766.

[3] The Domus Dei was originally founded in the reign of Henry III., and was by him given to Queen's College, Oxford. Originally a convent, it became a hospital with a warden, and a provision for four brothers and sisters. The chapel, of Norman architecture, was, at the date of Gray's letter, used by French Protestants.

where the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey, were interred by Henry V. after he had cut off their heads.[1] It is in this town, and now the French Church. Here lives Dr. Saint André,[2] famous for the affair of the Rabbit-Woman, and for marrying Lady Betty Molyneux after they had disposed of her first husband. She died not long since in the odour of sanctity. He is 80 years old and is now building a palazzino here hard by, in a delightful spot called Bellevue, and has lately produced a natural son to inherit it. What do you say to poor Iwan,[3] and the last Russ manifesto? Will nobody kill me that dragoness? Must we wait till her son does it himself?

[1] See any English history, and Shakespeare, "Henry V.," act ii., sc. 2. It will be remembered that the expedition sailed for Harfleur from Southampton, and that the discovery of the conspiracy, and the trial and execution of the conspirators took place just before it started.

[2] Nathaniel St. André, surgeon. See Musgrave's Memoirs, Gent. Mag. vol. ii., p. 320, and Noble's Continuation of Granger, vol. iii., p. 477. When Samuel Molyneux, Secretary to George Prince of Wales died, St. André *immediately* married his widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon Capel, Earl of Essex. St. André was one of the dupes of Mary Tofts, who asserted that she gave birth to seventeen rabbits in 1726. Sir Thomas Clarges detected the fraud. Whiston wrote a paper on this matter, as the fulfilment of a prophecy in Esdras. St. André died in March, 1776, aged ninety-six.—From *Mitford*. "The rabbit-woman" is a conspicuous figure in Hogarth's print "Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism."

[3] Ivan VI.; he was but a few months old when in 1740 he succeeded to the throne. But Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, asserted and made good her claim; and the child was placed in captivity, and became, perhaps under the influence of drugs administered to that end, an imbecile. Catherine almost certainly instigated his murder. The story which Mirovich, who was probably the actual assassin, was made to tell was that he had forced himself into the castle in which Ivan was confined, intending to rescue him and proclaim him Emperor, but that the governor had at once cut the prince to pieces. Mirovich made this confession upon trial, expecting, it is said, a reprieve, but he was immediately executed, lest he should retract his confession. "It is well for me" writes Walpole (Aug. 27, '64), "I am not a Russian. I should certainly be knouted. The murder of the young Czar Ivan has sluiced again all my abhorrence of the Czarina. What a devil in a diadem! I wonder they can spare such a principal performer from hell!"

Mr. Stonhewer has been at Glamis.[1] He tells me no news. He only confutes a piece of news I sent him, which I am glad to hear is a lie. I must tell you a small anecdote I just hear, that delights me. Sir F. Norton[2] has a mother living at a town in Yorkshire, in a very indifferent lodging. A good house was to be sold there the other day. He thought in decency he ought to appear willing to buy it for her. When the people to whom it belongs imagined that everything was agreed on, he insisted on having two pictures as fixtures, which they value at £60, so Mrs. Norton lives where she did.

I am sorry for the Duke of Devonshire.[3] The cause, I fear, is losing ground, and I know the person (where Mr. T.[4] has lately been) looked upon all as gone, if this event should happen. Adieu. When I get to town I shall pick up something to tell you.—I am ever yours.

I know nothing of Mason, but that he is well.

Southampton, at Mr. Vining's, plumber, in High Street.

[1] The seat of Lord Strathmore, of which we shall hear further.

[2] *Vid. supra*, p. 37, n. 3. "He has a mother,—yes, a mother; perhaps you thought that like that tender urchin Love;

'duris in cautibus illum
Ismarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec nostri generis puerum nec sanguinis edunt.'

Well, Mrs. Rhodope lives in a mighty shabby hovel at Preston, which the dutiful and affectionate Sir Fletcher began to think not suitable to the dignity of one who has the honour of being his parent. He cheapened a better, in which were two pictures which the proprietor valued at three-score pounds. The *attorney* insisted on having them for nothing as fixtures—the landlord refused, the bargain was broken off, and the dowager Madam Norton remains in her original hut."—Walpole to Conway, Oct. 29, '64.

[3] The fourth Duke; a great loss to the Opposition. He died (Oct. 2, '64) at Spa (whither he had gone for the cure of a paralytic disorder), at the early age of forty-four; and was buried at All-hallows, Derby.

[4] Probably Mr. *Talbot*, Fellow of Pembroke.—*Mitford.*

CCLXII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Jermyn Street,
Thursday, October 25, 1764.

DEAR SIR—

I am returned from Southampton, since Monday last; have been at Salisbury, Wilton, Stonehenge, and where not, and am not at all the worse for my expedition. Delly [1] has been here, and talks of going to Cambridge on Wednesday, if you want him; but, if you do not, would be glad to be prevented by a letter. His intention is only to stay there a day or two. He asked me for my rooms, but as I had (intentionally) promised them to Mr. Mapletoft,[2] I answered as if I had actually been engaged on that head, and had already wrote to you to say so. If Mr. Mapletoft does not come, they are at Mr. Delly's service.

The present news is that Lady Harriet Wentworth (Lord Rockingham's sister[3]), not a young or a beautiful maiden, has married her servant, an Irish footman.

Mr. M——,[4] who has been in Yorkshire, has seen the future bride. She has just such a nose as Mason has himself; so you see it was made in heaven.

The rent-roll of the present Duke of Devonshire's estate is £44,000 a-year. Lord Richard has better than £4000

[1] Edward Delaval, for whom see vol. i., p. 217, n. 2 (where for Mar. 1, 1775, read Mar. 1, 1755), and Index.

[2] See vol. i., p. 304, n. 6.

[3] His youngest sister. She married William Sturgeon; upon whom, Walpole tells us, she prudently settled a hundred a year for life, and tied up all her fortune for her possible children, and failing these, for her own family;—on the other hand, "she has given away all her clothes, nay and her Ladyship, and says, linen gowns are properest for a footman's wife, and is gone to his family in Ireland, plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon."—(W. to the Earl of Hertford, Nov. 1, 1764.)

[4] I have made bold to print thus conjecturally, convinced that Gray did not write *Mason*, as Mitford prints. How absurd to say "*Mason* has *been* in Yorkshire"! he was *living* in Yorkshire. And had he never seen his future bride before he was engaged to her? And was he, at this first sight of her, literally led by the nose? There can be little doubt that M—— is Mapletoft, mentioned *supra*.

a-year; Lady Dorothy £30,000; a legacy of £500[1] to General Conway; £500 apiece to the three brothers, and they are appointed guardians, and, I think, executors—business enough, in conscience. To-day I hear the Cambridge affair is compromised, and Lord Hardwicke to come in quietly.[2] This I should not give credit to had I not heard it before I came from thence. The Duke of Cumberland, they say, is in a very good way:[3] it is strange to me if he recovers.

I will write soon again, and try to tell you more, for I shall stay in town about a fortnight longer. You will oblige me if you will send to enquire how Dolly Antrobus[4] does. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

[1] It was £5,000. Conway had been Secretary of State in Ireland, during the Duke's administration there. But the legacy was perhaps prompted by sympathy with him on his being deprived of his regiment and dismissed the Court, because of his opposition to the new *régime*. Wright tells us that it was contained in a codicil written in the Duke's own hand—"I give to General Conway five thousand pounds as a testimony of my friendship to him, and of my sense of his honourable conduct and friendship for me."

[2] The proctors could not agree whether Lord Hardwicke or Lord Sandwich had the majority of votes for the High Stewardship. Hence Churchill in "The Candidate"—

> "Are there not proctors faithful to thy will,
> One of full growth, others in embryo still,
> Who may, perhaps, in some ten years or more,
> Be ascertained that *two and two make four?*"

[3] There had been a false report of his death, Oct. 5; "but," says Walpole (Oct. 21), "he has escaped wonderfully by the aid of S. Antony's fire." He had a severe operation, which he bore like a hero (Walpole, Nov. 1); then a dangerous sore-throat, because after it he *would* go on Newmarket Heath in his landau with the window down (*ib.*, Nov. 9). He died suddenly, Oct. 31, 1765.

[4] *Not* the postmistress at Cambridge; that was the elder sister, Mary. See vol. ii., p. 259, n. 2, for her and "Dolly." Who their father was, is still a mystery to me. There were two daughters of William Antrobus christened at Everdon—of which place he was Rector; Mary on the 4th of December, 1732, Dorothy on the 20th of Dec., 1734. I should have concluded that these were the Mary and Dorothy of this correspondence, but for the fact that Gray explicitly mentions the Cambridge sisters in his will as his *second* cousins. I believe the explanation to be that Gray's will ran "my 2 cousins"; and that this has been misread as "2d."

CCLXIII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Monday, October, 29, 1764.

DEAR SIR—

I was not able to answer your letter on Saturday, but Delly[1] will certainly be with you on Wednesday, good man.

The Duke of Devonshire for the last fortnight of his life was in a state of infancy. On opening his head there were found two fleshy substances that pressed upon the brain—the source of his malady. He leaves[2] Devonshire House, with the pictures, furniture, etc., to Lord Richard, his second son, which the present duke may redeem by paying down £20,000; in short, to Lord Richard and Lord George (for there are two) he gives about £4000 a-year apiece; the rest I think I told you before. The majority do not exult upon this death; they are modest and humble, being all together by the ears; so, indeed are the minority too. I hear nothing about the Cambridge affair,[3] and you do not tell me whether my last news was true; I conclude not, for I am told the Yorkes[4] are very fully and explicitly against the present measures—even their chief himself.

[1] For this name and the Duke of Devonshire see preceding letter.

[2] Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, Nov. 1, '64, gives a more complete account of these legacies. Gray's information probably comes from him.

[3] See preceding letter.

[4] That is, the new Lord Hardwicke and his kinsfolk, especially Charles. See vol. ii., p. 93, n. 3. The Lord High Chancellor had died on Mar. 6th, '64. Both sides had claimed a majority of one in the competition for the High Stewardship at Cambridge; if the Yorkes had not been against the Administration, the Cambridge Tories might have compromised in Hardwicke's favour; for the moral reputation of Sandwich was a great drawback. But Walpole had written, March 11th, '64, "The Yorkes are fixed, and the contest at Cambridge will but make them strike deeper root in opposition." The matter was decided, after a delay of several months by common law. Sandwich's conduct disgusted his own supporters; and when told by one of them that he would ruin the University, he replied: "That would be nothing to him; it would be the better for Oxford,"—at this time in favour with the Court. The undergraduates hissed the "Twitcherites," and, after the abortive election, burst into the Senate-House, and, says Walpole, "elected a fictitious Lord Hardwicke, and chaired him." The juniors of Trinity, when Sandwich dined there, rose and left the Hall.

The present talk runs on Lady Harriet Wentworth[1] (that is her name since she married her Irish footman). Your friend the Marquis of Rockingham's sister is a sensible, well-educated woman; twenty-seven years old, indeed, and homely enough. O'Brien[2] and his lady (big with child) are embarked for America, to cultivate their 40,000 acres of woodland. Before they went, her uncle made him enter himself at Lincoln's Inn; I suppose to give him the idea of returning home again.

I hope not to stay here above a fortnight, but in the meantime should be glad if you would inform me what is the sum total of my bill. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

As I have room, I shall tell you that, on the news of the Duke of Cumberland's illness at Newmarket, Lord S. coming out of the closet met a great butcherly lord with a white staff,[3] and, with a countenance very decent and composed

[1] There is probably an omission here; or the explanation has supplanted the text. She called herself, as we have seen, Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon (p. 47, n. 3).

[2] An actor of some repute, said to have been the son of an Irish fencing-master. He was a fascinating person, and, according to Walpole, could act the part of a man of fashion better than Garrick. Churchill pronounced him "by nature formed to please." The story of his elopement with Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, daughter of Lord Ilchester, is told by Walpole to Ld. Hertford (April 12, '64). The 40,000 acres was a grant from the Crown procured by way of getting rid of the couple *pro tem.* A letter from O'Brien in Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" (vol. i., p. 353 n.) shows that it took them thirty-four days to get to New York from England, and this was considered a rapid passage for the time of year. They returned to England, and O'Brien produced a clever little play, "Cross Purposes"; he got the place of Receiver-General of Dorset, and died at Stinsford in that county in 1815. Lady Susan did not die until 1827, at the age of eighty-four.

Thackeray, in "The Virginians," had in mind the histories of Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon and Lady Susan O'Brien. His Lady Maria Esmond marries Hagan the actor (a very good counterpart of O'Brien), and they migrate to the colonies; and after the pattern of Mrs. Sturgeon she chooses to resign her rank and to be known only as Mrs. Hagan.

[3] Lord Talbot, Lord Steward. [Vol. ii., p. 231 n. 9, pp. 234, 235, 236 and nn.] Lord S. is probably *Lord Sandwich,* the Secretary of State.—*Mitford.*

to sorrow, told him they had extreme bad news; that his Royal Highness the Duke was so ill it was doubtful whether he could live till next day.[1] The other replied, "Bad news, do you call it? By God, I am very glad of it, and shall be to hear the same of all that do not love the King."

My service to Mr. T.[2] I am glad to hear he is well.

CCLXIV. *To Norton Nicholls.*[3]

Monday 19 Nov: 1764.

Sr

I received your letter at Southampton, &, as I would wish to treat every body according to their own rule & measure of good-breeding, have against my inclination waited till now, before I answer'd it, purely out of fear & respect, & an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. if you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turn'd period, wch is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you, that my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it,[4] or bathed in it, as the *common people* do: no! I only walk'd by it, & look'd upon it. the climate is remarkably mild, even in Octob: and November. no snow has been seen to lie there for these 30 years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey-Lillies bloom in every window.

[1] He died in Upper Grosvenor Street, 31st October, 1765.—*Mitford.*

[2] Talbot, Fellow of Pembroke, p. 46, n. 4.

[3] Addressed "To Norton Nicholls Esq at Charles Floyer's Esq of Hollinclose Hall near Rippon Yorkshire." The stamp is "London." For this friend of Gray, see vol. ii. (p. 276, and pp. xi, xii, xiii, and n. of Preface).

[4] Mason to Gray, July 22d, '65. "I shall not come to Hartlepool:—My dove-like temper would be nothing in the world for you after a *gulp* of sea-water."

In "Humphrey Clinker," Mr. Matthew Bramble writes to Dr. Lewis from Harrogate, "I am persuaded that all cures ascribed to the Harrowgate Water, would have been as efficaciously and infinitely more agreeably performed by the internal and external use of sea-water. Sure I am this last is much less nauseous to the taste and smell, as well as more extensive in its medica qualities."

the Town, clean & well built, surrounded by its old stone-walls with their towers & gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, & opens full south to an arm of the sea, w^ch^, having form'd two beautiful bays on each hand of it stretches away in direct view till it joins the British Channel. it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds cloath'd with thick wood, & directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen. in the bosom of the woods (conceal'd from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netteley-abbey. there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. see there, at the top of that hanging meadow under the shade of those old trees, that bend into a half-circle about it, he is walking slowly (good Man!) & bidding his beads for the souls of his Benefactors, interr'd in that venerable pile, that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks, that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish, & too luxuriant for a holy eye, only on either hand they leave an opening to the blew glittering sea. did not you observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turn'd and cross'd himself, to drive the Tempter from him, that had thrown that distraction in his way. I should tell you, that the Ferryman, who row'd me, a lusty young Fellow, told me, that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey, (there were such things seen near it,) tho' there was a power of money hid there. from thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, & Stone-Henge, but of these things I say no more: they will be publish'd at the University-Press.

I have been at London this month, that tiresome dull place! where all people under thirty find so much amusement. the Opera, with Manzuoli[1] in it opens on Saturday,

[1] This singer appeared for one season in England in this year '64, having made his reputation in Italy and Spain. Burney says: "At the opening of the theatre in November with the *pasticcio* of Ezio, it was with much difficulty that I obtained a place after waiting two hours at the door. Manzoli's voice was the most powerful and voluminous soprano that had been heard on the stage since the time of Farinelli; and his manner of singing was grand and full of dignity. As to execution he had none. He was however a good actor, though unwieldy in figure, and not well

and I go to C:[1] the Wednesday preceding. the Ministry are all together by the ears, so are the Opposition: the only doubt is wch will be the weakest: I am afraid I know. the sentence of Alma-Mater,[2] of the North-Briton, & of D'Eon[3] are defer'd. in the meantime, Du-Vergy, the Adventurer who enraged D'Eon almost to madness, & has been in jail (for debt) eversince December last, having regain'd his liberty by the help (he says) of his countrymen, declares upon oath, that he was sent from France with a half-promise of being declared Secretary to the Embassy, that he might *se servir de son epée*, if occasion were, against D'Eon, or at least urge him to do something, that might for ever disgrace him. He gives a detail of all his private conversations with G:[4] & others on this head. Mons: de

made; neither was he young when he arrived in London." (He was about thirty-nine at this date.)

[1] Cambridge.

[2] About the election to the High Stewardship.

[3] This extraordinary man had come to England with the Duc de Nivernois, had some share in the peace negotiations, and on the Duke's departure was for a while left plenipotentiary, a situation which turned his fantastic head. He was presumptuous to de Guerchy, who succeeded the Duke here, and believing that a certain de Vergy had been sent over to assassinate him, attacked his superior and de Vergy at Lord Halifax's in so wild a manner that he was arrested for a breach of the peace; his ignorance of English contributed to his frenzy, for he supposed himself accused of breaking that peace with France which he had helped to make. He was recalled to France, but refused to return, and avenged himself by publishing (Mar. 23, '64) a quarto containing an account of his quarrels, and private correspondence of the Duc de Nivernois, much of which he had stolen or copied when he was possessed of the Duke's keys. The letters thus published were humiliating both to Nivernois and to de Guerchy, and lowered the French embassy in the public esteem. An information was filed against him for libel; he was tried on the 10th of July, but absconded, and was found guilty in his absence, sentence being, as Gray says, deferred—and, as it proved, *sine die*. He remained for a time in England undisturbed; and in 1777 an action (says Croker) was tried before Lord Mansfield for money lost on a wager respecting his sex. It seemed then proved beyond question that he was a female; the Parliament of Paris came to the same conclusion, and he was condemned to wear woman's attire. He emigrated at the Revolution, and died in London in May, 1810; and it was then ascertained that he was a man.

[4] De Guerchy.

G: is (I hear) much troubled, declares the whole a lye, but what is he to do? must he have another *Plaidoyer* in our Courts against this Scoundrel? and indeed from his own narrative he appears to be no better, though it is interlarded with fine French sentiment about justice, & virtue, & honour, and such like.[1]

I had prepared a finer period than the other to finish with, but, d—mn it! I have somehow mislaid it among my papers. you shall certainly have it next summer. how can people subscribe such a devil of a name (I warrant), you call it a *christian*-name, to their letters as you do? I always thought at times I had a small matter of aversion for you mechanically arising in me, & doubtless this was the reason. fie, fie, put on a white satten-mantle, and be carried to church again. however, I forgive you, for your Rippon-history's sake. Adieu! I shall almost be glad to see you again.

TG:

Your friend Dr. M:[2] came very kindly to see me, as soon as he had taken possession of his new Mastership, and return'd me his thanks for my civilities to you. so never say any more on that head: you see I am paid.

[1] "This madman [D'Eon] has transmuted his old enemy de Vergy into an ally. The latter having been ten months in prison for debt, has been redeemed by D'Eon; and in gratitude or in conceit, has printed (and sent about) a French *North Briton*, in which he pretends to confess that he was brought over by Monsieur de Guerchy to cut D'Eon's throat. This legend is so ill put together that, on the face of it, it confutes itself. However, he has tacked an affidavit or oath to it."—(Walpole to Mann, Nov. 15, '64.)

[2] Dr. Marriott, afterwards Sir James Marriott, became LL.D. in 1757, Master of Trinity Hall in 1764, and continued so for nearly forty years. He was knighted about the time of his becoming Master, or perhaps a very few years after.—*Mitford*. Norton Nicholls was of Trinity Hall.

CCLXV. *To Walpole.*

Sunday, December 30, 1764.

I have received the *Castle of Otranto,*[1] and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here,[2] make some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights. We take it for a translation,[3] and should believe it to be a true story, if it were not for St. Nicholas.[4]

[1] This "Gothic romance" was begun in June, 1764, and finished on the 6th August following It occupied eight nights of this period from ten o'clock at night until two in the morning, to the accompaniment of coffee. In a letter to Cole, 9 Mar., 1765, Walpole writes: "I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all that I could discover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands and I grew fond of it,—add, that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drank my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a sentence." *From* Austin Dobson (Horace Walpole; a Memoir, pp. 163-4).

[2] This is mere banter. If dates are right, Gray could have had little time to discover Cambridge opinion on the matter. The book was only published on the 24th of December. The notion that Gray was at all deceived by it is disposed of by Walpole's explicit statement to Mason (April 17, '65), that he showed it to the poet on its completion, and was encouraged by him to print it.

[3] As it professed to be on the title-page; the meaning therefore clearly is, we are such dolts here as to be taken in by the title-page. This ran: "The Castle of Otranto, a Story, translated by William Marshal, Gent, from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto." The pseudonym is of course not an anagram, but yet *Muralto* was possibly suggested by the author's surname.

[4] "'Behold in Theodore the true heir of Alfonso!' said the vision; and having pronounced these words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, it ascended solemnly towards heaven, where the clouds parting asunder the form of *St. Nicholas* was seen, and

When your pen was in your hand you might have been a little more communicative, for though disposed enough to believe the opposition rather consumptive, I am entirely ignorant of all the symptoms. Your canonical book I have been reading with great satisfaction. He speaketh as one having authority. If Englishmen have

receiving Alfonso's shade, they were soon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory." (Castle of Otranto *ad fin.*)

Otranto could excite neither pity nor terror in these days, and the portentous part of it would only move us to laughter; *e.g.*, the gigantic spectre which gets into the castle, but can only lie down in it, and terrify the domestics with the sight of his enormous boots; the three drops of blood which fall from the *nose* (!) of Alfonso's statue. Less grotesque is the portrait which steps out of the canvas, which, like the hand, Walpole says he saw in a dream.

In the preface to the first edition he professes that the work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the North of England, in black letter, bearing date 1529, and is of opinion that the date of the composition was little antecedent to that of the impression. In his professed character of translator he is able to pay himself a great many compliments—hard to reconcile with that diffidence of his own abilities which, in his preface to the second edition, he pleads as an excuse for the disguise. There is no doubt, strange as it may seem, that for a while, he expected to deceive the literary world—and so far merited poor Chatterton's posthumous retort:

— "Thou may'st call me cheat:
Say, didst thou never practise such deceit?
Who wrote Otranto?"

The earlier preface regrets that the writer did not apply his talents to the theatre; a claim in advance for Walpole's "Mysterious Mother." The latter vindicates Shakespeare from the censure of Voltaire for mingling tragedy and comedy, by way of justifying the same admixture in Otranto. Good Sir Walter's favourable account of Otranto in his "Lives of the Novelists" is a tribute of gratitude; it *did* stimulate him, and deserves praise as the first crude experiment in the line in which he was a master.

Mason (to Walpole, April 14, '65) professes to have been taken in by "Otranto," in spite of the doubts of a friend, who noticed the modern cast of some parts of familiar dialogue in it. He himself denied "that any one now-a-days had imagination enough to invent such a story." He was undeceived, he says, by some bishop who spoke with certain knowledge. His friend might have discovered enough "modernity" in more than the "familiar dialogue." Mason is here either insincere or unintelligent. Walpole tells the Earl of Hertford, Mar. 26th '65, that at first "Otranto" was universally believed "to be Mr. Gray's."

any feeling left, methinks they must feel now; and if the Ministry have any feeling (whom nobody will suspect of insensibility) they must cut off the author's ears, for it is in all the forms a most wicked libel. Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? or has some real lawyer furnished a good part of the materials, and another person employed them? This I guess; for there is an uncouthness of diction in the beginning which is not supported throughout, though it now and then occurs again, as if the writer,[1] was weary of supporting the character he had assumed, when the subject had warmed him beyond dissimulation.

Rousseau's *Letters*[2] I am reading heavily, heavily! He justifies himself, till he convinces me that he deserved to be burnt, at least that his book did.[3] I am not got through him, and you never will. Voltaire I detest, and have not seen his book:[4] I shall in good time. You surprise me, when you talk of going in February.[5] Pray, does all the minority go too? I hope you have a reason. *Desperare de republica*[6] is a deadly sin in politics.

[1] The writer was John Dunning; the pamphlet was "An Inquiry into the Doctrine lately promulgated concerning Juries, Libels &c. upon the principles of the Law and the Constitution." He was counsel for Wilkes, and argued powerfully against General Warrants. In 1767 he was Solicitor-General. From 1771 he was in Opposition, but in 1782, under the Rockingham administration, was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and became Lord Ashburton, taking his title from his native place. He died 1783.

[2] The Parlement de Paris had condemned "Emile" June 11, 1762; the council of Geneva followed suit; and the "Lettres de la Montagne" (1764) are Rousseau's attack on the constitution and council of Geneva, and defence of himself. (See letter to Mason, Jan. '65.)

[3] "Emile" was burnt at Paris by the public executioner according to the decree of June 11, '62; and afterwards at Geneva; and the "Lettres de la Montagne" had the same fate. (See letter to Mason, *u.s.*)

[4] I think this may be "Considerations sur les Mœurs," which Walpole acknowledges as having received from Lord Hertford Dec. 3, '64. It is true that the book was written long before, but we received these things in England casually and by piece-meal. It may be the "Dictionnaire Philosophique" to which reference is made in the following letter to Mason.

[5] To Paris.—*Mitford.*

[6] After the battle of Cannae, Varro, the survivor of the two

Adieu! I will not take my leave of you; for (you perceive) this letter means to beg another, when you can spare a little.

CCLXVI. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, Thursday, 1765.[1]

DEAR MR. MASON—

As you are alone and not quite well, I do feel a little sort of (I am almost ashamed to speak it) tenderness for you, but then I comfort myself with the thought that it does not proceed from any remnant of old inclination or kindness that I have for you. That, you must allow, would be folly, as our places of abode are so distant, and our occupations and pursuits so different. But the true cause is, that I am pretty lonely too, and besides have a complaint in my eyes that possibly may end in blindness. It consists in not being able to read at all with one eye, and having very often the *muscæ volitantes* before the other. I may be allowed therefore to think a little of you and Delaval, without any disparagement to my knowledge of mankind and of human nature.

The match you talk of is no more consummated than your own, and Kitty[2] is still a maid for the Doctor, so that

defeated consuls, was publicly thanked "for that he had not despaired of the republic."

[1] Mitford gives 1764, but the letter is clearly of January, 1765, and if Gray wrote '64 it was by habit from the preceding year. Mitford himself tells us that Newcome's death, which Gray mentions, took place on Jan. 10, '65. The insertion of "November" *supra* is without authority; it is simply a wrong inference from the date of Churchill's death. That Mason was not sure of this is due, perhaps, to his comparative isolation at Aston, or, more probably, to some conflicting rumour which had reached him.

[2] Kitty Hunter and Dr. Delap. See a letter from the Hon. T. Townshend to G. Selwyn: Nov. 11, 1764. "Another important event is the marriage of Miss Hunter to a Doctor Delap, with whose sister she boarded. It is said that her father has added two hundred a year to her other settlement." Her other settlement was that made on her by the Earl of Pembroke. So ends the history of the Rev. Dr. Delap.—*Mitford.* I can find no evidence that this marriage took place. See vol. ii., p. 261, n.; and,

he wants the requisite thing, and yet, I'll be sworn, his happiness is very little impaired. I take broiled salmon to be a dish much more necessary at your table than his. I had heard in town (as you have) that they were married; and longed to go to Spilsby and make them a visit; but here I learn it is not true yet, whatever it may be. I read and liked the Epigram [1] as it was printed, and do insist it is better without the last lines, not that the thought is amiss, but because the same rhyme is repeated, and the sting is not in the epigrammatic style; I mean, not easy and familiar. In a satire it might do very well. Mr. Churchill is dead indeed,[2] drowned in a butt of claret, which was tapped on the meeting of the Friends at Boulogne. He made an excellent end, as his executor Humphrey Cotes [3] testifies. I did not write any of the elegies,[4] being busy in writing the *Temple of Tragedy*. Send for it forthwith, for you are highly interested in it. If I had not owned the thing, perhaps you might have gone and taken it for the Reverend Mr. Langhorne's.[5] It is divine. I have not read

for Delap, vol. i., p. 329 n., with correction, vol. ii., p. 305; ii., 32, 33 nn.

[1] I possess several of Mason's political and personal epigrams, which Walpole used to insert for him in the "Evening Post," but do not recognize the one here alluded to. Those against the king are written in the bitterest feeling of personal animosity.—*Mitford.* For a sample of these squibs, see vol. ii., pp. 8-11.

[2] On Nov. 4. "Nine days after his antagonist, Hogarth."—*Walpole.*

[3] A friend of Churchill (brother of Admiral Cotes), and a wine merchant and political character.—*Mitford.* "He [Churchill] has left some sermons, for he wrote even sermons; but lest they should do any good, and for fear they should not do some hurt, he had prepared a Dedication of them to Bishop Warburton, whose arrogance and venom had found a proper corrector in Churchill." (Walpole to Mann, Nov. 15, '64.)

[4] On the death of Churchill; what follows is mere banter. Whether any "Temple of Tragedy" had appeared about this time, I do not know. Mason is "chaffed" about the work, real or fictitious, as the author of "Elfrida" and "Caractacus," and a would-be critic of the drama.

[5] The Rev. Thomas Langhorne (about twenty-nine years old at this date) had been before the public for five years consecutively as a writer; perhaps at this time best known as the author of the "Sentimental letters of Theodosius and Constantia." At a later date he modernized, under the title of "Owen of Carron," the

the *Philosophic Dictionary.*[1] I can stay with great patience for anything that comes from Voltaire. They tell me it is frippery, and blasphemy, and wit. I could have forgiven myself if I had not read Rousseau's *Letters.*[2] Always excepting the *Contract Social,* it is the dullest performance he ever published. It is a weak attempt to separate the miracles from the morality of the Gospel. The latter he would have you think he believes was sent from God, and the former he very explicitly takes for an imposture. This is in order to prove the cruelty and injustice of the State of Geneva in burning his *Emile.* The latter part of his book is to shew the abuses that have crept into the constitution of his country, which point (if you are concerned about it) he makes out very well, and his intention in this is plainly to raise a tumult in the city, and to be revenged on the *Petit Conseil,* who condemned his writings to the flames.

Cambridge itself is fruitful enough of events to furnish out many paragraphs in my Gazette. The most important is, that Frog Walker[3] is dead; his last words were (as the

ballad of "Gil Morice," which Gray admired. He is remembered now as the translator of Plutarch's "Lives," in conjunction with his brother William (1770).

[1] The "Dictionnaire Philosophique," in which, with additions, Voltaire collected his own contributions to the "Encyclopédie," is a characteristic medley—in which his antipathies and brilliant superficialities are displayed in an amusing, but not edifying, and certainly not philosophic fashion. It is said to have been begun, or projected during Voltaire's famous sojourn with Frederick at Potsdam.

[2] See to Walpole, Dec. 20. '64. The "Contrat Social" appeared in 1762, a month or two before "Emile."

[3] This is Doctor Richard Walker, Fellow and Vice-Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Theology from 1744 to 1764; founder of the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge. He is also the person quoted by Pope in the "Dunciad," book iv., 273), as the obsequious attendant on Bentley,—

> "Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
> But stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away."

There is an engraving of him by Lambourne very like him. See some account of him in Cumberland's "Memoirs," p. 73, 4to, and Bishop Monk's "Life of Bentley," vol. ii., pp. 26, 349, etc. He was called *Frog Walker* from his having served a curacy in the *fen*-country at Upwell, and so peculiarly distinguished from others of

nurses sat by him and said, "Ah! poor gentleman, he is going!"); "Going, going! where am I going? I'm sure I know no more than the man in the moon." Doctor Ridlington[1] has been given over with a dropsy these ten weeks. He refused all tapping and scarifying, but obeyed other directions, till, finding all was over, he prescribed to himself a boiled chicken entire, and five quarts of small beer. After this he brought up great quantities of blood, the swelling and suffocation, and all signs of water disappeared, his spirits returned, and, except extreme weakness, he is recovered. Everybody has ceased to enquire after him, and, as he would not die when he should, they are resolved to proceed as if he were dead and buried. Dr. Newcome[2] is dead. For six weeks or more before his death he was distracted, not childish, but really raving. For the last three weeks he took no nourishment but by force. Miss Kirke and the younger Beadon[3] are executors and residuary legatees. I believe, he left about £10,000, but there are many legacies. Had I a pen of adamant, I could not describe the business, the agitation, the tempest, the University is in about the Margaret Professorship.[4] Only

his contemporaries of the same name, "a nickname," says Bishop Monk, "by which he is still designated." The same biographer observes: "His goodly disposition, his liberality and public spirit, and his almost chivalrous devotion to the fortunes of his master (Bentley) have procured him a celebrity in the University annals, to which his talents and acquirements do not seem to have entitled him."—*Mitford.* Over the seat of the Vice-Master in Trinity College Chapel is still to be seen the name R. Walker, corresponding to that of Bentley, on the opposite side of the entrance.

[1] Dr. William Ridlington, of Trinity Hall, Professor of Civil Law, 1757; tutor of the College in 1766; died in 1770; succeeded in his Professorship by Dr. Halifax.—*Mitford.*

[2] Dean of Rochester, elected Margaret Professor of Divinity in 1727, Master of St. John's in 1735, and was succeeded by Zachary Brooke as Margaret Professor, and as Master of St. John's by Dr. Powell. He died 10th January 1765, æt. eighty-two, and is buried in St. John's College Chapel. See Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. i., p. 558, and viii., p. 379.—*Mitford.*

[3] Richard Beadon, Fellow of St. John's, afterwards Public Orator, Master of Jesus, and Bishop of Gloucester, 1789, Bath and Wells, 1802.—*Mitford* (corrected).

[4] In 1765 Zachary Brooke, of St. John's, was elected Margaret Professor, vacated by Dr. John Newcome's death. He was also

D.D.'s and B.D.'s have votes, so that there are acts upon acts. The bell is eternally tolling, as in time of pestilence, and nobody knows whose turn it may be next. The candidates are Dr. Law and Z. Brooke and my Lord Sandwich.[1] The day is Saturday next. But alas! what is this to the warm region of Saint John's? It is like Lisbon on the day of the earthquake; it is like the fire of London. I can hear and smell it hither. Here too appears the furious Zachary; but his forces are but three or four men. Here towers Doctor Rutherforth,[2] himself an host, and he has about three champions. There Skinner,[3] with his powerful oratory, and the decent Mr. Alvis,[4] with their several invisible squadrons: Ogden[5] and Gunning[6] each fighting for him-

Dean of Rochester, and was succeeded in 1788 by J. Mainwaring, D.D.—*Mitford.*

[1] See p. 33, n. 1.

[2] Dr. Rutherford, Fellow of St. John's and Regius Professor of Divinity,—*Mitford.* See references in Index.

[3] John Skynner, Fellow of St. John's, Sub-Dean of York, and Public Orator from 1752 to 1762. He died May 25, 1805, aged eighty-one. See Nichols's "Anecdotes," ix., p. 487.—*Mitford.*

[4] Andrew Alvis, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, M.A., 1738. Rector of Great Snoring, Norfolk, 1763 or 1764. Died May 25, 1775. See Nichols's "Anecdotes," ix., p. 362.—*Mitford.*

[5] Ogden. See vol. ii., p. 158, n. 2, and Appendix, p. 306. He had just been appointed to the Woodwardian Lectureship, which subsequently developed into the Professorship held by Adam Sedgwick. He was also President of St. John's, and Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, Cambridge—that interesting church of the Knight Templars, which, as Cole tells us, he filled to overflowing by his preaching (1770). Cole and Gilbert Wakefield combine to give us a picture of the man; bald, big, swarthy, scowling; in a sable periwig; with a growling morose voice, in which he uttered desultory tart, snappish sentences; too much given to epigram in his sermons. He would have obtained Court preferment, but that the Duke of Newcastle, himself not a model of grace, found that he was not a *producible* man. He was parsimonious, though an epicure. He burst into song, after the fashion of Oxford and Cambridge dons of that day, including the Master of Pembroke, on royal occasions. "In 1760 he mourned the death of George II. in Latin Elegiacs; in 1761 he hailed the marriage of George III. in English stanzas; in 1762 the birth of the Prince of Wales in Arabic." A contemporary epigram says that the Latin verse was bad, the English rhyme without reason, the Arabic safe because no one could understand it. I owe these particulars to Mr. J. W. Clark's "Life of Sedgwick."

[6] Probably Stuart Gunning, Fellow of St. John's College in

self, and disdaining the assistance of others. But see, where Frampton[1] [? rages], with his 17 votes, and on his buckler glitters the formidable name of Sandwich, at which fiends tremble. Last of all comes, with his mines and countermines, and old Newcastle at his back, the irresistible force of Powell.[2] 23 are a majority, and he has already 22½. If it lapses to the Seniors he has it; if it lapses to the Visitor he has it. In short, as we all believe it, he has it every way. I know you are overjoyed, especially for that he has the Newcastle interest. I have had a very civil visit of two hours from Archimage,[3] busy as he is; for you know I inherit all your old acquaintance, as I do all Delaval's old distempers. I visited Dr. Balguy the other day at Winchester, and he me at Southampton. We are as great as two peas. The day of election at Saint John's is Friday se'nnight.

Mr. Brown is well, and has forgot you. Mr. Nicholls is profuse of his thanks to me for your civilities to him at York, of which, God knows, I knew no more than the man in the moon. Adieu.

CCLXVII. *To William Palgrave.*[4]

March 1765.

My instructions, of which you are so desirous, are twofold: the first part relates to what is past, and that will be rather diffuse: the second, to what is to come; and

1745, whose successor, Thomas Doyly, was elected in March 1766. —*Mitford.*

[1] Thomas Frampton, Fellow of St. John's College, A.M. 1751, B.D. 1759.—*Mitford.*

[2] William Samuel Powell, elected Master of St. John's College in 1765, which he held till 1775. His sermons received the highest praise from the highest authorities. See Hey's "Lectures on Divinity," vol. i., pp. 77, 91; ii., p. 263. He died Jan. 19, 1775, aged fifty-eight. Cole has given a long account of him in Nichols's "Anecdotes," vol. i., p. 564-584.—*Mitford* (corrected).

[3] Probably Doctor Long, Master of Pembroke.

[4] Mr. Gray's correspondent was now making the tour of France and Italy.—*Mason.*

that we shall treat more succinctly, and with all due brevity.

First, when you come to Paris you will not fail to visit the cloister of the Chartreuse, where Le Sueur[1] (in the history of St. Bruno) has almost equalled Raphael. Then your Gothic inclinations will naturally lead you to the Sainte Chapelle built by St. Louis: in the treasury is preserved one of the noblest gems of the Augustan age. When you take a trip into the country, there is a fine old chapel at Vincennes with admirable painted windows; and at Fontainbleau, the remains of Francis the First's magnificence might give you some pleasure. In your way to Lyons you will take notice of the view over the Saone, from about Tournus and Macon. Fail not to walk a few miles along the banks of the Rhone, down the river. I would certainly make a little journey to the Grande Chartreuse, up the mountains: at your return out of Italy this will have little effect. At Turin you will visit the Capuchins' convent just without the city, and the Superga at no great distance, for the sake of the views. At Genoa observe the Terreno of the Palace Brignoli, as a model of an apartment elegantly disposed in a hot climate. At Parma you will adore the great Madonna and St. Jerom, once at St. Antonio Abbate, but now (I am told) in the Ducal Palace. In the Madonna della Steccata observe the Moses[2] breaking the tables, a chiaroscuro figure of the Parmeggiano at too great a height, and ill-lighted, but immense. At the Capuchins, the great Pietá of Annib. Carracci; in the Villa Ducale, the room painted by Carlo Cignani; and the last works of Agostino Caracci at Modena.[3] I know not what remains

[1] These pictures are now in the Luxembourg.

[2] On Gray's note on l. 19 of "The Bard" ("Loose his beard, and hoary hair," etc.), attributing the image to a well-known picture of Raphael, Mason has added "Moses breaking the tables of the law, by Parmeggiano, was a figure which Mr Gray used to say came still nearer to his meaning than the picture of Raphael."

[3] *When our Author was himself in Italy, he studied with much attention the different manners of the old masters. I find a paper written at the time in which he has set down several subjects proper for painting, which he had never seen executed, and has affixed the names of different masters to each piece, to shew which of their pencils he thought would have been most proper to treat it. As I*

now, the flower of the collection is gone to Dresden. Bologna is too vast a subject for me to treat: the palaces and churches are open; you have nothing to do but to see

doubt not that this paper will be an acceptable present to the Reynoldses and Wests of the age, I shall here insert it.—Mason.

An Altar Piece.—Guido.

The top, a Heaven; in the middle, at a distance, the Padre-Eterno indistinctly seen, and lost, as it were, in glory. On either hand, Angels of all degrees in attitudes of adoration and wonder. A little lower, and next the eye, supported on the wings of Seraphs, Christ (the principal figure) with an air of calm and serene majesty, his hand extended, as commanding the elements to their several places: near him an Angel of superior rank bearing the golden compasses (that Milton describes); beneath the Chaos, like a dark and turbulent ocean, only illumined by the Spirit, who is brooding over it.

A small Picture.—Correggio.

Eve newly created, admiring her own shadow in the lake.

The famous Venus of this master, now in the possession of Sir William Hamilton, proves how judiciously Mr. Gray fixed upon his pencil for the execution of this charming subject.—Mason.

Another.—Domenichino.

Medea in a pensive posture, with revenge and maternal affection striving in her visage; her two children at play, sporting with one another before her. On one side a bust of Jason, to which they bear some resemblance.

A Statue.—Michael Angelo.

Agave in the moment she returns to her senses; the head of her Son, fallen on the ground from her hand.

[Mason here refers us to Ovid. Met., III. 701 *sq.*

It is obvious that the suggested picture is not from Ovid, who says nothing of Agave's return to her senses; it is from Euripides, Bacchae, 1281 *sq.*]

A Picture.—Salvator Rosa.

Æneas and the Sybil sacrificing to Pluto by torch light in the wood, the assistants in a fright. The Day beginning to break, so as dimly to shew the mouth of the cavern.

Sigismonda with the heart of Guiscardo before her. I have seen a small print on this subject, where the expression is admirable, said to be graven from a picture of Correggio.

Afterwards, when he had seen the original in the possession of the late Sir Luke Schaub, he always expressed the highest admiration

them all. In coming down the Appennine you will see (if the sun shines) all Tuscany before you. And so I have brought you to Florence, where to be sure there is nothing worth seeing.[1] Secondly,

of it; though we see, by his here giving it to Salvator Rosa, he thought the subject too horrid to be treated by Correggio; and indeed I believe it is agreed that the capital picture in question is not of his hand.—Mason.

Another.—Albano, or the Parmeggiano.

Iphigenia asleep by the fountain side, her maids about her; Cymon gazing and laughing.

This subject has been often treated; once indeed very curiously by Sir Peter Lely, in the way of portrait, when his sacred Majesty Charles the Second represented Cymon, and the Dutchess of Cleveland and Mrs Eleanor Gwin (in as indecent attitudes as his royal taste could prescribe) were Iphigenia and her attendants.—Mason.

Another.—Domenichino, or the Carracci.

Electra, with the urn, in which she imagined were her Brother's ashes, lamenting over them; Orestes smothering his concern.

Another.—Correggio.

Ithuriel and Zephon entering the bower of Adam and Eve; they sleeping. The light to proceed from the Angels.

Another.—Nicholas Poussin.

Alcestis dying; her children weeping, and hanging upon her robe; the youngest of them, a little boy, crying too, but appearing rather to do so, because the others are afflicted, than from any sense of the reason of their sorrow: her right arm should be round this, her left extended towards the rest, as recommending them to her Lord's care; he fainting, and supported by the attendants.

Salvator Rosa.

Hannibal passing the Alps; the mountaineers rolling down rocks upon his army; elephants tumbling down the precipices.

Another.—Domenichino.

Arria giving Claudius's order to Pætus, and stabbing herself at the same time.

N. Poussin, or Le Sueur.

Virginius murdering his daughter; Appius at a distance, starting up from his tribunal; the people amazed, but few of them seeing the action itself.

[1] Ironical, of course. Gray made at Florence, in April, 1740, a

1. Vide, quodcunque videndum est.
2. Quodcunque ego non vidi, id tu vide.
3. Quodcunque videris, scribe & describe; memoria ne fide.
4. Scribendo nil admirare; & cum pictor non sis, verbis omnia depinge.
5. Tritam viatorum compitam calca, & cum poteris, desere.
6. Eme, quodcunque emendum est; I do not mean pictures, medals, gems, drawings, etc., only; but clothes, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, little moveables; everything you may want all your life long: but have a care of the custom house.

Pray, present my most respectful compliments to Mr. Weddell.[1] I conclude when the winter is over, and you have seen Rome and Naples, you will strike out of the beaten path of English travellers, and see a little of the country, throw yourselves into the bosom of the Appennine, survey the horrid lake of Amsanctus (look in Cluver's[2] Italy), catch the breezes on the coast of Taranto and Salerno, expatiate to the very toe of the continent, perhaps strike over the Faro of Messina, and having measured the gigantic columns of Girgenti, and the tremendous caverns of Syracusa, refresh yourselves amidst the fragrant vale of Enna. Oh! che bel riposo! Addio.

descriptive catalogue of many of the pictures then in the Pitti Palace; it is printed in "Gray and his Friends," pp. 216-222.

[1] William Weddell, Esq., of Newby, in Yorkshire.—*Mason.* Possibly the Weddell, (or some kinsman of his) mentioned in the verses in letter to Mason, Jany 8, 1768.

[2] The "Italia Antiqua" of Cluver, a German geographer, the pupil of Joseph Scaliger and friend of the English Prideaux, was published in 1624.

CCLXVIII. *To Mason.*

Pembroke Hall, Saturday, 1765 [? 1763].[1]

DEAR MASON—

I rejoice; but has she common sense?[2] Is she a gentlewoman? Has she money? Has she a nose? I know she sings a little, and twiddles on the harpsichord, hammers at sentiment, and puts herself in an attitude, admires a cast in the eye, and can say *Elfrida* by heart. But these are only the virtues of a maid. Do let her have some wife-like qualities, and a double portion of prudence, as she will have not only herself to govern, but you also, and that with an absolute sway. Your friends, I doubt not, will suffer for it. However, we are very happy, and have no other wish than to see you settled in the world. We beg you would not stand fiddling about it, but be married forthwith, and then take chaise, and come . . . all the way to Cambridge to be touched by Mr. Brown, and so to London, where, to be sure, she must pass the first winter. If good reasons (and not your own nor her coquetry) forbid this, yet come hither yourself, for our copuses and Welsh rabbits are impatient for you.

I sent your letter to Algarotti directly. My Coserella came a long while ago from Mr. Holles, I suppose, who sent me, without a name, a set of his engravings, when I was last in town; which, I reckon, is what you mean by your fine presents. The *Congresso di Citera* was not one of

[1] Both Mitford and Mr. Gosse assign this letter to 1765; and Mitford may be presumed to have seen the original. Nevertheless, I am nearly certain that it belongs to 1763. In November of that year Gray writes to Howe that "Mason has received the books in question [Algarotti's present] by an unknown hand, which I take to be Mr. Holles." The explanation therefore which Gray makes *infra* of the "fine presents," which Mason has received, precedes the letter to Howe. Mitford has obviously relied in his arrangement on references to Mason's matrimonial prospects; which were very unstable. This, however, is the first intimation of them.

[2] Mason married on the 25th of September 1765 the daughter of William Sherman, Esq., of Hull, who died at Bristol, March 27, 1767. "Ah! amantissima, optima, fœmina vale!" was a note written by Mason, which I found among his manuscripts.—*Mitford.*

the books. That was my mistake. I like his treatises very well.

I hope in God the dedicatorial sonnet[1] has not staid for me. I object nothing to the second line, but like it the better for Milton, and with him too I would read *in penult.* (give me a shilling) "his ghastly[2] smile,"[3] etc. But if you won't put it in, then read "wonted smile," and a little before "secure from envy." I see nothing to alter. What I said was the best line is the best line still. Do come hither, and I will read and criticise "your amorous ditties all a winter's day."[4] Adieu, I am truly yours. I hope her hair is not red though. I have been abroad, or I had wrote sooner.

CCLXIX. *To Wharton.*

Cambr: 29 Apr: 1765.

Dear Doctor

I have lately heard, that you have been very ill, & that in the midst of your illness your poor sister Ettrick was obliged to fly from her Persecutor, & put herself under your protection. pray inform me, as soon as you can, of the state of your health in the first place; & next, how you have been able to secure a poor frighted Woman from the brutality of such a husband, wch under our excellent constitution (I take it) is rather a more difficult thing, than it would be in Turkey.

For me, I passed the latter part of the last autumn at Southampton all alone (for I went to no rooms,[5] nor saw any company, as they call it) in a most beautiful country,

[1] See p. 12, *supra.*

[2] "Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile."
Par. Lost, ii. 846.

[3] A jocose allusion to what Gray, in another place, calls Lord Holdernesse's *ugly face.—Mitford.*

[4] ["... Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate]
In amorous ditties all a *summer's* day."
Milton, *P. L.*, i. 449.

[5] Assembly Rooms.

& very gentle climate. the air and the walks agreed with me wonderfully. the sea-water I scarce tried (as the winter approached) enough to say, whether it would suit me, or not. some time after I return'd hither, came the gout in both feet successively, very gentle as to pain, but it left a weakness & sense of lassitude behind it, that even yet is not wholly dissipated. I have a great propensity to Hartlepool this summer, it is in your neighbourhood, & that is to make up for climate & for trees. the sea, the turf, & the rocks, I remember, have merit enough of their own. Mr Brown is so invincibly attach'd to his duties of Treasurer and Tutor, & I know not what, that I give up all hopes of bringing him with me: nor do I (till I have been at London) speak determinately as to myself: perhaps I may find good reasons (against my inclination) to change my mind.

Your Mother, the University, has succeeded in her great cause against the Secretary of State.[1] Ld Hardwick is declared duly elected by a majority of one voice. all the Judges of the King's-bench took occasion to declare their opinion in set speeches on the question; I suppose, in order to gain a little popularity, for whatever seems against L^d S:, must be popular. Ld Mansfield was express on two points, that the Universities were not subject to any Royal Visitations, but might always apply to & receive redress from his Maj:^s Courts of Justice; & that they were bound by no statutes, but such as they themselves had thought fit to receive. these things are doubtless of far more consequence to them than the cause in question, for wch I am the less concern'd, because I do believe the two Pretenders had (privately) agreed the matter beforehand, for the House of Yorke have undoubtedly been long making up to the Court. I should tell you, that Dr. Long's Affidavit was only begun to be read, & laid aside as of no consequence. I suppose you know by this time, that our Friend the B: of Ch:[2] was the private Embassador of Ld Sandwich to this place, & made proposals in his name. he also was present on the side of that worthy Nobleman at the remarkable

[1] Lord Sandwich. The disputed election for the High Stewardship was referred to common law.

[2] Dr. Edmund Keene, Bp. of Chester. See vol. i., p. 194, n. 3 and Index.

interview with Mr Charles Yorke. it is certain he refused the Archb:^k of Armagh;[1] but why, I cannot yet learn: some say, because they intended to quarter so many pensions upon it: others, because they would keep to themselves the disposal of all the preferments. but neither of these seem to be sufficient reasons. it is sure, he wrote circular letters to his friends to acquaint them of this refusal, & that he was snub'd for doing so. whereas B^p Newton,[2] to whom it was first offer'd, made a great secret of it, as a good Courtier should do. now I am talking of Bishops, I must tell you, that not long ago B:^p Warburton in a sermon at Court asserted, that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate & worthless objects, & in speaking turned himself about & stared directly at the B^p. of London.[3] he added, that if any one arose distinguish'd for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. I need not tell you, that he expected the B^k of London himself, when Terrick[4] got it. So ends my ecclesiastical history.

[1] George Stone, Primate of Ireland, had died Nov. 19, 1764, aged fifty-seven. Walpole says he ruined his constitution by conforming to the style of luxury and drinking established in that country, and thus surmounted the most grievous prejudices, and gained popularity and power! Chesterfield, as Lord-Lieutenant, acknowledged his ascendency, but suggested that he should *take orders*. "His intrigues," says Walpole, "had been so troublesome that it was determined no future Archbishops of Armagh should be Lords Justices, or have any power in the Administration." The Archbishopric was, in fact, conferred on Richard Robertson, the Bp. of Kildare.

[2] Bishop of Bristol from 1761 to 1782. See vol. ii., p. 226, n. 6. It was George Grenville who desired the Primacy of Ireland for him, but he declined it. The "pompous" monument to him which is in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, he himself designed to have in S. Paul's. One is reminded of Browning's Bishop ordering his Tomb at S. Praxed's Church.

[3] See vol. ii., p. 226, n. 4. Mitford is, as I there notice, mistaken in referring the present incident to *Hayter's* appointment. It is nevertheless certain, as the lamented Dr. Garnett pointed out to me, that Warburton entertained ill-will to Hayter as well as to Terrick, as appears from the correspondence with Hurd; and Warburton's ambition may have been twice baffled.

[4] Hayter was succeeded in the Bishopric by Richard Osbaldeston, and Osbaldeston by Richard Terrick in 1764. Terrick was translated from Peterborough.

Our friend, the Precentor, who has so long[1] been in a *marituriente* way, is not yet married, and I doubt, it is all gone off. I dare not ask about it, but if I go northward, shall take him in my way, and see, whether he will tell me. Present my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, & Miss. I have no idea of the family at present,[2] & expect to see a multitude of little new faces, that know not Joseph.—Adieu! dear S^r^, I am ever

Most sincerely Yours

TG:

I hear, you are well again: but pray tell me, how well.

CCLXX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

London, Tuesday night, 1765.[3]

DEAR SIR—

I hope to be with you by Thursday or Friday se'nnight. You will hardly go before that time out of college; but if you do, the writings will be as safe in your drawers as in mine. You have heard so much news from the party that were going to Scotland, that it would be a vain thing for me to talk about it. I can only add, that you will shortly hear, I think, of a great change of affairs,[4]

[1] The preceding letter, which, as I have indicated, really belongs to 1763, shows that Mason's engagement had been known to his intimates for considerably more than a year.

[2] If, as I have conjectured, Wharton had accompanied Gray on his summer journey into Scotland in 1764, this ignorance is hard to account for. And if, on the other hand, Gray made this journey unknown to Wharton, whilst telling him (July 10, '64) that he could not well afford to visit him at Old Park, we are in a similar difficulty. That Wharton had been in Scotland within Gray's knowledge is, as we shall see, certain. There is much reading between the lines in this correspondence, if only we could get at it.

[3] I think May 14.

[4] A prophecy, thus fulfilled. "The King—when his Ministers went to him last Thursday, 16th, to receive his commands for his speech at the end of the session—forbad the Parliament to be prorogued, which he said he would only have adjourned: they were thunderstruck, and asked if he intended to make any change in his Administration? He replied, certainly; he could not bear it as it was. His uncle [the Duke of Cumberland] was sent for, was ordered to

which, whenever I come to town, always follows. To-day I met with a report that Mr. Pitt lies dangerously ill;[1] but I hope, and rather believe, it is not true. When he is gone all is gone, and England will be old England again, such as, before his administration, it always was ever since we were born.

I went to-day to Becket's[2] to look at the last volume of SEBA.[3] It comes unbound to four guineas and a half, and contains all the insects of that collection (which are exceedingly numerous), and some plates of fossils. The graving, as usual, very unequal, and the descriptions as poor as ever. As you have the rest, I conclude you must have this, which completes the work, and contains the index.

Are you not glad of the Carlisle[4] history? Walking

form a new administration and treat with Mr Pitt." (Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, Monday Evening, May 20, '65.)

[1] He had given himself, about this time, "a terrible fit of the gout,"—according to Walpole—lest he should be called on to help the Princess Dowager out of the mire in which she was left, in the then state of the Regency Bill. (To Lord Hertford, May 12.)

[2] One of the leading London booksellers at this time. At his shop were deposited in 1762 Macpherson's pretended Gaelic "originals" of Fingal.

[3] "Locupletissimi Rerum Naturalium Thesauri accurata Descriptio, etc., digessit, descripsit, depingendam curavit Albertus Seba." 4 vols. fol., Amst., 1734-1765.—*Mitford* (corrected). The "Locupletissimus Thesaurus" was the Museum of the rich Dutchman, Seba. Part of this catalogue was made by Peter Artedi, an ichthyologist, who was a friend and fellow-student of Linnæus at Upsala, and was drowned in one of the canals at Amsterdam in 1734, at the age of twenty-nine.

[4] Mitford says "this is an allusion to the well-known duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, in which the latter was killed." This is very questionable. The only reason suggested for this affair being called "the Carlisle history" is that Lady Carlisle was a sister of Lord Byron. The quarrel was not about her, it was about the preservation of game. Walpole is sorry for "poor Lady Carlisle"—why should Brown or Gray be glad? Nor can the *town* of Carlisle have anything to do with it; the duel took place at a London tavern, the Star and Garter. The date of it, moreover, is January 26, and it must have been known and discussed at Cambridge long before this letter was written. Even the trial had been concluded before April 18, at which date Walpole communicated the result of it to Lord Hertford. If the reference *could* be to the Chaworth duel, I should conjecture the brother of the disgraced party to be Richard Byron, a clergyman, though what he could

yesterday in the Windsor Park, I met the brother of the disgraced party, and walked two hours with him. I had a vast inclination to wish him joy, but did not dare. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

CCLXXI. *To Mason.*

Jermyn Street, May 23[1] [1765].

DEAR MASON—

In my way into the remote parts of the north, I mean to make you a visit at York; probably you will see me there on Wednesday next in the evening. It is your business to consider whether you have a house and a tea for me, for I shall stay there a week perhaps, if you continue agreeable so long. I have been in town this month, every day teeming with prodigies. I suppose you receive expresses every three hours,[2] and therefore I pass over the Regency Bill,[3] the weavers' petition,[4] the siege of Bedford

gain by the affair must be a mystery. Whatever the date of this letter, "the Carlisle history" is untraceable by me.

[1] If the conjectural date May 14 is right for the preceding letter, this is written the day before Gray leaves town for Cambridge, whither he arrives on the evening of Friday, the 24th.

[2] A jocular reference to news occasionally received by Mason, from Lord Holdernesse, or Mr. William Fraser.

[3] The young King's illness, really, it would seem, premonitory of his later insanity, had caused him, on his recovery, to be anxious to appoint a Regency. He was tricked by his Ministers into excluding the name of his mother, the Princess Dowager, from the projected Regency, on the ground that the Bill would otherwise be rejected by the Commons. The Commons, however, did in fact insist by a considerable majority that her name should be reinstated—and George III. was naturally disgusted with his advisers.

[4] A bill had passed the Commons for imposing as high duties on Italian silks as those paid on silks from France. This was thrown out by the Lords. Many of the Spitalfields weavers were at this time unemployed. Three or four thousand of them went to Richmond to petition the King, and followed him to a review at Wimbledon. There he pacified them by a promise that he would do all he could to relieve them. Next day, however (May 15), they went to the Houses of Parliament, in a riotous fashion, abusing the peers, applauding the Commons, and assaulting the Duke of Bedford, whom they followed to Bedford House, which on the 17th was in a state of siege, from which it was rescued by charges of cavalry.

House, the riot on Ludgate Hill,[1] the royal embassy to Hayes,[2] the *carte blanche* refused with disdain, the subversion of the ministry, which fights to the last gasp, and afterwards like the man *che combattea e era morto*, and yet stands upon its legs and spits in its master's face to this day because nobody will deign to take its place;[3] the House of Commons standing at gaze with its hands before it; the House of Lords bullying the justices of peace,[4] and fining the printers;[5] the King ——, etc. etc. The rest is left to oral tradition. Adieu!

[1] On Friday the 17th, "the house of Mr Carr and Co., on Ludgate Hill, mercers, was beset, the windows broke, and other damage done, but whether by the weavers, or an indiscriminate mob is not quite certain. However, on the approach of the civil and military power of the city, the rioters dispersed, and peace was restored. The pretence for this outrage was, that the partners were encouragers of the importation of foreign silks." ("Gent. Mag.," May, 1765.)

[2] The mission of the Duke of Cumberland to negotiate with Pitt, who was at his residence, Holwood House, Hayes, in Kent. Walpole says, "The Hero of Culloden went down in person to the Conqueror of America, and though tendering almost *carte blanche*,—*blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red-book of places—brought back nothing but a flat refusal."

[3] The insolence of George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford to the King, when, owing to the failure of the negotiations with Pitt, he was compelled to recall them, is described with some exaggeration by Junius, according to whom the duke "reproached him in plain terms with duplicity, baseness, falsehood, treachery, and hypocrisy; repeatedly gave him the lie; and left him in strong convulsions." Even by Walpole's account, they inveighed against the Princess Dowager, and threatened to bring Bute to the block.

[4] The Lords sent for Justice Fielding and other magistrates on the 17th before the attack on Bedford House, and when an organized mob had again come to Westminster "with red and black flags" in menacing fashion. Fielding, the blind magistrate, half-brother of the novelist, assured them that the weavers had done no mischief,—but it would appear that the Lords rated him and his colleagues for remissness.

[5] Almon, who printed for the opposition, had been bound over in February; but the printer who was fined was Kearsley, for reprinting No. 45 of the "North Briton." This was as far back as January 23rd. He stood in the pillory on February 14th according to his sentence, but was cheered by the populace, who collected for him about 200 guineas on the spot; his fine amounting only to £100. ("Gentleman's Mag.," Feb. 1765.)

CCLXXII. *To Wharton.*

Thursday, 6 June, 1765. York.

DEAR DOCTOR

Here am I (thanks to Mr Precentor's [1] hospitality) laid up with the gout: yet as today I begin to walk again about the house on two legs, I flatter myself, I shall be able to see you next week at Old Park. as to mine host of the Minster his eyes are very bad (in imitation of Horace [2]) & he is besides tied down here to residence: yet he talks, as if we might chance to see him in the Bishoprick [3] during the summer for a little while. his compliments join themselves to mine, & beg you would present them to Mrs Wharton, and the numerous family. Adieu! no Mr Brown! he is immersed too deep in Quintilian and Livy.

CCLXXIII. *To Mason.*

July 16, 1765.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to Mrs. ANNE, Regular Servant to the Rev. Mr. PRECENTOR, of York.[4]

A moment's patience, gentle Mistris Anne
(But stint your clack for sweet St. Charitie):
'Tis Willey begs, once a right proper man,
Though now a book, and interleav'd you see.
Much have I borne from canker'd [5] critic's spite,

---

[1] Mason.

[2] Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
Inlinere.

Horace, *Sat.*, I. v. 30.

["Here my eyes teased me, so that I
Black wash was driven to apply."
Sir Theodore Martin.]

[3] *I.e.*, at Wharton's Old Park, which was in the principality of Durham.

[4] There is a copy of this in Mitford's MSS. in the British Museum, which differs in some small particulars from that printed here. These variations are recorded in the Pitt Press edition of Gray's Poems.

[5] Thomas Rymer (of the "Foedera") for instance, who in his "Short view of Tragedy," 1693, says of Othello: "There is in this

From fumbling baronets,[1] and poets small,[2]
Pert barristers,[3] and parsons nothing bright:[4]
But what awaits me now is worst of all.
'Tis true, our master's temper natural
Was fashion'd fair in meek and dove-like guise;
But may not honey's self be turn'd to gall
By residence, by marriage,[5] and sore eyes?[6]
If then he wreak on me his wicked will,
Steal to his closet at the hour of prayer;[7]
And (when thou hear'st the organ piping shrill)
Grease his best pen, and all he scribbles, tear.
Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,
Better the roast meat from the fire to save,
Better be twisted into caps for spice,
Than thus be patch'd and cobbled in one's grave.
So York shall taste what Clouet[8] never knew,
So from our works sublimer fumes shall rise;
While Nancy earns the praise to Shakespeare due,
For glorious puddings and immortal pies.

---

play some burlesque, some humour and ramble of comical wit, and some mimicry to divert the spectators; but the tragical part is plainly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour."

[1] A reference to Sir Thomas Hanmer, once Speaker of the House of Commons, who edited the Oxford Shakespeare in 1743. He had no competence for the task, though Collins, in his Epistle to him, represented his edition as final.

[2] Both Rowe in 1709 and Theobald in 1733 were Shakespeare editors; it is probable that Gray has Theobald mainly in mind; for Pope's Dunciad had made that most happy conjectural critic (whose merits were first fully recognized in the Cambridge Shakespeare) a byword for dulness in the eighteenth century.

[3] Such as Thomas Edwards, of Lincoln's Inn, author of the "Canons of Criticism," who therein attacked Warburton's edition of Shakespeare. His book was very popular. John Holt, again, "formerly of Gray's Inn," attempted to rescue Shakespeare from the errors "falsely charged on him by several editors."

[4] John Upton in 1746 wrote "Critical Observations on Shakespeare;" and Zachary Grey, in 1752, "Critical and Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare." Warburton is amongst the parson editors (1747), whether Gray was thinking of him or not.

[5] A contemplated marriage; Mason is on the verge of it.

[6] The Mitford MS. in the Museum has *mince pies* here. Gray writes to Mason at York, 29 Dec. 1768, "Come away to Cambridge when your Christmas duties and *mince pies* are over."

[7] When Mason would go from his study to the Minster, hard by.

[8] Cook to the Duke of Newcastle, and a famous *chef* in his day. He *inspired* Verral's "Cookery," which Gray loved and annotated. Verral calls him "Monsieur *de St.* Clouet."

Tell me if you do not like this, and I will send you a worse. I rejoice to hear your eyes are better, as much as if they were my own; but the cure will never be lasting without a little sea. I have been for two days at Hartlepool to taste the waters, and do assure you nothing can be salter, and bitterer, and nastier, and better for you. They have a most antiscorbutic flavour I am delighted with the place. There are the finest walks, and rocks, and caverns, and dried fishes, and all manner of small inconveniences a man can wish. I am going again this week, so wait your commands.

Dr. Wharton would be quite happy to see you at Old Park. If you should have kindness and resignation enough to come, you must get to Darlington, then turn off the great road to Merrington, then inquire the way to Spennymoor House, where they will direct you hither. Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

CCLXXIV. *Mason to Gray.*

Aston, July 22nd, 1765.

Dear Mr. Gray,

As bad as your verses were they are yours, and, therefore, when I get back to York I will paste them carefully in the first page of my Shakespeare to enhance its value, for I intend it to be put in my marriage settlement as a provision for my younger daughters. My eldest boy is to be provided for out of Hutton's nose,[1] and I have just now writ to Stonhewer to get a reversionary grant of a commission of hawkers and pedlars for my second son. When this matter is settled I hope soon to be in possession of my gentle Argentile;[2] for really and sincerely I have seen her, got her consent, have written to her father, and letters now every post relative to her jointure. After all, I verily believe it will not do, and am

[1] Landed estate which came to Mason in 1768. See vol. i., p. 238 n., and Gray to Nicholls, Feb. 3, 1768.

[2] Mason, in calling his bride "gentle Argentile," alludes to his play of Argentile and Curan, a legendary drama, written about this time.—*Mitford.*

at present much out of sorts about it; and, was it not that I love her more than ever, should wish I had been soused head and ears at Hartlepool before I had ventured to make my proposals. But no more of this; you will not pity me now, no more than you did when I was in residence and sore eyes.

I am here about the commission concerning my exchange of glebe, which I hope to finish next Wednesday; after which I shall go soon either to Hull or York, unless Lord Holdernesse stops me by coming here next week, which, though he talks of doing, I fancy he will not.

I know nothing of politics, except from a letter of Fraser's;[1] that he is taken from Lord Northumberland by the Duke of Grafton, and is just where he was four years ago with Lord Holdernesse. Poor fellow! I pity him; but I hope Stonhewer will be good to him, for he is a worthy creature. I have no belief, however, in the duration of this ministry, unless Mr. Pitt[2] adds himself to it, which I fancy he will hardly do.

You will be very cross I know at this letter, since it will tell you that I shall not come to Hartlepool; for I know you want somebody that you may frump and scold, and say sharp things to; and my dove-like[3] temper would be nothing in the world for you after a gulp of sea water. However, my eyes are now perfectly well, that I laugh at the scurvy.

I direct this to Dr. Wharton's on supposition that you are tired of Hartlepool. Give my best compliments to the Dr. and his lady, and believe me to be, as much as I can be any body's at present,

Yours most sincerely,

W. Mason.

[1] See vol. i., p. 260, n. 2. The new ministry was formed on July 8, with the Marquis of Rockingham as first Lord; the Duke of Grafton was one of the Secretaries of State, and Fraser passed into his office, where he was probably under Stonehewer, who was appointed secretary to Grafton.

[2] He did not join the new administration though he was supposed to favour it; nor did he resume office till July, 1766, when the Duke of Grafton became first Lord, and Pitt himself went to the Lords, as Earl of Chatham, and Lord Privy Seal.

[3] From Gray's lines in preceding letter.

CCLXXV. *To the Rev. James Brown.*[1]

Old Park, Thursday. Aug: [1765].

DEAR S^R^—

It is true, I have been lately a very indifferent Correspondent, but Poverty knows no law, & must be my excuse. since the fortnight I pass'd with Mason at York (who was then very bad with that troublesome defluxion in his eyes, and is since cured & now stands on the brink of marriage), I have been always resident at Old Park, excursions excepted of a day or two at a time, and one lately of three weeks to Hartlepool. the rocks, the sea, & the weather there, more than made up to me the want of bread & the want of water, two capital defects, but of wch I learn'd from the inhabitants not to be sensible. they live on the refuse of their own fish-market, with a few potatoes, & a reasonable quantity of Geneva, six days in the week, & I have nowhere seen a taller, more robust, or healthy race. every house full of ruddy broad-faced children. nobody dies but of drowning or old age. nobody poor but from drunkenness, or mere laziness. I had long wish'd for a storm, and was treated before I came away with such a one as July could produce: but the waves did not rise above twelve foot high, & there was no hurt done. on Monday (I believe) I go to Scotland with my Lord,[2] and Tom, & the Major. No Ladies are of the party: they remain at Hetton:[3] yet I do not expect to see anything, for we go post, till I come to Glamis.

I hear of P:^s^[4] safe arrival in England: Pray congratulate him from me, & beg, he would not give away all his pictures and gems, till I come. I hope to see him in October. is it true that young Tyrrell does not goe into orders? Dr. Hallifax[5] (who was here with Dr. Lowth) tells me, that

[1] From a transcript of the original for which the editor is indebted to Dr. J. C. Baker of Aylesbury.

[2] Lord Strathmore and Thomas Lyon; but I cannot identify the Major.

[3] A seat of Lord Strathmore's in Durham, near Rainton.—*Mitford.* Thomas Lyon occupied it.

[4] Palgrave, see letter of March, '65, and Index.

[5] See Index.

Ridlington[1] is on his way to Nice. The last letter you sent me was from Mr. Ramsay, a Tenant of mine in Cornhill, who wants to see me *anent* particular business. as I know not what it is I go with a little uneasiness on my mind farther North: but what can one do? I have told him my situation.

The Doctor & Mrs. Wharton wish for you often, tho' in vain. such is your perverseness! Adieu; I will write again from Scotland more at large. I am, ever sincerely

yours,
TG:

Are you not glad for Stonhewer?[2] I have heard twice from him. but it is *sub sigillo.*

CCLXXVI. *To James Beattie.*[3]

Glames Castle, September 8, 1765.

A little journey I have been making to Arbroath has been the cause that I did not answer your very obliging letter so soon as I ought to have done. A man of merit, that honours me with his esteem, and has the frankness

[1] Dr. William Ridlington of Trinity Hall, Professor of Civil Law, 1757; tutor of the College in 1766; died in 1770; succeeded in his Professorship by Dr. Hallifax.—*Mitford.*

[2] His appointment as Secretary to Grafton. He tells Gray political news under the seal of secrecy.

[3] Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College, Aberdeen.—*Mason.* At this date Beattie was close on thirty years of age, and had held the professorship for about five years. He had appeared as a poet in 1760, but the first part of the "Minstrel," as we shall see, was not published until 1771. As appears from Gray's Letter to him of Oct. 2, he accepted the invitation here conveyed to him from Lord Strathmore, and no doubt discussed with Gray the republication of his volume of 1760, which bears date 1766.

When Beattie heard from Dr. Carlysle, of Musselburgh, and Dr. Wight, of Glasgow, that Gray was in Scotland, he wrote to him the next day, Aug. 29, in terms of respect and admiration: "Will you permit us to hope that we shall have an opportunity, at Aberdeen, of thanking you in person, for the honour you have done to Britain, and to the poetic art, by your inestimable compositions, and of offering you all that we have that deserves your acceptance,

to tell me so, doubtless can need no excuse: his apology is made, and we are already acquainted, however distant from each other.

I fear I cannot (as I would wish) do myself the pleasure of waiting on you at Aberdeen, being under an engagement to go to-morrow to Taymouth, and, if the weather will allow it, to the Blair of Athol: this will take up four or five days, and at my return the approach of winter will scarce permit me to think of any farther expeditions northwards. My stay here will, however, be a fortnight or three weeks longer; and if in that time any business or invitation should call you this way, Lord Strathmore gives me commission to say, he shall be extremely glad to see you at Glames; and doubt not it will be a particular satisfaction to me to receive and thank you in person for the favourable sentiments you have entertained of me, and the civilities with which you have honoured me.

CCLXXVII. *To Wharton.*

Dear Doctor

I deferr'd writing to you, till I had seen a little more of this countrey, than you yourself had seen, and now being just return'd from an excursion, wch I & the Major have been making, into the High-lands, I sit down to tell you all about it: but first I must return to my journey hither, on wch I shall be very short, partly because you know the way[1] as far as Edinburgh, & partly, that there was not a great deal worth remarking. the first night we pass'd at Tweedmouth (77 miles), the next at Edinburgh (53 m:), where L^d^ S:[2] left the Major and me, to go to Lenox-love[3] (Ld Blantyre's) where his Aunt lives.

namely, hearts full of esteem, respect, and affection? If you cannot come so far northward, let me at least be acquainted with the place of your residence, and permitted to wait on you." (Forbes' "Life of Beattie," vol. i., pp. 89 *sq.*)

[1] This was perhaps on the journey to Scotland, 1764. See n., pp. 35, 36, *supra.*

[2] Strathmore.

[3] This is the ancient house of Lithinton, ennobled by its former possessors, the Maitlands. It was sold by Richard Maitland, Earl

So that afternoon & all next day I had leisure to visit the Castle, Holy-Rood-House, Heriot's Hospital, Arthur's-Seat, &c: and am not sorry to have seen that most picturesque (at a distance) & nastiest (when near) of all capital Cities. I sup'd with Dr Robertson[1] and other Literati, & the next morning L^d S: came for us. we cross'd at the Queen's Ferry in a four-oared yawl without a sail, & were toss'd about rather more than I should wish to hazard again. lay at Perth, a large *Scotch* Town with much wood about it on the banks of the Tay, a very noble river. next morning ferried over it, and came by dinner time to Glamis, being (from Edinburgh) 67 miles, wch makes in all from Hetton 197 m:. The Castle[2] stands in Strathmore (i:e: the Great Vally), wch winds about from Stonehaven on the East-Coast of Kincairdinshire obliquely as far as Stirling near 100 miles in length, and from 7 to 10 miles in breadth, cultivated everywhere to the foot of

of Lauderdale, to Sir Thomas Livingston, afterwards Viscount Tiviot, and by him to Alexander Lord Blantyre, who changed the name to Lenox Love, in memory of Frances Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, who left him a legacy of £20,000, which enabled him to make the purchase. Lithinton, or Lenox Love, is near Haddington. —*Whitaker.*

[1] William Robertson, the historian. He was at this date forty-four years old, and principal of the University of Edinburgh. He early distinguished himself in the General Assembly, particularly by his common-sense and moderation in the matter of Home's "Douglas." His history of Scotland was published in 1759, his history of Charles V. not till ten years later. Walpole's letters to him in 1759 are a curious blend of flattery and patronage. "Before I read your History [of Scotland] I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirizes nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch Clergyman, by directing his studies with my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, Sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great an one yourself," etc. etc. (To Robertson, Mar. 4, '59.)

[2] This is said to be the very castle in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.—*Mason.*

According to Shakespeare (after Holinshed) the murder of Duncan took place at Macbeth's Castle at Inverness, but the identification of Glamis as the scene of it is easily explained, since the legend makes Macbeth become Thane of Glamis by the death of his father, and he may be supposed to have inherited Glamis Castle.

the Hills on either hand with oats or bere-barley, except where the soil is mere peat-earth (black as a coal) or barren sand cover'd only with broom & heath, or a short grass fit for sheep. here & there appear just above ground the huts of the inhabitants, wch they call Towns, built of & cover'd with turf, & among them at great distances the Gentlemen's houses with inclosures & a few trees round them. amidst these our castle distinguishes itself, the middle part of it rising proudly out of what seems a great & thick wood of tall trees with a cluster of hanging towers on the top. you descend to it gradually from the South through a double and triple avenue of Scotch Firs, 60 or 70 feet high under three Gateways. this approach is a full mile long, & when you have pass'd the 2^d^ Gate, the Firs change to Limes, & another oblique avenue goes off on either hand toward the Offices. these as well as all the enclosures, that surround the house, are border'd with 3 or 4 ranks of sycomores, ashes, & white poplars of the noblest height, & from 70 to 100 years old. other allies there are that go off at right angles with the long one, small groves & wall'd gardens of Earl Patrick's[1] planting, full of broad-leaved elms, oaks, birch, black-cherry trees, Laburnums, &c:, all of great stature & size, wch have not till this week begun to shew the least sense of morning frosts. the third gate delivers you into a Court with a broad pavement, & grass-plats adorned with statues of the four Stuart Kings, border'd with old silver-firs & yew-trees alternately, & opening with an iron palissade on either side to two square old-fashion'd parterres surrounded by stone-fruit-walls. the house from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers atop, & the spread of its wings, has really a very singular & striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw. you will comprehend something of its shape from the plan[2] of the 2^d^ floor, wch I

[1] Perhaps the 3rd Earl of Strathmore, who succeeded in 1647.

[2] This plan is not with the letter. Scott in 1828 ("Essay on Landscape Gardening") deplores the changes which had been wrought in Glamis Castle, since he visited it first in 1793. "Down went many a trophy of old magnificence, courtyard, ornamented enclosure, fosse, avenue, barbican, and every external muniment of battled wall and flanking tower, out of the midst of which the

enclose. The wings are about 50 feet high, the body (wch is the old castle with walls 10 feet thick) is near 100. from the leads I see to the South of me (just at the end of the avenue), the little town of Glames, the houses built of stone &

ancient dome, rising high above all its characteristic accompaniments, and seemingly girt round by its appropriate defences, which again circled each other in their different gradations, looked, as it should, the queen and mistress of the surrounding country. It was thus that the huge old tower of Glammis, 'whose birth tradition notes not,' once showed its lordly head above seven circles (if I remember aright) of defensive boundaries" [Gray mentions only three gates] "through which the friendly guest was admitted, and at each of which a suspicious person was unquestionably put to his answer. A disciple of Kent had the cruelty to render this splendid old mansion (the more modern part of which was the work of Inigo Jones), more *parkish*, as he was pleased to call it; to raze all those exterior defences, and bring his mean and paltry gravel walk up to the very door from which, deluded by the name, one might have imagined Lady Macbeth (with the form and features of Siddons) issuing forth to receive King Duncan. It is thirty years and upwards since I have seen Glammis, but I have not yet forgotten or forgiven the atrocity which, under pretence of improvement, deprived that lordly place of its appropriate accompaniments,

> 'Leaving an ancient dome and towers like these
> Beggared and outraged.'"
>
> (WORDSWORTH'S *Sonnet on Neidpath Castle.*)

The statues of the four Stuart kings, of which Gray speaks, are probably those with whom by marriage or otherwise the Strathmores were connected. Thus Sir John Lyon (d. 1483) married Lady Jane Stuart, daughter of Robert II.; his son also married a Stuart; *his* son again (*Patrick* Lyon) was one of the hostages for the ransom of James I., the poet-prince, so long a prisoner at Windsor, the lover and husband of Lady Joan Beaufort, whom he first saw, as he tells us in the "King's Quhair," from the window of his prison-chamber in the tower of Windsor. This imperfect explanation is perhaps guess-work, but even the arid pages of Burke's "Peerage" suggest romantic conjectures about the history of this family.

The night Scott spent in this venerable pile was, he tells us, one of the two occasions in his life on which he felt *eerie*. He speaks of "a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once—namely, the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence. The extreme antiquity of the building is vouched by the thickness of the walls, and the wild straggling arrangement of the accommodation within doors. As the late earl" [the son of Gray's Strathmore] "seldom resided at

slated, with a neat Kirk & small square Tower (a rarity in this region) just beyond it rises a beautiful round hill, & another ridge of a longer form adjacent to it, both covered with woods of tall fir: beyond them peep over the black hills of *Sid-law*, over which winds the road to Dundee. to the North within about seven miles of me begin to rise the Grampions, hill above hill, on whose tops 3 weeks ago I could plainly see some traces of the snow, that fell in May last. To the East winds away the *Strath*, such as I have before described it, among the hills, wch sink lower and lower, as they approach the sea. to the West the same valley (not plain, but broken unequal ground), runs on for above 20 miles in view: there I see the crags above Dunkeld, there *Beni-Gloe* & *Beni-More* rise above the clouds, & there is that *She-khallian*, that spires into a cone above them all, & lies at least 45 miles (in a direct line) from this place. L^d^ S: who is the greatest farmer in this neighbourhood, is from break of day to dark night among his husbandmen & labourers; he has near 2000 acres of land in his own hands, and is at present employed in building a low wall of 4 miles long; & in widening the bed of the little river

Glammis it was, when I was there, but half furnished, and that with moveables of great antiquity, which, with the pieces of chivalric armour hanging on the walls, greatly contributed to the general effect of the whole. After a very hospitable reception from the late Peter Proctor, seneschal of the Castle, I was conducted to my apartment in a distant part of the building. I must own that when I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself as too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead. We had passed through what is called *the King's Room*, a vaulted apartment, garnished with stag's antlers and other trophies of the chase, and said by tradition to be the spot of Malcolm's murder, and I had an idea of the vicinity of the Castle chapel. In spite of the truth of history, the whole night scene in Macbeth's Castle rushed at once upon me, and struck my mind more forcibly than even when I had seen its terrors represented by John Kemble and his inimitable sister." ("Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," p. 398.) See further in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," whence this note is derived. Scott's impression that the king slain at Glamis was Malcolm II he afterwards corrected; the said Malcolm (Duncan's son), he elsewhere states, died peaceably. Shakespeare, it is well known, whilst following Holinshed's story of Macbeth in the main, borrows the details of the night-scene from the chronicler's account of the previous murder of Duff by Donwald at the Castle of Forres.

Deane, which runs to S: & S:E: of the house, from about 20 to 50 feet wide, both to prevent inundations, and to drain the Lake of Forfar. this work will be two years more in completing; & must be 3 miles in length. all the Highlanders, that can be got, are employ'd in it; many of them know no English, and I hear them singing Erse-songs all day long. the price of labour is 8 pence a-day; but to such, as will join together and engage to perform a certain portion in a limited time, 2 shillings. I must say, that all our labours seem to prosper, and my L^d^ has casually found in digging such quantities of shell-marle, as not only fertilize his own grounds, but are disposed of at a good price to all his neighbours. in his nurseries are thousands of oaks, beech, larches, horse-chesnuts, spruce-fir, &c:, thick as they can stand, & whose only fault is, that they are grown tall and vigorous, before he has determined, where to plant them out. the most advantageous spot we have for beauty lies West of the house, where (when the stone walls of the meadows are taken away) the grounds (naturally unequal) will have a very park-like appearance. they are already full of trees, wch need only thinning here & there to break the regularity of their lines, & thro' them winds the *Burn of Glames*, a clear & rapid trout-stream, which joins the R: Deane hard by. pursuing the course of this brook upwards, you come to a narrow sequester'd valley shelter'd from all winds, through wch it runs murmuring among great stones; on one hand the ground gently rises into a hill, on the other are the rocky banks of the rivulet almost perpendicular, yet covered with sycamore, ash, & fir, that (tho' it seems to have no place or soil to grow in) yet has risen to a good height, and forms a thick shade. you may continue along this gill,[1] & passing by one end of the village & its church for half a mile it leads to an opening between the two hills cover'd with fir-woods, that I mention'd above, thro' wch the stream makes its way, and forms a cascade of 10 or 12 feet over broken rocks. a very little art is necessary to make all this a beautiful scene. the weather till the last week has been in general very fine &

[1] More familiar to us in the form *ghyll*—the Icelandic *gil*—a deep narrow ravine, enclosing a stream—in this instance the Burn of Glamis.

warm: we have had no fires till now, & often have sat with the windows open an hour after sunset. now & then a shower has come, & sometimes sudden gusts of wind descend from the mountains that finish as suddenly as they arose: but to-day it blows a hurricane. upon the whole I have been exceedingly lucky in my weather, & particularly in my highland expedition of five days.

We set out then the 11th of Sept: & continuing along the Strath to the West pass'd through *Megill*,[1] where is the

[1] This is Meigle, a little market-town in Perthshire, watered by the Isla and the Deane, and formerly the occasional residence of the Bishops of Dunkeld. Concerning the tomb of Queen Wanders I am indebted to the kindness of Sir Herbert Maxwell for the following note:

"The remarkable group of sculptured stones at Meigle are fully described in Dr. Anderson's 'Scotland in Early Christian Times,' 2nd Series, p. 67. The largest of them, 8 ft. high, is reputed to commemorate the death of Guenevere, King Arthur's unfaithful Queen, whose name in the north took the form of Wander, Guanora or Vanora. It is said that she was imprisoned on Barry Hill in Alyth parish, distant three miles from Meigle, but I have never heard of the wild horses. Dr. Skene identified places in Scotland as the scenes of Arthur's twelve battles. (See his 'Celtic Scotland.')

"Hector Boece gives a full account of the Meigle tradition. Bellenden, translating him, says that all women abhor the stones, 'and specially the sepulture of Guanora, as the title written thairupon schawis—"All wemen that strampis on this sepulture shall be ay barrant, but [without] ony fruit of their wamb, sicklike as Guanora was."'

"See further Stuart's 'Sculptured Stones of Scotland,' vol. i., p. 22; Chalmers's 'Sculptured Stones of Angus,' p. 9, and Romilly Allen's 'Early Christian Monuments of Scotland,' *sub voce* Meigle."

The death by wild horses seems (as was suggested in "Notes and Queries" by Mr. E. H. Marshall, Oct. 3, '85) to link itself to the story of Brunehild. According to the *French* legend, when she was taken prisoner by Clothaire, she was "kicked to pieces by a wild horse, having been tied to the animal's tail by the hair, one leg, and one arm." The ubiquity of this gruesome legend, in one form or the other, is a sad indictment of man and his "many inventions." Compare the story of Mettius Fufetius, "riven to dethe" between two chariots at the bidding of Tullius Hostilius for his treacherous conduct in the war against Fidenae. (Livy, i. 28; Verg. Aen., viii. 642.) In the possibly powerful, but highly unpleasant play of "Thierry and Theodoret," by Beaumont and Fletcher, the monster Brunhalt chokes herself. The Brunhild of the Nibelungen Lied has quite a different history. But the French version in its crudest form might easily run to seed in Scotland.

tomb of *Queen Wanders, that was riven to dethe by staned-horses for nae gude, that she did.* so the women there told me, I'm sure. through Cowper of Angus; over the river Ila, then over a wide & dismal heath fit for an assembly of Witches,[1] till we came to a string of four small lakes in a valley whose deep-blew waters, & green margin, with a Gentleman's house or two seated on them in little groves, contrasted with the black desert, in wch they were inchased. the ground now grew unequal, the hills more rocky seem'd to close in upon us, till the road came to the brow of a steep descent, & (the sun then setting) between two woods of oak we saw far below us the river Tay come sweeping along at the bottom of a precipice at least 150 feet deep, clear as glass, full to the brim, & very rapid in its course. It seem'd to issue out of woods thick & tall, that rose on either hand, & were overhung by broken rocky crags of vast height: above them to the West the tops of higher mountains appear'd, on which the evening clouds reposed. down by the side of the river under the thickest shades is seated the Town of Dunkeld: in the midst of it stands a ruin'd Cathedral, the towers & shell of the building still entire. a little beyond it a large house of the Duke of Athol, with its offices and gardens extends a mile beyond the town, and as his grounds were interrupted by the streets and roads he has flung arches of communication across them, that add to the scenery of the place, wch of itself is built of good white stone, & handsomely slated, so that no one would take it for a Scotch Town till they come into it. here we pass'd the night: if I told you how, you would bless yourself. Next day we set forward to Taymouth 27 miles farther West, the road winding through beautiful woods with the Tay almost always in full view to the right, being here from 3 to 400 feet over. the Strath-Tay from a mile to 3 miles or more wide, cover'd with corn

[1] Gray has Macbeth in mind; and there is much legendary association with that story in Perthshire. Near Cairnbeddie [? on Gray's route above described] is the Witchstone where Macbeth is said to have met the weird sisters; while there is a stone called his in Meigle Parish. Moreover, both Birnam Wood and Dunsinane are in Perthshire. All the legends connected with Glamis and its neighbourhood were common knowledge to Gray and his friends of this time, hence the indirectness of his references to these things.

& spotted with groups of people then in the midst of their harvest. on either hand a vast chain of rocky mountains, that changed their face & open'd something new every hundred yards, as the way turn'd, or the clouds pass'd: in short altogether it was one of the most pleasing days I have pass'd these many years, & at every step I wish'd for you. at the close of day, we came to *Balloch*, so the place was call'd; but now for decency *Taymouth*, improperly enough, for here it is that the river issues out of Loch-Tay (a glorious lake 15 miles long, & 1½ broad), surrounded with prodigious mountains. there on its North Eastern brink impending over it is the vast hill of Lawers: to the East is that monstrous creature of God, *She-khallian* (i:e: the Maiden's Pap), spiring above the clouds. directly West (beyond the end of the lake), *Beni-More* (the Great Mountain) rises to a most aweful height, and looks down on the tomb of Fingal. Ld Braidalbin's *policy* (so they call here all such ground as is laid out for pleasure) takes in about 2000 acres, of wch his house, offices, & a deer-park about three miles round occupy the plain or bottom, wch is little above a mile in breadth. thro' it winds the Tay, which by means of a bridge I found here to be 156 feet over. his plantations and woods rise with the ground on either side the vale, to the very summit of the enormous crags, that overhang it. along them on the mountain's side runs a terrass a mile & ½ long, that overlooks the course of the river. from several seats and temples perch'd on particular rocky eminences you command the lake for many miles in length, wch turns like some huge river, & loses itself among the mountains, that surround it. at its eastern extremity, where the river issues out of it, on a Peninsula my L^d^ has built a neat little town & church with a high square tower, & just before it lies a small round island in the lake covered with trees, amongst which are the ruins of some little religious house. trees (by the way) grow here to great size & beauty. I saw four old chestnuts in the road, as you enter the park, of vast bulk & height. One beech tree I measured, that was 16 feet, 7 inches in the girth, & (I guess) near 80 feet in height. The Gardiner presented us with peaches, nectarines, & plums from the stone-walls of the kitchen-garden (for

there are no brick nor hot walls) the peaches were good, the rest well-tasted, but scarce ripe. we had also golden-pippens from an espalier (not ripe) & a melon very well flavour'd and fit to cut. of the house I have little to say; it is a very good nobleman's house handsomely furnish'd & well-kept, very comfortable to inhabit, but not worth going far to see. of the Earl's taste I have not much more to say, it is one of those noble situations, that Man cannot spoil: it is however certain, that he has built an inn & a town just where his principal walks should have been, & in the most wonderful spot of ground, that perhaps belongs to him. in this inn however we lay, & next day returning down the river four miles we passed it over a fine bridge, built at the expence of the Government, and continued our way to *Logie-Rait*, just below wch in a most charming scene the *Tummel*, wch is here the larger river of the two, falls into the Tay. we ferried over the Tummel in order to get into Marshal Wade's road[1] (wch leads from Dunkeld to Inverness), and continued our way along it toward the North. the road is excellent, but dangerous enough in conscience. the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice 200 feet deep, sometimes masqued indeed by wood, that finds means to grow where I could not stand: but very often quite naked & without any defence. in such places we walked for miles together partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country, wch the beauty of the weather set off to the greatest advantage. as evening came on, we approached the Pass of Gillikrankie, where in the year 45 the Hessians[2] with their Prince at their head stop't short, &

[1] Marshal, at that time General Wade, was employed in 1724 to make military roads through the Highlands. One of these enters the hills from the low country at Crieff, twenty miles north of Stirling, the other at Dunkeld, fifteen miles north of Perth. Captain Burt in 1737, in "Letters from the North," contrasts the comfort with which he rode in the Highlands with the fatigue and danger of his previous travels in those regions. Remember the distich (surely of Hibernian origin) stuck up near Fort-William:

"Had you seen these roads *before they were made*,
You would hold up your hands and bless General Wade."

And see more about this in "Tales of a Grandfather," c. 74.

[2] Gray writes "1745," in accordance with the old style, every

refused to march a foot farther. *Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisq in faucibus Orci*[1] stands the solitary mansion of Mr Robinson of Faseley. close by it rises a hill cover'd with oak, with grotesque masses of rock staring from among their trunks, like the sullen countenances of Fingal & all his family frowning on the little mortals of modern days. from between this hill and the adjacent mountains

great event in the rebellion except Culloden having occurred before March 25, 1746.

"*February* the 8th [1746] 5,000 *Hessians* arrived at *Leith*; they were really very fine Troops; armed with Guns, Bayonets, and Swords; cloathed in Blue, turned up with White; their Hussars, about 500 looked extreamly well, wore Scymitars of a great Length, which hung by a Cord tied round their Body. Their Horses were long tail'd, of a strong Make, and generally black, of a much less Size than those of the *British* Army, but more durable and fit for Use, being mostly *Swedish*, which are reckoned among the most serviceable in the Northern Nations." *An Impartial Hand* [A. Henderson] *who was an Eye-witness to most of the Facts.*

The Prince Frederick of Hesse was the son-in-law of George II., having married his daughter Mary.

The Hessians had advanced from Perth to raise the blockade of Blair Athol, or rather the castle there, held by Sir Andrew Agnew, and one of the military posts occupied by the king's troops and the Campbells in the country between Perth and Aberdeen. The blockade was indeed raised, but mainly because the Pretender could not spare Lord George Murray any men to repel this advance. The Hessians, however, behaved ingloriously. "So great was their terror of being attacked in the pass of Killicrankie by the swords of the wild mountaineers, that they absolutely refused to march beyond it." *Melville*, "Scots Mag.," 1808, pp. 411, 413 (as quoted in the amusing chapter 82 of "Tales of a Grandfather.")

It is noticeable that Henderson, who disguises everything discreditable to the royal forces, affirms that they dispersed an ambush set in a place clad with wild shrubs over against the Pass. The sinister version would be likely to be current at Glamis. The Strathmores in '45 were Jacobites, though they took no part in the rebellion; however, when the Duke of Cumberland lodged at Glamis, it was found that all the girths in his troop had been cut during the night to retard his march, and after his departure orders were given to take down the bed in which he slept. (Chambers's "Hist. of the Rebellion," ch. xx., n.)

The trivial incident of 1746 comes between Gray's mind and the far more famous battle of Killiekrankie, at which "bonnie Dundee" fell in the arms of victory in 1689. For a description of this Pass in modern days, see Macaulay's "History," ch. xiii.

[1] Verg. Æn., vi. 273.

pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummel, and falls headlong down involved in white foam, wch rises into a mist all round it.—but my paper is deficient, & I must say nothing of the Pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount Beni-Gloe, my return (by another road) to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the *Stra-Brann*, & the Rumbling-Brigg. in short since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now. in about a week I shall set forward by the Stirling-road on my return all alone. pray for me, till I see you, for I dread Edinburgh & the itch; and expect to find very little in my way worth the perils I am to endure. my best compliments to Mrs Wharton and the young Ladies (including herself) & to Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan if they are with you. Adieu!—I am ever

Yours

T G:

[In Wharton's hand is added, Glamis, September 1765.]

CCLXXVIII. *To James Beattie.*

Glames Castle, October 2, 1765.

I must beg you would present my most grateful acknowledgments to your society for the public mark of their esteem, which you say they are disposed to confer on me,[1] I embrace, with so deep and just a sense of their goodness, the substance of that honour they do me, that I hope it may plead my pardon with them if I do not accept the form. I have been, Sir, for several years a member of the University of Cambridge, and formerly (when I had some thoughts of the profession) took a Bachelor of Laws' degree there; since that time, though long qualified by my standing, I have always neglected to finish my course, and claim my doctor's degree:[2] judge, therefore, whether it will not

[1] The Marischal College of Aberdeen had desired to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Gray to receive from them the degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Beattie wrote to him on the subject, and this is the answer.—*Mason.*

[2] Walpole says: "He had some thoughts of taking his doctor's

look like a slight, and some sort of contempt, if I receive the same degree from a Sister University. I certainly would avoid giving any offence to a set of men, among whom I have passed so many easy, and I may say, happy hours of my life; yet shall ever retain in my memory the obligations you have laid me under, and be proud of my connection with the University of Aberdeen.

It is a pleasure to me to find that you are not offended with the liberties I took when you were at Glames; you took me too literally, if you thought I meant in the least to discourage you in your pursuit of poetry: all I intended to say was, that if either vanity (that is, a general and undistinguishing desire of applause), or interest, or ambition has any place in the breast of a poet, he stands a great chance in these our days of being severely disappointed; and yet, after all these passions are suppressed, there may remain in the mind of one, "ingenti perculsus amore"[1] (and such I take you to be), incitements of a better sort, strong enough to make him write verse all his life, both for his own pleasure and that of all posterity.

I am sorry for the trouble you have had to gratify my curiosity and love of superstition;[2] yet I heartily thank you. On Monday, Sir, I set forward on my way to England; where if I can be of any little use to you, or should ever have the good fortune to see you, it will be a particular satisfaction to me. Lord Strathmore and

degree, but would not, for fear of being confounded with Dr. Grey, who published the foolish edition of 'Hudibras.'" The poet became *Dr. Grey, malgré lui* (see vol. i., p. 197, n. 1). The "Hudibras" editor was *Zachary* Grey, LL.D.

[1] Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore
Accipiant.

VERG., *Georg.*, ii. 476.

Cf. Milton's "Smit with the love of sacred song."—*P. L.*, iii. 29.

[2] Mr. Gray, when in Scotland, had been very inquisitive after the popular superstitions of the country. His correspondent sent him two books on this subject, foolish ones indeed, as might be expected, but the best that could be had: a *History of Second Sight* and a *History of Witches.—Mason.*

the family here desire me to make their compliments to you.

P.S.—Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults.[1]

CCLXXIX. *To Mason.*

1765.

DEAR MASON—

Res est sacra miser (says the poet), but I say it is the happy man that is the sacred thing, and therefore let the profane keep their distance. He is one of Lucretius' gods, supremely blessed in the contemplation of his own felicity, and what has he to do with worshippers? This, mind, is the first reason why I did not come to York: the second is, that I do not love confinement, and probably by next summer may be permitted to touch whom, and where, and with what I think fit, without giving you any offence: the third and last, and not the least perhaps, is, that the finances were at so low an ebb that I could not exactly do what I wished, but was obliged to come the shortest road to town and recruit them. I do not justly know what your taste in reasons may be, since you altered your condition, but there is the ingenious, the petulant, and the dull; for you any one would have done, for in my conscience I do not believe you care a half-penny for reasons at present; so God bless you both, and give ye all ye wish, when ye are restored to the use of your wishes.

I am returned from Scotland charmed with my expedition; it is of the Highlands I speak; the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but those monstrous creatures of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets,

[1] Mr. Beattie, it seems, in their late interview had expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Mr. Gray thought his due. He told him in reply, "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers he had learned it wholly from that great poet. And pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification were singularly happy and harmonious."—*Mason.*

painters, gardeners, and clergymen, that have not been among them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse-ponds, Fleet ditches, shell grottoes, and Chinese rails.[1] Then I had so beautiful an autumn, Italy could hardly produce a nobler scene, and this so sweetly contrasted with that perfection of nastiness, and total want of accommodation, that Scotland only can supply. Oh, you would have blessed yourself. I shall certainly go again; what a pity it is I cannot draw, nor describe, nor ride on horseback.

Stonhewer is the busiest creature upon earth except Mr. Fraser; they stand pretty tight, for all his Royal Highness.[2] Have you read (oh no, I had forgot) Dr. Lowth's pamphlet[3] against your uncle the Bishop? Oh, how he works him. I hear he will soon be on the same bench. To-day Mr. Hurd came to see me, but we had not a word of that matter; he is grown pure and plump, just of the proper breadth for a celebrated town-preacher. There was Dr. Balguy too; he says Mrs. Mason is very handsome, so you are his friend for ever. Lord Newnham, I hear, has ill health of late; it is a nervous case, so have a care. How do your eyes do?

Adieu: my respects to the bride. I would kiss her, but you stand by and pretend it is not the fashion, though I know they do so at Hull.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

[1] Cf. vol. i., p. 326, n. 2.

[2] This probably relates to the death of the Duke of Cumberland, who was understood to have formed the present administration, and to constitute great part of its strength.—*Mason.* Stonehewer was appointed, on the 19th of July, 1765, the Duke of Grafton's Under-Secretary of State for the northern department. To this refers the question "Are you not glad for Stonhewer" in the letter to Brown of Aug., '65. The Duke of Cumberland died Oct. 31, 1765.

[3] See vol. i., p. 282, n. 1.

CCLXXX. *To Walpole.*[1]

Cambridge, December 13, 1765.

I am very much obliged to you for the detail you enter into on the subject of your own health, in this you cannot be too circumstantial for me, who had received no account of you, but at second hand: such as, that you were dangerously ill, and therefore went to France; that you meant to try a better climate, and therefore staid at Paris; that you had relapsed, and were confined to your bed, and extremely in vogue, and supped in the best company, and were at all public diversions. I rejoiced to find (improbable as it seemed) that all the wonderful part of this is strictly true, and that the serious part has been a little exaggerated. This latter I conclude, not so much from your own account of yourself, as from the spirits in which I see you write: and long may they continue to support you! I mean in a reasonable degree of elevation; but if (take notice) they are so volatile, so flippant, as to suggest any of those doctrines of health, which you preach with all the zeal of a French atheist; at least, if they really do influence your practice; I utterly renounce them and all their works. They are *evil spirits*, and will lead you to destruction.—You have long built your hopes on temperance, you say, and hardiness. On the first point we are agreed. The second has totally disappointed you, and *therefore* you will persist in it, by all means. But then be sure to persist too in being young, in stopping the course of time, and making the shadow return back upon your sun dial. If you find this not so easy, acquiesce with a good grace in my anilities, put on your under stockings of yarn, or woollen, even in the night time. Don't provoke me! or I shall order you two night caps (which by the way would do your eyes good), and put a little of any French liqueur into your water, they are nothing but brandy and sugar, and among their various flavours, some of them may surely be palat-

[1] A reply to a letter of Walpole's from Paris, dated Nov. 19, 1765.

able enough. The pain in your feet I *can bear*;[1] but I shudder at the sickness in your stomach, and the weakness that still continues. I conjure you, as you love yourself; I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with these edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the stomach, but to throw it into the limbs. There is no relief for the gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perspiration.

I was much entertained with your account of our neighbours. As an Englishman and an Antigallican, I rejoice at their dulness and their nastiness, though I fear we shall come to imitate them in both. Their atheism[2] is a little too much, too shocking to rejoice at. I have been long sick at it in their authors, and hated them for it; but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion. They were bad enough when they believed everything!

I have searched where you directed me, which I could not do sooner, as I was at London when I received your letter, and could not easily find her Grace's[3] works. Here they abound in every library. The print you ask after is the frontispiece to *Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil.*[4] But lest there should be any mistake, I must tell

[1] "J'ai senti votre saignée; n'était-ce pas le 17 de ce mois? Justement: elle me fit tous les biens du monde, et je vous en remercie." Madame de Sévigné to Bussy-Rabutin, July 26, 1668.

[2] Walpole, *à propos* of the "Philosophes," had written: "Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, 'Il est bigot, c'est un déiste.'"

[3] The famous Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. Walpole had written: "Old Mariette has shown me a print by Diepenbecke of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at dinner with their family. You would oblige me if you would look into all their graces' folios, and see if it is not a frontispiece to some one of them."

[4] Date 1656. To it is prefixed the Duchess's Autobiography, re-edited by Sir Egerton Brydges in 1814. The mutual admiration of the Duke and Duchess was extravagantly displayed, and this frontispiece well illustrates it. Her life of the Duke (1667), who collaborated with her, is entitled: "The Life of the Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince, William Cavendish, Duke, Marquess and Earl of Newcastle; written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, His Wife." Walpole calls her a "fertile pedant" with "an unbounded passion for scribbling"; Lamb, on the other hand, *anent* the binding of her life of the Duke, says: "No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep safe such a jewel."

you the family are not at dinner, but sitting round a rousing fire and telling stories. The room is just such a one as we lived in at Rheims: I mean as to the glazing and ceiling. The chimney is supported by cariatides: over the mantle-piece the arms of the family. The duke and duchess are crowned with laurel. A servant stands behind him, holding a hat and feather. Another is shutting a window. Diepenbecke[1] delin. and (I think) S. Clouwe sculps. It is a very pretty and curious print, and I thank you for the sight of it. If it ever was a picture, what a picture to have! I must tell you, that upon cleaning an old picture here at St. John's Lodge, which I always took for a Holbein, on a ring which the figure wears, they have found H. H.[2] It has been always called B^p^[3] Fisher; but is plainly a layman, and probably Sir Anthony Denny,[4] who was a benefactor to the college.

For a contemporary judgment take that of Pepys, who, on the 18th of March, 1668, found that the book "showed her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." He gives an amusing account of the eccentricities of her dress and equipage, which delighted the street-boys of London.

[1] Abraham van Diepenbeck was one of Rubens' pupils. There are many of his canvases in continental collections, but his chief fame is as a draughtsman and designer of engravings. He died at Antwerp in 1675, *aetat.* 76.

[2] Hans Holbein, the younger and more famous of that name, to whom we owe so many lifelike portraits, notably those of More and Erasmus.

[3] This is no doubt what Gray wrote. I do not know where his MS. is, but the *p*, as I conjecture, has been misread as *v*. The famous Bishop of Rochester, the Cardinal whom Henry VIII. beheaded, and the virtual founder (under the Venerable Margaret) of St. John's College, was *John* Fisher, nor is there any B. V. Fisher in the *Athenae Cantabrigienses*.

[4] Born at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, 1501; buried there 1549. He was a pupil of Lily at St. Paul's School, and thence passed to St. John's, Cambridge. He had court preferment, and grants of abbey-lands. He is said to have spoken with fidelity and courage to Henry VIII. in his last illness. He repaired Sedbergh School, and recovered for it under Edward VI. the estates which belonged to it, but had been confiscated by Henry VIII. At this school there are still three exhibitions in connection with St. John's. Denny's portrait, by Holbein (whether that at St. John's or another I do not know), has been engraved, according to "Athenae Cantabrigienses," by W. Richardson and E. Harding, jun.

What is come of your Sevigné curiosity?[1] I should be glad of a line now and then, when you have leisure. I wish you well, and am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

CCLXXXI. *To Wharton.*

Pemb: C: March 5, 1766.

DEAR DOCTOR

I am amazed at myself, when I think I have never wrote to you: to be sure it is the sin of witchcraft or something worse. something indeed might be said for it, had I been married like Mason, who (for the first time since that great event) has just thought fit to tell me, that he never pass'd so happy a winter as the last, and this in spite of his anxieties, which perhaps (he says) might even make a part of his happiness: for his wife is by no means in health, she has a constant cough, yet he is assured her lungs are not affected, & that it is nothing of the consumptive kind. what say you to this case? may I flatter him, that breeding will be a cure for this disorder? if so, I hear she is in a fair way to be well. as to me I have been neither happy nor miserable: but in a gentle stupefaction of mind, & very tolerable health of body hitherto. if they last, I shall not much complain. the accounts one has lately had from all parts make me suppose you buried under the snow, like the old Queen of Denmark. as soon as you are dug out, I should rejoice to hear your voice from the battlements of Old-Park. the greatest cold we have felt here was January 2, Thermom: (in the garden) at 4 in the

[1] Walpole in reply writes (Jany 25, 1766): "Nothing has interrupted my Sévigné researches but the frost. The Abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ransack Livry." Walpole called Mme. de Sévigné "Notre Dame de Livry." It was at Livry, in the Forêt de Bondi, about three leagues from Paris, that a great part of her life was passed, and thence very many of her letters are dated. Walpole gives a description of the place in a letter to G. Montagu of April 3, 1766. Another dwelling of hers, the Hôtel de Carnavalet, in Paris, he viewed, at this date, with equal reverence.

afternoon standing at 30 Deg: ½, and the next day fell a little snow, wch did not lie. it was the first we had had during the winter. again, Feb: 5 toward night, Therm: was down at 30 D: with a clear sky; the snow-drops then beginning to blow in the garden: next day was a little snow. but on the 11th and 12th fell a deep snow (the weather not very cold) wch however was melted on ye 15th, & made a flood in the river. next day the Thrush was singing, & the Rooks building. at & about London instead of snow they had heavy rains. on the 19th the red Hepatica blew, & next day the Primrose. the Crocus is now in full bloom. so ends my chronicle.

My oracle[1] of state (who now and then utters a little, as far as he may with discretion) is a very slave and packhorse, that never breaths any air better than that of London, except like an Apprentice, on Sundays with his Master and Co:. however he is in health, & a very good Boy. it is strange, the turn that things have taken. that the late Ministry should negociate a reconciliation with L^d^ B:,[2] & that Ld Temple should join them; that they should after making their (bad) apologies be received with a gracious kind of contempt, & told that his L^dp^: could enter into no political connections with them: that on the first division on the American business that happened in the H: of Lords[3] they should however all join to carry a point against the Ministry by a majority indeed of four only, but the D: of Y—k[4] present & making one: that when the Minis-

[1] I believe Gray alludes to Mr. Stonehewer, the friend and secretary of the Duke of Grafton.—*Mitford.*

[2] Bute.

[3] At the beginning of the session, Dec. 17, 1765, George Grenville in opposition proposed an amendment on the Address in view of the intention of the new Government to repeal the Stamp Act; but meeting with little encouragement, withdrew his motion. A similar motion against the Colonies was rejected by the House of Lords. "Lord Temple, disheartened at so unpromising an outset of the Session, had the confidence and meanness to hurry to Mr. Pitt at Bath; and now stooped to solicit the assistance of him whom he had so lately traversed, and whose offers he had so haughtily rejected. Mr. Pitt in his turn was inflexible." (Walpole, "Memoirs of George III," vol. ii, c. xi.)

[4] Edward, Duke of York, the King's brother. Whilst the King was ostensibly supporting his Ministers, he was, at the same time,

ters expostulated in a proper place, they should be seriously assured the K: would support them. that on a division on an insignificant point to try their strength in the House of Commons they should again lose it by 12 majority: that they should persist nevertheless: that Mr Pitt[1] should appear *tanquam e machinâ*, speak for 3 hours & ½, & assert the rights of the Colonies in their greatest latitude:[2] that the Minister should profess himself ready to act with & even serve under him[3]: that he should receive such a compliment with coldness, & a sort of derision: that Norton[4] should move to send him to the Tower: that when the great questions came on, the Min^y: should always carry their point at one, two, three in the morning by majorities of 110 & 170 (Mr Pitt entirely concurring with them, & the Tories, People of the Court, & many Placemen, even Ld G: Sackville,[5] constantly voting against them) all these

Walpole observes, in effect "telling his servants that *they were at liberty to vote against him and keep their places.*" ("Memoirs of G. III," vol. iii, p. 183.) The action of the Duke of York tallies with this view of the royal policy. And note what Gray says *infra* about "many Placemen."

[1] "He had come to town that morning he said, *unconcerned* and unconnected, and not having arrived early enough, desired to hear the proposed Address read, which being done, he thought it, he said a very proper one though he should wish to separate from it the unhappy measure of the Stamp Act." (Walpole, *ib.*, p. 185.)

[2] He repeatedly asserted that the House had no right to lay an internal tax upon America, that country not being represented. (Walpole, *ib.*, p. 186.)

[3] The "Minister" here is General Conway, Secretary of State; the other Secretary was the Duke of Grafton; this was under the Rockingham Administration, which came into office on the 10th of July, 1765.

Walpole (who, it is to be remembered, was at Paris during these proceedings, and derived his information from some one who was present at the debates), represents Conway as saying only that "he could assure the right honourable gentleman that he should think himself happy to resign his office to him whenever he should please to take it."

[4] What Sir Fletcher Norton said, according to Walpole, was "The gentleman speaks out now, and I understand him; and if the House go along with me, the gentleman will go to another place." (*Id. ib.* p. 193.) It was in this debate that Burke first appeared as an orator.

[5] The evil genius of England, not only at Minden, but in her contest with America. It is affirmed that in 1777, when he called

events are unaccountable on any principles of common-sense.—I attribute much of the singular part to the interposition of *Women*,[1] as rash as they are foolish. on Monday (I do not doubt, tho' as yet I do not certainly know it) the Bill to repeal the Stamp-act went thro', that House, & to-day it is before the Lords, who surely will not venture to throw it out. oh, that they would!—but after this important business is well over, there must be an eclaircissement: some amends must be made, & some gracious condescensions insisted on, or else who would go on, that really means to serve his country! The D: of Bedford & Ld Temple were gone down to their villas, & I believe are not likely to come back. Ld Chesterfield,[2] who had not been for many years at the House, came the other day to qualify himself in order to leave a proxy, that should vote with the Ministry. somebody (I thought) made no bad application of those lines in Virgil L: 6. v: 489

At Danaum proceres, Agamemnoniæq phalanges &c:[3]

to Mr Pitt's first appearance (for no one expected him) in the House. turn to the place.

Everything is politicks. there are no literary productions worth your notice, at least of our country. the French have finished their great Encylopedie in 17 Volumes: but there are many flimsey articles very hastily treated, &

himself Lord George Germain, he neglected to sign despatches to Howe at New York instructing him to effect a junction with Burgoyne at Albany; the peerage, according to Horace Walpole, could not give up pheasant shooting for the sake of America; accordingly Lord George went into Kent, and forgot the despatches; and Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga.

[1] He means, I think, the Princess Dowager, and the Duchess of Bedford.

[2] "The repeal of the Stamp-Act is at last carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it; because I saw many more inconveniences from the enforcing than from the repealing of it." (Chesterfield to his Son, Mar. 17, '66.)

[3] "But the Greek chiefs, and Agamemnon's hosts
Quailed with a mighty fear, when through the gloom
They spied Æneas and his shining arms.
Some turned to fly, as they erewhile had fled
For shelter to their ships, some tried to shout,
But in their throat the feeble murmur died."
Sir Theodore Martin.

great incorrectness of the Press. there are now 13 V: of Buffon's Natural History, & he is not come to the Monkies yet, who are a very numerous people. the Life of Petrarch [1] has entertain'd me: it is not well written, but very curious & laid together from his own letters & the original writings of the 14th Century. So that it takes in much of the history of those obscure times, & the characters of many remarkable persons. there are 2 vols: 4to, and another (unpublish'd yet) that will compleat it.

Mr W: [2] writes me now & then a long and lively letter from Paris, to which place he went the last Summer with the gout upon him sometimes in his limbs, often in his stomach and head. he has got somehow well (not by means of the climate, one would think) goes to all public places, sees all the best company and is very much in fashion. he says, he sunk like Queen Eleanour at Charing-Cross, & has risen again at Paris. he returns again in April: but his health is certainly in a deplorable state. Mad: de la Perriere [3] is come over from the Hague to be Ministress at London. Her Father-in-law Viry is now first Minister at Turin. I sate a morning with her before I left London. She is a prodigious fine Lady, & a Catholick (though she did not expressly own it to me) not fatter than she was: she had a cage of foreign birds and a piping Bullfinch at her elbow, two little Dogs on a cushion in her

[1] *Mémoires pour la Vie de François Pétrarque, tirés de ses Œuvres, & des Auteurs Contemporains, par L'Abbé de Sade.* 3 Tom. 4to, 1764. The "Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch," by F. Tytler, Lord Woodhouslee, is directed against the Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade, that the Laura of Petrarch was *Laura de Noves*, who married *Hugh de Sade.* In a Note to the 6th Volume of his *Roman History* (p. 567) Gibbon sketches the character of this Work—"The *Mémoires sur la Vie de Pétrarque* (he says) form a copious, original, and entertaining Work, a labour of love, composed from the accurate study of Petrarch and his contemporaries. But the Hero is too often lost in the general history of the age, and the Author too often languishes in the affectation of politeness and gallantry."—*Mitford.*

[2] Walpole.

[3] For the numerous references to Miss Speed in text and notes see Index. I incline to think from the way in which both Gray and Walpole speak of her personal appearance, that she is the larger of the two ladies figured by Bentley in his illustration to the "Long Story."

lap, a Cockatoo on her shoulder, & a slight [?][1] suspicion of Rouge on her cheeks. They were all exceeding glad to see me, and I them.

Pray tell me the history of your winter, & present my respects to Mrs Wharton. I hope Miss Wharton & Miss Peggy with the assistance of Sister Betty make a great progress in Natural History: recommend me to all their good graces, & believe me ever

Truly Yours

If you chance to see or send to Mr and Mrs Leighton, I will trouble you to make my compliments: I have never received the box of shells, tho' possibly it may wait for me at Mr Jonathan's in Town, where I shall be in April. Mr Brown is well & desires to be remembered to you & Mrs Wharton. I have just heard, there are like to be warm debates in the house of Lords, but that the Ministry will undoubtedly carry it in spite of them all. They say Ld Cambden will soon be Chancellour.[2]

Addressed to Wharton at Old Park,
near Darlington, Durham.

CCLXXXII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Jermyn Street, May 15, 1766.

Dear Sir—

To-morrow morning I set out for Canterbury.[3] If any letter comes, I believe it will be better to direct to me as usual at Mr. Roberts's here, and he will take care to send it. I know not how long my stay in Kent may be: it depends on the agreeability of Mr. Robinson and his wife.

[1] [The word is more likely "slight" than "strong," only *sl* visible, the rest lost with lost margin.]

[2] Sir Charles Pratt, Lord Chief Justice, had been raised to the peerage as Lord Camden at the outset of the Rockingham Administration, 1765. Pitt, as was expected, made him Chancellor in this year, '66, displacing Lord Northington.

[3] The Rev. "Billy" Robinson's house was eight miles from Canterbury. See Gray to Wharton, Aug. 26, '66.

You expect to hear who is Secretary of State. I cannot tell.[1] It is sure this morning it was not determined; perhaps Lord Egmont;[2] perhaps Lord Hardwicke (for I do not believe he has refused, as is said); perhaps you may hear of three instead of two. Charles Townshend[3] affirms he has rejected both that office and a peerage; doubtless from his firm adherence to Mr. Pitt—a name which the court, I mean Lord Tt., Lord Nd., and even Lord B.[4] himself, at present affect to celebrate, with what design you are to judge. You have doubtless heard of the honour done to your friend Mrs. Macaulay.[5] Mr. Pitt has made a

[1] May 23, 1766, Charles Duke of Richmond was appointed Secretary of State, *vice* the Duke of Grafton. Succeeded August 2, by the Earl of Shelburne. Walpole, "Memoirs of George III," vol. ii, p. 229, says, "I resolved to try to make the Duke of Richmond Secretary of State." Lord Hardwicke (the second Lord) declined the offer. Walpole describes the latter as "a bookish man, conversant only with parsons, ignorant of the world and void of all breeding, as poor a choice as could be made."—*Mitford.* We have seen this "bookish man" as Lord Royston, employing a man to collect materials for him in the British Museum. (See vol. ii, p. 93, n. 3.)

[2] John Perceval, second Earl of Egmont, was an Irish peer, but was created an English peer April 28, 1762, under the title of Baron Lovel and Enmore, in the county of Somerset. He is remarkable as having anticipated the eccentricities of "Young England," and he would have been an enthusiastic supporter of the Eglinton Tournament. He wanted to establish the feudal system in the island of St. John in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and might have succeeded in urging his scheme on the Privy Council, but for the opportune intervention of Conway. This was in 1764. Enmore Castle, near Bridgewater, was rebuilt by him as a castle with a moat, to be defended with crossbows and arrows in anticipation of the time when the manufacture of gunpowder should be an *exploded* art. It is interesting to note that his son was one of those who were concerned in the practical joke which caused Gray's migration to Pembroke. (See vol. i, p. 293.) Lord Egmont secured no appointment; on the contrary, he resigned the Admiralty.

[3] Charles Townshend was to become under Lord Chatham's Administration Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[4] Lord Talbot, Lord Northumberland, Lord Bute.—*Mitford.* Talbot (for whom see vol. ii, p. 231, n. 8 and Index) was a Court favourite, and the Earl of Northumberland had married Bute's daughter.

[5] One is often puzzled in interpreting these expressions, "your friend," "your uncle," "my cousin," for they are sometimes only jocular. The once famous Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, *née* Saw-

panegyric[1] of her *History* in the house. It is very true Wilkes[2] has arrived. The tumults in Spain[3] spread wider

bridge, wrote, in the course of twenty years, beginning from 1763, the history of England from the accession of James I to that of the House of Brunswick. She married Dr. George Macaulay, and sometime in the year '66 was left a widow, about thirty-three years old. Such was her fame at one time that a statue was erected to her while she was still living in the chancel of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, by the then rector, Dr. Wilson, "her idolater—a dirty disappointed hunter for a mitre" as Walpole calls him. According to the same authority "she was the brood-hen of fashion, and Paoli would have been one of her eggs," but that the Court forestalled her. She married late in life a Mr. Graham, a man much beneath her and much younger than herself, brother of a charlatan of some sort, Dr. Graham, who in 1780 was giving a sham-scientific exhibition at Schomberg House in Pall Mall; Walpole called her Kate Macgraham. She died in 1791; her popularity, due to faction, waned, especially after her *mésalliance.* She disgusted her former admirers by her extravagant opinions, and Walpole at last discovered that she was a shallow fanatic. Perhaps Gray who, according to Walpole, admired the first instalment of her history would have made the same discovery had he lived long enough. Readers of Boswell will remember Johnson's encounter with this lady. She advocates equality; and the sage begs that their fellow-citizen the footman may be allowed to sit down and dine with them. Royalty was her bugbear, whether in the Stuarts, or William of Orange, or the Georges; "I never read the *Kings,* Madam," said her daughter to Mrs. Hannah More, who finds the girl reading Shakespeare. From Boswell's pages we gather that the female historian was even an early socialist.

[1] No account of this panegyric appears in Thackeray's "Life of Lord Chatham."—*Mitford.*

[2] He had come over to try to obtain his pardon. "By the Duke of Grafton's desire he wrote a very submissive letter to his Grace, to be shown to the King." (Walpole.) He rejected the suggestion that he should apply to Chatham for his intercession as well; and returned to Paris. ("Memoirs of George III," vol. iii, c. 1.)

[3] Squillaci, the prime minister, an Italian, persuaded the King to proscribe the slouched hat, long cloaks, and high capes of the Spaniards. The notion was that this dress encouraged disguise and assassination. The mob rose in Madrid; "a nation," writes Walpole (from Paris, April 6, '66) "who has borne the inquisition, cannot support a cocked hat. So necessary it is for governors to know when lead or a feather will turn the balance of human understanding, and when not." Squillaci escaped to Naples; at this date, it will be remembered, a part of the Spanish monarchy. There were other grievances besides this of costume; the heavy imposts on bread and oil, for instance. The flight of the king to Aranjuez did not mend matters.

and wider, while at Naples they are publicly thanking God for their cessation; perhaps you may hear. All is not well in Ireland.[1] It is very late at night. Adieu. Pa.[2] went home to-day and Mr. Weddell with him. J. Wheeler has returned from Lisbon. The great match will not be till after Christmas. Tom[3] is gone to Scotland. It is sure the lady[4] did refuse both Lord Mountstuart and the Duke of Beaufort. Good-night.

I came away in debt to you for two post-chaises. Pray set it down.

[1] The Whiteboys were troublesome. Chesterfield, two days later than this of Gray's, was writing from London to Chenevix Bishop of Waterford: "As to the Whiteboys, now that the Priest, Shehee is hanged, there will be no Popish massacre. Massacres are out of fashion in all Europe, and arts, sciences, and letters, which are always attended by humanity, are too well established to suffer those atrocious actions." Then, referring to a rumour which Walpole also mentions from Calais, April 23, Chesterfield adds: "I see too that the numerous French officers, in white sashes, who are supposed to be training the White Boys to subdue Ireland, were rather in buckram than in white sashes, for there has not a white sash been known in France from the time of Clovis to this hour. The Papists are very quiet here, because we let them alone; therefore do not provoke them in Ireland, where they are three to one."

[2] Palgrave (see Index).

[3] Thomas Lyon, of Hetton House, Durham, at this time twenty-five years old.—*Mitford.*

[4] Lord Mountstuart was the son of the Earl of Bute, and married "a rich ugly Miss Windsor" in this year. The Duke of Beaufort married (June 6 of this year) a daughter of Admiral Boscawen. Tom did not marry till 1774; perhaps he was attached to the lady who refused the two lords. But I rather think that the lady in question is the Miss Bowes whom Tom's brother, Lord Strathmore, married; and that this is the "great match" which is to take place after Christmas.

CCLXXXIII. *To Norton Nicholls.*[1]

Pemb. Hall, August 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR

It is long since, that I heard you were gone in hast into Yorkshire on account of your Mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you, only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, wch is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single Mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green Gossling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. it is 13 years ago, and seems but yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart. many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own) but I will leave you the merit of doing it yourself. pray tell me how your own health is. I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself for a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. for me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent not disagreeably; the country is all a garden, gay, rich, and fruitfull, and (from the rainy season) had preserved, till I left it, all that emerald verdure, wch commonly one only sees for the first fortnight of the spring. in the west part of it from every eminence the eye catches some long winding reach of the Thames or Medway with all their navigation. in the

[1] The address on the back is:

"To
Norton Nicholls Esq. at
Charles Floyers Esq. of Hollinclose
near Rippon
Yorkshire."

It is here then that Nicholls' mother lies ill. She is buried in the churchyard of Richmond, Surrey, and after the example of Gray, the remains of her son are deposited in the same vault, according to the epitaph on a slab on the south wall of the chancel, in which Nicholls is described as "the friend of the illustrious Gray."

east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. this last sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed: but, no matter! you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve.[1] I went to Margate for a day: one would think, it was Bartholomew fair that had flown down: From Smithfield[2] to Kent in the London machine—like my Lady Stuffdamask (to be sure

[1] Palgrave was a clergyman (see vol. ii, pp. 50, 51 n.); and cf. Swift's "Baucis and Philemon", where the old yeoman asks to be made a parson:

"He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve."

[2] Where Bartholomew Fair was held. The lines are adapted from the "New Bath Guide" (1766):

"E'en tho' I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-Damask and Kitty Moreen
Who both flew to Bath in the London machine."

Christopher Anstey (1725-1805) was an Etonian and a King's-man. He was "sent down" from Cambridge:

"Granta, sweet Granta (where studious of ease
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees)."

So it stands in the epilogue to his once famous book, and he refers us in a note to the "University Register, Proctors' Books," etc. He was rusticated for an academic recitation of some sort, which began: "Doctores sine doctrinâ, magistri artium sine artibus, et baccalaurei baculo potius quam lauru digni." He entered the army, made a rich marriage, and was member for Hertford for a while; he speaks (*l. c.*) of

"*A seven months'* seat in the parliament house."

In the same passage it appears that he was a country squire near Cambridge when the "New Bath Guide" was written.

"May this drowzy current (as oft he is wont)
O'erflow all my hay, may my dogs never hunt," etc.

His seat was in fact Anstey Hall, Trumpington, and the manors belonging to it. From "The New Bath Guide," combined with "Humphrey Clinker," published six years later, we get a very perfect picture of life in that city in the second half of the eighteenth century; we may continue the chronicle through "Northanger Abbey" and "Pickwick." Anstey's lively book was, as might be expected, extravagantly praised by Walpole; but it is still bright and amusing, with one deplorable lapse from decency and good taste.

you have read the New Bath Guide, the most fashionable of books) so then I did *not* go to Kingsgate,[1] because it belonged to my Ld Holland: but to Ramsgate I did, & so to Sandwich and Deal and Dover and Folkstone and Hithe all along the coast very delightful. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable that I met with, because you do not suspect, that this world is inhabited by anything but Men and Women, and Clergy, and such two-legged cattle. now I am here again very disconsolate and all alone: even Mr Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me, I do not mean Children. you, I hope are better off, riding and walking[2] with Mr Aislaby, singing Duets with my cousin Fanny,[3] improving[4] with Mr Weddell, conversing with Mr Harry Duncomb.[5] I must not wish for you here: besides I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement. Do you remember, how we are to go into Wales[6] next year? well!—Adieu, I am Sincerely yours,

TG:

[1] Where the mock ruins were, on which Gray wrote the lines which were found in a drawer after he had quitted Denton. See Poems, Pitt Press ed., No. xxix, and notes there.

[2] Mitford prints after "walking" the words "in the woods of Studley." But this is an explanation of his own, which has crept into the text. It is not in the letter. Studley Royal is only two and a half miles from Ripon, and therefore not far from Nicholls' place of sojourn. (See Address, *infra.*) In the beautiful park is situated Fountains Abbey. I think Mr. William Aislabie, at this date sixty-six years old, owned Studley when Gray was writing, as above. It became for a while, at a much later date, the property of Hudson, the Railway king.

[3] "My," is Nicholls's; who would so speak of the lady—probably Miss Floyer. See p. 166, n. 5, for Gray's quaint fictions.

[4] Weddell was building wings to Newby Hall, which is three miles south-east of Ripon. He has just returned from his travels with Palgrave; he formed the famous galleries of antique statues at Newby, which included the Barberini Venus. See Mitford quoted, vol. ii, p. 50 n.

[5] I think this is Henry Duncombe of Copgrove. He was the younger brother of Thomas Duncombe of Duncombe Park. Copgrove is a few miles from Newby Hall (where Weddell lived). He represented the county in 1791 and therefore must have been quite young at the date of this letter.

[6] They travelled together in part of South Wales in 1770. (See letters of June 24, and August 24, of that year.)

P.S.—Pray how does poor Temple find himself in his new situation? Is L^d L:[1] as good as his letters were? What is come of the Father[2] and Brother? Have you seen Mason?[3]

CCLXXXIV. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

Whatever my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener or with more pleasure, than to

[1] William Johnson Temple, the friend and correspondent of Boswell, was the grandfather of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He and Boswell were schoolfellows at the Edinburgh Academy; and he was a college-friend of Nicholls at Trinity Hall. Boswell's letters to him were strangely discovered and rescued some time in the fifties of last century. They had been purchased as waste paper from a hawker for a shop at Boulogne, and were being used to wrap up parcels. They were bought by Bentley the publisher in 1857.

[2] Wilmot Vaughan, 4th Viscount Lisburne, had succeeded to the title in this year 1756. His first wife was the daughter of Joseph Gascoyne Nightingale, of Mamhead, in Devonshire, and it was through her, I suppose, that the patronage of that living came into his hands. It was given to Temple, his relation; this is, I think, the "new situation"; Temple had recently been ordained. He was unhappy both in this matter and in his marriage; and Mrs. Temple was not liked at Mamhead. He was later on incumbent of S. Gluvias, in Cornwall; on Gray's death he wrote that account of the poet which Boswell sent to the "London Magazine," and which was copied by Mason in his life of Gray, and reproduced in substance by Johnson in the "Lives of the Poets."

[3] Temple's father had been Mayor of some provincial town, but had become bankrupt. The son generously sacrificed a great part of a small fortune which he had inherited from his mother to assist the father in his difficulties; as for the brother—he is, I suppose, the youth whom Boswell calls "the great Robert" or "Bob," who was saddled upon him, to his great inconvenience, in his chambers in the Inner Temple in the year 1763, and "displays that vigour of genius and intense application for which he is so famous in washing his face and brushing his hat." (Letter of July 15 to Temple.) In 1764 we have Boswell writing to Andrew Mitchell with a view to getting him some employment. He describes him as a lieutenant on half pay; is much concerned both for the father and brother of his friend, who "should not be as they are, were I as rich as I probably shall be." "Bob" later on had some luck; what, I do not discover.

[4] Mason would not be very far away, at Aston.

Old-Park. I hope you have made my peace with Miss Deborah. it is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not,[1] she was as present to my memory, as the rest of the little family, & I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, & one a piece to all the others: for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great & small) as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, wch I think continued with very short intervals till the beginning of this month, & quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May & June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me in the same manner before. the whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden, orchards, cherry-grounds, hop-gardens, intermix'd with corn & frequent villages, gentle risings cover'd with wood, and everywhere the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the Landscape with all their navigation. it was indeed owing to the bad weather, that the whole scene was dress'd in that tender emerald-green, wch one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of spring, & this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham-down.[2] in these parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet, saw Margate (wch is Bartholomew-Fair by the sea side), Ramsgate, & other places there, and so came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkstone, & Hithe, back again. the coast is not like Hartlepool: there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height, till you come to Dover. there indeed they are noble & picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, wch was left before to range unlimited by anything but the horizon: yet it is by no means a *shipless* sea, but everywhere peopled with white sails & vessels of all sizes in motion; and take notice (except in

[1] It was not. See salutations of Mar. 5.

[2] At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, Esq., late Member for Canterbury, then resided.—*Mason.*

the Isle, wch is all corn-fields, and has very little inclosure) there are in all places hedgerows & tall trees even within a few yards of the beach, particularly Hithe stands on an eminence cover'd with wood. I shall confess we had fires of a night (ay, & a day too) several times even in June: but don't go & take advantage of this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

Your Friend Rousseau[1] (I doubt) grows tired of Mr Davenport[2] and Derbyshire. he has picked a quarrel with David Hume & writes him letters of 14 pages Folio upbraiding him of all his *noirceurs*. take one only as a specimen, he says, that at Calais they chanced to sleep in the same room together, & that he overheard David talking in his sleep, and saying, *Ah! Je le tiens, ce Jean-Jacques là.* In short (I fear) for want of persecution & admiration (for these are real complaints) he will go back to the Continent.

What shall I say to you about the Ministry? I am as angry as a Common-council Man of London about my Ld Chatham:[3] but a little more patient, & will hold my tongue till the end of the year. in the mean time I do mutter in secret & to you, that to quit the house of Commons, his natural strength; to sap his own popularity & grandeur (which no one but himself could have done) by assuming a foolish title; & to hope that he could win by

[1] Rousseau left Paris with David Hume in the second week of January, '66. He lived quite sociably with Hume during their sojourn in London, where Jean Jacques was much *fêted*, and his jealous suspicions, and the story of these *noirceurs* grew up in the comparative solitude of Wootton.

[2] Davenport was a wealthy man, who, at Hume's request, placed his house at Wootton, near Ashbourne, in the Peak, at the disposal of Rousseau; thither accordingly Rousseau went with Therèse le Vasseur at the end of March, '66. Here the first part of the "Confessions" was written. About the year 1842, according to William Howitt, there were still traditions among the Nestors of the neighbourhood of one whom they called "old Ross-hall." In the spring of 1767 Rousseau hurriedly quitted Wootton. (See Morley's "Rousseau," vol. ii, ch. vi.)

[3] They had previously resented his accepting a peerage for his wife (see vol. ii, p. 250, n. 2, p. 237, n. 3), and his own elevation to the Lords was a fresh outrage to their feelings. The City had designed to celebrate his return to power, by an illumination; but countermanded the order.

it and attach to him a Court, that hate him, & will dismiss him, as soon as ever they dare, was the weakest thing, that ever was done by so great a Man. Had it not been for this, I should have rejoiced at the breach between him & Ld Temple,[1] & at the union between him & the D: of Grafton[2] & Mr Conway: but patience! we shall see! St:[3] perhaps is in the country (for he hoped for a month's leave of absence) and if you see him, you will learn more than I can tell you.

Mason is at Aston.[4] he is no longer so anxious about his wife's health, as he was, tho' I find she still has a cough, & moreover I find she is not with child: but he made such a bragging, how could one chuse but believe him.

When I was in town, I mark'd in my pocket-book the utmost limits & divisions of the two columns in your Thermometer, and asked Mr. Ayscough the Instrument-Maker on Ludgate Hill, what scales they were. he immediately assured me, that one was Fahrenheit's, & shew'd me one exactly so divided. the other he took for Reaumur's, but, as he said there were different scales of his contrivance, he could not exactly tell, wch of them it was. your Brother[5] told me, you wanted to know, who wrote Duke Wharton's[6] life in the Biography: I think, it is

[1] On the attempt to form a stronger ministry, the King by Pitt's advice sent for Lord Temple (July 14), but Temple's demands were most extravagant; and Pitt and he violently quarrelled, especially because Temple insisted on bringing in his brother, George Grenville.

[2] He and Conway were retained in the new administration; Lord Rockingham was excluded.

[3] Stonehewer was the Duke of Grafton's secretary.

[4] See Warburton's Letters, cxci., p. 393. "Mason called on me the other day, he is grown extremely fat, and his wife extremely lean, indeed in the last stage of a consumption. I inquired of her health, he said she was something better, and that I suppose encouraged him to come out, but Dr. Balguy tells me that Heberden says she is irretrievably gone, and has touched upon it to him, and ought to do it to her. When the terms of such a sentence may impede the Doctor's endeavour to save, the pronouncing it, would be very indiscreet, but in a consumption confirmed, it is a work of charity, as the patient is always deluded with hopes to the very last breath."—*Mitford.*

[5] Jonathan.

[6] Duke Wharton is Philip Wharton, who succeeded his father in

chiefly borrowed from a silly book enough call'd *Memoirs of that Duke:* but who put it together there, no one can inform me. the only person certainly known to write in that vile collection (I mean these latter volumes) is Dr Nicholls, who was expell'd here for stealing books.

Have you read the *New Bath-Guide?* it is the only thing in fashion, & is a new & original kind of humour. Miss Prue's Conversion[1] I doubt you will paste down, as Sr W: St Quintyn did, before he carried it to his daughter. Yet I remember you all read *Crazy Tales*[2] without pasting. Buffon's first collection of Monkies are come out (it makes the 14th volume) something, but not much, to my edification: for he is pretty well acquainted with their persons, but not with their manners.

I shall be glad to hear, how far Mrs Ettrick[3] has succeeded, & when you see an end to her troubles. my best respects to Mrs. Wharton, & compliments to all your family: I will not name them, least I should afront any body.[4] Adieu, dear Sr,

I am most sincerely yours,

TG:

August 26, 1766, Pembroke College.

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the marquisate in 1715, at the age of sixteen, and was made a Duke on coming of age. The father, Thomas, is Macaulay's Wharton. They were both profligates, but Thomas was at least a consistent Whig. Philip, whom Pope calls

"the scorn and wonder of our days"

("Moral Essays," i. 180), is also, among his other inconsistencies,

"A rebel to the very King he loves."

In fact, having squandered his large estates with exemplary rapidity, he went abroad and coquetted with the Old Pretender; but in 1731, at the age of thirty-two,

"He dies, sad outcast of each Church and State,
And harder still, flagitious, yet not great."

[1] One of the many satires then current on Methodism; it is in the worst possible taste, and almost spoils the "New Bath Guide."

[2] By John Hall Stevenson, concerning whom see vol. ii, p. 138, nn. 2, 3.

[3] Sister of Wharton, of whom we know nothing except from the correspondence, whence it appears that she has a brute of a husband. See to Wharton, April 29, 1765.

[4] Mild chaff of Miss Deborah.

Mr. Brown is gone to see his Brother near Margate. When is Ld Str: to be married?[1] If M^r and Mrs Jonathan are with you, I desire my compliments.[2]

CCLXXXV. *To Mason.*[3]

[August 1766.]

DEAR MASON—

I rejoice to find you are both in health, and that one or other of you at least can have your teeming time:[4] you are wise as a serpent, but the devil of a dove, in timing both your satire and your compliments. When a man[5] stands on the very verge of dissolution, with all his unblushing honours thick upon him; when the gout has nipped him in the bud and blasted all his hopes at least for one winter, then come you buzzing about his nose, and strike your sting deep into the reddest, angriest part of his toe; which will surely mortify. When another has been weak enough in the plenitude of power to disarm himself of his popularity, and to conciliate a court that naturally hates him, submits to be decked in their trappings and fondle their lap-dogs, then come you to lull him with your gentlest hum, recalling his good deeds, and hoping what I (with all my old partialities) scarce should dare to hope, if I had but any one else to put my trust in. Let you alone, where spite and interest are in view: ay, ay, Mrs. M. (I see) will be a bishopess.

[1] Strathmore. See p. 108, n. 4, and vol. i, p. 258, n. 2.

[2] This letter, besides the address on back,

"To
Dr Wharton M: D: at
Old-Park near Darlington
Durham."

has in Gray's writing "to be left at Sunderland Bridge."

[3] Undated, but the allusions, and especially the reference to Brown in the postscript, fix it for August, '66.

[4] Mason has obviously written a satirical ode on Pitt's elevation to the peerage.

[5] Lord Chatham; a few months seemed to restore him to all his popularity, as was evinced by the King's visit to the City.—*Mitford.*

Well, I transcribed your wickedness in a print hand, and sent it by last Sunday's post to Dr. Gisborne,[1] with your orders about it, for I had heard St[onehewer] say that he hoped for a month's respite to go into the North, and did not know but he might be gone. G. was to send me word he had received it, but has not yet done so, and (Lord bless me) who knows but he may be gone into Derbyshire, and the Ode gone after him; if so, mind I am innocent, and meant for the best. I liked it vastly, and thought it very well turned and easy, especially the diabolical part of it. I fear it will not keep, and would have wished the public might have eat it fresh; but, if any untoward accident should delay it, it will be still better than most things that appear at their table.

I shall finish where you begun, with my apology. You say you have neglected me, and (to make it relish the better) with many others: for my part I have not neglected you, but I have always considered the happy, that is, new-married people, as too sacred or too profane a thing to be approached by me; when the year is over, I have no longer any respect or aversion for them.

Adieu: I am in no spirits, and perplexed besides with many little cares, but always sincerely yours,

T. G.

P.S.—My best respects to "Madam in her grogram gown."[2] I have long since heard that you were out of pain with regard to her health. Mr. Brown is gone to see his brother near Margate.

[1] See Index.

[2] A quotation from Swift's "Baucis and Philemon." When Baucis is "translated,"

> "Plain Goody would no longer down
> 'Twas Madam in her grogram gown."

CCLXXXVI. *To Norton Nicholls.*[1]

My dear Sr—

I was absent in Suffolk, & did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday: so you must not attribute this delay to me, but to accident. to sympathize with you in such a loss is an easy task for me: but to comfort you not so easy. can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person, that thro' a great part of your life has proved himself so kind a Friend to you? he who best knows our nature (for he made us, what we are) by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth & prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty and to himself: nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; Time (by appointment of the same Power) will cure the smart, & in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow: but such as preserve them longest (for it is left partly in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the Chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden loss I see them well, & (I think) in a like situation could fortify my mind so as to support them with chearfulness and good hopes, tho' not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. your Cousins[2] seem naturally kind and well disposed worthy young People: your Mother & they will assist one another. you too (when you have time to turn you round) must think seriously of your profession. you know I would have wish'd to see you wear the livery of it long ago. but I will not dwell on this subject at present. to be obliged to those

[1] Addressed by Gray on back

"To
Norton Nicholls Esq. at
Hollin-close Hall near Rippon
Yorkshire."

Compare the address to the letter of Aug. 26, *supra*. We may infer that the death spoken of is that of Charles Floyer, owner of Hollin-close, and uncle of Nicholls.

[2] We have seen "my Cousin Fanny" already.

we love and esteem is a pleasure: but to serve and to oblige them is a still greater, & this with independence (no vulgar blessings) are what a Profession at your age may reasonably promise. without it they are hardly attainable. remember, I speak from experience!

Poor Mr. W:[1] is struck with a paralytic disorder. I know it only from the papers, but think it very likely. he he may live in this state, incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations, that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come. think how many things may befall a man far worse than death. Adieu! I sincerely wish your happiness, and am

Faithfully yours

TG:

Pemb: C: Sept: 23. 1766.

P:S: I must go soon to London: but if you direct to me here, I shall have your letters. let me know soon, how you go on.

CCLXXXVII. *To Mason.*

Pembroke Hall, October 5, 1766.

DEAR MASON—

I was going to write to you when I received your letter, and on the same subject. The first news I had was from Stonhewer on the 23d September, in these words: "This morning Dr. Brown[2] dispatched himself. He had been for several days past very low-spirited, and within

[1] Walpole. Not paralysis, but gout in the stomach, the disease of which Gray himself died. See Letter to Nicholls of Oct. 14, *infra*, and Walpole's own correspondence at this time (*e.g.* to Cole, Sept. 18. '66).

[2] Brown, the once famous author of the "Estimate." (See vol. i., p. 186, n. 3; *ib.*, p. 236, n. 4; p. 257, n. 3; and p. 329, n. 2.) Brown seems always to have been a little mad, off and on; we have a strange indictment of him, a *cleric*, by his landlady, as "the most profane curser and swearer that ever came into her house"; with an account of his challenging Sir Charles Hanbury Williams by deputy to a duel, in spite of his own chapter against duelling in the "Estimate," his insolence to Dodsley, etc. etc., in Walpole's letter to Montagu of May 4, '58.

the last two or three talked of the necessity of dying, in such a manner as to alarm the people about him. They removed, as they thought, everything that might serve his purpose; but he had contrived to get at a razor unknown to them, and took the advantage of a minute's absence of his servants to make use of it." I wrote to him again (I suspect he knows our secret, though not from me) to make farther enquiries, and he says, 27th September, "I have tried to find out whether there was any appearance or cause of discontent in Brown, but can hear of none. A bodily complaint of the gouty kind, that fell upon the nerves and affected his spirits in a very great degree, is all that I can get any information of; and I am told besides, that he was some years ago in the same dejected way, and under the care of proper attendants." Mr. W:[1] too, in answer to a letter I had written to enquire after his health, after giving an account of himself while under the care of Pringle, adds, "He (Pringle)[2] had another patient at the same time, who has ended very unhappily—that poor Dr. Brown. The unfortunate man apprehended himself going mad, and two nights after cut his throat in bed." This is all I know at present of the matter. I have told it you literally, and I conceal nothing. As I go to town to-morrow, if I learn anything more you shall soon hear from me; in the meantime, I think we may fairly conclude that, if he had had any other cause added to his constitutional infirmity, it would have been uppermost in his mind. He would have talked or raved about it, and the first thing we should have heard of would have been this, which, I do assure you, I have never heard from anybody. There is in

[1] H. Walpole.

[2] Sir John Pringle (he was made a baronet in this year) was a man of European reputation, and honoured by an Elgoe of Condorcet. In 1745 he was physician-general to the forces in the Low Countries, and subsequently physician in ordinary to the Duke of Cumberland. He became President of the Royal Society in 1772, and died Jan. 1782, in his seventy-fifth year. His statue, by Nollekens, is in Westminster Abbey.

He was the friend of Boswell and Lord Auchinleck, and the topics which Johnson was asked to avoid with the peppery old Scot were "Whiggism, Presbyterianism, and Sir John Pringle," whom Johnson did not like.

this neighbourhood a Mr. Wall, who once was in the Russian trade, and married a woman of that country. He always maintained that Dr. Brown would never go thither, whatever he might pretend, and that, though fond of the glory of being invited thither, he would certainly find or make a pretence for staying at home; very possibly, therefore, he might have engaged himself so far that he knew not how to draw back with honour, or might have received rough words from the Russian minister, offended with his prevarication. This supposition is at least as likely as yours, added to what I have said before; much more so, if it be necessary to suppose any other cause than the lunatic disposition of the man; and yet I will not disguise to you that I felt as you do on the first news of this sad accident, and had the same uneasy ideas about it.

I am sorry the cause you mention should be the occasion of your coming to London, though, perhaps, change of air may do more than medicine. In this length of time I should think you must be fully apprised whether her looks, or strength, or embonpoint have suffered by this cough; if not, surely there is no real danger; yet I do not wonder she should wish to get rid of so troublesome a companion.

When I can meet with the book I will transcribe what you mention from Mallet.[1] I shall write again soon. Do you know of any great, or at least rich, family that want a young man worth his weight in gold, to take care of their eldest hope. If you do, remember I have such a one, or shall have (I fear) shortly to sell; but they must not stand haggling about him; and besides, they must be very good sort of people too, or they shall not have him. Adieu. My respects to Mrs. Mason.—I am ever sincerely yours, T. G.

Mr. Brown desires his best compliments to you both.

[1] See vol. ii., p. 13, n. 5.

CCLXXXVIII. *To Mason.*

Jermyn Street, at Mr. Roberts's,
October 9, 1766.

DEAR MASON—

I am desired to tell you, that if you still continue to be tired of residence, or are in any way moderately ambitious or covetous, there never was a better opportunity. The Duke of Grafton is extremely well inclined, and you know who is at hand[1] to give his assistance; but the apparent channel should be your friend, Lord Holdernesse, who is upon good terms. This was said to me in so friendly a way, that I could not but acquaint you of it immediately.

I have made enquiry, since I came hither, on a subject that seemed much to take up your thoughts, and, I do assure you, find not the least grounds to give you uneasiness.[2] It was mere distemper, and nothing more. Adieu.—
I am sincerely yours, T. G.

My respects to Mrs. Mason.

CCLXXXIX. *To Norton Nicholls.*[3]

MY DEAR SR—

I have received a second instance of your kindness & confidence in me. and surely you hazard nothing in trusting me with the whole of your situation. it appears not to me so new, as it does to you. you well know the tenour of my conversation (urged perhaps at times a little

[1] Stonehewer.

[2] Mason has probably confided to Gray some symptoms of Mrs. Mason's which alarmed him.

[3] Addressed

"To
Norton Nicholls Esq. at
Hollin-close near Rippon
Yorkshire."

The only external evidence of date is the Postal Stamp $\frac{14}{\text{Oc.}}$

farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, to familiarize your mind with this spectre that you call by its worst name; but remember, that *Honesta res est læta paupertas.* I see it with respect, and so will every one, whose poverty is not seated in their mind. there is but one real evil in it (take my word, who know it well) & that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them. it is this consideration that makes me remind you that Ansel[1] is lately dead, a Lay-fellow of your college, that if Dr. M:[2] (whose follies let us pardon, because he has some feeling & means us well) be of little use, & if Dr. H:[3] (another simple Friend of ours, perhaps with less sensibility) cannot serve us in this: yet Dr. R:[4] is not immortal, you have always said to succeed him was not impracticable, I know it would be creditable, I know it would be profitable, I know it would, in lieu of a little drudgery, bring you freedom. that drudgery would with a little use grow easy. in the mean time if any better prospect present itself, there you are ready to take advantage of the opportunity. in short this was always my favourite project, & now more than ever for reasons, that will occur to yourself. in waiting for the accomplishment of it, you will take orders, and if your Uncles[5] are slow in their motions, you will accept a Curacy (for a title will be requisite), not under every body, that offers, but under some gentlemanlike friendly Man, and in a christian country. a profession you must have: why not then accommodate yourself chearfully to its be-

[1] Ansel was a Fellow of Trinity Hall, twenty-two years senior in standing to Mr. Nicholls. Dr. Samuel Hallifax was originally of Jesus College, went to Trinity Hall somewhere between 1757 and 1764, and in the latter year was created LL.D., elected Professor of Arabic in 1768, and relinquishing that Professorship in 1770, was elected Professor of the Civil Law. In 1781 he became Bishop of Gloucester, and in 1789 he was translated to St. Asaph. —*Mitford.*

[2] Marriott. See Index.

[3] Hallifax.

[4] Dr. William Ridlington, of Trinity Hall, Professor of Civil Law from 1757 to his death in 1770. Gray probably alludes to Nicholls succeeding Ridlington as Tutor of the College. Nicholls took his degree of B.C.L. in 1766.—*Mitford.*

[5] I think Captain Floyer and Augustus Floyer, who are negotiating for a living for Nicholls.

ginnings; you have youth, you have many kind well-intention'd people belonging to you, many acquaintance of your own, or familie's, that will wish to serve you[1] consider how many have had the same, or greater cause for dejection with none of these resources before their eyes.

I am in Town for a month or more, & wish to hear from you soon. Mr. W: has indeed been dangerously ill with the gout in his stomach, but nothing paralytic, as was said. he is much recovered, and gone to Bath. Adieu, Dear S^r^, I am faithfully Yours, TG.

I will write again soon.

[1] This frankly mundane advice is eminently characteristic of the age, and of the society in which Gray moved. That Nicholls took it in the spirit in which it was offered is sufficiently obvious from the manner in which he spoke of his own ordination after he had been for thirteen years a clergyman. On the third of November, 1780, Boswell writes to Temple from Edinburgh: "Nichols was some days here, on his way home. His foppery is unbecoming in a clergyman. But I was really much offended with him one night, when he supped with me. M'Laurin, who, I fear, is an infidel, was the only other person in company. Nichols gave a ludicrous account of his ordination, said he applied to the Archbishop of York (Drummond) who asked him what books he had read on divinity. 'Why truly, my Lord,' said he, 'I must tell you frankly, none at all, though I have read other books enough.' 'Very well,' said the Archbishop, 'I'll give you a letter to one who will examine you properly.' Accordingly he got a letter to a clergyman in London, who examined him; and, to cut short this disagreeable story, Nichols said that he did not well understand what was meant, when desired to write on the necessity of a Mediator: that he wrote some strange stuff, as fast as he would do a card to a lady; and that he had never read the Greek New Testament. He made a very profane farce of the whole. M'Laurin laughed exceedingly. I could only be grave; for if I had argued on the impropriety of the story, the matter would have been made worse, while they were two to one." Boswell's comments on the subject are such as might be expected from one who, whatever his shortcomings, had learnt something of reverence from Johnson.

CCXC. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Jermyn Street, October 23, 1766.

DEAR SIR—

I observed that Ansel[1] was dead, and made the same reflection about it that you did. I also wrote to remind N:[2] of it, but have heard nothing since. We have great scarcity of news here. Everything is in Lord Ch.'s[3] breast. If what lies hid there be no better than what comes to light, I would not give sixpence to know it. Spain was certainly offered to Lord Weymouth,[4] and in the second place, some say to Sandwich; at last, perhaps, Sir James Gray[5] may go. But who goes Secretary do you think? I leave Mr. T.[6] and you ten guesses a-piece, and yet they will be all wrong. Mr. Prowse[7] has refused the

[1] See p. 124, n. 1.

[2] Nicholls.

[3] Chatham's. He was at Bath in October, and there Walpole had that interview with him of which he gives an account in the Memoirs of George III, vol. ii., ch. 16 *ad fin.* See also Walpole's letters of this date.

[4] In the interview mentioned *supra* Chatham is represented as saying, "when Cabinet places were so scarce, they [the Bedfords] wanted one for Lord Weymouth—a pretty man, Lord Weymouth! —but that could not be. He had been offered the embassy to Spain, but would not accept it; nor Postmaster, though it had been held by Lord Grantham, who had been Secretary of State." See also vol. ii., p. 82, n. 1.

[5] Walpole wrote to Mann in 1754 (Jan. 28): "What weight do you think family has here, when the very last minister we have despatched [to Venice] is Sir James Gray; . . . His father was first a box-keeper, and then footman to James the Second." According to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he was universally esteemed at Venice, and she regrets his transference to Naples; in a letter to Mann, Oct. 26, '66, Walpole says, "Sir James Gray goes to Madrid;" to the same correspondent, Jan. 21, 1773, he writes: "Your brother knight and minister, Sir James Gray, is dead. He had a stroke of apoplexy at Court, was carried home, and died the next morning."

[6] Talbot.

[7] He was member for Somersetshire. In 1761 Lord Bute had solicited him to accept the Speakership, he declined this, as he here declines the Post-office; it is recorded on his monument in the church at Axbridge that, "though frequently solicited he

Post Office. I do not believe in any more dukes,[1] unless, perhaps, my Lord Marquis of Rockingham should like it. The Prince of Wales has been ill of what they call a fever. They say he is better, but Sir J. Pringle continues to lie every night at Kew. My Lady—— has discarded Thynne[2] and taken to Sir T. Delaval,[3] they say. The clothes are actually making, but possibly she may jilt them both. The clerk who was displaced in the Post Office lost £1700 a year. Would you think there could be such under-offices there? Have you read Mr. Grenville's Considerations[4] on the merits of his own administration? It is all figures; so, I suppose, it must be true. Have you read Mr. Sharp[5] the

never could be prevailed upon to accept of any employment in the state." Walpole describes him as the most knowing and the most moderate of the Tories" and adds that his health was bad. He died at the age of fifty-nine, on the 1st of January, 1767, *i.e.*, little more than two months after the date of this letter.

[1] *I.e.*, besides the Duke (previously Earl) of Northumberland, so created, according to Walpole, to console him for the lack of other promotion. (Mem. George III, vol. ii., chap. 16). Gray suggests that Rockingham, displaced in the new Administration, might like the same consolation.

[2] Mitford is probably mistaken in supposing that this is the third Viscount Weymouth, concerning whom see preceding page, n. 4, and reference there. I should infer from Gray's language that there had been a prospect of marriage between this Thynne and the anonymous lady. In the case of Viscount Weymouth this was impossible. He had been married in 1759 and his wife survived him.

[3] Sir John Delaval died 1727. Sir Thomas Delaval, his son, succeeded. Concerning the descendants of this baronetcy nothing further is known. See Courthope's "Extinct Baronetage," p. 51. —*Mitford.*

[4] George Grenville's "Candid Refutation of the Charges brought against the present Ministers, in a late pamphlet, entitled, The Principles of the late Charges impartially considered, in a Letter to the supposed author." 8vo, 1765.—[*Mitford.*] So Mitford, but I am perplexed both by the date and the title.

[5] Samuel Sharp wrote "Letters from Italy describing the Customs and Manners of that Country in the years 1765, and 1766." The last letter bears date June, 1766. The publication roused the wrath of the irritable Baretti, who allowed no one but himself to abuse Italy. Baretti's "Account of Italy" is an answer to Sharp, who rejoins in a pamphlet filled with quotations from Baretti himself; particularly from the "Frusta Letteraria" (Literary Scourge) a periodical which Baretti conducted at Venice from 1763 to 1765. Baretti, in reply, rather lamely pleaded that his censures were made in the name of an old ill-natured and ferocious soldier,

surgeon's *Travels into Italy?* I recommend these two authors to you instead of Livy and Quintilian.

Palgrave, I suppose, you have by this time seen and sifted; if not, I must tell you, his letter was dated from Glamis,[1] 30th September, Tuesday night. He was that day returned from my tour in the Highlands, delighted with their beauties, though he saw the Alps last year. The Friday following he was to set out for Hetton,[2] where his stay would not be long; then pass four days at Newby,[3] and as much at York, and so to Cambridge, where, ten to one, he has not yet arrived. Tom outstripped Lord Panmure at the county court at Forfar all to nothing. Dr. Richmond[4] is body chaplain to the Duke of Athol, lives at Dunkeld,[5] and eats muir-fowls' livers every day. If you know this already, who can help it?

Pray tell me, how do you do; and let me know the sum total of my bill. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

Commend me to Mr. Talbot and Dr. Gisborne. Delaval is coming to you. Is Mr. Mapletoft there? If not, he will lie in my rooms.

"Aristarco Scannabue" (Aristarchus the Dunce-killer), and therefore that his real opinions could not justly be inferred from them.

There are two points of interest in this controversy. Sharp, a surgeon of eminence in his day, criticises the muscles of the Farnese Hercules; Baretti apologizes for the use of the knife, himself, poor fellow, destined in 1769 to be tried for murder for stabbing a man in self-defence in the Haymarket.

[1] Glamis, in Forfarshire, a seat of Lord Strathmore's.—*Mitford.*

[2] Hetton, in Durham, was the seat of the Hon. Thomas Lyon, brother of Lord Strathmore.—*Mitford.*

[3] Newby was Mr. Weddell's seat in Yorkshire.—*Mitford.*

[4] Probably Richard Richmond, who became Bishop of Sodor and Man 1773, and died in 1780, son of a Sylvester Richmond, rector of Walton, in Lancashire. He was of the family that produced many clergymen of that name in the last century, all descended from a Sylvester Richmond, a physician in Liverpool towards the close of the seventeenth century.—*Mitford.*

[5] One of the seats of the Duke of Athole.

CCXCI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Jermyn Street, November 18, 1766.

DEAR SIR—

I paid the sum above-mentioned this morning at Gillam's[1] office in Bishopsgate Street. The remittance you will please to pay out of it. I have not time to add all the bad news of the times, but in a few days you shall have some of it; though the worst of all is just what I cannot write. I am perfectly out of humour, and so will you be.

Mason is here, and has brought his wife, a pretty, modest, innocent, interesting figure, looking like 18, though she is near 28. She does not speak, only whispers, and her cough as troublesome as ever; yet I have great hopes there is nothing consumptive. She is strong and in good spirits. We were all at the opera together on Saturday last. They desire their loves to you. I have seen Mr. Talbot and Delaval lately. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

I cannot find Mons. de la Chalotais[2] in any of the shops. Lord Strathmore, I am told, is to be married here.

[1] The carrier between London and Cambridge.

[2] Louis René de Caradeuc de La Chalotais (1701-1785) fought the battle of the French provincial parliaments against Louis XV, and also was a formidable assailant of the Jesuits—the most formidable, some say, since Pascal in the "Provincial Letters." His *Comptes Rendus des Constitutions des Jésuites* "contributed largely" it is said "to secure the edict for the suppression of the order in 1764." They were submitted by him as *procureur-général* in 1761 and 1762 to the Parliament of Brittany held at Rennes, his native place, and famous, in our time, as the scene of the Dreyfus inquiry. The story of the quarrel between Louis XV and the provincial parliaments is a long one. In the course of it La Chalotais was brought into conflict with the Duc d'Aiguillon, governor of Brittany; and he was arrested in November, 1765, on the charge of writing anonymous letters to the King. Walpole, writing from Paris to Conway, Dec. 5, 1765, says: "It is now believed that the anonymous letters, supposed to be written by Chalotais, were forged by a Jesuit." He also tells us that there were letters from Chalotais to Pitt, which were considered treasonable, apparently

I know nothing of Pa. but that he was still at Mr. Weddell's a fortnight since. Be so good to tell me you have received this, if you can, by the return of the post.

CCXCII.[1] *To Norton Nicholls.*

DEAR S^R^—

Do not think I forget you all this time: nothing less! I have daily thought on you, tho' to little purpose. perhaps the sense of my own inutility has been the reason of my silence. it is certain I have been well enough, & enough alone for the 7 or 8 weeks that I have passed here, the last three of them indeed (during this dreadful weather) I have been nursing Mr Brown, who has been under the Surgeon's hands, & now just begins to go across the room. The moral of this is, that when you break your shin, you should not put the black sticking-plaister to it, which has been the cause of our sufferings, and thus at other people's expence we become wise, and thank heaven, that it is not at our own.

I have often wish'd to talk to Dr. H:[2] about you, but have been restrain'd by the fear that my interposition, like your friend D^r^ M:^s^,[3] might do more hurt than good. in the mean time, I do suspect a little that our acquaintance

on the strength of his writing "Rennes is nearer to London than Paris" (!) It was not till 1769 that Louis XV and his council attempted to settle the question by silencing further discussion and banishing Chalotais and his son from their province. In spite of this the war still waged almost till the King's death in 1774. What Brown has been asking for may have been the *Comptes Rendus*, or the *Exposé Justificatif*, which, written whilst Chalotais was in durance, was appearing in parts at this time; but it is more likely to have been the *Essai d'Education Nationale*, written in 1763, when the expulsion of the Jesuits being imminent, some substitute for their educational work had to be suggested.

[1] On back as before:

To
Norton Nicholls Esq at
Hollinclose near Rippon
Yorkshire

[2] Hallifax.

[3] Marriott.

at Nice[1] is by no means so near his end, as all good Christians might wish. my reasons are twofold. First,[2] because I do not remember ever to have read in any newspaper that Lady Betty Beelzebub or Master Moloch, or even old Sr Satan himself, or any of the good family, were dead: therefore I may be allow'd to doubt a little of their mortality. Secondly, is it not very possible, that he may think, his Substitute here will not so readily go on without rising in his terms; nor do his drudgery so patiently, unless he thought him likely soon to return? and as he has no such intention, what else can he do, but make himself worse than he is, & order his Nurse to write melancholy accounts of him to her friends here?

Had it not been for this ill-contrived notion of mine, I should have been glad to hear my Uncles were off their bargain.[3] it is sure, that the situation you mention is reckon'd as good as any part of the county. I, who lately was in the county, know, that this is not saying a vast deal. but however now I wish it had succeeded. this at least we seem to learn from it, that they are in earnest, wch is the great point: and I hope you have not been wanting in acknowledgments, nor shew'd the least sulkiness at seeing the negotiation drop, because the purchase was dear. I desire, you would give yourself no airs!

The letter to your Father[4] was the very thing I meant to write to you about. if he is really dead, or dead to shame and humanity, it is no matter: a few words are lost. if he lives, who knows what may be the consequence? Why are you not in orders[5] yet, pray? How have you pass'd this frightful piece of a winter? better I daresay, and more comfortably than I. I have many *desagrémens*

[1] Dr. Ridlington, see p. 81 *supra* and n. 1.

[2] The meaning only is, that Ridlington has the same sort of vitality as Satan and his family.

[3] Captain and Mr. Augustus Floyer have attempted to purchase the presentation of a living for their nephew's benefit. It appears that this negotiation was abortive.

[4] Of the trouble here referred to nothing is known.

[5] Nicholls was ordained later by the Archbishop of York. Whether he had some very temporary title to orders in that diocese does not, I think, appear, but it is probable. See Gray's letter of Oct. 14, *supra*.

that surround me: they have not dignity enough to be called *misfortunes:* but they feel heavy on my mind. Adieu! —I wish you all happiness, and am

Sincerely Yours
TG:

Jan. 19, 1767, Pemb: C:

CCXCIII. *To Mason.*

Pembroke Hall, January 27, 1767.

DEAR MASON

Dean Swift says, one never should write to one's friends but in high health and spirits.[1] By the way it is the last thing people in those circumstances usually think of doing. But it is sure, if I were to wait for them, I never should write at all. At present, I have had for these six weeks a something growing in my throat, which nothing does any service to, and which will, I suppose, in due time stop up the passage. I go however about, and the pain is very little. You will say, perhaps, the malady is as little, and the stoppage is in the imagination; no matter for that. If it is not sufficient to prove want of health (for indeed this is all I ail), it is so much the stronger proof of the want of spirits. So, take it as you please, I carry my point, and shew you that it is very obliging in me to write at all. Indeed, perhaps on your account, I should not have done it, but, after three such weeks of Lapland weather, I cannot but enquire after Mrs. Mason's health. If she has withstood such a winter and her cough never the worse, she may defy the doctors and all their works. Pray, tell me how she is, for I interest myself for her, not merely on your account, but on her own. These last three mornings have been very vernal and mild. Has she tasted the air of the new year, at least in Hyde Park?

Mr. Brown will wait on her next week, and touch her. He has been confined to lie on a couch, and under the sur-

[1] Accordingly he writes to Pope, Feb. 9, 1737: "Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you."

geon's hands ever since the first of January with a broken shin, ill doctored. He has just now got abroad, and obliged to come to town about Monday, on particular business.

Stonhewer was so kind as to tell me the mystery now accomplished, before I received your letter. I rejoice in all his accessions. I wish you would persuade him to take unto him a wife, but do not let her be a fine lady. Adieu. Present my respects and good wishes to Argentile.[1]—I am truly yours,

T. G.

CCXCIV. *Mason to Gray.*

Cleveland Row, Feb. 2, 1767.

Dear Mr. Gray,

No, alas! she has not withstood the severity of the weather; it nipped her as it would have done a flower half withered before, and she has been this last month in a most weak condition. Yet this present fine season has enabled me to get her three or four times out into the air, and it seems to have had some good effect, yet not enough to give me any substantial hopes of her recovery. There are few men in the world that can have a competent idea of what I have of late felt, and still feel; yet you are one of those few, and I am sure will give me a full share of your pity. Were I to advise Stonhewer to a wife, it should certainly be to a fine lady; it should not be to one he could love to the same degree that I do this gentle, this innocent creature.

I hope she will be well enough to see Mr. Brown when he comes. Pray tell him we have changed our lodgings, and are to be found at Mr. Menniss', a tailor, at the Golden Ball, in Cleveland Row, the last door but one nearest the Green Park wall. Would to God he would persuade you to come with him.

If I had spirits for it, I would congratulate you on the new Bishop of Cloyne. Is it not, think you, according to the order of things (I mean not the general but the peculiar order of our own times), that the mitre which so

[1] Mrs. Mason. See p. 78, n. 2.

lately was on the brows of the man with every virtue under heaven should now adorn those of our friend Frederic?[1]

I think it probable that the swelling you complain of in your throat is owing to some little swelling in a gland. I had a complaint of the same kind a great while, and after I used myself, first, to a flannel round my neck at night, and, afterwards, constantly lying in my stock, the disorder left me. I wish you would try the same method, if you have not tried it already.

Dear Mr. Gray, believe me to be,

Yours most cordially,

W. Mason.

My wife sends her kindest compliments.

CCXCV. *To Mason.*

Sunday, February 15, 1767.

Dear Mason

It grieves me to hear the bad account you give of our poor patient's health. I will not trouble you to enquire into the opinions of her physicians; as you are silent on that head, I doubt you are grown weary of the inutility of their applications. I, you will remember, am at a distance, and cannot judge, but by conjecture, of the progress her disorder seems to make, and particularly of that increasing weakness which seems, indeed, an alarming symptom. I am told that the sea-air is advised as likely to be beneficial, and that Lord Holdernesse offers you the use of Walmer Castle,[2] but that

[1] Honourable Frederic Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol), translated to Cloyne, 1767, and to Derry in 1768. Mason's allusion is to Bishop Berkeley, as drawn by Pope, in lines warm from the hand of friendship:

> Manners with candour are to Benson given,
> *To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.*
>
> *Epilogue to the Satires.*

—*Mitford* (corrected). See vol. ii., p. 188, n. 5.

[2] Lord Holdernesse had the Cinque Ports given to him on his retirement from office.—*Mitford.* It was the reversionship of the Cinque Ports which he received, after being bidden to transfer his Secretaryship to Bute, in March, 1761. The Duke of Dorset, then Warden, was infirm; and the Wardenship must have fallen to Holdernesse before the date of this letter.

you wait till the spring is more advanced to put this in execution. I think I should by no means delay at all. The air of the coast is at all seasons warmer than that of the inland country. The weather is now mild and open, and (unless the rains increase) fit for travelling. Remember how well she bore the journey to London; and it is certain that sort of motion, in her case, instead of fatigue, often brings an accession of strength. I have lately seen that coast, and been in Deal Castle, which is very similar in situation to Walmer and many other little neighbouring forts; no doubt, you may be very well lodged and accommodated there. The scene is delightful in fine weather, but in a stormy day and high wind (and we are but just got so far in the year as the middle of February), exposed to all the rage of the sea and full force of the east wind; so that, to a person unused to the sea, it may be even dreadful. My idea, therefore, is that you might go at present to Ramsgate, which is sheltered from the north, and opening only to the south and south-east, with a very fine pier to walk on.[1] It is a neat town, seemingly, with very clean houses to lodge in, and one end of it only running down to the shore; it is at no season much pestered with company, and at present, I suppose, there is nobody there. If you find Mrs. Mason the better for this air and situation (which God send), when May and fine settled weather come in, you will easily remove to Walmer, which at that season will be delightful to her. If—forgive me for supposing the worst, your letter leaves me too much reason to do so, though I hope it was only the effect of a melancholy imagination—if it should be necessary to meet the spring in a milder climate than ours is, you are very near Dover, and perhaps this expedient (if she grow very visibly worse) may be preferable to all others, and ought not to be deferred: it is usually too long delayed.

There are a few words in your letter that make me believe

[1] Sir Egerton Brydges told me that when Gray was staying in Kent with his friend the Rev. W. Robinson they went over to Ramsgate. The stone pier had just been built. Some one said, "For what did they make this pier?" Gray immediately said, "*For me to walk on,*" and proceeded, with long strides, to claim possession of it.—*Mitford.*

you wish I were in town. I know myself how little one like me is formed to support the spirits of another, or give him consolation; one that always sees things in their most gloomy aspect. However, be assured I should not have left London while you were in it, if I could well have afforded to stay there till the beginning of April, when I am usually there. This, however, shall be no hindrance, if you tell me it would signify anything to you that I should come sooner. Adieu: you (both of you) have my best and sincerest good wishes.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

P.S.—Remember, if you go into Kent, that W. Robinson lives at Denton (eight miles from Dover); perhaps he and his wife might be of some little use to you. Him you know; and for her, she is a very good-humoured, cheerful woman, that (I dare swear) would give any kind of assistance in her power; remember, too, to take whatever medicines you use with you from London. A country apothecary's shop is a terrible thing.[1]

My respects to Dr. Gisborne, and love to Stonhewer. When you have leisure and inclination, I should be very glad to hear from you. Need I repeat my kindest good wishes to Mrs. Mason.

CCXCVI. *To Mason.*

March 28, 1767.

My Dear Mason

I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what

[1] So it was in those days, for Adam Smith computes the value of all the drugs in the shop of a country apothecary at no more than £25!—*Mitford.*

could I do were I present more than this), to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu!

I have long understood how little you had to hope.[1]

CCXCVII. *Mason to Gray.*

Bath, April 1st, 1767.

Dear Mr. Gray,

The dear testimonial of your friendship reached Bristol about the time when the last offices were done to my lost angel at the cathedral, and was brought to me hither just now, where I had fled to my Wadsworth relations a few hours before the ceremony. I cannot express the state of my mind or health, I know not what either of them are; but I think that I mean at present to steal through London very soon and come to you at Cambridge, though I fear it is about the time you are going to town. I have business there with Sidney College. I can add no more but that I am as much

Yours as I am my own,

W. M.

CCXCVIII. *To Mason.*

Jermyn Street, May 23, 1767.

Dear Mason

All this time have I been waiting to say something to the purpose, and now am just as far off as at first. Stuart appointed Mr. Weddell an hour when I was to meet him; and (after staying an infinite while at his lodgings in expectation) he never came, indeed he was gone out of town. The drawing and your questions remain in Weddell's

[1] As this little billet, which I received at the Hot Wells almost the precise moment when it would be most affecting, then breathed and still seems to breathe the voice of friendship in its tenderest and most pathetic note, I cannot refrain from publishing it in this place.—*Mason.*

hands to be shewn to this rogue as soon as he can meet with him; but I firmly believe when he has got them he will do nothing, so you must tell me what I am to do with them. I have shown the Epitaph to no one but Hurd, who entirely approves it. He made no objection but to one line (and that was mine),[1] "Heav'n lifts," etc., so if you please to make another you may; for my part I rather like it still.

I begin to think of drawing northwards (if my wretched matters will let me), and am going to write to Mr. Brown about it. You are to consider whether you will be able or willing to receive us at Aston about a fortnight hence; or whether we are to find you at York, where I suppose you to be at present. This you will let me know soon; and if I am disappointed I will tell you in time. You will tell me what to do with your Zumpe,[2] which has amused me much here. If you would have it sent down, I had better commit it to its maker, who will tune it and pack it up. Dr. Long[3] has bought the fellow to it. The base is not quite of a piece with the treble, and the higher notes are somewhat dry and sticky. The rest discourses very eloquent music. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. G.

Gisborne, Fraser, and Stonhewer often enquire after you, with many more.

[1] Mason's epitaph on his wife is in Bristol Cathedral. Though Norton Nicholls (vol. ii., p. 283) assigns the last four lines to Gray, the context seems to show that the first of these was at least in part Mason's. The rest of the epitaph will be found in the note to Pitt Press edition of Gray's poems (No. XXX).

[2] Mr. Hipkins wrote to me 19 Jan., 1899: "Zumpe was a German, perhaps one of 'the Twelve Apostles' who, in workshop tradition, brought piano-forte making into this country, I should say during the Seven Years' War. Zumpe is mentioned by Burney as having been one of Shudi's workmen [Shudi (Tschudi) was founder of the Broadwood house]. Fétis learned to play on a Zumpe square piano dated 1762. There is no earlier date for the square piano in this country and in Germany an earlier date is not proved."

[3] Dr. Long, the Master of Pembroke College, had a scientific knowledge of music and of musical instruments.—*Mitford.*

CCXCIX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

[Jermyn Street,
probably, last week in May, 1767.]

How do you do, good Mr. Brown? Do your inclinations begin to draw northward, as mine do, and may I take you a place soon? I wait but for an answer from Mason how to regulate our journey, which I should hope may take place in a little more than a week. I shall write a line again to settle the exact day, but you may now tell me whether you will come to town, or be taken up at Buckden,[1] or thirdly, whether you will go in a chaise with me by short journeys, and see places in our way. I dined yesterday on Richmond Hill, after seeing Chiswick,[2] and Strawberry, and Sion;[3] and be assured the face of the country looks an emerald, if you love jewels.

The Westminster Theatre is like to come to a sudden end. The manager will soon embark for Italy without Callista.[4] The reason is a speech, which his success in

[1] In Huntingdonshire, the ancient palace of the Bishops of Lincoln, who received, it is said, the grant of the manor as far back as the reign of Henry I. The Bishop of Lincoln at the date of this letter was Dr. John Green. It is possible that Brown was visiting him. The palace is described as surrounded by a moat, and built principally of brick; with two quadrangular courts and an entrance gateway, over which a library. Walpole writes to Cole, Aug. 28, 1772. "At Buckden in the Bishop's palace, I saw a print of Mrs Newcomb; I suppose the late mistress of S. John's. Can you tell me where I can procure one? . . . On the staircase, in the same palace, there is a picture of two young men, in the manner of Vandyck, not at all ill done; do you know who they are, or does anybody? There is a worse picture in a large room, of some lads, which, too, the housemaid did not know."

[2] Villa erected by the æsthetic Earl of Burlington (Pope's Burlington) in the style of Palladio. It was, I think, at this time, the property of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, whose mother was the daughter of the architect-earl. Gray, as his wont was, had been exploring mansions.

[3] Lord Holdernesse's.

[4] Sister of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, and wife of Sir William Stanhope, brother of Philip, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield.—*Walpole.* It is said by Edgeworth in his memoirs that Delaval's death, in 1771, was caused by the failure of a project to marry his

Lothario emboldened him to make the other day in a greater theatre.[1] It was on the subject of America, and added so much strength to the opposition,[2] that they came within six of the majority. He did not vote, however, though his two brothers[3] did, and, like good boys, with the ministry. For this he has been rattled on both sides of his ears, and forbid to appear there any more. The Houses wait with impatience the conclusion of the East India business[4] to rise. The E. of Chatham[5] is mending slowly in his health, but sees nobody on business yet, nor has he since he came from Marlborough:[6] yet he goes out daily for an airing.

sister to the Duke of York; and that the Duke's sudden death was the sole cause of the marriage not taking place.—*Cunningham.* [But the D. of York died in 1767.—Ed.] The play was Rowe's "Fair Penitent." Lothario's name is still a synonym for a rake. "The character," says Johnson, "seems to have been expanded by Richardson into *Lovelace.*" The Duke of York acted Lothario, and Lady Stanhope, Callista. The "theatre" was in Downing Street.

[1] The House of Lords.

[2] Walpole, however, says (to Mason, May 24, '67), "I am assured by everybody (for I was not present) that if the Administration can stand till routed by his eloquence, they will be immortal. How he puts one in mind of his father! [Frederick, the deceased Prince of Wales]."

[3] The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland.

[4] There was a Bill before Parliament to regulate the dividends of the East India Company. Against this the Court of Proprietors protested, but an accommodation was made on the 22nd of May; though perhaps the business was not finally concluded before the Whitsuntide recess. Pitt had started with the inquiry into the territorial gains of the company, but had committed the conduct of it in the Commons to Alderman Beckford, who was not in the government. He thus left his proper colleagues in great perplexity.

[5] "We are in great confusion because of the strange condition of Lord Chatham, who was regarded as our first minister. The public here as well as with you believe him wholly mad, but I am assured it is not so; he has only fallen into low spirits." (Hume's "Private Correspondence," June, 1767, as quoted by Mitford.)

[6] "A day was fixed for Pitt's arrival in London [from Bath]. But when he reached the Castle Inn at Marlborough, he stopped, shut himself up in his room, and remained there some weeks. Everybody who travelled that road was amazed by the number of his attendants. Footmen and grooms, dressed in his family livery, filled the whole inn, though one of the largest in England, and

I have seen his lordship of Cloyne[1] often. He is very jolly, and we devoured four raspberry-puffs together in Cranbourn-alley standing at a pastrycook's shop in the street; but he is gone, and Heaven knows when we shall eat any more.

Rousseau[2] you see is gone too. I read his letter to my Lord Chancellor from Spalding, and hear he has written another long one to Mr. Conway from Dover, begging he might no longer be detained here. He retains his pension.[3]

swarmed in the streets of the little town. The truth was that the invalid had insisted that during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys of the Castle should wear his livery." (Macaulay, Earl of Chatham (2nd Essay).) Part of this picturesque description is disputed.

[1] The Hon. Frederic William Hervey.—*Mitford.* See Mason's letter (Feb. 2) *sup.*, and note and reference there.

[2] "His delusions returned with greater force than before. He believed that the whole English nation was in a plot against him, that all his letters were opened before reaching London and before leaving it, that all his movements were closely watched, and that he was surrounded by unseen guards to prevent any attempt at escape. At length these delusions got such complete mastery over him, that in a paroxysm of terror he fled away from Wootton [from Mr. Davenport's house there, near Ashbourne in the Peak] leaving money, papers, and all else behind him. Nothing was heard of him for a fortnight, when Mr. Davenport received a letter from him dated at Spalding in Lincolnshire. The good man at once sent a servant to Spalding in search of his unhappy guest, but Rousseau had again disappeared. . . . He had had a blue coat made for himself, and had written a long letter to the lord chancellor, praying him to appoint a guard, at Rousseau's own expense, to escort him in safety out of the kingdom where enemies were plotting against his life. He was next heard of at Dover (May 18) whence he wrote a letter to General Conway, setting forth his delusion in full form. He is the victim of a plot . . . he perceives the sinister manœuvres that will arrest him if he attempts to put his foot on board ship. . . . If General Conway will only let him go, he gives his word of honour that he will not publish a line of the memoirs he has written, nor ever divulge the wrongs which he has suffered in England." (Morley's "Rousseau," v. ii, c. 6.)

[3] "George III, then in the heyday of his youth, was so pleased to have a foreigner of genius seeking shelter in his kingdom, that he readily acceded to Conway's suggestion, prompted by Hume, that Rousseau should have a pension settled on him."—*Id. ib.* This was early in 1766, on Rousseau's arrival in London. From Morley's "Rousseau" we learn that he did not draw this pension for more than a year, and that when a friend obtained for him a

The whole seems madness increasing upon him. There is a most bitter satire on him and his Madlle. le Vasseur,[1] written by Voltaire, and called *Guerre de Geneve.*[2] Adieu, and let me hear from you.

I am ever yours,
T. G.

How do our Elmsted friends?[3] Are they married yet? Old Pa. is here, and talks of writing soon to you.

CCC. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Jermyn Street, June 2, 1767.

DEAR SIR

Where are you? for I wrote to you last week to know how soon we should set out, and how we should go. Mason writes to-day, he will expect us at Aston in Whit-

draft for the arrears, he vigorously rebuked him and destroyed the draft.

[1] Thérèse le Vasseur, the illiterate kitchen-maid of the Hotel St. Quentin, rue des Cordiers (now the Hôtel J. J. Rousseau), whom Rousseau took up with in 1744-5, and whose connection with him lasted, in some sense, till his death. The excellent couple sent the offspring of their union (five children, according to Rousseau) to the foundling. Rousseau gave James Boswell the commission to bring over Thérèse to England; Boswell, whilst he confessed to Johnson his association with Rousseau, seems to have suppressed this little incident.

[2] "La Guerre Civile de Genève, ou les Amours de Robert Covelle, poëme héroïque, avec des notes instructives, 1768." Rousseau is severely handled in this poem, but Voltaire finds his apology, according to his Editors, in saying that Rousseau had publicly accused him of *atheism*; of publishing irreligious writings to which he did not put his name, and [that he] endeavoured to draw persecution on him; "et que l'accusateur lui-même avait imprimé des choses plus hardies que celles qu'il reprochait à son ennemi," etc. Rousseau appears in the second canto, and in the note to it marked (1), and still more severely in the third.—*Mitford.* I do not understand the date 1768; Mitford perhaps quotes from a second edition.

[3] This is one of the allusions which, from the length of time that has elapsed, it seems hopeless to explain. There are two parishes of that name, but no inquiries in them have thrown any light on the *Elmsted friends.—Mitford.*

sun-week; and has ordered all his lilacs and roses to be in flower. What can you be doing? And so as I said, shall we go in the Newcastle post-coach or the York coach? Will you choose to come to town or be taken up on the way? Or will you go all the way to Bantry in a chaise with me and see sights? Answer me speedily. In return I will tell you that you will soon hear great news; but whether good or bad is hard to say; therefore I shall prudently tell you nothing more. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

Old Pa. is still here, going to Ranelagh and the Opera. Lady Strathmore is with child, and not very well, as I hear.

CCCI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Jermyn Street, Saturday, June 6, 1767.

Dear Sir

My intention is (*Deo volente*) to come to Cambridge on Friday or Saturday next; and shall expect to set out on Monday following. I shall write to Mason by to-night's post, who otherwise would expect us all Whitsun-week. Pray that the Trent may not intercept us at Newark, for we have had infinite rain here, and they say every brook sets up for a river.

I said nothing of Lady M. Lyon,[1] because I thought you knew she had been long despaired of. The family I hear now do not go into Scotland till the races are over, nor perhaps then, as my lady will be advancing in her pregnancy and I should not suppose the Peats or the Firth very proper in her condition; but women are courageous creatures when they are set upon a thing.

Lord Bute is gone ill into the country with an ague in his eye and a bad stomach. Lord Holland is alive and well, and has written three poems; the only line[2] in which, that I have heard, is this:

[1] Lady Mary Lyon was the sister of Gray's Earl of Strathmore, and died unmarried in this year 1767.

[2] The poem from which this line is taken, the editor of the "Selwyn Correspondence" tells us (vol. ii, p. 162), was printed on

"White-liver'd Grenville and self-loving Gower."[1]

Lord Chatham[2] is ———, and the Rockinghams are like the brooks[3] that I mentioned above. This is all the news that I know. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

CCCII. *To Mason.*

Jermyn Street, June 6, 1767.

DEAR MASON,

We are a-coming, but not so fast as you think for, because Mr. Brown cannot think of stirring till Whitsun week is over. The Monday following we propose to set out in our chaise. Do not think of sending Benjamin, I

a handsome broad sheet, entitled, "Lord Holland's Return from Italy, 1767." In a letter on the 9th of the previous May, he alludes to his having made some poetry as he came over Mount Cenis.—*Mitford.* Only a personal enemy could apply, without reserve, the epithet "white-liver'd" to George Grenville. Horace Walpole attributes to him "courage so confounded with obstinacy that there was no drawing the line between them." Perhaps his appearance and the tones of his voice gave the semblance of fitness to the word, for, says Walpole, "all his passions were expressed by one livid smile"; and we remember the "whine" which Pitt mimicked on a memorable occasion. Grenville showed plenty of courage, if little discretion, when he seized by the throat a man in the mob who hissed him as he emerged from the House of Commons after the vote to repeal the Stamp-Act.

[1] Lord Gower was brother to the Duchess of Bedford, and belonged to that faction. According to Walpole, he had once been a Jacobite. The epithet "self-loving" is scarcely distinctive enough for a place man of that age.

[2] This is at the beginning of what Walpole calls an *interministerium.* Chatham is nominally at the head of the Ministry; but he is inaccessible; and the gout, according to Walpole, has "flown up into his head." (To Mason, May 24, '67.) The suppressed epithet above probably refers to the belief that his mind was disordered; his lavish expenditure at Burton-Pynsent and at Hampstead, and his re-purchase of Hayes, etc., all seemed to point that way.

[3] *I.e.,* they are setting up to be great. Lord Rockingham had been displaced for the Duke of Grafton; he and his supporters hoped, through the weakness of the Administration, to come into office again.

charge you. We shall find our way from Bantry very cleverly.

I shall bring with me a drawing which Stuart[1] has made. He approves your sketch highly, and therefore, I suppose, has altered it in every particular, not at all for the better in my mind. He says you should send him an account of the place and position, and a scale of the dimensions. This is what I modestly proposed before, but you give no ear to me. The relief in artificial stone, he thinks, would come to about eight guineas.

Poor Mr. Fitzherbert[2] had a second son, who was at Caen. He complained of a swelling, and some pain, in his knee, which rather increasing upon him, his father sent for him over. The surgeons agreed it was a white swelling, and he must lose his leg. He underwent the operation with great fortitude, but died the second day after it. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

I rejoice Mr. Wood[3] is well, and present my humble service to him.

[1] "Athenian" Stuart, see ref. in Index. We have seen him (letter to Mason, May 23, *supra*) failing ("the rogue") to keep an appointment with Weddell, the *virtuoso* of Newby Hall, touching this same business. The sketch and drawing both concern the bas-relief which, with Mason's verses, are in a tablet in Bristol Cathedral, to the memory of Mason's wife.

[2] William Fitzherbert, M.P., of Tissington Hall, Derbyshire. His second son, Thomas, is said, in "Burke's Peerage," etc., to have been a lieutenant in the army. But Mitford says explicitly that he was "a lieutenant in the Navy, and on board of his vessel, got a severe crush, and so injured the limb, as to render amputation necessary." His elder brother, William, was the first baronet, created 1784.

[3] John Wood, formerly Mason's curate; Mitford tells us he succeeded Delap in 1759. However, Mitford here supposes that Robert ("Palmyra") Wood is meant. I believe that John Wood retired from the curacy in 1762, but continued to dwell in the neighbourhood. Later on we shall see that C. Alderson is Mason's curate. He, in fact, succeeded Wood on his retirement, as the present Rector of Aston, the Rev. R. J. Haynes, kindly informs me.

CCCIII. *To Wharton.*

Sunday, 21 June, 1767, Aston.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Here we are, Mr Brown & I, in a wilderness of sweets, an Elysium among the coal-pits, a terrestrial heaven. mind, it is not I, but Mason, that says all this, & bids me tell it you. tomorrow we visit Dovedale & the Wonders of the Peak, the Monday following we go to York to reside[1] & two or three days after set out for Old-Park, where I shall remain upon your hands; & Mr Brown about the time of Durham-races must go on to Gibside, & for ought I know to Glamis: Mason remains tied down to his Minster for half a year. he & Mr B: desire their best compliments to you & Mrs Wharton. Adieu!

I am ever Yours,

T. GRAY.

Mr. Brown owns the pleasantest day he ever past was yesterday at Roche-Abbey.[2] it is indeed divine.

CCCIV. *To Mason.*

Old Park, near Darlington, July 10, 1767.

DEAR MASON—

We are all impatient to see you in proportion to our various interests and inclinations. Old Park thinks she must die a maid, if you do not come and lay her out. The river Atom weeps herself dry, and the Minikin cries aloud for a channel. When you can determine on your own motions, we pray you to give us immediate notice. Soon as you arrive at Darlington you will go to the King's Head, where may be had two postillions, either of which know the road hither. It is about sixteen miles, and runs

[1] *I.e.*, Mason is going into residence at the Minster, and Gray and Brown accompany him.

[2] One of the minor monastic ruins of Yorkshire, built of Magnesian limestone. It is not far from Rotherham, and easily accessible from Aston where Brown and Gray are staying with Mason.

by Kirk Merrington and Spennymoor House;[1] a little rough, but not bad or dangerous in any part. Your aunt, I hope, is well again, and little Clough produces a plentiful crop: delay, therefore, no longer.

Mr. Brown is enchanted and beatified[2] with the sight of Durham, whither he went yesterday. I performed your commission to Mrs. Wilkinson, who expressed herself, I thought, like a woman of a good heart, and wished much to see you. Adieu: we really long for you.

CCCV. *Mason to Gray.*

York, July 15, 1767.

Dear Sir,

My old aunt is dead, but she has not left me so much money that I can come and make ducks and drakes in the Minikin. You will say I need not, I have only to teach Dr. Wharton how to make them. Perhaps my metaphor was not well chosen; it is, however, as good as yours, where you say Old Park must die a maid, if I do not come and lay her out. When Mr. Hurd comes to publish our Correspondence, I know what will be his note upon this passage: "To have made the allusion appear with due congruity, the poet should have written 'lay her down;' for to 'lay her out,' supposes her to be already dead, which the premises inform us this old maid was not, and, therefore, only wanted to be laid down. As the passage now stands, there is an impropriety in it, which, however, the freedom of the epistolary mode of writing will not justify." Take another note from Dr. Balguy: "There are two vernacular phrases which we apply separately, and which indeed will not admit of a reciprocal usage in our tongue; the one we apply constantly where any thing is predicated concerning gardening, and the other we as constantly use as a term in agriculture; thus we lay out pleasure grounds, but we lay down field lands. Now had the writer delivered the above

[1] Old Park, where Gray was staying, the residence of Dr. Wharton, is a little distant in a northern direction from Bishop's Auckland and Merrington.—*Mitford.*

[2] A quaint expression of Brown's, noted by Gray and Mason. See next letter *ad fin.*

sentiment without a figure, he would have simply said Old Park wants to be laid out; and here, as Old Park means a pleasure ground or garden, the phrase would have been just and pertinent; but he chose to personify Old Park, and to speak of her under the figure of an old maid, and hence arose the incongruity which the critic has so justly stigmatised, and which would not have appeared so had Old Park been a common field; but, unhappily for the writer, Old Park was (as we have seen) a pleasure ground or garden, and as such required to be laid out, not to be laid down; hence it would not admit of the metaphor in question, and I know no way of reducing this passage into the rules of chaste composition but by supposing Old Park arable; then the figure will be in its place, and the maid will be laid down in a natural and even elegant manner."

Explicit, nonsense! and now what remains must be serious. I dined lately at Bishopthorpe, when the Archbishop[1] took me into his closet, and, with many tears, begged me to write an epitaph on his daughter. In our conversation he touched so many unison strings of my heart (for we both of us wept like children) that I could not help promising him that I would try, if possible, to oblige him. The result you have on the opposite page. If it either is or can be made a decent thing, assist me with your judgment immediately, for what I do about it I would do quickly, and I can do nothing neither, if this will not do with correction. It cannot be expected, neither would I wish it, to be equal to what I have written from my heart

[1] The Hon. Robert Hay Drummond, translated from Salisbury, 1761; died Dec. 10, 1777. Succeeded by William Wickham, Dean of Christchurch. He died in 1776, in his sixty-sixth year. He was brother to Lord Viscount Dupplin, and his eldest son succeeded to the earldom of Kinnoul, 1787.—*Mitford* (corrected). "He took the name Drummond, according to the deed of entail of his great-grandfather, William, Viscount Strathallan."—*Burke.* He was a Westminster and Christchurch man, and had been with George II in the campaign of 1743, as chaplain. "A sensible worldly man, but much addicted to his bottle" (Walpole, "Journal of the reign of George III," vol. ii, p. 89). The story of the examination of Nicholls for holy orders, has a very secular look about it, however we explain it (p. 125 n., *supra*). But Drummond's letters to Beattie, Sept. 19, 1772, and subsequently, have an air both of candour and conviction, which speaks well for his character.

upon my heart's heart. Give me, I beg, your own sentiments upon it as soon as possible. To conclude, I wish heartily to be with you, but cannot fix a time, for I was obliged to invite Mr. Robinson and the Wadsworths hither, and I have not received their answer. In my next perhaps I can speak more determinately. My best compliments to Dr. and Mrs. Wharton, and best wishes for the continuance of Mr. Brown's beatifications.

Yours cordially,
W. MASON.

EPITAPH ON MISS DRUMMOND.

Hence, stoic apathy, to hearts of stone:
  A Christian sage with dignity can weep.
See mitred Drummond heave the heartfelt groan,
  Where the cold ashes of his daughter sleep.
Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace,
  Grace that express'd, in each benignant smile,
That dearest harmony of soul and face,
  When beauty glories to be virtue's foil.

Or thus,—

[That sweetest sympathy of soul and face,
  When beauty only blooms as virtue's foil.]

Such was the maid, that, in the noon of youth,
  In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Grac'd with each liberal art and crown'd with truth,
  Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps. O venerate the holy tear!
  Faith soothes his sorrows, lightens all their load;
Patient he spreads his child upon her bier,
  And humbly yields an angel to his God.[1]

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[1] See this Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Bridgnorth, Yorkshire, in Mason's "Works," vol. i, p. 138:

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace,
  Grace that with tenderness and sense combined,
To form that harmony of soul and face,
  Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that, in the morn of youth,
  In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
  Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.
He weeps. O! venerate the holy tear!
  Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load:
The parent mourns his child upon its bier,
  The Christian yields an angel to his God.

—*Mitford.*

CCCVI. *To the Rev. William Mason.*

Old Park, Sunday, July 19, 1767.

DEAR MASON—

I come forthwith to the epitaph which you have had the charity to write at the Archbishop's request. It will certainly do (for it is both touching and new), but yet will require much finishing. I like not the first three lines: it is the party most nearly concerned, at least some one closely connected, and bearing a part of the loss, that is usually supposed to speak on these occasions, but these lines appear to be written by the chaplain, and have an air of flattery to his patron. All that is good in them is better expressed in the four last [? next] verses: "where the cold ashes," etc. These five verses are well, except the word "benignant," and the thought (which is not clear to me, besides that it is somewhat *hardly* expressed) of "when beauty only blooms," etc. In gems that want colour and perfection, *a foil* is put under them to add to their lustre. In others, as in diamonds, the foil is black; and in this sense, when a pretty woman chooses to appear in public with a homely one, we say she uses her *as a foil.* This puzzles me, as you neither mean that beauty sets off virtue by its contrast and opposition to it, nor that her virtue was so imperfect as to stand in need of beauty to heighten its lustre. For the rest I read, "that sweetest harmony of soul," etc.; "such was the maid," etc. All this to the end I much approve, except "crowned with truth," and "lightens all their load." The first is not precise; in the latter you say too much. "Spreads his child," too, is not the word. When you have corrected all these faults it will be excellent.

I thank you for your comments on my inaccurate metaphor; in return, I will be sure to shew them to the parties who should have wrote them, and who doubtless, when they see them, will acknowledge them for their own. We are all much in want of you, and have already put off two journeys, because we thought you were to come on Mondays. Pray tell us your mind out of hand, lest we lose all our future Mondays. Mr. Brown has not above another

week to stay with us (for Lord Strathmore comes on the 27th out of Scotland), and must go into the third heaven to see nothing at all—all—all.[1] Adieu.—I am truly yours,

T. G.

No news of Palgrave.

CCCVII. *To Mason.*

Old Park, July 26, 1767.

DEAR MASON,

You are very perverse.[2] I do desire you would not think of dropping the design you had of obliging the Archbishop. I submitted my criticisms to your own conscience, and I allowed the latter half to be excellent, two or three little words excepted. If this will not do, for the future I must say (whatever you send me) that the whole is the most perfect thing in nature, which is easy to do when one knows it will be acceptable. Seriously, I should be sorry if you did not correct these lines, and am interested enough for the party (only upon your narrative) to wish he were satisfied in it, for I am edified when I hear of so mundane a man, that yet he has a tear for pity.

By the way, I ventured to shew the other[3] epitaph to Dr. Wharton, and sent him brim-full into the next room to cry. I believe he did not hear it quite through, nor has he ever asked to hear it again; and now will you not come and see him?

We are just come back from a little journey to Barnard Castle, Rokeby,[4] and Richmond (Mr. Brown and all).

[1] John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, married 1767 the great Durham heiress, daughter of George Bowes, Esq., of Streatlam Castle. This earl died April 1776.—*Mitford.*

[2] Mason's letter in reply to Gray's criticism does not appear.

[3] Mason's epitaph on his wife.

[4] The Duke of Cleveland's. See Index, and Scott's "Rokeby," and his notes, *passim.* An estate situated at the junction of the Tees and the Greta, and at this date (?) in the possession of the family of the Robinsons, who bought it from the Rokebys in the reign of Elizabeth. One of the Robinsons at the date of this letter was Bishop of Armagh, and was created Baron Rokeby of Armagh in 1777. The estate was sold (1770 *circa*) by the Robinsons to the

Some thoughts we have of going for two or three days to Hartlepool; then we (Dr. W. and I), talk of seeing Westmoreland and Cumberland, and perhaps the west of Yorkshire; the mountains I mean, for we despise the plains. Then at our return I write to you, not to shew my talent at description, but to ask again whether you will come or no. Adieu.

I wish you health and peace of mind, and am ever yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown and the Dr. desire their compliments to Mr. Robinson.[1]

CCCVIII. *Mason to Gray.*

York, July 27, 1767.

Dear Mr. Gray,

In hopes this may catch you before you set off for Hartlepool, I answer yours the moment I receive it (minster vespers only intervening). The dean has disappointed me, and is not yet arrived. The Robinsons I expect every hour; in the meanwhile, I will resume the subject of the epitaph.

Had you given me any hint, any *lueur*, how the three first lines might have been altered, it would have been charitable indeed; but you say nothing, only that I must alter them. Now in my conscience, to which you appeal, I cannot find fault with the sentiment which they contain; and yet, in despite of my conscience, if I thought that they implied the least shadow of flattery to the Archbishop, I

father of J. B. S. Morritt, the friend to whom Scott dedicated "Rokeby." With the old legends of Rokeby, Gray had he known them, as perhaps he did in part, would have been delighted; particularly the quaint ballad of the "Felon Sow" which Scott gives in a note to his poem.

[1] Mitford thinks that this is Mr. William Robinson, the brother of Sir Thomas, at this date proprietor of Rokeby. This is questionable. There is no evidence that Mason knew *this* family; he was "adored" later on at Rokeby, but that was in 1788 when the Morritts possessed it. I think the persons on a visit to Mason are "dear Reverend Billy" Robinson and his wife.

would wipe them out with a sponge dipped in the mud of the kennel. But I cannot think they do. I think, on the contrary, they give the composition that unity of thought which ought always to run through compositions of this kind; for in my mind a *perfect epitaph is a perfect epigram without a sting.* N.B. This sentence in our Epistolæ familiares cum notis variorum, will be explained in a note of Dr. Balguy's, to the contentation of every reader; in the meantime, if you do not understand it yourself, console yourself with the pleasing idea that posterity will, and that is enough in reason.

However, to show you my complacency, and in dread that you should ever do as you threaten, and call whatever I send you the most perfect things in nature, I will sacrifice the first stanza on your critical altar, and let it consume either in flame or smudge as it choose. Then we begin, "here sleeps," a very poetical sort of *ci git,* or "here lies," and which I hope will not lead the reader to imagine a sentence lost.

1. Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace,
2. Grace that with native sentiment combined
3. To form that harmony of soul and face,
4. Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
5. Such was the maid, that, in the noon of youth,
6. In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
7. Blest with each art that taste supplies or truth,
8. Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.
9. He weeps. O! venerate the holy tear;
10. Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load:
11. The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
12. The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Various sections, pick and choose.

2. "Inborn sentiment."

3. "Displayed (or diffused) that harmony," &c.

7. "That springs from taste or truth;" "derived from taste or truth;" "that charms with taste and truth." But, after all, I do not know that she was a metaphysician, "blest with each art that owes its charms to truth," which painting does, as well as logic and metaphysics.

10. "Faith lends her lenient aid to sorrow's load;" "Faith lends her aid, and eases (or lightens) sorrow's load."

11. "Pensive he mourns," or "he views" or "gives."
12. "Yet humbly yields," or "but humbly."

Now if from all this you can pick out twelve ostensible lines, do, and I will father them; or if you will out of that lukewarm corner of your heart where you hoard up your poetical charity throw out a poor mite to my distresses, I shall take it kind indeed; but, if not, *stat prior sententia*, for I will give myself no further trouble about it; I cannot in this uncomfortable place, where my *opus magnum*[1] *sive didacticum* has not advanced ten lines since I saw you.

God bless Dr. Wharton, and send him (for sympathy) never to feel what I feel. I will come to him the moment I can. Write, be sure, when you return from your longer tour; but I hope to have an answer to this before you set out, because I shall not give the Archbishop any determinate answer about the matter[2] till I hear again from you. The Robinsons are just arrived. Adieu.

W. M.

I must needs tell you, as an instance of my enjoyments here, that yesterday Mr. Comber[3] preached again, and dined with me, and in the afternoon who but Billy Hervey should preach and drink tea with me. The said Billy inquired most cordially after you, and has got your directions how to come at you by Kirksomething and Spennymoor House, for he is going into Scotland with a Scotch captain ten times duller than himself. You will have them at Old Park almost as soon as this, if you do not run away.

Anecdote.—The country folks are firmly persuaded that the storm (which made us get up here) was raised by the devil, out of revenge to Comber for preaching at him the day before in the Minster.

[1] Possibly the "English Garden," of which the first book was published in 1772.

[2] The epitaph on Miss Drummond.

[3] Probably, says Mitford, William Comber, M.A., Vicar of Kirkby-Moorside, and grandson of Thomas Comber, D.D., Dean of Durham. There was another Thomas Comber, the most distinguished of the name, who was Rector of Worplesdon in 1615, and was from 1631 to 1645 Master of Trinity, Cambridge. He was a divine of some eminence in his day.

CCCIX. *To Mason.*

Old Park, Sunday, August 9, 1767.

DEAR MASON—

I have been at Hartlepool like anything, and since that, visiting about (which is the sum of all my country expeditions), so that I was not able to write to you sooner. To-morrow I go vizzing to Gibside to see the new married countess,[1] whom (bless my eyes!) I have seen here already. There I drop our beatified friend, who goes into Scotland with them, and return hither all alone. Soon after I hope to go into Cumberland, etc., and when that is over shall let you know.

I exceedingly approve the epitaph in its present shape. Even what I best liked before is altered for the better. The various readings I do not mind, only, perhaps, I should read the 2d line:

> "Grace that with tenderness and sense combined,
> To form," etc.

for I hate "sentiment" in verse. I will say nothing to "taste" and "truth," for perhaps the Archbishop may fancy they are fine things; but, to my palate, they are wormwood. All the rest is just as it should be, and what he ought to admire.

Billy Hervey[2] went directly to Durham, and called not here. He danced at the Assembly with a conquering mien, and all the misses swear he is the genteelest thing they ever set eyes on, and wants nothing but two feet more in height. The Doctor and Mr. Brown send their blessing; and I am ever yours, T. G.

[1] Lady Strathmore. Gibside is a seat of Lord Strathmore's in Durham, not far from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and near to Ravensworth Castle.—*Mitford.*

[2] Frederic William Hervey, Bishop of Cloyne.—*Mitford.*

CCCX. *To James Beattie.*

Old Park, near Darlington, Durham,
August 12, 1767.

I RECEIVED from Mr. Williamson, that very obliging mark you were pleased to give me of your remembrance. Had I not entertained some slight hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end; but I do not therefore despair of seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you choose to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good as to send me, I think excellent; the sentiments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose; the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is . . .

You see, Sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Ferguson's book. There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it: and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has not the fault you mention.[1] His application to the heart is frequent, and often

[1] To explain this I must take the liberty to transcribe a paragraph from Mr. Beattie's letter, dated March 30, to which the above is an answer: "A Professor at Edinburgh has published an 'Essay on the History of Civil Society,' but I have not seen it. It is a fault common to almost all our Scotch authors, that they are too metaphysical. I wish they would learn to speak more to the heart, and less to the understanding; but alas! this is a talent which heaven only can bestow: whereas the philosophic spirit (as we call it) is merely artificial and level to the capacity of every man, who has much patience, a little learning, and no taste." He has since dilated on this just sentiment in his admirable "Essay on the Immutability of Truth."—*Mason.*

successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious; which those great men, had they lived in better times and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleased to do me:[1] but if his Lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it. I say not this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I will beg you to present my respectful humble service to his Lordship.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him: but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I possessed, you would soon see your obliged, etc.

CCCXI. *To Mason.*

Old Park, September 11, 1767.

DEAR MASON,

I admire you as the pink of perversity. How did I know about York races, and how could I be more explicit about our journey?[2] The truth is, I was only too explicit by half, for we did not set out in earnest till the 29th of August,[3] being delayed, partly by the bad weather,

[1] Lord Gray had said that our Author was related to his family. —*Mason.*

[2] Of this we have no other account than that given in this letter. He went into Scotland from Rose Castle (the Bishop of Carlisle's), in Aug., 1764; and on the 19th of Aug., 1765, from Wharton's, Old Park, Durham, to go with Lord Strathmore to Glamis. His notes of these journeys are given in "Gray and his Friends," pp. 260-265. See also letters from Scotland, *supra*, for the year 1765.

[3] It was on the excursion with Wharton in a post-chaise—if we may trust zealous editors—that Gray made the parody of an epitaph in the church at Appleby, composed by the Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, and inscribed on her mother's

and partly by your cousin,[1] my Lord Perrot, and his assizes, whose train we were afraid to overtake, and still more afraid of being overtaken by it. At last then we went in the sun and dust broiling to Newcastle, and so by the military road to Hexham at night, where it began to rain, and continued like fury, with very short intervals, all the rest of our way. So we got to Carlisle, passed a day there in raining and seeing delights. Next day got to Penrith—more delights; the next dined and lay at Keswick; could not go a mile to see anything. Dr. Wharton taken ill in the night with an asthma. Went on, however, over stupendous hills to Cockermouth. Here the Doctor grew still worse in the night, so we came peppering and raining back through Keswick to Penrith. Next day lay at Brough, grew better, raining still, and so over Stonemoor home. September 5.—In a heavy thunder-shower. Now you will think from this detail, which is literally true, that we had better have staid at home. No such thing; I am charmed with my journey, and the Doctor dreams of nothing but Skiddaw, and both of us vow to go again the first opportunity. I carried Mr. Brown to Gibside[2] the 11th of August, and took a receipt for him; they did not set out for Scotland till the 1st of September, and as yet I have not heard from him.

If you are not too much afflicted for the loss of Charles

tomb—(the new version, according to Wharton, applies to the daughter):

> "Now clean, now hideous, mellow now, now gruff
> She swept, she hissed, she ripened and grew rough,
> At Brougham, Pendragon, Appleby and Brough."

Perhaps the lady thus elegantly described was Anne Clifford, Dowager Countess of Dorset, and second wife of Philip Herbert, 4th Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. She repaired, as heiress of the Cliffords, Brough (or Burgh) Castle and Brougham Castle; defended Appleby Castle against the Parliament until 1648, founded at Appleby a hospital for thirteen widows, and left mementoes of herself far and wide in Westmoreland.

[1] We are by this time familiar with Gray's way of bestowing relations on his correspondents. "Your cousin, my Lord Perrot," is like "your uncle Balguy," a relative for the occasion only.

[2] See letter to Mason, p. 155, n. 1, *supra*.

Townshend,[1] now is your time to come and see us. In spite of your coquetry, we still wish of all things to see you, and (bating that vice, and a few more little faults) have a good opinion of you, only we are afraid you have a bad heart. I have known purse-proud people often complain of their poverty, which is meant as an insult upon the real poor. How dare you practise this upon me? Do not I know little Clough?[2] Here is a fuss indeed about a poor three-score miles. Don't I go galloping five hundred, whenever I please? Have done with your tricks, and come to Old Park, for the peaches and grapes send forth a good smell, and the voice of the robin is heard in our land. My services to Mr. Alderson,[3] for he is a good creature. But I forget, you are at York again. Adieu!

I am, ever yours,

T. G.

The Doctor presents his compliments to you with great cordiality, and desires your assistance. One of his daughters has some turn for drawing, and he would wish her a little instructed in the practice. If you have any professor of the art at York, that would think it worth his while to pass about six weeks here, he would be glad to receive him. His conditions he would learn from you. If he have any

[1] (Walpole to Mann, Sept. 27, '67.) "Our comet Charles Townshend is dead . . . that eccentric genius, whom no system could contain, is whirled out of existence." He was in his forty-second or forty-third year. His famous "Champagne" speech was made in this last year of his life when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and when Chatham's seclusion left his motley government without guidance. In the course of it he said, "Government had become what he himself had often been called, a weathercock." From the sketch which Smollett gives of him in "Humphrey Clinker," we get the impression of a brilliant and fascinating but untrustworthy person. In 1774 Burke in his speech on American Taxation describes him as skilfully using a small stock of knowledge, hitting the House between wind and water, and seeming to guide, because he was always sure to follow it. Gray ("Sketch of His Own Character") "left Church and State *to Charles Townshend* and Squire."

[2] Part of Mason's inheritance.

[3] The Rev. Christopher Alderson, then curate to Mr. Mason, subsequently Rector of Aston and Eckington.—*Mitford.*

merit in his art, doubtless so much the better. But above all he must be elderly, and if ugly and ill-made so much the more acceptable. The reasons we leave to your prudence.

CCCXII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

York, Saturday, October 31, 1767.

DEAR SIR—

I have received a letter from Howe; another from Mr. Beattie; and a third, which was a printed catalogue, from London. The parcel sent to Cambridge was a set of Algarotti's works for your library, which need not be impatient[1] if it remain unopened till I come. The Doctor and I came hither on Saturday last. He returned on Wednesday, and I set out for London (pray for me), at ten o'clock to-morrow night. You will please to direct to me at Roberts's, as usual, and when it is convenient I shall be glad of my bill. I will trouble you also to give notice of my motions to Miss Antrobus[2] as soon as you can.

Here has been Lord Holdernesse's ugly face since I was here, and here actually is Mr. Weddell, who enquires after you. Pa.[3] is in London with his brother,[4] who is desperate. If he dies, we shall not be a shilling the better, so we are really very sorrowful. Mason desires his love to you. Adieu, the Minster bell rings.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

I rejoice greatly at N.'s good luck.

[1] An allusion to Mrs. Mincing's expression, "the dinner is *impatient*" in Congreve's "Way of the World."

[2] His cousin Molly, the postmistress at Cambridge.

[3] Palgrave.

[4] Mr. Palgrave's elder brother here alluded to took the name of Sayer, and married Miss Tyrell of Gipping, afterwards Lady Mary Heselrigge. The Palgrave family, connected by marriage with the Burtons of Staffordshire (of which was the celebrated author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*), and afterwards of Leicestershire and Derbyshire, settled at Homersfield and Aldersea Park, and also with the Fountaynes of Narford, Norfolk, and with the Lawsons of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.—*Mitford.*

CCCXIII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*[1]

Jermyn-Street. 5 Nov: 1767.[2]

DEAR S^R^

I am come, & shall rejoice to congratulate you face to face on your good luck, wch is wonderful in my eyes: I hope there are no rubs in the way to prevent my seeing you snug in the rectory, surrounded with fat pigs & stubble-geese, and Madam in her grogram gown doing the honours of Lovingland,[3] at the head of your table.

I have much to say, so much that I shall say no more: but come quickly, if the main chance will suffer you, or I will know the reason why. Adieu!—I am sincerely

Yours

TG:

CCCXIV. *To James Beattie.*

Pembroke Hall, December 24, 1767.

Since I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, which did not reach me till I had left the North, and was come to London, I have been confined to my room with a fit of the gout: now I am recovered and in quiet at Cambridge, I take up my pen to thank you for your very friendly offers, which have so much the air of frankness and real good meaning, that were my body as tractable and easy of conveyance as my mind, you would see me to-morrow in the chamber you have so hospitably laid out for me at Aberdeen. But, alas! I am a summer-bird, and can only sit drooping till the sun returns: even then too my wings

[1] Nicholls is now ordained—for the circumstances see p. 125, n. 1, of this volume.

[2] (On back)

"To
The Revd Mr Nicholls at
Captn Floyer's in Richmond
Surrey."

[3] The district of Suffolk where Mr. Nicholls resided is called Lothingland.—*Mitford.* For "Madam" etc., see p. 118, n. 2. In this case Nicholls's mother is meant.

may chance to be clipped, and little in plight for so distant an excursion.

The proposal you make me, about printing at Glasgow what little I have ever written, does me honour. I leave my reputation in that part of the kingdom to your care; and only desire you would not let your partiality to me and mine mislead you. If you persist in your design, Mr. Foulis[1] certainly ought to be acquainted with what I am now going to tell you. When I was in London the last spring, Dodsley, the bookseller, asked my leave to reprint, in a smaller form, all I ever published; to which I consented: and added, that I would send him a few explanatory notes; and if he would omit entirely the *Long Story* (which was never meant for the public, and only suffered to appear in that pompous edition because of Mr. Bentley's designs, which were not intelligible without it), I promised to send him something else to print instead of it, lest the bulk of so small a volume should be reduced to nothing at all. Now it is very certain that I had rather see them printed at Glasgow (especially as you will condescend to revise the press) than at London; but I know not how to retract my promise to Dodsley. By the way, you perhaps may imagine that I have some kind of interest in this publication; but the truth is, I have none whatever. The expense is his, and so is the profit, if there be any. I therefore told him the other day, in general terms, that I heard there would be an edition put out in Scotland by a friend of mine, whom I could not refuse; and that, if so, I would send thither a copy of the same notes and additions that I had promised to send to him. This did not seem at all to

[1] See *supra*, p. 29, n. 2. The imitations which took the place of the Long Story were "The Fatal Sisters" and "The Descent of Odin."—*Ed.*

In the advertisement to the edition by Foulis (1768) the publishers state that "as an expression of their high esteem and gratitude, they have endeavoured to print it in the best manner," and that it is "the first work in the Roman character which they have printed with so large a type."—*Dr. Bradshaw.*

The parallel passages and small notes of which Gray speaks were added to the Progress of Poesy and the Bard, both in Dodsley's and the Glasgow edition, in 1768. See *supra*, vol. i, preface, p. xix, for the astounding ignorance of the general reader concerning the meaning of these Odes; also letter of Feb. 1, '68, to Beattie.

cool his courage; Mr. Foulis must therefore judge for himself, whether he thinks it worth while to print what is going to be printed also at London. If he does I will send him (in a packet to you) the same things I shall send to Dodsley. They are imitations of two pieces of old Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild spirit that struck me; but for my paraphrases I cannot say much; you will judge. The rest are nothing but a few parallel passages, and small notes just to explain what people said at the time was wrapped in total darkness. You will please to tell me, as soon as you can conveniently, what Mr. Foulis says on this head; that (if he drops the design) I may save myself and you the trouble of this packet. I ask your pardon for talking so long about it; a little more and my letter would be as big as all my works.

I have read, with much pleasure, an Ode of yours (in which you have done me the honour to adopt a measure that I have used) on Lord Hay's[1] birth-day. Though I do not love panegyric, I cannot but applaud this, for there is nothing mean in it. The diction is easy and noble, the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious. The few expressions I object to are . . .[2] These, indeed, are minutiæ; but they weigh for something, as half a grain makes a difference in the value of a diamond.

CCCXV. *To Wharton.*

Dear Doctor

Many and various maladies have I labour'd under, since I left the north, but none of them (thanks to my summer expedition) *jusqu' a mourir.* the gout came regu-

[1] This infant was Lord George Hay, subsequently 14th Earl of Erroll, and son of that Earl whose father, Lord Kilmarnock, died on the scaffold in 1746 (see vol. i, p. 131, n. 3; ii, 230, n. 8). His brother William succeeded him as 15th Earl, and was father of James, Lord Hay, who was killed at Waterloo. The metre of Beattie's verses is that of Gray's Ode on the Spring.

[2] Another paragraph of particular criticism is here omitted.—*Mason.*

larly, while I was in town, first in one, then in the other foot, but so tame[1] you might have stroked it. since I got hither, *another* of my troublesome companions for life has confined me to my room, but abstinence has (I believe) got the better of that too, and to-morrow I go abroad again. I sent to your brother,[2] before I left London, the *maps* you wanted, the *Decouvertes des Russes, Voyage de Gmelin*[3] en Siberie, Mr. Clerke[4] of Chichester *on the Saxon coins*, Lee's *Linnæan Dictionary, Verrall's Cookery*,[5] & something else that I have forgot. as to Hudson's *Flora Anglica* it is not to be had, being out of print: a new and more correct edition is soon expected. Willoughby's[6] book of *fishes* was never publish'd in English, so would not answer your end. That of *Birds* is indeed in English, but not to be had in the shops & sells at auctions from 30 to 40 shillings, so I did not buy it without farther orders. I hope this cargo is safe arrived; and another little one, that I sent to Miss Wharton & Miss Peggy, directed to the former, to be left at Mr Tho: Wilkinson's in Durham: this went by the Newcastle Waggon about 6th of Dec:, & contained twelve Tower-roots, viz: 3 Soleil d'or Narcissus, 2 White Italian do: (*N:B:* of the double white & yellow Italian there are

[1] See *supra*, p. 35 and n. 1, and Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, Jan. 10, '65: "The King's Speech was so tame, that as George Montagu said of the earthquake, you might have stroked it."

[2] Jonathan Wharton. See Index.

[3] This is Johann Georg Gmelin (1709-1755) born at Tübingen. He went to S. Petersburg at the age of eighteen, and in 1733 by order of the Empress Anna joined others, including Behring, the discoverer of the Strait of that name (1728), in an exploring expedition to Siberia. His work "Reisen durch Siberien," of which there appears to be a French version (possibly the original), was published in 1752. He died as a professor at Tübingen.

[4] "The Rev. W. Clarke. Connexion of the Roman, Saxon, and English coins, deduced from Observations on the Saxon Weights and Money, 4to, 1767."—*London Library Catalogue.*

[5] See vol. ii, p. 198, n. 2.

[6] Francis Willughby (so I am told we should spell his name), was first a pupil of the naturalist, John Ray, of Trinity College, Cambridge, afterwards his collaborateur, travelled with and collected with him on the continent, and supported him in his poverty. Willughby died in 1672, at the age of thirty-seven. Ray translated in 1678 his Ornithology from the Latin, and published his *Historia Piscium* in 1686, but did not translate it.

none to be had this year) 2 Pileus Cardinalis, red; 1 Kroon-vogel, 1 Degeraad, double White; 1 Belle Grisdelin. 1 Hermaphrodite, & 1 Incomparable, double blew; Hyacinths. for these you must get glasses from Newcastle. in the same box was a pocket Lens, wch Miss Wh: (if she pleased) was to give to Aunt Middleton, who wanted such a thing.

I desire to know, what you thought of Mason's plans for your ground (wch makes so pretty a figure on paper); & whether *Summers* came to Old-Park to advise about planting. he is a very intelligent modest young Man, and might be of great use there. has Miss Wharton served her time yet as a Bride-maid? I hope it may prove a good omen to her! does Miss Peggy[1] rival Claude Lorraine yet, & when does she go to York? do Debo and Betty tend their Chrysalises, & their samplers? Is Kee's mouth as pretty as ever? does Robin read like a Doctor, dance like a Fairy, and bow like a Courtier? Does Dicky kick up his heels, & study Geography? please to answer me as to all these particulars. my Thermometer presents her compliments to her country-sister, & proposes now to open a correspondence with her. she lives against a pale in the garden with her back to the East at 9 o'clock in the morning precisely: at any other hour she is not visible, unless upon some great occasion. I was in London from 3 Nov: to 14 Dec:, during wch time the weather was commonly open, damp, & mild, with the wind in the West, veering either to N: or S:. on the last mention'd day I found some Brambles & Feverfew yet flowering in the hedges, & in gardens the double Chrysanthemum, double Chamomile, Borage, Stocks, & single Wall-flowers. these were all cut off on the 24th by an E: wind & hard frost, Therm: at 31. next day & today it was at 30. on the 26th a little snow fell, wch still lies & freezes.

Our Ministry[2] has taken in some odd Coadjutors not

[1] See *supra*, p. 159, postscript to Mason, anent a teacher for this young lady.

[2] Of which Chatham was at this time *le roi fainéant*, and the Duke of Grafton the somewhat embarrassed head.

I think that Stonehewer, as Grafton's secretary, is Gray's informant, which differs, though perhaps more in terms than in substance, from Walpole's account of these transactions.

much to its credit or strength. it appear'd from the first day that the Parliament met, that the Opposition were all to pieces among themselves, & soon after the Duke of Bedford civilly declared to Mr Grenville, that he had the highest opinion of his abilities: but as it was contrary to his principles to keep up a constant opposition to the K^s: measures, he must not wonder, if his Friends should drop the plan they had for some time been pursuing. accordingly he made his terms, four or five of them were directly to be provided for: the rest were to wait till there was room. Ld Shelburne [1] (the Sec^y:), & Mr Cook (Joint-Paymaster) were to have gone out, but Ld Chatham insisted on their staying in (it is said) & prevail'd. Mr Conway retires, & is to have the army, when Ld Ligonier [2] dies: this is voluntary, I imagine. Ld Northington [3] goes off with his pension. Ld Weymouth,[4] & Earl Gower supply their places. Mr Thynne is Master of ye Household. Ld Sandwich, Joint-Postmaster (Ld Hillsborough [5] being created

[1] Afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. His conciliatory policy towards America estranged him from his colleagues in the cabinet; the Bedfords also were reluctant to be associated with him.

Shelburne had the character, perhaps undeserved, of a jesuitical politician. See vol. iii, pp. 18, 19, nn. 3.

Shelburne was nicknamed Malagrida after the Jesuit, who was put to death at Lisbon in 1761, as suspected of having, in the confessional, sanctioned an attempt to assassinate the King of Portugal. Goldsmith's remark, "I wonder they should call your Lordship Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man," has been described by many, after Johnson, as "only a blunder in emphasis," yet it is hard to see how any change in emphasis could have improved it. It is really, as Johnson himself saw, an elliptical expression, and was due to an overquick wit, the sire of many an Irish bull.

[2] Lord Ligonier was at this date about seventy-eight years old. He was of Huguenot family, but came to Dublin in 1697. He served under Marlborough; commanded the foot at Fontenoy; was taken prisoner at Val two years later (1747). He died in 1770, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

[3] Robert Henley, 1st Earl of Northington, so created when Lord Chancellor in 1764. In 1766 he held the same office under Rockingham, but resigned; and under Chatham he was appointed President of the Council; he consented to this exchange for pecuniary considerations, over which he displayed more than the common rapacity of his time.

[4] See vol. ii, p. 82 and n.

[5] Son of Trevor Hill, 1st Viscount Hillsborough. The son was

Secretary of State for America) Rigby[1] is the other, that must come in (to what place I know not) & conduct, I suppose, the House of Commons. how much better and nobler would it have been to have left all these Beggars in the lurch? indeed what could be said against it, as all that could oppose the Ministry were already broke into three parts, & one of them had declared publickly against the other two? I conclude the Rockingham-party will at last prevail, as they have some character and credit with the people still left.

Adieu, my dear S^r^. you have had, I hope, no returns of your asthma, since you lay in your own bed. my best respects to Mrs Wharton, & love to all the family. I am ever

Yours
TG:

Dec. 28: 1767. Pemb: Coll:

Shall I write out, & send you, what Leland[2] says of your neighbourhood? it is nothing but short notes taken in his

made Earl of Hillsborough in 1751. His connection with American affairs was unfortunate, and in 1779, when he was once more secretary, he shared the responsibility of the then Administration for the American War.

[1] See vol. i, p. 328, n. 9. Walpole wrote to Mann, Dec. 2, 1767: "Two oppositions that tread hard upon the heels of a majority, are the best secret in the world for composing a ridiculous minority. In short Lord Rockingham's and the Duke of Bedford's parties, who could not have failed to quarrel if they had come into place together, are determined at least to have their quarrel, if they cannot have their places." He goes on to tell how George Grenville will not support the Rockinghams, and squabbles for two hours with Dowdswell over America, how the house laughs at both, and the Bedfords are angry with Grenville, and how the Duke of Newcastle shuffles to Bedford House in the vain hope of uniting the factions. Grenville's conduct, he adds (Dec. 14 to the same) disgusted his own friends or gave them a handle for being disgusted. "The Duke of Bedford sent for him and told him that he himself was weary of opposition, and his friends more so, and therefore desired that each squadron should provide for themselves. Would not one think that they were starving?" The instigator however was Rigby.

[2] John Leland, the antiquary [1506-1552] was a pupil of Lily's at S. Paul's School, and passed thence to Christ's College, Cambridge,

journey: but that journey was towards the end of Henry 8th's reign just after the dissolution of Monasteries, wch makes it valuable.

SPECIMEN.

From St Andre's Akeland to Raby Castel[1] 5 miles, part by arable, but more by pastures, & morisch hilly ground, baren of wood. Raby is the largest Castel of Logginges in al the North-cuntery, & is of a strong building: but not set ether on hil, or very strong ground. as I enterid by a causey into it there was a litle stagne on the right hond, and in the first area were but two toures, one at eche end, as Entres, & no other buildid. yn the 2d area, as an Entring, was a great Gate of iren with a Tour, & 2 or 3 mo on the right hond. then were al the chief Toures of the 3d Court, as in the hart of the castel. The Haul, & al the Houses of Offices be large & stately; & in the haul I saw an incredible great beame of an Hart. the great Chaumber was exceeding large, but now it is false-rofid, and devidid into 2 or 3 Partes. I saw ther a litle chaumber, wherein was in windows of colorid glass al the petigre of ye Nevilles, &c:

CCCXVI. *To the Revd Mr Nicholls.*[2]

Dear Nicholls

Write by all means forthwith to Ld L:[3] give a little into his way of thinking, seem[4] to fear you have gone

and afterwards to All Souls', Oxford. He was Chaplain and King's Antiquary to Henry VIII. His papers are for the most part in the Bodleian and the British Museum. It is from his famous Itinerary, a record of a survey made at Henry's bidding, that Gray quotes. This was edited by Hearne in 1715.

[1] See vol. i, p. 170, n. 3, and 171, n. 1. [2] On back.

[3] Lisburne, as T:s is Temple's. For these see *supra*, p. 112 nn.

[4] In Gray's time an almost archaic use of the word. It means "put it that you fear." One may note a good many instances of this word as connoting more than "appear" in Shakespeare and Pepys (who so often illustrates Shakespeare's idioms). The nearest to Gray's use is perhaps Bottom's "Let the prologue *seem to say*, we will do no harm with our swords" (M. N. D., iii, 1, 19).

a little too far in communicating so much of T:s letter, wch was not intended for his eye; but say you thought, you saw at bottom so much of respect and affection for him, that you had the less scruple to lay open the weaknesses & little suspicions of a Friend, that (you know beyond a doubt) very gratefully and sincerely loves him. remind him *eloquently* (that is from your heart, and in such expressions as that will furnish) how many idle suspicions a sensible[1] mind, naturally disposed to melancholy, & depress'd by misfortune, is capable of entertaining, especially if it meets with but a shadow of neglect or contempt from the very (perhaps the only) person, in whose kindness it had taken refuge. remind him of his former goodness frankly and generously shewn to T:, & beg him not to destroy the natural effects of it by any appearance of pique or resentment, for that even the fancies and chimæras of a worthy heart deserve a little management and even respect. assure him, as I believe, you safely may, that a few kind words, the slightest testimony of his esteem will brush away all T:s suspicions and gloomy thoughts and that there will need after this no constraint on his own behaviour (no, not so much as to ring a bell)[2] for, when one is secure of people's intentions, all the rest passes for nothing.

To this purpose (but in my own way) would I write, and mighty respectfully withall. It will come well from you, & you can say without consequence what in T: himself it would be mean to say. Ld L: is rather more piqued than needs, methinks. the truth is, the causes of this quarrel on paper do appear puerile, as to the matter; but the manner is all, & that we do not see. I rather stick by my Ld still, and am set against Madam Minx:[3] yet (as I told you before) the *house* lies hard at my stomach.

[1] Sensitive. Contrast to Walpole, Feb. 14, 1768, "These are seriously the most *sensible* things I have heard said," and to Nicholls, Feb. 3, '68, "the *sensible* and manly answer." See vol. ii, p. 147, and n. 2 there.

[2] A reference to some passage in Lord Lisburne's letter to Nicholls.

[3] Mrs. Temple, *supra*, p. 112 nn., and *infra*, to Nicholls, Feb. 3, '68. "The suggestion of his wife working upon his own natural irritability."

There are many letters & things, that I never saw, as that strange one in Wales, and that to Lady Lisb:, now without these how can I judge? you have seen more of the matter, & perhaps may be right, but as yet I do not believe it. What can that *firm and spirited* letter be? I fear it will make matters worse, & yet it was sent away before he had seen T:s letter to you. if he had, it would have made it worse still.

You ask, if you should copy Ld Ls:, and send it to T:. I think, rather not. he has now had one from him himself. if you are obliged to do so, it should be only the sense of it, and that abated and mollified, especially all that tastes of contempt.

Adieu! bless your stars, that you are snug in fat-goose living, without a Minx, and without a Lord. I am faithfully

Yours
TG:

Dec: 31. 1767.

CCCXVII. *To Mason.*

Pembroke College, January 8, 1768.

DEAR MASON—

I did not write to you—that 's to be sure; but then, consider, I had the gout great part of the time that I passed in town, and ever since I came hither I have been confined to my room; and besides, you know, you were at Aston, and did not much care. As to Monsieur de la Harpe,[1] he is not to be had at any of the

[1] The well-known writer, Jean François de la Harpe, born 1739, died 1803. Up to the period of Gray's letter, 1768, he had distinguished himself chiefly as a *dramatic writer*; the author of "Tragédie de Warwick," 1763. His Literary Correspondence with the Emperor Paul was printed in 1801, in four volumes, and perhaps is the most *interesting* of his works at the present day. A portrait of him is sketched in lively, yet fair colours, in Chateaubriand, "Mémoires d'outre Tombe," vol. i, p. 175. From *Mitford.* Although La Harpe's critical work is in the main later than 1768, it is probably to some early experiments in this direction that Gray refers.

shops, and, they say, never was in England. What I saw and liked of his must have been in some bibliothèque or journal that I had borrowed.

Here are, or have been, or will be, all your old and new friends in constant expectation of you at Cambridge; yet Christmas is past, and no Scroddles appears.

> Weddell attends your call, and Palgrave proud,[1]
> ——— ———, and Delaval[2] the loud.
> For thee does Powell[3] squeeze, and Marriot[4] sputter,
> And Glyn[5] cut phizzes, and Tom Neville[6] stutter.
> Brown sees thee sitting on his nose's tip,
> The Widow feels thee in her aching hip,
> For thee fat Nanny sighs, and handy Nelly,
> And Balguy[7] with a bishop in his belly.[8]

It is true of the two archdeacons.[9] The latter is now here, but goes on Monday. The former comes to take his degree in February. The rector writes to ask whether you are come, that he may do the same. As to Johnny, here he is, divided between the thoughts of . . . and marriage. Delaval only waits for a little entreaty. The master,[10] the doctor, the poet, and the president, are very pressing and warm, but none so warm as the coffee-house

[1] For Weddell and Palgrave, see vol. ii, pp. 49, 50, 50 n., and references in Index. The words omitted in the next line are, according to Dr. Bradshaw, "Stonhewer the lewd"—let us hope, a libel on Stonhewer.

[2] See vol. i, p. 217, n. 2.

[3] See vol. iii, p. 63, n. 2.

[4] Sir James Marriott. See vol. iii, p. 54, n. 2. Gray to Nicholls, *ib.* p. 124; also Nov. 8, 1768. "There are some verses by him in Dodsley's Collection, iv, p. 285, and several small poems in Bell's Fugitive Poetry. See also Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, vol. i, p. 134."—*Mitford.*

[5] Dr. Glynn was Gray's physician at Cambridge, and also a very intimate friend. He was "The loved Iapis on the banks of Cam."—*Mitford.*

[6] See vol. i, p. 334, n. 1. [7] See vol. i, p. 309, n. 2.

[8] When Cartwright, the Popish Bishop of Chester, passed through Westminster Hall, after the acquittal of the seven Bishops (1688), one in the crowd shouted: "Make room for the man with the Pope in his belly." See Macaulay's History, vol. ii, ch. 8, and the quotation from Van Citters in the note there.

[9] Powell and Balguy.

[10] The master is Long, the doctor is Glyn, the poet Neville, the president Brown.

and I. Come then away. This is no season for planting, and Lord Richard[1] will grow as well without your cultivation as with it; at least let us know what we are to hope for, and when, if it be only for the satisfaction of the methodist singing-man your landlord.

You will finish your *opus magnum* here so clever, and your series of historical tragedies, with your books (that nobody reads) all round you; and your critic at hand, who never cares a farthing, that I must say for him, whether you follow his opinions or not; and your hypercritics, that nobody, not even themselves, understands, though you think you do. I am sorry to tell you Saint John's Garden is quite at a stand; perhaps you in person may set it going. If not, here is Mr. Brown's little garden cries aloud to be laid out (it is in a wretched state, to be sure, and without any taste). You shall have unlimited authority over it,[2] and I will take upon me the whole expense. Will you not come? I know you will. Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

[1] See for a description of him, to Nicholls, Nov. 8, '68. According to Mitford he was born 1751, chosen Member for Derby in 1780, and died in 1781 at Naples, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. I think Mason has been "coaching" him at Aston.

[2] Mason says in his Memoirs that Gray never professed any knowledge of or skill in laying out gardens; but the author of the "English Garden" prided himself on his talent in this respect. He laid out the flower-garden at Nuneham, Mr. Hurd's at Thurcaston, and others. "I once," says Mr. Cradock, "called on Mr. Hurd, at Thurcaston, and he said to me 'I wish you had come sooner, for Mason has just left me; he is going to Aston. I think you must have passed him in the gateway. He got up very early this morning to plant those roses opposite, and otherwise decorate my grounds. He boasts that he knows exactly where every rose ought to be planted.'" See Cradock's "Memoirs," iv, p. 194. Gray's opinion was very unfavourable to the publication of Mason's "English Garden"; his friend, Dr. Burgh, did all he could in his excellent Commentary to redeem it. It has, however, been favourably received in France, and translated.—*Mitford.* I have somewhere seen the ignorance above attributed to Gray, disputed.

CCCXVIII. *To William Taylor Howe.*[1]

Cambridge, Pembroke College,
January 12, 1768.

SIR—

You perceive by Mr. Brown's letter, that I passed all the summer in the North of England, went from thence to London, and did not arrive here till the middle of December, where I found your parcel. Since that time I have been generally confined to my room, and besides I was willing to go through the eight volumes,[2] before I returned you an answer. This must be my excuse to you, for only doing now, what in mere civility I ought to have done long ago. First I must condole with you, that so neat an edition should swarm in almost every page with errors of the press, not only in notes and citations from Greek, French, and English authors, but in the Italian text itself, greatly to the disreputation of the Leghorn publishers. This is the only reason (I think), that could make an edition in England necessary. But I doubt you would not find the matter much mended here; our presses, as they improve in beauty, declining daily in accuracy; besides you would find the expense very considerable, and the sale in no proportion to it, as in reality, it is but few people in England, that read currently and with pleasure the Italian tongue; and the fine old editions of their capital writers are sold in London for a lower price, than they bear in Italy. An English translation I can by no means advise. The justness of thought and good sense might remain; but the graces of elocution (which make a great part of Algarotti's merit) would be entirely lost, and that merely from the very different genius and complexion of the two languages.

I rather think these volumes should be handsomely bound, before they are put into the library: they bind very neatly here; and if you approve it, Mr. Brown will order it to be done. Doubtless there can be no impropriety

[1] See vol. iii, p. 5, n. 1.
[2] Of Algarotti's works. See vol. iii, p. 4, n. 4.

in making the same present to the University, nor need you at all to fear for the reputation of your friend: he has merit enough to recommend him in any country, a tincture of various sorts of knowledge; an acquaintance with all the beautiful arts; an easy command, a precision, warmth, and richness of expression, and a judgment, that is rarely mistaken, on any subject to which he applies it. Of the dialogues I have formerly told you my thoughts. The essays and letters (many of them entirely new to me) *on the arts*, are curious and entertaining; those on other subjects (even where the thoughts are not new to me, but borrowed from his various reading and conversation) often better put, and better expressed than in the originals. I rejoice, when I see Machiavel[1] defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced. Most of the other discourses military or political are well worth reading, though that on Kouli-Khan was a mere jeu-d'esprit, a sort of historical exercise. The letters from Russia I have read before with pleasure, particularly the narrative of Munich's and Lascy's campaigns. The detached thoughts are often new and just; but there should have been a revisal of them, as they are often to be found in his letters repeated in the very same words. Some too of the familiar letters might have been spared. The *Congress of Cythera* I had seen, and liked before, the *Giudicio d'Amore* is an addition rather inferior to it. The verses are not equal to the prose, but they are above mediocrity.

I shall be glad to hear your health is improved, and that you have thoughts of favouring us with your company here. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,[2]

THOS. GRAY.

[1] See vol. i, p. 290, n. 2. In the words above we have certainly Gray's deliberate judgment.

[2] Addressed to William Taylor How, Esq., at Stondon-Place, near Ongar, Essex.

CCCXIX. *To Wharton.*

Pemb: Coll: 17 Jan: 1768.[1]

DEAR S^R^

I was much surprised to receive a letter superscribed in your hand from London, & am very sorry to see, what occasion'd it. I fear the event the more, because in his best health Mr Wharton had always some complaint in his breast, & now the distemper has fallen upon the weak part.

Whenever you are able to disengage yourself, Mr Brown and I shall flatter ourselves with the hopes of seeing you at Cambridge for as long a time as you can afford to bestow on us. it is likely you may find Mason too with us, for he talks of setting out about the 20th to come hither. I am ever very sincerely

Yours
TG:

CCCXX. *To James Beattie.*

Pembroke Hall, February 1, 1768.

I am almost sorry to have raised any degree of impatience in you, because I can by no means satisfy it. The sole reason I have to publish these few additions now, is to make up (in both) for the omission of that *Long Story*; and as to the notes, I do it out of spite, because the public did not understand the two Odes (which I have called Pindaric); though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England, by way of question and answer, for the use of children. The parallel passages I insert out of justice to those writers from whom I happened to take the hint of any line, as far as I can recollect.

[1] This letter is endorsed:
"To
Dr. Wharton, at Mr. Wharton's, in Boswell-court, Carey-street, London."
The invalid is of course Jonathan, the Doctor's brother.

I rejoice to be in the hands of Mr. Foulis, who has the laudable ambition of surpassing his predecessors, the *Etiennes*[1] and the *Elzevirs*,[2] as well in literature, as in the

[1] Anglicized as Stephens. No less than ten of this family carried on the hereditary occupation of typographer, the period over which their lives extended being more than two hundred years from the first Henri, born 1470, to the death of Antoine in 1674. Of these by far the most famous were Robert and Henri, who were scholars as well as printers. Each of them was the author of a great Dictionary, a Thesaurus, in each case the work of many years, Robert of the Latin, Henri of the Greek language. Robert was appointed printer to Francis I, and employed the device of the thyrsus, bay and serpent. It is to him that the subdivision of the chapters of the Bible is due. He was persecuted by the Sorbonne. *From the* Rev. F. St. J. Thackeray, who writes ("Longman's Magazine," June, 1884) of the fates of these great men:

"Fretted with slow delays, with foes,
  Robert from courts is fain to flee;
Geneva's breezes waft repose,
  Geneva's deep blue sea;
And Henri, quench'd that genial fire
  No sordid passion could enthral,
Ungrateful Lyons sees expire
  Poor in her hospital."

Henri's daughter Florence married Isaac Casaubon, of whose *Ephemerides* the same friend writes,—in a praise which the "stedfast house of Etienne" may share:

"Their calm, of statelier knowledge born,
  Revisits not a feverish time,
To which the journal of each morn
  Reveals fresh care, fresh crime:
Yet with that past o'er which they mused
  Shall live, in scholars yet to be,
Their subtle spirit interfused:
  Without them, where were we?"

The whole story is a good sermon on the text of the "Grammarian's funeral."

[2] The Elsevier (or Elzevier) family came from Lorraine, where Louis Elsevier was born in 1540. He began by being a bookbinder, and being banished for his opinions, set up at Leyden, where he printed the earliest of the volumes which gave these editions their celebrity. His five sons all took up the business. The best known Elzevirs are the exquisite little books of the Latin Classics, the rarest of which is the "Cæsar," distinguishable—such are the criteria dear to *bibliophiles*—by a blunder in the pagination. Even this rarity is excelled, however, by a little French volume, the

proper art of his profession: he surprises me in mentioning a Lady, after whom I have been inquiring these fourteen years in vain. When the two Odes were first published, I sent them to her; but as I was forced to direct them very much at random, probably they never came to her hands. When the present edition comes out, I beg of Mr. Foulis to offer her a copy, in my name, with my respects and grateful remembrances; he will send another to you, Sir, and a third to Lord Gray, if he will do me the honour of accepting it. These are all the presents I pretend to make (for I would have it considered only as a new edition of an old book); after this if he pleases to send me one or two, I shall think myself obliged to him. I cannot advise him to print a great number; especially as Dodsley has it in its power to print as many as he pleases, though I desire him not to do so.

You are very good to me in taking this trouble upon you: all I can say is, that I shall be happy to return it in kind, whenever you will give me the opportunity.

"Pâtissier Français," a cookery book—the most perishable of all forms of literature—the cook not being a careful librarian. A copy of the frontispiece of the "Pâtissier" is given in Andrew Lang's delightful "Books and Bookmen," which also reproduces a favourite emblem of the firm, the globe, side by side with the same as it was reproduced in spurious imitations.

The Elzevirs were favourite pocket classics. Gray wrote to West from Florence in 1740. "Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir, and bound in twenty neat pocket volumes, instead of one folio, you should never have taken him for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him?" And readers of "John Inglesant" will remember how John, Esquire in waiting, just before the ghost of Strafford stalked through the room, had "taken out a little volume of the classics of the series printed in Holland, which it was the custom of the gentlemen of the Court, and those attached to great nobles, to carry with them to read in ante-chambers while in waiting."

CCCXXI. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*[1]

28 Jan: 1768. P: Coll:

DEAR S^R

I and mine are safe, & well, but the chambers opposite to me (Mr. Lyon's)[2] wch were getting ready for Mason, are destroy'd. Mr. Brown was in more immediate danger than I; but he too is well, and has lost nothing. we owe it to Methodism, that any part (at least of that wing) was preserved: for two Saints, who had been till very late at their nocturnal devotions, & were just in bed, gave the first alarm to the college & the town. We had very speedy and excellent assistance of engines and men, and are quit for the fright, except the damage abovemention'd. I assure you it is not amusing to be waked between 2 & 3 in the morning, and to hear, Don't be frighted, S^r! but the college is all of a fire.

I have not yet return'd the letters you sent me by the fly, not thinking it necessary to do so immediately; but very soon you shall have them. Mason came two days after the fire, and will stay some time. Adieu! I am sincerely

Yours

TG:

I do not see what you can do. everything depends on their first meeting at Mam-head,[3] & that is now over. I am afraid everything will go wrong. it is sure, your last letter could do no hurt.

[1] Addressed on back:

"To
The Revd Mr Nicholls at
Augustus Floyer's Esq in Thrift-
Street, Soho
London."

[2] Thomas Lyon, brother of Lord Strathmore, elected Fellow of Pembroke.

[3] See next letter.

CCCXXII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*[1]

Wednesday. 3 Feb: 1768.
Pemb: Coll:

DEAR S^R

I intend to return you the letters by tomorrow's fly, if nothing hinders. I am never the wiser, nor the more able to account for T:^s letter to Lady L:[2] (wch gave occasion to all the rest) it still looks like the suggestion of his Wife working upon his own natural irritability, & the sort of request made in it for the Berwick-living (at so improper a time) is not any other way to be accounted for. the *sensible and manly* answer to it (I must own) I can not easily digest, especially the end of it: it is plain, as he wrote on, he work'd his temper into a ferment, till at last it absolutely turn'd sower. I can not help his temper, but his heart may (for all that) be right. in the second letter, he is conscious, he had gone too far in his expressions, & tries to give them a sense they will not bear: but I allow he is throughout too angry & too contemptuous. your last letter to him (tho' I never saw it) I conclude has done no hurt, perhaps has softened him a little. every thing depends upon the manner of their meeting in Devonshire, wch by this time you probably know. I do not yet see, why all this passion, why all this trouble of justifying himself to a Man, for whom he never had any kindness or regard, & who can be of little use to him in point of interest. Temp: is too precipitate, too rough too in his expressions, too much the aggressor, if he thinks L^dL: really his friend; and, if he does not, how in the midst of his resentment can he bring himself to shew a desire of accepting farther favours from him? I yet have some little hope, that all may come right again, at least right enough for our purpose: for I am more convinced of T:^s contempt and want of esteem for L:, than I am of L:^s aversion, or neglect of T:.

Mason is here with us, & will stay (I should hope) some

[1] Addressed on back as in preceding letter, and with Cambridge stamp of Feb. 4. "T." is Temple.

[2] Lisburne. It is unfortunate that we have no letters of Temple's which might throw more light upon his grievances.

time: he is even going to hire a small house opposite to Peter-house, which he cannot inhabit till next winter. Mr. Hutton[1] being dead, he has now a landed estate, the income of which in a few years will be considerable.

old Smith[2] of Trinity is dead, & Dr Hinchliffe will probably succeed him, tho' Dr Ross[3] and Brocket[4] are also Competitors for it. are your India-paper, your Axminster-carpets, your sofas and Pechés-mortels,[5] in great forwardness? have you read Mr. Anstey,[6] and the Historical doubts? Adieu! I am sincerely

Yours

TG:

CCCXXIII. *To Walpole.*

Pembroke College, February 14, 1768.

I received the book[7] you were so good to send me, and have read it again (indeed I could hardly be said to have read it before) with attention and with pleasure. Your second edition is so rapid in its progress, that it will now hardly answer any purpose to tell you either my own objections, or those of other people. Certain it is, that you

[1] See vol. i, p. 238, n. 1. According to Mason, as there quoted by Mitford, Hutton did not die until June 12. I conjecture that Mitford has read *June* instead of *Jan.*; under 1761 he read January (prob. Jan.) instead of June.

[2] Robert Smith was Master of Trinity from 1742 to 1768. He was succeeded by John Hinchcliffe, who reigned but for one year, being appointed Bishop of Peterborough in 1769.

[3] See vol. i, p. 197, n. 3.

[4] This man's hopes perhaps rested on his interest with the Lowthers and Bute.

[5] What articles of furniture these were I do not know; I cannot find the name in any such sense in Littré; it is perhaps a jest of Gray's. Nicholls is furnishing his house in "Lovingland."

[6] Gray had asked Nicholls, Aug. 26, 1766, "Have you read the New Bath Guide?" and possibly this is the book to which he here refers again. I might have mentioned, vol. iii, p. 110, in the account of Anstey, that in a note to the Elegy in the Pemb. MS. Gray has recorded that that poem was translated into Latin by Anstey and the Rev. Mr. Roberts, and so published in 1762.

[7] Walpole's "Historic Doubts."—*Mitford.*

are universally read here; but what *we* think is not so easy to come at. We stay as usual to see the success, to learn the judgment of the town, to be directed in our opinions by those of more competent judges. If they like you, we shall; if any one of name write against you, we give you up; for we are modest and diffident of ourselves, and not without reason. History in particular is not our *forte*; for (the truth is) we read only modern books and pamphlets of the day. I have heard it objected, that you raise doubts and difficulties, and do not satisfy them by telling us what is really the case. I have heard you charged with disrespect to the King of Prussia;[1] and above all to King William, and the Revolution.[2] These are seriously the most sensible things I have heard said, and all that I recollect. If you please to justify yourself, you may.

My own objections[3] are little more essential: they relate

[1] "To judge impartially we ought to recall the temper and manners of the times we read of. It is shocking to eat our enemies; but it is not so shocking in an Iroquois, as it would be in the King of Prussia."—*Historic Doubts.*

[2] "The great regularity with which the coronation [of Richard III] was prepared and conducted, and the extraordinary concourse of the nobility at it, have not at all the air of an unwelcome revolution, accomplished merely by violence. On the contrary, it bore great resemblance to a much later event, which being the last of the kind, we term *The Revolution.* The three estates of nobility, clergy, and people, which called Richard to the Crown, and whose act was confirmed by the subsequent parliament, trod the same steps as the convention did which elected the Prince of Orange; both setting aside an illegal pretender, the legitimacy of whose birth was called in question. And though the partizans of the Stuarts may exult in my comparing King William to Richard the third, it will be no matter of triumph, since it appears that Richard's cause was as good as King William's, and that in both instances it was a free election."—*Historic Doubts.*

It is almost incredible that these passages could have been construed by any sensible reader as disrespectful to either of the two kings. Yet Walpole, in reply to Gray, Feb. 18, writes: "Not only at Cambridge but here [in London] there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the King of Prussia! A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly I love him as well as I do most kings." And on the 26th, he suspects that Sir David Dalrymple "is offended for King William."

[3] With the brilliant exception of his letters the prose style of Walpole is bad and laboured, and, in the "Historic Doubts" especially, obscured by very infelicitous irony. He writes to Gray

chiefly to inaccuracies of style, which either debase the expression or obscure the meaning. I could point out several small particulars of this kind, and will do so, if you think it can serve any purpose after publication. When I hear you read, they often escape me, partly because I am attending to the subject, and partly because from habit I understand you where a stranger might often be at a loss.

As to your arguments, most of the principal parts are made out with a clearness and evidence that no one would expect, where materials are so scarce. Yet I still suspect Richard of the murder of Henry VI. The chronicler of Croyland charges it full on him,[1] though without a name or any mention of circumstances. The interests of Edward were the interests of Richard too, though the throne were not then in view; and that Henry still stood in their way, they might well imagine, because, though deposed and imprisoned once before, he had regained his liberty and his crown; and was still adored by the people.[2] I should think, from the word *tyranni*, the passage was written after

(Feb. 18): "You may perceive that the worst part of 'Richard' in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled." This section of the "Historic Doubts" is really more lucid than the rest. One of the papers communicated by Gray and quoted by Walpole is certainly the curious letter from Richard to his Chancellor, anent the proposed marriage of "our sollicitor" to Jane Shore, of which Gray speaks to Wharton, Sept. 18, '59. It is given, in substance, *supra*, vol. ii, p. 103, n. 3.

[1] The crucial words are: "Parcat Deus, et spatium poenitentiae ei donet, quicunque sacrilegas manus in Christum domini [*the Lord's Anointed*] ausus est immittere. Unde et agens tyranni, patiensque gloriosi martyris titulum mereatur." Walpole, "Hist. Doubts," reluctantly admits that by *tyranni* is meant Richard, but urges that the monk was not likely to know who murdered Henry, adding, rather inconsequently, "and if he did, he has not told us."

[2] Walpole's own phrase is here turned upon him. He asks, in "Historic Doubts," "Would Richard have taken on himself the odium of slaying a saint-like monarch *adored by the people*? Was it his interest to save Edward's character, at the expence of his own? Did Henry stand in *his* way, deposed, imprisoned and now *childless*?"

Richard had assumed the crown:[1] but, if it was earlier, does not the bare imputation imply very early suspicions, at least of Richard's bloody nature, especially in the mouth of a person that was no enemy to the House of York, nor friend to that of Beaufort?

That the Duchess of Burgundy, to try the temper of the nation, should set up a false Pretender to the Throne (when she had the true Duke of York in her hands), and that the queen-mother[2] (knowing her son was alive) should countenance that design, is a piece of policy utterly incomprehensible; being the most likely means to ruin their own scheme, and throw a just suspicion of fraud and falsehood on the cause of truth, which Henry could not fail to seize and turn to his advantage. Mr. Hume's[3] first query, as

[1] Walpole, *loc. cit.*, believes that the passage was written immediately after the murder was committed, and hence suggests that the epithet may belong to Edward IV. In the very same paragraph he admits the chronicler's "true monkish partiality" to that King.

[2] Walpole had said: "The rigour exercised on the queen-mother by Henry the Seventh on her countenancing Lambert Simnel, evidently set up to try the temper of the nation in favour of some prince of the House of York is a violent presumption that the queen dowager believed her second son to be living." The second son is the Duke of York, the younger of the two sons supposed to have been murdered in the Tower. Walpole argues that Perkin Warbeck was, as he claimed to be, the Duke of York brought up by Margaret of Burgundy, his aunt, Edward the Fourth's sister, whom, as Bacon tells us, the friends of Henry VII called Juno, "because she was to him as Juno was to Æneas, stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief."

[3] The "first query" which Walpole attempted to refute appeared in the portion of Hume's History which deals with the reign of Richard the Third. It was: "Had not the queen-mother and the other heads of the York party been fully assured of the death of both the young princes, would they have agreed to call over the earl of Richmond, the head of the Lancastrian party, and marry him to the princess Elizabeth?"

In this same year, 1768, after the publication of "Historic Doubts," Hume communicated to Walpole some further notes, and, says Walpole (Supplement to "Historic Doubts"), "I then told him what I must repeat now 'that I thought I never saw more unsubstantial arguments.'" Walpole was nettled at finding that Hume had communicated these notes to Deyverdun, a Swiss writer, author of "Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne pour les années 1767, 1768," who produced them in French in that work. To these notes Walpole offers an answer in the supplement

far as relates to the queen-mother, will still have some weight. Is it probable she should give her eldest daughter to Henry, and invite him to claim the crown, unless she had been sure that her sons were then dead? As to her seeming consent to the match between Elizabeth and Richard, she and her daughters were in his power, which appeared now well fixed; his enemies' designs within the kingdom being everywhere defeated, and Henry unable to raise any considerable force abroad. She was timorous and hopeless; or she might dissemble, in order to cover her secret dealings with Richmond: and if this were the case, she hazarded little, supposing Richard to dissemble too, and never to have thought seriously of marrying his niece.

Another unaccountable[1] thing is, that Richard, a prince of the House of York, undoubtedly brave, clear-sighted, artful, attentive to business; of boundless generosity, as appears from his grants; just and merciful, as his laws and his pardons seem to testify; having subdued the Queen and her hated faction, and been called first to the protectorship and then to the crown by the nobility and by the parliament; with the common people to friend (as Carte often asserts), and having nothing against him but the illegitimate family of his brother Edward, and the attainted House of Clarence (both of them within his power);—that such a man should see within a few months Buckingham, his best friend, and almost all the southern and western counties in one day in arms against him; that having seen

to "Historic Doubts." It is amusing to notice the disrespect with which he here treats Hume. As Sir Walter Scott says, "in defending a system, which was probably at first adopted as a mere literary exercise, Mr. Walpole's doubts acquired, in his own eyes, the respectability of certainties, in which he could not brook controversy." Nevertheless, Walpole was prescient enough to say: "Shakespeare's immortal scenes will exist, when such poor arguments as mine are forgotten. Richard at least will be tried and executed on the stage, when his defence remains on some obscure shelf of a library."

[1] Although Gray uses this word, he does so probably in deference to Walpole's susceptibility, for that which he suggests makes against the defence. When he speaks of the *illegitimate* family of Edward IV, he really implies that on that hypothesis Richard's throne should have been secure, and he insinuates that the desertion of his followers was due to their detestation of his crimes.

all these insurrections come to nothing, he should march with a gallant army against a handful of needy adventurers, led by a fugitive, who had not the shadow of a title, nor any virtues to recommend him, nor any foreign strength to depend on; that he should be betrayed by almost all his troops, and fall a sacrifice;—all this is to me utterly improbable, and I do not ever expect to see it accounted for.

I take this opportunity to tell you, that Algarotti (as I see in the new edition of his works printed at Leghorn) being employed to buy pictures for the King of Poland, purchased among others the famous Holbein that was at Venice. It don't appear that he knew anything of your book:[1] yet he calls it *the consul Meyer and his family*, as if it were then known to be so in that city. A young man here, who is a diligent reader of books, an antiquary, and a painter, informs me, that at the Red Lion Inn at Newmarket is a piece of tapestry containing the very design of your marriage of Henry the Sixth,[2] only with several more figures in it, both men and women; that he would have bought it of the people, but they refused to part with it. Mr. Mason, who is here, desires to present his best respects to you. He says, that to efface from our annals the history of any tyrant, is to do an essential injury to mankind: but he forgives it, because you have shewn Henry the Seventh to be a greater devil than Richard.

Pray do not be out of humour. When you first commenced an author, you exposed yourself to pit, boxes, and gallery. Any coxcomb in the world may come in and hiss if he pleases; ay, and (what is almost as bad) clap too, and you cannot hinder him. I saw a little squib fired at you in a newspaper by some of the *House of Yorke*, for speaking lightly of chancellors.[3] Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. Gray.

[1] ? The "Anecdotes of Painting."

[2] Perhaps Gray wrote Henry VII. In Walpole's "Description of Strawberry Hill," is mentioned in the Gallery "Marriage of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York; by Mabeuse. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*"

[3] The chancellors whom Walpole treats disrespectfully are Rotheram, Archbishop of York, whom he calls a "silly prelate," Archbishop Morton, Sir Thomas More, for his history of Richard

CCCXXIV. *To Walpole.*

Pembroke College, February 25, 1768.

To your friendly accusation[1] I am glad I can plead not guilty with a safe conscience. Dodsley told me in the Spring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's designs were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a smaller scale for a new edition. I dissuaded him from so silly an expense, and desired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *Long Story* was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to supply the place of it in bulk, lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to send him an equal weight of poetry or prose: so, since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff, viz. the "Fatal Sisters," the "Descent of Odin" (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welch, and certain little Notes, partly from justice (to acknowledge the debt where I had borrowed anything) partly from ill temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this, I shall be but a shrimp of an author. I gave leave also to print the same thing at Glasgow;[2] but I doubt my packet has miscarried, for I hear nothing of its arrival as yet. To what you say to me so civilly, that I ought to write more, I reply in your own words (like the Pamphleteer, who is going to confute you out of your own mouth) What has one to do when *turned of fifty*,[3] but really to think of finishing? However, I will be candid (for you seem to be so with me), and avow to you, that till fourscore-and-ten,

III, and Lord Clarendon. In the "House of Yorke," Gray plays upon the name of the Hardwicke family; Lord Hardwicke, who had been chancellor under the Duke of Newcastle, died in 1764; the very brief and even tragic chancellorship of his second son, Charles Yorke, would have furnished another instance, but it took place in 1770, two years after the date of this letter.

[1] Walpole complained (Feb. 18) that Gray had told him nothing about the new edition of the Poems.

[2] By Foulis.

[3] Walpole to Gray, Feb. 18.

whenever the humour takes me, I will write, because I like it; and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much, it is because I cannot. As you have not this last plea, I see no reason why you should not continue as long as it is agreeable to yourself, and to all such as have any curiosity or judgment in the subject you choose to treat. By the way let me tell you (while it is fresh) that Lord Sandwich,[1] who was lately dining at Cambridge, speaking (as I am told) handsomely of your book, said, it was pity you did not know that his cousin Manchester had a genealogy of the Kings, which came down no lower than to Richard III, and at the end of it were two portraits of Richard and his Son, in which that King appeared to be a handsome man. I tell you it as I heard it; perhaps you may think it worth inquiring into.

I have looked into Speed[2] and Leslie.[3] It appears very odd that Speed in the speech he makes for P. Warbeck, addressed to James IV of Scotland, should three times cite the *manuscript proclamation*[4] of Perkin, then in the hands

[1] "The earl of Sandwich, on reading my doubts, obligingly acquainted me that the duke of Manchester was possessed of a most curious and original roll, containing the list, portraits and descent of all the earls of Warwick, drawn by John Rous himself, the antiquary. This singular manuscript his grace, at my desire, was so good as to lend me; and with his permission I caused ten of the last and most curious portraits to be traced off, and here present them to the public faithfully and exactly engraven." Walpole, supplement to the "Historic Doubts" (1769). These will be found after p. 166, vol. ii, of Walpole's collected works. Richard the Third appears as a handsome and even amiable young man, small perhaps of stature, but without any very *distinct* deformity; behind him, as also behind the young prince his son, is the bristled boar, lying down, perhaps resting after "wallowing in infant gore beneath the thorny shade."

[2] John Speed, the antiquarian tailor. He was patronized by Sir Fulke Greville, and Spelman. His chief work was the "History of Great Britain" (1611).

[3] Leslie was a partisan of Mary Queen of Scots, was imprisoned in her cause, fled to France and died in a monastery near Brussels. He wrote a history of Scotland in Latin (1578). This was translated into Lowland Scotch by a Scottish Benedictine of Ratisbon.

[4] The text of this may be read in Bacon's "History of Henry VII," who says in a note: "The original of this proclamation remaineth with Sir Robert Cotton, a worthy preserver and treasurer of rare antiquities, from whose manuscripts I have had much light for the

of Sir Robert Cotton; and yet when he gives us the proclamation afterwards (on occasion of the insurrection in Cornwall) he does not cite any such manuscript. In Casley's *Catalogue of the Cotton Library* you may see whether this manuscript proclamation still exists or not: if it does, it may be found at the Museum. Leslie will give you no satisfaction at all: though no subject of England, he could not write freely on this matter, as the title of Mary (his mistress) to the crown of England was derived from that of Henry VII. Accordingly he everywhere treats Perkin as an impostor; yet drops several little expressions inconsistent with that supposition. He has preserved no proclamation: he only puts a short speech into Perkin's mouth, the substance of which is taken by Speed, and translated in the end of his, which is a good deal longer: the whole matter is treated by Leslie very concisely and superficially. I can easily transcribe it, if you please; but I do not see that it could answer any purpose.

Mr. Boswell's book[1] I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter: it has pleased and moved me strangely, all (I mean) that relates to Paoli.[2] He is a man

furnishing of this work." The whereabouts of this document seems to have been undiscoverable to Gray and Walpole. According to Bacon the speech to James IV in no way anticipates the wording of the proclamation, which was not issued until the King of Scots, with Perkin in his company, invaded England, when Perkin, "for a perfume before him," caused it to be published.

[1] Boswell's "Account of Corsica, the Journal of a Tour in that Island, and a Memoir of P. Paoli," bears the date of this year. Gray does justice to Boswell's fidelity; he might have noted also that minuteness of observation which is still more conspicuous in the "Life of Johnson." Another of his characteristics, perhaps less often displayed, was a certain readiness of wit. The Corsicans, for example, seem to have thought that all Englishmen were heathens; some of them were surprised to hear from him that we believed in the Saviour. "And in the Pope?" they asked. When he was forced to answer "no," "And why?" said they. "Because," he replied, "we are too far off." He quite understood the essentially *local* character of the religion of the peasantry in those parts. The explanation was accepted as entirely satisfactory.

[2] This heroic patriot maintained the independence of Corsica against the Genoese, until the latter sold the island to the French in the year 1768. He fled to England. At the Revolution in France he was made governor of Corsica; but found the island had only

born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is, a Dialogue between a Green-Goose and a Hero.

I had been told of a manuscript in Benet[1] Library: the inscription of it is "Itinerarium Fratris Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris, 1322." Would not one think this should promise something? They were two Franciscan friars that came from Ireland, and passed through Wales to London, to Canterbury, to Dover, and so to France in their way to Jerusalem. All that relates to our own country has been transcribed for me, and (sorry am I to say) signifies not a halfpenny: only this little bit might be inserted in your next edition of the *Painters*: Ad aliud caput civitatis (Londoniæ) est monasterium nigrorum monachorum nomine Westmonasterium, in quo constanter et communiter omnes reges Angliæ sepeliuntur—et eidem monasterio quasi immediatè conjungitur illud famosissimum palatium regis, in quo est illa vulgata camera, in cujus parietibus sunt omnes historiæ bellicæ totius Bibliæ ineffabiliter depictæ, atque in Gallico completissimè et perfectissimè conscriptæ, in[2] non modicâ intuentium admiratione et maximâ regali magnificentiâ.

I have had certain observations on your *Royal and Noble*

exchanged masters. He came back to England in 1796, and died here in 1807.

Of Boswell and his book Walpole wrote to Gray (Feb. 18): "The author is a strange being, and like Cambridge" [see vol. ii, p. 92, n. 1], "has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris, in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore [of Corsica]. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too; but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself; but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me."

[1] Another name for Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

[2] For this we should probably read "cum," or omit "in."

Authors given me to send you perhaps about three years ago: last week I found them in a drawer, and (my conscience being troubled) now enclose them to you. I have even forgot whose they are.

I have been also told of a passage in *Ph. de Comines*,[1] which (if you know) ought not to have been passed over. The Book is not at hand at present, and I must conclude my letter. Adieu!—I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

CCCXXV. *To Walpole.*

Pembroke Hall, March 6, 1768.

Here is Sir William Cornwallis, entitled *Essayes of certaine Paradoxes.*[2] 2d Edit. 1617. Lond.

King Richard III. The French Pockes. Nothing. Good to be in debt. Sadnesse. Julian the Apostate's virtues.	Praised.

The title-page will probably suffice you; but if you would know any more of him, he has read nothing but the common chronicles, and those without attention; for example, speaking of Anne the queen, he says, she was barren, of which Richard had often complained to Rotheram. He extenuates the murder of Henry VI and his son: the first, he says, might be a malicious insinuation, for that many did suppose he died of mere melancholy and grief: the latter cannot be proved to be the action of Richard (though executed in his presence); and if it were, he did it

[1] For Comines it must be sufficient to refer the general reader to "Quentin Durward," and Scott's very interesting notes. Arnold, "Lectures on Modern History," Lect. II, characterizes his memoirs as belonging to the last stage of an old state of things, and remarks their perfect unconsciousness that the notions which the Middle Ages had tended to foster were "on the point of passing away."

[2] Walpole (Feb. 26) had asked Gray to find this book for him.

out of love to his brother Edward. He justifies the death of the Lords at Pomfret, from reasons of state, for his own preservation, the safety of the commonwealth, and the ancient nobility. The execution of Hastings he excuses from necessity, from the dishonesty and sensuality of the man: what was his crime with respect to Richard, he does not say. Dr. Shaw's Sermon was not by the King's command, but to be imputed to the preacher's own ambition: but if it was by order, *to charge his mother with adultery was a matter of no such great moment, since it is no wonder in that sex.* Of the murder in the Tower he doubts: but if it were by his order, the offence was to God, not to his people; and *how could he demonstrate his love more amply, than to venture his soul for their quiet?* Have you enough, pray? you see it is an idle declamation, the exercise of a schoolboy that is to be bred a statesman.

I have looked in Stowe;[1] to be sure there is no proclamation there. Mr. Hume, I suppose, means *Speed*, where it is given, how truly I know not; but that he had seen the original is sure, and seems to quote the very words of it in the beginning of that speech which Perkin makes to James IV and also just afterwards, where he treats of the Cornish rebellion. Guthrie,[2] you see, has vented himself in the *Critical Review*. His *History* I never saw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever saw it. He is a rascal,

[1] Like Speed, originally a tailor, who devoted himself to antiquarian investigation. He died in 1605. I suppose Gray looked in the "Summary of English Chronicles" (1561), or more probably the "General Chronicle of England" (1580).

[2] William Guthrie, born at Brechin 1708, came to London, and wrote (1744-1750) a History of England. About his complaint Walpole writes humorously in the Supplement to the "Historic Doubts": "It ought to be some palliation of my offence, that I not only had never seen Mr. Guthrie's history of England, but had never met with a single person that had read it. It had remained a profound secret to mortal eyes; or was consumed by those all-devouring enemies of the ingenious, time and the oven. However, I am sincerely sorry for my neglect; and the more so, as I find by the review, that my misfortune did not consist in differing with Mr. Guthrie, but in happening to be of the same opinion. It seems, Mr. Guthrie, long before the appearance of my doubts, had condemned great part of the traditional history of Richard as a fable. It was therefore presumptuous in me to be as sagacious as so inimitable a writer."

but rascals may chance to meet with curious records; and that commission to Sir J. Tyrrell[1] (if it be not a lie) is such; so is the order for Henry the Sixth's funeral. I would by no means take notice of him, write what he would. I am glad you have seen the Manchester Roll.

It is not I that talk of *Phil. de Comines.* It was mentioned to me as a thing that looked like a voluntary omission, but I see you have taken notice of it, in the note to p. 71, though rather too slightly. You have not observed that the same writer says, c. 55, *Richard tua de sa main ou fit tuer en sa presence, quelque lieu apart, ce bon homme le Roi Henry.* Another oversight I think there is at p. 43, where you speak of the *Roll of Parliament,* and the contract with Lady Eleanor Boteler,[2] as things newly come to light. Whereas Speed has given at large the same Roll in his *History.* Adieu!—I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

CCCXXVI. *To Wharton.*[3]

March 15. 1768. Pemb: C:

DEAR S^R^

I am so totally uninform'd, indeed so helpless, in matters of law, that there is no one perhaps in the kingdom you could apply to for advice with less effect, than to me: this ought to be a sufficient warning to you not to pay more attention to me than I deserve. you may too take into the account my natural indolence & indisposition to act, & a want of alacrity in indulging any distant hopes, however flattering; as you have (I think) from nature the

[1] The reported murderer of the princes. Guthrie produced a commission to prove that Tyrrell was even a greater man than Walpole represented him, inasmuch as in King Edward's time he had been appointed one of the commissioners for exercising the office of high constable of England. See Supplement to "Historic Doubts."

[2] Or *Butler.* A pre-contract with this lady was alleged in proof of the illegitimacy of the princes in the Tower.

[3] I have no sufficient clue to the matter of this letter, which is only valuable as showing Gray's kindly interest in all his friend's concerns.

contrary fault, a Medium between us would be possibly the best rule of action.

One thing I am persuaded I see clearly, & would advise strongly: it is, that you should never think of separating your cause from that of your Nephew. Your rights are exactly the same, you must share the profit and the loss. He is a Minor & under your care:[1] to set up any distinct claim for the private advantage of yourself & family, would surely hurt you in the eye of the world. the slightest apprehension of any such thought will make a total breach between Mr Ll: and you, whose advice & activity seem of such singular use in all your designs. this will force you to pass your whole time at London without other assistance, than what you must hire; & perhaps produce another law-suit between you and your [own] Nephew. but you speak irresolutely yourself on this head, & as you have had a little time to think, since you wrote your letter, I doubt not, you have already drop'd any such idea. it remains then to communicate immediately to Mr. Ll: the opinions of De Grey,[2] & to advise with him (without reserve) about this application to the Treasury.

Now I am going to talk of what I do not understand: but from what I have lately heard of the D: of Portland and Sir J. Lowther's case[3] (wch is in some respects similar), if you obtain this Grant (for wch you must pay too a certain rent to the Crown; & if any one outbids you, they will be prefer'd) your right to it is never the more establish'd,

[1] See Gray's letter to Wharton, vol. ii, pp. 215, 216, and notes. The boy was the only son of Mr. Richard Wharton, who has died in the interval between 1761 and 1768, leaving Thomas Wharton guardian.

[2] William de Grey, at this time Attorney-general; in 1771 was made Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and created first baron Walsingham in 1780.

[3] The Duke of Portland was possessed of the forest of Inglewood. There was a flaw in the title which Sir James Lowther discovered. It was a common practice for private individuals to make out the title of the Crown to lands thus usurped, on condition that a new grant should be made as a reward to the informer. This plan Sir James Lowther adopted, chiefly because within the property were settled a large number of freemen, and the Duke of Portland was contesting the paramount interest of Lowther in Cumberland and Westmorland at this date.

provided anybody start up to contest it with you at law, for the Courts are still open to redress any injury, that a person pleads he has received by such grant. in this therefore I should be guided by Mr Ll: and Mr Madocks. The application to the Treasury is easy, I believe: St:,[1] or Mr W:[2] will probably acquaint you of the manner: but I could give you good reasons, why the former should not be ask'd to interpose personally in obtaining it, at least why it would be uneasy to him to do so.

There remains then the foundation of all this, the legal right, you & your Nephew have to this extention of the tythes, about which your counsel themselves seem dubious enough; & you cannot expect me to be clearer than they, especially as there are two things not at all explained in your letter, viz: What is that Grant to Morrice & Cole, & when made? & who is Rector of the Church, or (if a Vicar) who presents him, for it appears not to be you? All that you seem to me clearly entitled to, is a right of continuing the suit wch your Brother begun, wch contest may beget others to infinity. shall I tell (but without consequence) what I should wish? that you would sell these tythes out of hand, & with them all your expectations & all your law-suits: if these are worth anything, Purchasers may be found sanguine enough to give such a price, as Mr Jonathan did, and you will be no loser; if they are not, you may lose a little money, & in my opinion be a great gainer: for this inundation of business, of eager hopes, and perhaps more reasonable fears, is the thing in the world the most contrary to your peace, & that of your family. But I determine nothing, we shall hear what the three Referees say, and what Mr Ll: determines upon it.

I have made hast to answer you, considering the difficulty of the case: you will therefore excuse me for my intention's sake. Mason[3] is arrived in London, & lives for the present at Stonhewer's, in Queen-Street. I rejoiced to hear, you got so well over that Monster the Trent. Make my best compliments to Mrs Wharton, and your Family. I am sorry to

[1] Stonehewer. [2] Walpole.

[3] Walpole wrote to Cole from Strawberry Hill, April 16, '68. I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me here to-morrow.

hear Miss Wharton[1] has been ill: Mr Brown presents his respects to you, all down to Dicky. Adieu! I am ever

Yours,

TG:

Our weather has been mild & fine enough of late. the [next] letter I will give an account of it. Wilkes (they say) will be chose for the City of London.[2] T: Lyon has lost one of his causes in the House of Lords against Ld Panmure.[3]

CCCXXVII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*[4]

Southampton Row, April 27, 1768.

Dear Sir—

By this time I conclude, you are return'd to Cambridge: tho' I thought it a long time, before I heard of you from Thrandeston,[5] and could have wish'd you had stay'd longer with Palgrave: perhaps you are in Hertfordshire, however I write at a venture. I went to Mr. Mann's,[6]

[1] Wharton's maiden sister. It is *she*, not his daughter, who is famous for her butter. Hence correct ii, Pref., p. xxxiii.

[2] He tried but failed there. "The memorable John Wilkes, who had resided for some time at Paris, and had fallen almost into oblivion, came suddenly over, and declared himself a candidate to represent the City of London . . . though an outlaw and subject to be sent to prison on his former sentence. Wilkes was every day the lowest on the poll; he would have been imprisoned for debt, but preferred to surrender himself to his outlawry." *From* Walpole, "Memoirs of George III," vol. iii, pp. 125 *sq.*

[3] To

Dr Wharton at Old-Park

near Darlington,

Durham.

[4] Mr. Gosse's statement that this letter appeared for the first time in his edition, I do not understand. It is given in Mitford's Correspondence of Gray and Mason, under the right date (Mr. Gosse assigns it to 1760). The variations between the two texts are insignificant. I print partly from that of Mr. Gosse, who seems to have had some access to the original, although the spelling, etc., is certainly not exactly reproduced.

[5] In Suffolk, one of Mr. Palgrave's livings, near to Botesdale and Diss, and joining Palgrave.—*Mitford.*

[6] Probably the brother of Sir Horace Mann. Two of the brothers were clothiers to the army.—*Mitford.*

and (tho' he is in Town) not finding him at home, left a note with an account of my business with him, and my direction. I have had no message in answer to it: so possibly he has written to you, and sent the papers. I know not.

Mr. Precentor[1] is still here, and not in haste to depart, indeed I do not know whether he has not a fit of the Gout: it is certain, he had a pain yesterday in his foot, but whether owing to Bechamel and Claret, or to cutting a corn, was not determined: he is still at Stonhewer's[2] house, and has not made his journey to Eton and to Bath yet, tho' he intends to do it.

We have had no mobs, nor illuminations[3] yet, since I was here. Wilkes's speech you have seen; the Court[4] was so surprised at being contemn'd to its face, and in the face

[1] Mason. [2] In Queen Street. See preceding letter.

[3] There had been mobs and illuminations in March, in connection with Wilkes and the Middlesex election. Of these Walpole wrote a graphic account to Mann, on the first of April, and he will elucidate Gray for us. He says (Apr. 1): "Wilkes has notified that he intends to surrender himself to his outlawry, the beginning of next term, which comes on the 17th of this month. There is said to be a flaw in the proceedings, in which case his election" [for Middlesex—he had just been returned member] "will be good, though the King's Bench may fine or imprison him on his former sentence." [That is the sentence of 1764 for reprinting No. 45 of the "North Briton," and anent the "Essay on Woman." But Wilkes had fled the country before the end of '63 and was outlawed in his absence.]

Walpole writes again to Mann (April 23): "Wilkes has applied to the Attorney-General for a writ of error against his outlawry, which the Attorney had promised, as they say; but the night before had been over-persuaded by the Master of the Rolls not to sign the *fiat*. Wilkes appeared according to promise [April 20th, Wednesday]. The Attorney-General moved to commit him. Lord Mansfield and the Judges of the King's Bench tell him the *capias utlegatum* [the outlaw] should have been taken out, and not having been, there was no such person as Mr. Wilkes before them; nay, that there was no such person, for Mr. Wilkes being an outlaw, an *utlegatus* does not exist in the eye of the law. However, this nonentity made a long speech, and abused the Chief-Justice to his face, though they say with great trembling—and then—why then—one or two hallooed, and nobody answered, and Mr. Wilkes walked away, and the Judges went home to dinner, and a great crowd, though no mobbing, retired."

[4] Of King's Bench.

of the World, that the Chief[1] in a manner forgot the matter in hand, and enter'd into an apology for his own past conduct, and so (with the rest of his Assessors) shuffled the matter off, and left the danger to the officers of the Crown, that is indeed, to the Ministry. Nobody had ventured, or would venture to serve the *Capias*[2] upon him. I cannot assure, it is done yet; tho' yesterday I heard it was, and (if so) he comes again to-day into Court. He professes himself ready to make any submissions to the K.,[3] but not to give up his pursuit of L^d. H^x. The Delavals[5] attend very regularly, and take notes of all that passes. His writ of Error on the Outlawry must come to a decision before the House of Lords.

I was not among the Coal-heavers at Shadwell,[6] tho' seven people lost their lives in the fray: [Nor was] I [in][7] Goodmans Fields where the Bawdy-house was demolish'd. The Ministry (I believe) are but ticklish in their situation: they talk of Greville and his Brother, again. Lord forbid! it must be dreadful necessity indeed, that brings them back. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. G.

If you are at Cambridge, pray let me know.

[1] *I.e.* Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice.

[2] The *Capias utlegatum*, order to seize the outlaw.

[3] Wilkes's first step was to write a submissive letter to the King, imploring pardon; but his Majesty refused to read the letter. *From* Walpole, "Memoirs of George III," c. vii. "The letter was delivered at the Palace by Wilkes's footman, and as unceremoniously returned. It is not disrespectfully worded. It is printed in Almon's 'Memoirs of Wilkes,' vol. iii, pp. 263-4."—*Lord Mahon.*

[4] Halifax. On April 30, 1763, Wilkes had been apprehended on a General Warrant, signed by Lord Halifax as Secretary of State, but was discharged from his confinement by the Judges of the Common Pleas on the 6th of May, his arrest being considered a breach of his privilege as a Member of Parliament. Wilkes, on his return to England, 1768, prosecuted Halifax for his conduct in this matter, and obtained a verdict for £4,000.

[5] The Delaval family took a strong party [*sic*] on politics. See the "Grenville Papers," vol. ii, pp. 144-149, as instances.—*Mitford.*

[6] On the north bank of the Thames. "We have independent mobs, that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The coal-heavers began, and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to Town."—Walpole to Mason, May 12, 1768.

[7] There are lacunae in the MS. here.—*Mr. Gosse.*

CCCXXVIII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

Southampton Row, Sunday, May 29 [1768].

Addio! You will have the satisfaction of going to Fischer's concert, and hearing Gugnani without me, on Thursday; I don't believe there will be anybody one knows there. My respects to Mrs. Nicholls,[1] and my cousin, Miss Floyer, not forgetting the red nightingale. I am gone to-morrow.

Here are a pair of your stray shoes, dancing attendance, till you send for them.

CCCXXIX. *To the Duke of Grafton.*[2]

Cambridge, July 1768.

My Lord—

Your Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgements. Yet your Grace must excuse me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of, my Lord, your Grace's most obliged and devoted servant.

[1] Mother of Norton Nicholls; Miss Floyer is of course *his* cousin.

[2] The Duke of Grafton was at this time head of the Ministry. Stonehewer was his Secretary, and it was through his influence that Gray obtained the Professorship of History (a Crown appointment), to which this letter refers.

CCCXXX. *To Mary Antrobus.*[1]

July 29, 1768.

DEAR MARY—

I thank you for all your intelligence (and the first news I had of poor Brocket's death[2] was from you) and to

[1] Postmistress at Cambridge, Gray's second cousin by the mother's side, so designated in his will of the 2nd of July, 1770 (see Mitford's "Works of Gray," vol. i, Appendix A, pp. xciii-xcv). Similarly Mary's sister Dorothy, who married a Cambridge tradesman, appears (*loc. cit.*) as "Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side." This word "second" is the *crux*. For, as I am informed by the Rev. H. Longden, of Heyford Rectory, Weedon, to whom the Rev. F. Churchill, Rector of Everdon, kindly wrote for me, "according to Baker's 'History of Northamptonshire' William Antrobus was instituted to Everdon 21 Dec., 1726. It does not appear when he came to reside there. But he had three children christened at Everdon

Robert chr. 27 Oct. 1731
Mary chr. 4 Dec. 1732
Dorothy chr. 20 Dec. 1734.

He was presumably resident during these years. He died 22 May, and was buried at Everdon 28 May 1742." These three children are assuredly Gray's *first* cousins, and Mary and Dorothy, as certainly, the persons mentioned in the will.

Again, Gray is said to have entered Eton in 1727; William Antrobus therefore could not have been his tutor at all, if he began to reside at Everdon in 1726. Robert Antrobus, much William's senior (by twelve or thirteen years probably), died in Jan., 1729. I believe that, though he may have prepared Gray for Eton, he was not, at least for any length of time, his tutor there. The probability is that William did *not* reside at Everdon till some years after his institution—and consequently may have been Gray's tutor during the poet's Eton school-days.

Of Robert, apparently the eldest child of William Antrobus, I

[2] Dr. Aldis Wright, Vice-Master of Trinity, has kindly told me, from the "Cambridge Chronicle" of 1768, that Brockett died on Sunday, July 24, of the bruises he received by a fall from his horse on the previous Thursday. "He was buried at Gainford, Durham, on August 6, and is described in the Gainford registers as of Headlam" [a township in the parish of Gainford]. It seems then that Brockett did not break his neck; here, as in the case of Chapman, Gray probably makes unseemly merriment over the death of one of his bugbears. But the facts are compatible with the rest of Gray's story, as told to Wharton (Aug. 1).

reward you in part for it, I now shall tell you, that this day, hot as it is, I kissed the King's hand; that my warrant was signed by him last night; that on Wednesday I received a very honourable letter from the D. of Grafton, acquainting me that his majesty had ordered him to offer me this Professorship, and much more, which does me too much credit by half for me to mention it. The Duke adds, *that from private as well as public considerations, he takes the warmest part in approving this measure of the King's.* These are his own words. You see there are princes (or ministers) left in the world, that know how to do things handsomely; for I profess I never asked for it, nor have I seen his Grace before or after this event.

Dr. R.[1] (not forgetting a certain lady of his) is so good to you, and to me, that you may (if you please) shew him my letter. He will not be critical as to the style, and I wish you would send it also to Mr. Brown, for I have not time to write to him by this day's post; they need not

have discovered nothing certain. But a kind communication from Mr. W. H. Johnston informs me that the late Mrs. Johnston, *née* Fanny Lewis Antrobus, was granddaughter of a Rev. Wm. Antrobus, Rector of Acton, Middlesex, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and 6th Wrangler in 1792. He had three sons at Eton. This clergyman's father, it is added, was William Antrobus, "gentleman of Cokermouth," so described in his will, proved 1801. We might conjecture, perhaps, the succession thus:

REV. WILLIAM ANTROBUS, Gray's uncle (?)
|
ROBERT ANTROBUS (the name in question)
|
WILLIAM ANTROBUS of Cockermouth
|
REV. WM. ANTROBUS, Rector of Acton

although the vocation, etc., of this Robert still remains uncertain.

Of the well-known Robert, Gray's uncle, the same correspondent informs me that he is described in the books of King's, as "the ingenious Mr Antrobus of Peterhouse." It seems likely that William Antrobus, so much younger than Robert, was in reality his nephew, and consequently Gray's first cousin. Among the boys of Eton, Robert and William may have passed for brothers.

[1] This is, perhaps, Dr. Rutherford, the Divinity Professor. The lady may be Mrs. Rutherford, whose favourable opinion of certain verses of Mason Gray records Dec. 21, '62. See Index.

mention this circumstance to others, they may learn it as they can. Adieu!

I receive your letter of July 28 (while I am writing), consult your friends over the way, they are as good as I, and better. All I can say is, the Board have been so often used to the name of Antrobus lately, that I fear they may take your petition not in good part. If you are sure of the kindness or interest of Mr. A.[1] the opportunity should not be lost; but I always a little distrust new friends and new lawyers.

I have found a man, who has brought Mr. Eyres (I think) up to my price,[2] in a hurry; however he defers his final answer till Wednesday next. He shall not have it a shilling lower, I promise; and if he hesitates, I will rise upon him like a fury. Good-night.—I am ever yours.

How could you dream that St[onehewer], or Hinchl[iffe] would ask this for themselves? The only people that ask'd it were Lort,[3] Marriott,[4] Delaval, Jebb,[5] and Peck—,[6] at

[1] *Quære* Abdy. The Abdy family are mentioned by Gray to Wharton, June 4, 1762, as befriending, as I conjecture, Dorothy Antrobus. I am inclined to connect both the Board mentioned *supra*, and this Mr. A. with Mary's office of postmistress.

[2] For houses on the west side of Hand-Alley, London; Mrs. Olliffe had a share in this estate, and for her he procured an annuity of fourscore pounds a year. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew. *From* Mason on letter to Nicholls *inf.*, June 24, 1769.

[3] "Lort," says Professor Smyth, in a MS. letter to me [Mitford] "was a scholar and antiquary, afterwards chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Rector of Fulham, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. He died from the effects produced by an overturn of his carriage. See Nichols's "Anecdotes," vii, 237, 618, and "Illustrations," vii, 438, where is a portrait of him. Boswell says: "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."—*Mitford.*

[4] Master of Trinity Hall. See *supra*, p. 34, n. 2. When he made this application he was Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge.

[5] Jebb was the great hero of dissent, the head of the latitudinarians of Cambridge, as they were called; a distinguished mathematician and author of great ability and integrity. He gave heretical lectures at his lodgings in the town, and afterwards left the University, and became a physician and politician in London. His "Works" were published by Dr. Disney in 1787.—*Mitford.*

[6] Peck was an old fellow of Trinity College, who had the living of Trompington, and whom Mr. Professor Smyth informs me he just remembers when he was an undergraduate as a *queer piece of antiquity.—Mitford.*

least I have heard of no more. Delaval always communicated his thoughts to me, knowing I would make no ill use of that knowledge. Lort is a worthy man, and I wish he could have it, or something as good: the rest are nothing.

CCCXXXI. *To Wharton.*

Jermyn-Street. 1. Aug:
at Mr Roberts's 1768.

Dear Doctor

I have been remiss in answering your last letter, which was sent me to Ramsgate from Cambridge: for I have pass'd a good part of the summer in different parts of Kent much to my satisfaction. could I have advised anything essential in poor Mrs Ett:s[1] case, I had certainly replied immediately: but we seem of one mind in it. There was nothing left but to appeal to delegates (let the trouble and expense be what they will almost) & to punish, if it be practicable, that old Villain, who upon the bench of justice dared to set at nought all common sense & all humanity.

I write to you now chiefly to tell you (and I think you will be pleased, nay I expect the whole family will be pleased with it,) that on Sunday se'nnight, Brockett died by a fall from his horse, being (as I hear) drunk, & some say, returning from Hinchinbroke: that on the Wednesday following, I received a letter from the D: of Grafton, saying, He had the king's commands to *offer* me the vacant Professorship, that &c: (but I shall not write all he says) & he adds at the end, *that from private as well as public considerations, He must take the warmest part in approving so well judged a measure as he hopes I do not doubt of the real regard & esteem with which he has the honor to be, &c:* there's for you. So on Thursday the K: signed the warrant, & next day at his Levee I kiss'd his hand. he made me several gracious speeches, wch I shall not report, because every body, who goes to court, does so. by the way I desire, you would say, that all the Cabinet-Council in words of great favour approved the nomination of your

[1] Mrs. Ettrick, a married sister of Wharton, with a bad husband.

humble Serv:t and this I am bid to say, & was told to leave my name at their several doors. I have told you the outside of the matter & all the manner: for the inside you know enough easily to guess it, & you will guess right. as to his Grace I have not seen him before or since.

I shall continue here perhaps a fortnight longer, perishing with heat: I have no Thermometer with me, but I feel it as I did at Naples. next summer (if it be as much in my power, as it is in my wishes) I meet you at the foot of Skiddaw. my respects to Mrs Wharton, & the young Ladies great and small: love to Robin & Richard. Adieu! I am truly

Yours.

At your instance I have kiss'd Mrs Forster,[1] & forgot old quarrels. I went to visit the Daughter, who has been brought to bed of a Boy, & there I met with the Mother.[2]

CCCXXXII. *To Mason.*

August 1 [1768].

Dear Mason—

Where you are, I know not, but before this can reach you I guess you will be in residence. It is only to tell you that I profess Modern History and languages in a little shop of mine at Cambridge, if you will recom-

[1] *Née* Pattinson, Gray's cousin on the father's side, so helpless in London on her first arrival from India. The reconciliation made at Wharton's instance was not complete, for Brown wrote to him anent Gray's will July 31, 1771, "I was concerned that Mrs. Foster's [*sic*] name is totally omitted." Her daughter, John-Anna, who married Sir Harry Goring 8th Sept., 1767, received from Gray a legacy; she died June 4, 1774. (Her father had been Governor of Fort William.) The boy of whom Gray speaks was born on the 11th of July, and was a few weeks old when Gray was privileged (if he *was* privileged) to see him. He lived to be Sir Charles-Forster Goring, and died in 1844.

[2] [Addressed] To
Thomas Wharton M:D:
of Old Park
near Darlington
Durham.

mend me any customers. On Sunday Brocket died of a fall from his horse, drunk, I believe, as some say, returning from Hinchinbroke.[1] On Wednesday the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very handsome letter to say that the King offered the vacant place to me, with many more speeches too honourable for me to transcribe. On Friday, at the levee, I kissed his Majesty's hand.[2] What he said I will not tell you, because everybody that has been at court tells what the King said to them. It was very gracious, however. Remember you are to say that the Cabinet Council all approved of the nomination in a particular manner. It is hinted to me that I should say this publicly, and I have been at their several doors to thank them. Now I have told you all the exterior; the rest, the most essential, you can easily guess, and how it came about. Now are you glad or sorry, pray? Adieu.—Yours ever,

T. G., P. M. H. and L.[3]

[1] The seat of Lord Sandwich in Huntingdonshire. "A comfortable house," as Walpole describes it to George Montagu May 30, '63: "the whole has a quiet decency that seems adapted to the Admiral after his retirement, or to Cromwell before his exaltation." The Admiral is Pepys' Sandwich, Sir Edward Montagu, the first Lord. The house, says Mr. Wheatley, stood about half a mile to the westward of the town of Huntingdon. It was burnt down in 1830, the pictures and furniture being mostly preserved; but was rebuilt in the original Elizabethan style by Blore. *Oliver* Cromwell never possessed it; it belonged to his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell (royalist—"the Golden Knight," for whom see Carlyle's "Cromwell" and Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"), and was sold by him to the father of the "Admiral" in 1627.

[2] Mr. Cole says: "I believe Mr. Stonhewer, the Duke of Grafton's secretary, and Mr. Gray's friend, was the first man in this affair."—Cole's MS. notes on Gray. Walpole writes to the same effect to T. Warton. Sir Egerton Brydges informed me "That when Gray went to court to kiss the King's hand for his place, he felt a mixture of shyness and pride which he expressed to some of his intimate friends in terms of strong ill humour."—From *Mitford*, and see next letter for proof.

[3] Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History and Letters.—*Mitford*.

CCCXXXIII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

3 Aug: 1768. Jermyn-Street
(Mr Roberts's).

DEAR SR

That Mr. Brockett has broke his neck, you will have seen in the News-papers, and also that I (your humble servant) have kissed the K:s hand for his succession. they both are true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and *almost* as little in the second happy event. He died on the Sunday, on Wednesday following, his Gr: of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say that his Maj: commanded him to *offer* me the vacant Professorship, not only as a reward of, &c: but as a credit to &c: with much more too high for me to transcribe. *You are to say*, that I owe my nomination to the *whole Cabinet-Council*, and my success to the king's *particular knowledge* of me. this last he told me himself, tho' the day was so hot & the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly know what he said.

I am commission'd to make you an offer, wch, I have told him (not the King) you would not accept, long ago. Mr. Barrett (whom you know) offers to you 100£ a year with meat, drink, washing, chaise, & lodging, if you will please to accompany him thro' France into Italy. he has taken such a fancy to you, that I cannot but do what he desires me, being pleased with him for it. I know, it will never do, tho' before you grew a rich fat Rector, I have often wish'd (ay, and fish'd too) for such an opportunity. no matter! I desire you to write your answer to him yourself as civil, as you think fit, & then let me know the result. that's all. He lives at *Lee*[1] *near Canterbury*.

Adieu! I am to perish here with heat this fortnight

[1] Lee Priory. Afterwards the residence of the eccentric Sir Egerton Brydges. "The pictures & curiosities have been sold & dispersed. The two fine & valuable miniatures of Henry VIII, and Anne of Cleves, by Holbein, in their original setting of an ivory case, passed into the possession of Sir Samuel Meyrick."—*Mitford.*

yet, & then to Cambridge. Dr. Marriott (Mr. Vicecan:) came post hither to ask this vacant office on Wednesday last,[1] and went post to carry the news back on Saturday. the rest were Delaval, Lort, Peck, & Jebb. as to Lort, he deserved it, & Delaval is an honest Gentleman: the rest do me no great honour, no more than my Predecessor did: to be sure, my *Dignity* is a little the worse for wear, but mended and wash'd it will do for me. I am very sincerely

Yours,

TG:[2]

CCCXXXIV. *Mason to Gray.*

Hornby Castle,[3] August 8th, 1768.

Dear Mr. Professor,

I will not congratulate you, for I would not have you think I am glad, and I take for granted you do not think I am, or at least would not have me so to be, else you would have given me a line; but no matter. I went the other day to Old Park, and read what you had written to the Doctor, and he was not so glad neither as to hinder him from making water, which he did all the time I was with him, and continues still to do so, and thinks he shall not give over for some months. Do not be afraid, the discharge does not come from his vesicatory, but his pecuniary ducts, and I, as physician, and Summers,[4] as apothecary, hold it to be a most salutary diabetes.

[1] See letter to Mary Antrobus *supra.*

[2] (On back)
To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near Leostoff
Suffolk.

[3] Hornby is a living in Yorkshire, in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of York; the Castle is, I think, a seat of the Duke of Leeds. I am inclined to connect Mason's patron, Lord Holdernesse, with this dating; later, in 1773, the young Marquess of Carmarthen married the only daughter of Holdernesse. He was about seventeen years old at the time Mason writes.

[4] The meaning of Mason's vulgar rubbish is that Wharton is making an artificial lake, or something of the kind, in his grounds; Summers is a landscape-gardener.

I have my good luck too, I can tell you, for when I was at Hull I met with a Roman ossuary of exquisite sculpture. How I came by it no matter; it is enough that I am possessed of it. I send you the inscription, which your brother Lort, of Halifax,[1] may, perhaps, help me to construe, for as to yourself I take for granted that all your skill in the learned languages transpired in the kiss which you gave his Majesty's little finger, and you rose up a mere modern scholar, with nothing left but a little Linnæan jargon. Be this as it may, here is the inscription *literatim*:

PONPONIA PRIMI
GENIAE
T PONPONIO FELICI
P. ET P. PA.

The first three lines I read, "Pomponia primigeniae Tito Pomponio Felici;" but as to the rest it is all Hebrew Greek to me. Seriously, if you can make it out for me, I shall be obliged to you.

I go to York on Thursday, but I mean to call in my way on Mr. Weddell and Proud Palgrave[2] on Wednesday. Remember me kindly to your brother, Mr. Professor Shepherd,[3] and the successor of Mr. Professor Mickleborough;[4] and believe me to be, dear Mr. Professor,

Yours most truly and sincerely,

W. Mason.

[1] So in Mitford: but I suspect Mason wrote "*or* Halifax," meaning Dr. Halifax; for whom see Index.

[2] In Lord Harcourt's MS. Correspondence with Mason he is called "Le petit Palgrave."—*Mitford.*

[3] A. Shepherd, A.M. of Christ's College, Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in 1760. He was succeeded in 1796 by Mr. Vince.—*Mitford.*

[4] T. Mickleburgh, A.M. of Corpus Christi College, Professor of Chemistry in 1718. His successor was T. Hardy, M.A. of Queen's, in 1756. He was succeeded by Dr. Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff.—*Mitford.*

CCCXXXV. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

Jermyn-Street. Sat:
27 Aug: 1768.

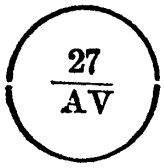
DEAR S^R^

I hope in God, before now you have given Mr Barrett his answer. I always supposed you would refuse, & told him so: yet, as he does not write to me, I much doubt whether you have acquainted him of it. why, did not I desire you to do so out of hand? & did not I make my civilities to Mrs. Nicholls? 'tis sure I intended both one & the other: but you never allow for business: why, I am selling an estate, & over head & ears in writings.

Next week I come to Cambridge. pray let me find a letter from you there, telling me the way to Lovingland: for thither I come, as soon as I have been sworn in, & subscribed, & been at Church. poor Mr Spence[1] was found drown'd in his own garden at Byfield: probably (being paralytic) he fell into the water, and had no one near to help him: so *History* has lost two of her chief supports almost at once. let us pray for their Successors! His Danish Majesty[2] has had a Diarrhæa, so could not partake of Dr Marriott's collation: if he goes thither at all, I would contrive not to be present at the time. Adieu! I am

Yours
TG:

To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
Suffolk.



[1] See vol. i, p. 164, n. 1. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and subsequently Professor of Modern History. The other "support of History" is Brockett, to whom Gray is successor.

[2] See to Mason, Sept. 7.

CCCXXXVI. *To Mason.*

Pembroke College, September 7, 1768.

DEAR MASON—

What can I say more to you about Oddington?[1] You seem engaged to Mr. Wood,[2] and in consequence of that to Mr. Meller. Mr. Brown is not here, and if he were I could by no means consult him about it. His view to the mastership[3] will be affected by it just in the same manner as if he had accepted of Framlingham[4] and had it in possession, which I little doubt he would accept if it were vacant and undisputed. As to the dubious title, he told me of it himself, and I was surprised at it as a thing quite new to me. This is all I know; nor (if you were under no previous engagements) could I direct or determine your choice. It ought to be entirely your own; as to accept or refuse ought to be entirely his. The only reason I have suggested anything about it is, that (when we first talked on this subject) you asked me whether Mr. Brown would have it; and I replied, it would hardly be worth his while, as Framlingham was of greater value; in which, all things considered, I may be mistaken.

I give you joy of your vase; I cannot find P. et P. PA. in my *Sertorius Ursatus*,[5] and consequently do not know their meaning. What shall I do? My learned brethren are dispersed over the face of the earth. I have lately dug up three small vases, in workmanship at least equal to yours; they were discovered at a place called Burslem in Staffordshire, and are very little impaired by time. On the larger one is this inscription very legibly, $\frac{s.}{9}$; and on the two smaller thus, $\frac{s.}{7}$.[6] You will oblige me with an explanation, for *Ursatus* here too leaves us in the dark.

[1] Rectory in Gloucestershire, a living in the gift of Mason, as the Precentor of York.—*Mitford.*

[2] Formerly Mason's curate. See vol. iii, p. 145, n. 3.

[3] To which Brown did in fact succeed in 1770.

[4] Framlingham, a market town in Suffolk. The rectory is in the gift of Pembroke College. Its castle is well known to antiquaries, and the monument of Lord Surrey, in the church, to poets.—*Mitford.*

[5] "Explanatio Notarum in antiquis lapidibus." Paris, 1723.

[6] Burslem was the original seat of the Staffordshire potteries,

I fear the King of Denmark[1] could not stay till your hair was dressed. He is a genteel lively figure, not made by nature for a fool;[2] but surrounded by a pack of knaves,[3] whose interest it is to make him one if they can. He has overset poor Dr. Marriot's[4] head here, who raves of nothing else from morning till night.

Pray make my best compliments to your brother-residentiary Mr. Cowper, and thank him for his obliging letter of congratulation, which I did not at all expect. Present also my respects and acknowledgements to Miss Polly. Mr. Bedingfield[5] I shall answer soon, both as to his civilities and his reproaches; the latter you might have prevented by telling him that I gave my works to nobody, as it was only a new edition. Adieu; write to me.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

and the birthplace of the great Wedgwood. The reader will easily guess the drift of Gray's indecorous reply to Mason's erudite inquiry.

[1] (The letter or letters between Gray and Mason between Aug. 8 and Sept. 7 do not appear.) There is much about the King of Denmark in Walpole's letters of this date. He was the grandson of George II; "he has," says Walpole, "a strong cast of the late king, and enough of the late Prince of Wales ['Fred'] to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour." He is George the Third's first cousin; "as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the Fairy Tales. He acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow (or like the late King)," etc. (To Montagu, Aug. 13.) He has no ear, and not the least curiosity. (To Mann, same date.)

[2] He has more royalty than folly in his air, says Walpole; though he is *galant*; he is not twenty years old yet.

[3] "There is a favourite too, who seems a complete jackanapes; a young fellow called Holke, well enough in his figure, and about three and twenty, but who will be tumbled down long before he is prepared for it." Bernsdorff, a Hanoverian, the first minister, Walpole describes as "a decent sensible man." (To Montagu, Aug. 13.)

[4] As Vice-Chancellor, Marriott has the task of entertaining the King of Denmark at Cambridge.

[5] The Roman Catholic gentleman who admires Gray so much, and whom Mason does not like. See Index.

CCCXXXVII. *To James Beattie.*

Pembroke Hall, October 31, 1768.

It is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town: it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of 1500, and the other of 750, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, Sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and through you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expense he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of last summer his Majesty was pleased to appoint me Regius Professor of Modern History in this University; it is the best thing the Crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is £400 per ann. but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person, who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the Duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the King offered me this office, with many additional expressions of kindness on his Grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the Minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation: if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction, than, dear Sir, etc.

CCCXXXVIII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

Nov: 8. 1768. Pemb: Coll:

Not a single word, since we parted at Norwich, & for ought I know, you may be ignorant, how I fell into the jaws of the King of Denmark at Newmarket, & might have stay'd there till this time, had I not met with Mr Vice chancellor and Mr Orator [1] with their Diplomas and speeches, who on their return to Cambridge sent me a chaise from thence, & deliver'd me out of that den of thieves. however, I pass'd a night there; & in the next room, divided from me by a thin partition, was a drunken Parson & his party of pleasure, singing & swearing and breaking all the ten commandments. all that I saw on my way else was the Abbey-Church at Wyndham,[2] to learned eyes a beautiful remnant of antiquity, part of it in the style of Henry the 1st & part in that of Henry the 6th; the wooden fretwork of the north-ile you may copy, when you build the best room of your new Gothick parsonage. it will cost but a trifle.

So now I am going to Town about my business,[3] wch (if I dispatch to my mind) will leave me at rest, & with a tolerably easy temper for one while. I return hither as soon as I can, & give you notice what a sweet humor I am in. Mrs Nicholls and you take advantage of it, come & take possession of the lodge at Trinity-Hall (by the way, I am commission'd to offer it to you by Dr Marriott[4] for that purpose, & you have nothing to do but to thank him for his civilities, and say at what time you intend to make use of them). and so we live in clover, & partake the benefits of a University education together, as of old. Palgrave is

[1] At this time, I think, R. Beadon of S. John's, who was appointed this same year, 1768.

[2] Or Wymondham. Only a portion of this beautiful structure is now used for public worship; the rest is ruin. The town is in Norfolk; it was the rallying point in Ket's insurrection in 1549.

[3] The sale of his house, about which he has written to Mary Antrobus

[4] The master of Trinity Hall.

return'd from Scotland, and will perhaps be here. Mason too, if he is not married (for such a report there is) may come, and Dr Hallifax is always at your service. Ld Richard Cavendish[1] is come: he is a sensible Boy, awkward & bashful beyond all imagination, & eats a buttock of beef at a meal. I have made him my visit, & we did tolerably well considering. Watson[2] is his publick tutor, and one Winstanley his private: do you know him?

Marriott has begun a subscription for a Musical Amphitheatre, has appropriated 500£ (Mr. Titley's legacy to the University) to that purpose, & gives 20 Guineas himself. he has drawn a design for the building & has printed an Argument about the Poors-rates, wch he intended to have deliver'd from the Bench, but one of the parties drop'd the cause. he has spoke at the Quarter-Sessions two hours together, and moved the Towns-People to tears, and the University to laughter. at laying down his office[3] too he spoke Latin, and said, *Invidiam, et opinionum de me commenta delebit dies.* he enlarged (wch is never done) on the qualifications of Hinchliffe his Successor, *qui Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes—qui cum Magnis vixit & placuit.* next day Hinchliffe made his speech, & said not one word (though it is usual) of his Predecessor. I tell you Cambridge News for want of better. they say Rigby[4]

[1] He was the second son of William, the 4th Duke of Devonshire, and nephew of Lord John Cavendish "the learned canary-bird." He died early, unmarried, in 1781; no wonder, if his diet was as Gray describes it.

[2] No doubt Richard Watson, who was Second Wrangler in 1759, Fellow, and Tutor of Trinity at the date of this letter, and also Professor of Chemistry. He became subsequently Bishop of Llandaff, the Christian Apologist against Gibbon and Tom Paine: and a very famous personage in his own time in the Lake District.

[3] Of Vice-Chancellor. Hinchcliffe, the new Master of Trinity, succeeds him, according to custom, in his office.

[4] I do not find that any formal motion for Wilkes' expulsion came from Rigby; at this date Wilkes had been triumphantly returned for Middlesex, but was a prisoner in the King's Bench, not as an outlaw, but in consequence of his original sentence for libel; it was on Feb. 3, 1769, that a motion for his expulsion was moved by Lord Barrington, and carried. After this frequent re-elections for Middlesex,—and all the garboyles satirized in Junius' Letters.

is to move for the expulsion of Wilkes from the House. my respects to Mamma.[1] I am

Yours

TG:

Tell me about my Uncle and Aunt: direct to Roberts's, Jermyn-Str:[2]

CCCXXXIX. [*To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*[3]]

You have indeed brought yourself into a little scrape. I would, if it were my own case, say to Lord L:[4] (supposing you were pressed by him) that I had not received yet any letter from T:;[5] in the meantime I would write instantly to him in Devonshire, tell him my difficulty, & how I got into it, and desire his consent to shew L^d^ L: so much of his letter, as might be proper. I would then (supposing him not averse) have a cold or the toothach, and be detain'd at Richmond, from whence I would (transcribing so much of this very letter as may be fit for his L^dp^ to see) send it to him in Town, as the substance of what I had *just then* received in answer to my own. He will have suspicions (you will say) from my not shewing him the original. no matter! you are nothing to L^d^ L:; perhaps you had written to T: about other affairs, that you cannot shew him; he will

[1] Mamma is Nicholls' mother, and *my* Uncle and Aunt are Floyers, *supra*, pp. 119 and 124 and notes there.

[2] This letter is endorsed:

"To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
By Yarmouth Suffolk."

[3] No date. In pencil to the original is prefixed by a later hand Dec. 18. 1868 [*sic*]. The back is stamped Saffron Walden 18/D half-obliterated.

[4] Lisburne.

[5] Temple. Gray gives us a fine lesson on epistolary lying.

not be so uncivil as to ask for it; in short let him suspect, what he pleases: anything is better than to shew it him. and yet I would omit nothing in my copy but what relates to *Berwick*[1] and to *the addition* that he should have made to the parsonage-house. The kindness express'd for him toward the latter part of the letter will (if he cares for T:) make up for all the rest.

By the way T: does himself much credit with me by this letter, & I did not (begging his pardon) suspect him of writing so well. but yet I must stand up a little for Lord L:—what occasion, pray, for so many cordial letters (w^{ch}, if he were good for nothing at bottom, must have cost him some pains of head) & for the bribe of a living,[2] only to gain T:^{s} vote and interest, wch as a Relation & Friend he would have had for nothing at all. is not the date he sets to the beginning of L^{d} L:^{s} coldness to him carried a little too far back? did it not really begin a little later, when he[3] had brought his wife to Mamhead, & they did not much like her? these indeed are only conjectures, but they may be true. I have to be sure a little prejudice to Madam; but yet I must be candid enough to own that the parsonage-house sticks a little in my stomach.

My best remembrances to Temple, & tell him, I wish, he would not give too much way to his own sensibilities; and still less (in this case) to the sensibilities of other People. it is always time enough to quarrel with one's Friends. Adieu!

It was Mr Bentley[4] indeed. TG:

[1] Berwick-on-Tweed, where Lord Lisburne had, it seems, some patronage. At one time he represented the town. The parsonage-house is that at Mamhead.

[2] Of Mamhead. Lord Lisburne derived his estate at Mamhead and his patronage from Elizabeth Nightingale, his first wife, who died in 1763.

[3] Temple, whose wife is the "Minx."

[4] Probably Richard Bentley, the eccentric artist, to whom Gray wrote the "stanzas" upon his designs for the six poems of Gray printed at Strawberry Hill. See note on these stanzas in Pitt Press edition of Gray's "Poems" (No. XI). It does not appear to what incident Gray refers.

CCCXL. *To Mason.*

December 29, 1768.

Oh, wicked Scroddles! There you have gone and told my *arcanum arcanorum*[1] to that leaky mortal Palgrave, who never conceals anything he is trusted with; and there have I been forced to write to him, and (to bribe him to silence) have told him how much I confided in his taciturnity, and twenty lies beside, the guilt of which must fall on you at the last account. Seriously, you have done very wrong. Surely you do not remember the imprudence of Dr. G.,[2] who is well known to that rogue in Piccadilly, and

[1] This *arcanum arcanorum* must, I think, be an allusion to the lines written by Gray, in 1766, on Lord Holland's seat at Kingsgate. [See No. 29 and notes of Pitt Press edition of Gray's Poems.] Walpole says on these lines, "I am very sorry that he ever wrote them and ever gave a copy of them. You may be sure I did *not recommend their being printed in his works*, nor were they." The lines were written at Denton, in Kent, when on a visit to Rev. William Robinson, and found in a drawer of Gray's room after his departure.—From *Mitford.* I should prefer to think that the Impromptu was written and left behind during Gray's visit to Kent in the summer of 1768 (see to Wharton, Aug. 1, *supra*). I have explained (*loc. cit.*, Pitt Press ed.), that Gray would be extremely anxious, just after his appointment to the Professorship at Cambridge, not to figure as the author of a bitter political lampoon. There is, however, no very satisfactory evidence that these verses are the *arcanum* referred to.

Mitford takes occasion here to quote Walter Savage Landor ["*Foxium* patrem satirâ perstrinxit *Graius* acerrimâ, in quo genere vidi ejus alia summi acuminis" ("de Cultu Latini Sermonis," p. 196)]; and says: "The following *jeux d'esprit* by Gray were once in the possession of Mason, but were probably destroyed by him: 1. Duke of Newcastle's journal going to Hanover. 2. History of the Devil: a fragment. 3. The Mob Grammar. 4. Character of the Scotch. 5. Fragment of an Act of Parliament relating to monuments erected in Westminster Abbey. Mason wrote to Walpole, March 20, '73, that he had found among the verses of a Mr. Trollope a fragment of Mr. Gray's, of a history of Hell. "Pray take notice," says Mason, "of the conclusion concerning king-craft, and tell me whether he was not a prophet as well as poet." Mitford says, "The MS. of Mr. Gray's is not now to be found among the MSS. of Mason at Aston."

[2] Dr. Gisborne. Who the *rogue in Piccadilly* was, I do not

who at any time may be denounced to the party concerned, which five shillings reward may certainly bring about. Hitherto luckily nobody has taken any notice of it, nor I hope ever will.

Dr. Balguy tells me you talk of Cambridge; come away then forthwith, when your Christmas duties and mince-pies are over; for what can you do at Aston, making snow-balls all January.[1] Here am I just returned from London. I have seen Lt:[2] whose looks are much mended, and he has leave to break up for a fortnight, and is gone to Bath. Poor Dr. Hurd[3] has undergone a painful operation: they say it was not a fistula, but something very like it. He is now in a way to be well, and by this time goes abroad again. Delaval was confined two months with a like disorder. He suffered three times under the hands of Hawkins,[4] and, though he has now got out, and walking the streets, does not think himself cured, and still complains of uneasy sensations. Nobody but I and Fraser, and Dr. Ross (who it is said is just made Dean of Ely), are quite well. Dr. Thomas,[5] of Christ's, is Bishop of Carlisle.[6]

know, for there was no *Court Guide* in those days. Lord Bath, who had lived there, was dead; but Lord March was then living in the street. The parish rate-books, which still exist, would be the only guide that I know in solving the mystery.—*Mitford.*

[1] "About two months after the date of this letter Mr James Harris [author of 'Hermes' and father of the first Earl of Malmesbury] wrote to Chancellor Hoadly, saying 'Mason preached at St. James's, early prayers, and gave a fling at the French for their invasion of Corsica. Thus politics, you see, have entered the sanctuary.'"—*Mitford.*

[2] Lort. See to Mary Antrobus, *supra*, of this year.

[3] See vol. i, pp. 309, 347, 366.

[4] Caesar Hawkins, a great surgeon. He invented an instrument for operations for the stone; attended Frederick, Prince of Wales, in his last illness; also was consulted by Horace Walpole, and many fashionable persons. He was the grandfather of the no less eminent surgeon of the same name who died in 1884, and of the venerable Provost of Oriel.

[5] Dr. Thomas was Master of Christ's College; was offered a bishoprick, and persuaded by Law, formerly of Christ's and Master of Peterhouse, to *decline it, that he himself might be nominated Bishop.* Such was always the representation of Mrs. Thomas.—[*MS. Note by Professor Smyth to Mitford.*]

[6] Edmund Law was made Bishop of Carlisle in 1768.

Do not you feel a spice of concupiscence? Adieu. I am ever yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown's companion here is Lord Richard. What is come of Foljambe?[1] Service to my curate.[2]

CCCXLI. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

2 Jan: 1769. Pemb: Coll:

DEAR S^R^

Here am I once again, & have sold my estate, & got a thousand guineas, & four score pounds a year for my old Aunt,[3] & a 20£ prize in the lottery, & Lord knows what arrears in the Treasury, and am a rich Fellow enough, go to; & a Fellow, that hath had losses, & one, that hath two gowns, & every thing handsome about him![4] & in a few days I shall have curtains, are you avised of that; ay, & a mattrass to lie upon.

And there's Dr. Hallifax tells me, there are three or four fellow-commoners got into the lodge. but they will be out in a week's time, & all ready for Mrs Nicholls's reception and yours. so do your pleasures, I invite nobody. And there's Dr Thomas may be B^p^ of Carlisle,[5] if he pleases;

[1] This person was probably Francis Ferrand Home Foljambe, who represented the county of York, 1787; married as his second wife Arabella, daughter of Lord Scarborough, in 1792; died in 1814.—*Mitford.*

[2] That is *Mason's* curate, Mr. Alderson.

[3] Mrs. Olliffe.

[4] *Vide* Dogberry in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act iv, Sc. 2.

[5] He was not, as we have seen. There were two of this name, Bp. Newton says in his autobiography: "Somebody was speaking of *Dr. Thomas*; he was asked Which Dr. Thomas do you mean? Dr. John Thomas. They are both named John. Dr. Thomas, who has a living in the City. They both have livings in the City. Dr. Thomas who is Chaplain to the King. They are both Chaplains to the King. Dr. Thomas who is a very good preacher. They are both very good preachers. Dr. Thomas, who squints. They both squint." They were both, at different dates, Bishops of Salisbury. There was a third Dr. John Thomas, who was Dean of Westminster and Bp. of Rochester.—*From Mitford.*

and (if not) Dr. Powell: and in the first case Dr Ross will be Dean of Ely. and so I am

Yours
TG:[1]

CCCXLII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

Are you not well, or what has happen'd to you? It is better than three weeks since I wrote to you (by Norwich & Yarmouth)[2] to say, I was return'd hither, and hoped to see you; that Trin: Hall Lodge would be vacant, as Hallifax told me, to receive Mrs Nicholls and you, & we expected you with impatience. I have had a sore throat, and now am getting well of ye gout. Mason will be here on Tuesday. Palgrave keeps Lent at home & wants to be ask'd to break it. Dr. Law has bit at the Bishoprick, and gives up near 800£ a-year to enjoy it: Dr. Ross has his prebend of Durham. Adieu, I am

Yours
TG:

Duty to Mamma.

Pemb: Hall. Jan: 26, 1769.

CCCXLIII. *To Wharton.*

London. 20 April. 1769.

Dear Doctor

You have reason to call me negligent, nor have I anything to alledge in my own defence, but two successive

[1] This letter is endorsed:

"To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoffe
Suffolk
By Yarmouth."

It has the Cambridge post-mark.

[2] Note the endorsement of the preceding letter.

fits of the gout, wch though weakly & not severe, were at least dispiriting, & lasted a long time. I rejoiced to hear your alarms for Robin & Kitty ended so happily, & with them (I hope), are fled a great part of your future inquietudes on their account. in the summer I flatter myself we may all meet in health once more at Old-Park, & a part of us perhaps at the foot of Skiddaw. I am to call Mason in my way, & bring him with me to visit his own works. Mr Brown admitted your Nephew[1] according to your orders, and will provide him with a room against October.

I do not guess, what intelligence St:[2] gave you about my employments: but the worst employment I have had has been to write something for musick against the D: of G:[3] comes to Cambridge. I must comfort myself with the intention: for I know it will bring abuse enough on me.[4]

[1] Probably that son of the deceased Mr. Richard Wharton, concerning whose admission to Eton we have seen Gray interesting himself with Ashton.

[2] Stonehewer.

[3] Duke of Grafton. "As to yours, I will say as we now say of Mr. Gray, no man can write so well when he is bid, he cannot make the installation Ode for the Duke of Grafton, his friend and patron, Mason, must *preach* one on the occasion, for he is

"Ordain'd, you know, and made divine."

Letter from Mr. J. Sharp to Mr. Garrick, March 28, 1769; *vide* Garrick's "Correspondence," vol. i, p. 337.

"I can tell you that Mr. Gray makes the Ode at last, and our professor has already got a part of it, to set to musick; I met Mr. Gray here at dinner last Sunday, he spoke handsomely of your happy knack of Epilogues, a gentleman in company giving an account of the additional lines to that at the Actor's benefit, but he calls the Stratford Jubilee Vanity Fair." *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 349. —*Mitford.*

[4] When the late Duke of Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, it is known that Mr. Gray, from an impulse of what he looked on as a species of duty, spontaneously offered to write the Ode for his Grace's installation. He considered it nevertheless as a sort of task, as a set composition; and a considerable time passed before he could prevail upon himself, or rather before he actually felt the power to begin it. But one morning after breakfast, Mr. Nicholls called on him, and knocking at his chamber door, Mr. Gray got up hastily, and threw it open himself, and running up to him, in a hurried voice and tone exclaimed, "Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground!" Mr. Nicholls was

however it is done, & given to the V: Chancellor, & there is an end. I am come to Town for a fortnight, & find everything in extreme confusion, as you may guess from your news-papers: nothing but force threaten'd on both sides, and the law (as usual) watching the event and ready to side with the strongest. the only good thing I hear is, that France is on the brink of a general bankrupcy, & their fleet (the only thing they have laid out money on of late) in no condition of service.

The Spring is come in all its beauty, & for two or three days I am going to meet it at Windsor. Adieu & let us pray it may continue till July. remember me to Mrs Wharton & all the family. I am ever

Yours
TG:

Mason has just left us & is gone to Aston.

To
Thomas Wharton Esq.
at Old-Park near
Darlington
Durham
To be left at Sunderland-bridge

CCCXLIV. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

[April 1769.]

Dear Sir—

I am sorry to think you are coming to town at a time when I am ready to leave it; but so it must be, for here is a son born unto us, and he must die a heathen without your assistance; Old Pa. is in waiting ready to receive you at your landing. Mason set out for Yorkshire this morning. Delaval is by no means well, and looks sadly, yet he goes about and talks as loud as ever; he fell upon

so astonished, that he thought his senses were deranged; but Mr. Gray in a moment after resumed his usual pleasant manner, and repeating several verses at the beginning of that inimitable composition, said, "Well, I have begun the Ode, and now I shall finish it."—*Mathias.*

me tooth and nail (but in a very friendly manner) only on the credit of the newspaper, for he knows nothing further; told me of the obloquy that waits for me; and said everything to deter me from doing a thing that is already done.[1] Mason sat by and heard it all with a world of complacency.

You see the determination of a majority of fifty-four, only two members for counties among them. It is true that Luttrell[2] was insulted, and even struck with a flambeau, at the door of the House of Commons on Friday night; but he made no disturbance, and got away. How he will appear in public I do not conceive. Great disturbances are expected, and I think with more reason than ever. Petitions to Parliament, well-attended, will (I suppose) be the first step, and next, to the King to dissolve the present Parliament. I own I apprehend the event whether the mob or the army are to get the better.

You will wish to know what was the real state of things on the *hearse-day:*[3] the driver, I hear, was one Stevenson,

[1] The Installation Ode. Mason had written the Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Newcastle. See vol. ii, Pref., p. xvi.

[2] Though Wilkes was returned for Middlesex by an overwhelming majority (April 13, '69), the House excluded him, and Colonel Luttrell, the rival candidate, was accepted as member. This, as Gray says, by a majority of fifty-four.

[3] On March 22, 1769, an attempt was made to present a loyal address at St. James's. The cavalcade was hissed and pelted; and the few that reached the palace were overtaken by a prodigious concourse, attending a hearse drawn by four horses. On one side of the hearse hung a large escutcheon, representing the chairman at Brentford killing Clarke; on the other, the Guards firing on the mob in St. George's Fields and shooting Allen, with streams of blood running down. Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1769.

George Clarke, who came to vote for Sergeant Glyn, Wilkes' deputy at the Middlesex election of Dec. 8, 1768, was murdered, it was said, by two Irish chairmen, Macquirk and Balf, in the riot at Brentford. The chairmen, always a turbulent generation, much employed on such occasions, were enlisted by the court party. Balf was acquitted, Macquirk condemned, but reprieved, and subsequently set free; it being alleged that Clarke's death was not caused by his wounds. There is much about this business in the "Letters of Junius."

On May 10, 1768, the mob attempted to deliver Wilkes from the King's Bench Prison and carry him to the House of Commons. In the skirmish between the guards and the rioters, a young man

a man who lets out carriages to Wilkes's party, and is worth money. Lord Talbot[1] was not rolled in the dirt, nor struck, nor his staff broken, but made the people a speech, and said he would down on his knees to them if they would but disperse and be quiet. They asked him whether he would stand on his head for them, and begun to shoulder him, but he retired among the soldiers. Sir Ar. Gilmour[2] received a blow, and seized the man who struck him, but the fellow fell down and was hustled away among the legs of the mob. At Bath House a page came in to his mistress, and said, he was afraid Lady Bath[3] did not know what a disturbance there was below; she asked him if "the house was on fire?" he said "No; but the mob were forcing into the court:" she said "Is that all; well I will go and look at them:" and actually did so from some obscure window. When she was satisfied, she said, "When they are tired of bawling I suppose they will go home."

Mr. Ross, a merchant, was very near murdered, as the advertisement sets forth, by a man with a hammer, who is not yet discovered, in spite of the £600 reward. I stay a week longer. Adieu: I am ever yours,

T. G.

named Allen, who, as some said, was merely a spectator, was pursued and murdered by a Scotch soldier. It was unfortunate that the Guards were all Scotch at this juncture.

[1] Walpole's account (March 23, '69, to Mann) is that at St. James's Gate, "Lord Talbot came down, and seized one man, while the mob broke the steward's wand in his hand." In the "Memoirs" (George III, vol. iii, p. 233), he says that besides Talbot's prisoner, fourteen more were made by the Grenadiers who were guarding St. James's.

[2] Sir Alexander Gilmour, in the debate on American affairs, Feb. 7, 1766, when Sir Fletcher Norton abused Charles Yorke, Sir A. Gilmour told him that he could have kept company with nothing but *drunken porters*, thus retorting upon Norton his own scurrilous phrase in the debate on General Warrants. He was Sir A. Gilmour of Craigmillar, born 1735, and succeeded his father, the 2nd Baronet, in 1750. He was an officer in the footguards; was one of the Clerk Controllers of the Board of Green Cloth, 1765; M.P. for Edinburghshire in three Parliaments, and died Dec. 27, 1792.

[3] I cannot identify this lady. She was not the great Pulteney's widow, who died 1758, and their son died, unmarried, in 1763. Her presence at Bath House shows that she was connected with the Pulteneys, but in what way remains a mystery.

CCCXLV. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*[1]

Pembroke Wednsday, June 7th.

I have just recollected that Mr Boycot may possibly be able to give you some assistance.

P:S: Well! why, you don't say anything to me. here am I; and as soon as our ceremonies are over, look with your telescope at the top of Skiddaw, & you will see me

CCCXLVI. *To Richard Stonehewer (fragment).*

Cambridge, June 12.

. . . . . .

I did not intend the Duke should have heard me[2] till he could not help it. You are desired to make the best excuses you can to his Grace for the liberty I have taken of praising him to his face; but as somebody was necessarily to do this, I did not see why Gratitude[3] should sit silent and leave it to Expectation to sing, who certainly would have sung, and that *à gorge deployée* upon such an occasion.

. . . . . .

[1] Only the postscript is in Gray's handwriting.

[2] Probably the Duke of Grafton wished to see the completed Installation Ode.

[3] The praises of Grafton in the Ode are ushered in by the words:

> "Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
> The still small voice of Gratitude."

But I cannot doubt that Gray hints at Mason, who would have written in the character of *Expectation*, and was not sorry to hear Delaval rating Gray for having volunteered to write the Ode. (To Brown, April, 1769.)

CCCXLVII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

Pemb: Coll: 24 June. 1769.

And so you have a garden[1] of your own, and you plant & transplant, and are dirty & amused! are not you ashamed of yourself? why, I have no so such thing, you monster; nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live! my gardens are in the window, like those of a Lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat-lane or Camomile-street, & they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garding, & sit on a bench in the open air with a fountain, & a leaden statue, & a rolling stone, & an arbour! have a care of sore-throats tho', and the *agoe.*

Odicle[2] has been rehearsed again and again, and the boys have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the North-Briton,[3] before it is born. the

[1] "I have been very idle (that you will not be surprised to hear) except in my garden, and there very diligent, very much amused, very much interested, and perfectly dirty with planting, transplanting, etc., and with tolerable success. Besides, I have now free access and an open firm descent to my lake, and a very shady little walk, that winds a little way close on its bank; and have planted weeping willows, and poplars, and alders, and sallows; and shall expect you next summer to come and find fault, and sit in the shade." (Nicholls to Gray, June 14, 1769.)

[2] The *Installation Ode.* It was put to music by Dr. John Randall (1715-1799), Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge since 1755, and it was performed on the 1st of July 1769. The principal executants were Charles Frederick Reinholt (1737-1815), the popular bass singer, and Thomas Norris (1745-1790), the soprano, who died in consequence of his efforts at the Birmingham Festival in 1790.—*Mr. Gosse.*

[3] How far this foreboding was justified I do not know, but Junius refers to the Ode in his letter to Grafton of July 8. Prophesying the Duke's fall from power, he says: "Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishopricks shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary [Cambridge] perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. . . . The learned dulness of declamation will be silent; and *even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues.*" This was written just a week after the Installa-

musick is as good as the words: the former might be taken for mine, & the latter for Dr. Randal's. if you will come, you shall see it & sing in it with Mr Norris, and Mr Clerke, the Clergyman, and Mr Reinholt, and Miss Thomas, great names at Salisbury & Gloster musick-meeting, and well-versed in Judas-Maccabæus. Dr Marriott is to have Ld Sandwich & the Attorney-General at his Lodge, not to mention foreign Ministers, who are to lie with Dr Hallifax, or in the stables. Ld North [1] is at King's, Ld Weymouth at Mrs Arbuthnot's, they talk of the D: of Bedford, who (I suppose), has a bed in King's-Chappel. The Archbishop [2] is to be at Christ's; Bps of London [3] at Clare Hall, of Lincoln [4] at Dr. Gordon's, of Chester [5] at Peter-House, of Norwich [6] at Jesus, of St. David's [7] at Caius; of Bangor, [8] at the Dog and Porridge-pot, Marq: of Granby at Woodyer's. [9] the Yorkes and Townshends will not come. Soulsby the Taylor lets his room for 11 guineas the 3 days, Woodyer aforesaid, for 15. Brotherton asks 20. I have a bed over the way offered me at 3 half-crowns a night, but it may be gone, before you come. I believe, all that are unlett will be cheap, as the time approaches. I wish it were once over, and immediately I go for a few days to London, & so (with Mr. Brown) to Aston, tho' I fear it will rain the whole summer, & Skiddaw will be invisible & inaccessible to mortals. I forgot to tell you, that on the Monday (after his Grace has breakfasted on a Divinity-act), twelve Noblemen and Fellow-commoners are to settle his stomach with verses made and repeated by themselves. Saturday next (you know) is the great day, & he goes away on Monday after this repast.

tion,—the learned declaimer was Hinchcliffe; the poet, of course, Gray.

[1] Lord North was at this time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and succeeded the Duke of Grafton as Prime Minister in 1770. Lord Weymouth was Secretary of State.

[2] The newly-appointed successor to Secker, the Hon. Frederick Cornwallis.

[3] Richard Terrick. [4] John Green. [5] Edmund Keene.
[6] Philip Yonge. [7] Charles Moss.

[8] Either John Egerton or John Ewer; the latter appointed this same year.

[9] Woodyer was a Cambridge bookseller.

I have got *De la Lande's* Voyage thro' Italy, in 8 vol:s. he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, & pretty good to read. I have read an 8vo volume of Shenstone's letters.[1] poor Man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, & other distinctions, & his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place, wch his taste had adorned, but wch he only enjoy'd when people of note came to see & commend it.[2] His correspondence is about nothing else but this place & his own writings with two or three neighbouring Clergymen, who wrote verses too.

I will send the Wilton-book[3] directed to Payne for you, tho' I know it will be lost, & then you will say it was not worth above a shilling, wch is a great comfort to me. I have just found the beginning of a letter wch somebody had drop'd: I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter, for there are many scratches and corrections. as I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use upon some great occasion.

Dear Sr

After so long silence the hopes of pardon & prospect of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, wch is the only Asylum that my negligence can

[1] "I found there [in Shenstone's Letters] what I did not know, and what I believe Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his Ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Lyttleton's Monody. It is just as true as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten." (Walpole to Cole, June 14, '69.)

[2] "Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made [the Leasowes], and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of. The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate." (Walpole to Cole, *loc. cit. supra.*)

[3] "I should be extremely obliged to you if you would once more lend me your book of Wilton, if you could send it by the fly, to be left at Payne's at the Meuse Gate for me till I call." (Norton Nicholls to Gray, June 14, 1769.)

I think this Wilton-book is a MS. of Gray's containing a description of the seat of the Earls of Pembroke.

fly to: since every apology would prove insufficient to counterballance it, or alleviate my fault. how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign? &c: &c: &c: And am, Dear Sr,

Kindly Yours

T: G:

. . . respects to Mrs Nicholls.

I do not publish at all,[1] but Alma Mater prints 5 or 600 for the company.

I have nothing more to add about Southampton,[2] than what you have transcribed already in your map-book.

To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
Suffolk.

By Norwich.

CCCXLVIII. *To James Beattie.*

Cambridge, July 16, 1769.

The late ceremony of the Duke of Grafton's installation has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the satisfaction your friendly compliment gave me: I thought myself bound in gratitude to his Grace, unasked, to take upon me the task of writing those verses which are usually set to music on this occasion. I do not think them worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single

[1] "Some time ago I received a letter from Woodyer the bookseller . . . in which there was a postscript longer than the letter itself, to say how much obliged etc. he should be if by my interposition, he might be admitted to a share in the sale of the Ode said to be yours, if it should be printed, for that it would sell prodigiously." (Norton Nicholls to Gray, June 14.)

"Add necessary instructions about Southampton, for that must be my Keswick this year." *Id. ib.*

[2] Gray was at Southampton in '64, and writes much about it to Brown in October of that year.—*Vide supra*, pp. 40 *sq.*

day; or, if their existence is prolonged beyond that date, it is only by means of newspaper parodies,[1] and witless criticisms. This sort of abuse I had reason to expect, but did not think it worth while to avoid.

Mr. Foulis is magnificent in his gratitude:[2] I cannot figure to myself how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present. You can judge better of it than I; if he does not hurt himself by it, I would accept his Homer with many thanks. I have not got or even seen it.

I could wish to subscribe to his new edition of Milton, and desire to be set down for two copies of the large paper; but you must inform me where and when I may pay the money.

You have taught me to long for a second letter, and particularly for what you say will make the contents of it. I have nothing to requite it with, but plain and friendly

[1] Here is a parody, not of the Installation Ode, but of the Elegy in a newspaper in 1769, which is to be found cut out therefrom and pasted on the last page of vol. ii of Upcott's edition of Gray in the British Museum. The letter runs as follows: "As a certain Church-yard Poet has deviated from the principles he once profest, it is very fitting that the necessary alterations should be made in his Epitaph.—*Marcus.*"

EPITAPH.

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
  One nor to fortune nor to fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
  And smooth-tongued flatt'ry marked him for her own.

Large was his wish—in this he was sincere—
  Fate did a recompence as largely send,
Gave the poor C[ur]r four hundred pounds a year,
  And made a d[ir]ty Minister his friend.

No further seek his deeds to bring to light,
  For ah! he offer'd at Corruption's shrine;
And basely strove to wash an Ethiop white,
  While Truth and Honour bled in ev'ry line."

From Dr. Bradshaw ("Gray's Poems," Aldine Edition, pp. 237-8).

[2] When the Glasgow edition of Mr. Gray's Poems was sold off (which it was in a short time), Mr. Foulis finding himself a considerable gainer, mentioned to Mr. Beattie that he wished to make Mr. Gray a present either of his "Homer," in 4 vols. folio, or the "Greek Historians," printed likewise at his press, in 29 vols. duodecimo.—*Mason.*

truth; and that you shall have joined to a zeal for your fame, and a pleasure in your success.

I am now setting forward on a journey towards the North of England: but it will not reach so far as I could wish. I must return hither before Michaelmas, and shall barely have time to visit a few places and a few friends.

CCCXLIX. *To Wharton.*

17 July 1769. Pemb: Coll:

DEAR DOCTOR

Mason being in residence at York, I lay aside my first design of going obliquely to Aston, & thence to Keswick; & set out with Mr Brown to-morrow the common northern road. we shall probably pass two or three days at York, & then come to Old-Park. about the end of August we may cross the Appennine, & visit M: Skiddaw, when Mason may accompany or meet us on our way, & so you drop me there to find my way through the deserts of Lancashire in my return homewards.

I am so fat, that I have suffered more from heat this last fortnight, than ever I did in Italy. the Thermom: usually at 75, & (in the sun) at 116. My respects to Mrs Wh: & the family.—I am ever,

Yours,
TG:[1]

CCCL. *To Mason.*

Old Park, Saturday, August 26, 1769.

DEAR MASON—

I received last night your letter, big with another a week older than itself. You might as well have wrote to

[1] To
Thomas Wharton Esq. of
Old-Park near Darlington
Durham
to be left at Sunderland-Bridge.

me from the deserts of Arabia, and desired me to step over and drink a dish of tea with you. This morning I sent to Auckland for a chaise; the man's answer is that he had a chaise with four horses returned yesterday from Hartlepool, that the road was next to impassable, and so dangerous that he does not think of sending out any other that way, unless the season should change to a long drought. I would have gone by Durham, but am assured that road is rather worse. What can I do? You speak so jauntily, and enter so little into any detail of your own journey, that I conclude you came on horseback from Stockton (which road, however, is little better for carriages). If so, we hope you will ride over to Old Park with Mr. Alderson; there is room for you both, and hearty welcome. The doctor even talks of coming (for he can ride) to invite you on Monday. I wonder how you are accommodated where you are, and what you are doing with Gen. Carey. I would give my ears to get thither, but all depends on the sun. Adieu.

It is twenty miles to Old Park, and the way is by Hart, over Sheraton Moor, and through Trimdon. There is no village else that has a name. Pray write a line by the bearer.

T. GRAY.

We have a confirmation of the above account of the state of the roads from other evidences; nevertheless, I shall certainly come on horseback on Monday to inquire after your proceedings and designs, and to prevail upon you and Mr. Alderson to return with me to Old Park. A rainy morning, perhaps, may stop us a few hours, but when it clears up I shall set forward. Adieu; accept all our compliments.—Yours ever,

T. WHARTON.

CCCLI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Lancaster, October 10, 1769.

DEAR SIR—

I set out on the 29th September, with poor Doctor Wharton, and lay at Brough, but he was seized with a fit of the asthma the same night, and obliged in the morning to return home. I went by Penrith to Keswick, and passed six days there lap'd in Elysium; then came slowly by Ambleside to Kendal, and this day arrived here. I now am projecting to strike across the hills into Yorkshire, by Settle, and so get to Mason's; then, after a few days, I shall move gently towards Cambridge. The weather has favoured all my motions just as I could wish.

I received your letter of 23d September; was glad you deviated a little from the common track, and rejoiced you got well and safe home.—I am, ever yours,

T. G.

JOURNAL. 30 SEPT: 1769.[1]

1.

W^d at NW.; clouds & sunshine. a mile & ½ from Brough on a hill lay a great army encamp'd.[2] to the left open'd a fine valley with green meadows & hedge rows, a Gentleman's house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. on a nearer approach, appear'd myriads of horses & cattle in the road itself & in all the fields round me, a brisk stream hurrying cross the way, thousands of clean healthy People in their best party-color'd apparel, Farmers & their

[1] I print this from Gray's handwriting in the Egerton MS., where he has been transcribed there in another hand, apparently quite accurately. I have generally made use of the MS. in Gray's hand, possessed by Mr. Murray, who most kindly lent me a typewritten transcript.

[2] There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near Brough, on this day and the preceding.—*Mason.*

families, Esquires & their daughters, hastening up from the dales & down the fells on every side, glittering in the sun & pressing forward to join the throng: while the dark hills, on many of whose tops the mists were yet hanging, served as a contrast to this gay & moving scene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the crowd (coming towards it) reach'd on as far as Appleby.

On the ascent of the hill above Appleby the thick hanging wood & the long reaches of the Eden (rapid, clear, & full as ever) winding below with views of the Castle & Town gave much employment to the mirror: [1] but the sun was wanting & the sky overcast. oats & barley cut every where, but not carried in. passed Kirby-thore, S^r W: Dalston's house at Acorn-bank, Whinfield-park, Harthorn-oaks, Countess-pillar, Brougham-Castle,[2] Mr Brown (one of ye six Clerks) his large new house, cross'd the Eden & the Eimot (pronounce *Eeman*) with its green vale, & at 3 o'clock dined with Mrs Buchanan, at *Penrith*, on trout & partridge. in the afternoon walk'd up the Beacon-hill a mile to the top, saw Whinfield and Lowther-parks, & thro' an opening in the bosom of that cluster of mountains, wch the Doctor well remembers, the lake of Ulz-water, with the craggy tops of a hundred nameless hills. these to W: & S:, to the N: a great extent of black & dreary plains, to E: Cross-fell just visible thro' mists & vapours hovering round it.

Oct: 1. W^d at S:W: a gray autumnal day, air perfectly calm & gentle. Went to see Ulz-water 5 miles distant. soon left the Keswick-road & turn'd to the left thro' shady lanes along the Vale of *Eeman*, which runs rapidly on

[1] Mr. Gray carried usually with him on these tours a plano-convex mirror, of about four inches diameter, on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glass of this sort is perhaps the best and most convenient substitute for a Camera Obscura, of any thing that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician.—*Mason.*

[2] A name familiar to Wordsworthians (the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," celebrating the restoration to the home of his ancestors of the good Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, whose teachers had so long been

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.")

near the way, rippling over the stones. to the right is *Delmaine*,[1] a large fabrick of pale red stone, with 9 windows in front & 7 on the side built by Mr Hassel,[2] behind it a fine lawn surrounded by woods & a long rocky eminence rising over them. a clear & brisk rivulet runs by the house to join the Eeman, whose course is in sight & at a small distance.

Farther on appears *Hatton*[3] *St John*, a castle-like old mansion of Mr Huddleston. approach'd *Dunmallert*, a fine pointed hill, cover'd with wood planted by old Mr Hassle beforemention'd, who lives always at home & delights in planting. walk'd over a spungy meadow or two & began to mount this hill thro' a broad & strait green alley among the trees, & with some toil gain'd the summit. from hence saw the Lake opening directly at my feet majestic in its calmness, clear & smooth as a blew mirror with winding shores & low points of land cover'd with green inclosures, white farm-houses looking out among the trees, & cattle feeding. the water is almost every where border'd with cultivated lands gently sloping upwards till they reach the feet of the mountains, wch rise very rude & awful with their broken tops on either hand. directly in front, at better than 3 mile's distance, *Place-Fell*, one of the bravest among them, pushes its bold broad breast into the midst of the Lake & forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left & then bending to the right.

I descended *Dunmallert* again by a side avenue, that was only not perpendicular, & came to *Barton*-bridge over the *Eeman*, then walking thro' a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill came forth, where the *Eeman* issues out of the lake, & continued my way along it's western shore close to the water, & generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it & fishing. . . . (to be continued)

[1] Dalemaine and Hasel are the correct names. The same family still resides at the place.—*Mr. James Yate Johnson, ap.* Mr. Gosse.

[2] Gray writes Hassel, subsequently Hassle.

[3] It should be Hutton. It is still the property of the Huddlestons.—[*J. Y. Johnson, u. s.*]

Aston, October 18, 1769.

DEAR DR[1]

I hope you got safe and well home after that troublesome night:[2] I long to hear you say so. for me I have continued well, been so favour'd by the weather, that my walks have never once been hindered till yesterday, (that is during a fortnight & 3 or 4 days, & a journey of 300 miles, & more) & am now at Aston for two days. tomorrow I go towards Cambridge: Mason is not here, but Mr Alderson receives me. My best respects to the family! Adieu! I am ever

Yours (pray, tell me about Stonhewer.

JOURNAL (*continued*). 1 Oct: 1769.

2.

The figure of Ulz-water nothing resembles that laid down in our maps: it is 9 miles long, & (at widest) under a mile in breadth. after extending itself 3 m: & ½ in a line to S: W: it turns at the foot of *Place-Fell*, almost due West, and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. it is soon again interrupted by the roots of *Helvellyn*, a lofty & very rugged mountain, & spreading again turns off to S: E:, and is lost among the deep recesses of the hills. to this second turning I pursued my way about four miles along its borders beyond a village scatter'd among trees & call'd *Water-malloch*, in a pleasant grave day, perfectly calm & warm, but without a gleam of sunshine: then the sky seeming to thicken, the valley to grow more

[1] Addressed:

To
Thomas Wharton Esq. of
Old-Park near Darlington
Durham.

and stamped Sheffield.

[2] Dr. Wharton, who had intended to accompany Mr. Gray to Keswick, was seized at Brough with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. Gray undertook to write the journal of his tour for his friend's amusement.—*Mason.*

desolate, & evening drawing on, I return'd by the way I came to *Penrith.*

Oct: 2. W^{d} at S: E:, sky clearing, *Cross-fell* misty, but the outline of the other hills very distinct. set out at 10 for *Keswick,* by the road we went in 1767. saw *Greystock*-town & castle to the right, wch lie only 3 miles (over the Fells) from *Ulz-water.* pass'd through *Penradock* & *Threlcot* at the feet of *Saddleback,* whose furrow'd sides were gilt by the noon-day Sun, while its brow appear'd of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds, as they sail'd slowly by it. the broad & green valley of *Gardies* and *Lowside,* with a swift stream glittering among the cottages & meadows lay to the left; and the much finer (but narrower) valley of St *John's* opening into it. *Hill-top* the large, tho' low, mansion of the Gaskarths, now a Farm-house, seated on an eminence among woods under a steep fell, was what appear'd the most conspicuous, & beside it a great rock like some antient tower nodding to its fall. pass'd by the side of *Skiddaw* & its cub called *Latter-rig,* & saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the Vale of Elysium in all its verdure, the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, & lighting up all the mountains with its lustre.

Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's Head, and then straggled out alone to the *Parsonage,* fell down on my back across a dirty lane, with my glass open in one hand, but broke only my knuckles: stay'd nevertheless, & saw the sun set in all its glory.

Oct: 3. W^{d} at S: E:; a heavenly day. rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my Landlord to *Borrodale.* the grass was cover'd with a hoar-frost, wch soon melted, & exhaled in a thin blewish smoke. cross'd the meadows obliquely, catching a diversity of views among the hills over the lake & islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces, left *Cockshut* and *Castle-hill* (wch we formerly mounted) behind me, & drew near the foot of *Walla-crag,* whose bare & rocky brow, cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet, as I guess, awefully overlooks the way: our path here tends to the left, & the ground gently rising, & cover'd with a glade of scattering trees & bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view,

that my eyes ever beheld. behind you are the magnificent heights of *Walla*-crag; opposite lie the thick hanging woods of Ld Egremont, & *Newland*-valley, with green & smiling fields embosom'd in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of *Borrodale*, with that turbulent Chaos of mountain behind mountain roll'd in confusion; beneath you, & stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the *Lake*, just ruffled by the breeze enough to shew it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, & inverted tops of mountains, with the white buildings of *Keswick*, *Crosthwait*-church, & *Skiddaw* for a back ground at distance. oh Doctor! I never wish'd more for you; & pray think, how the glass played its part in such a spot, wch is called *Carf-close-reeds*: I chuse to set down these barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place, & easily find the particular station, that I mean. this scene continues to *Barrow-gate*, & a little farther, passing a brook called *Barrow-beck*, we enter'd *Borrodale*. the crags, named *Lodoor-banks* now begin to impend terribly over your way; & more terribly, when you hear, that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, & bar'd all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way thro' it. luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall; but down the side of the mountain, & far into the lake lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin in all shapes & in all directions. something farther we turn'd aside into a coppice, ascending a little in front of *Lodoor* water-fall.[1] the height appears to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, tho' (these three days excepted) it had rain'd daily in the hills for near two months before: but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, & foaming with fury. on one side a towering crag, that spired up to equal, if not overtop, the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade & darkness) on the other hand a rounder broader projecting hill shag'd with wood &

1 "The roar
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore,"

as Wordsworth says in "The Evening Walk."—*Mitford*. One is reminded of Southey's imitative verses, "How the water comes down at Lodore."

illumined by the sun, wch glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. the force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground hurries away to join the lake. we descended again, and passed the stream over a rude bridge. soon after we came under *Gowder-crag*, a hill more formidable to the eye & to the apprehension than that of *Lodoor*; the rocks atop, deep-cloven perpendicularly by the rains, hanging loose & nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers: the whole way down & the road on both sides is strew'd with piles of the fragments strangely thrown across each other & of a dreadful bulk. the place reminds one of those passes in the Alps, where the Guides tell you to move on with speed, & say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass, that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel here and hasten'd on in silence.

Non ragioniam [1] di lor; ma guarda, e passa!

(to be continued).

DEAR D^R^

Have you lost the former part of my journal? it was dated from *Aston*, 18 Oct:. How does Stonhewer doe? will his Father's condition [2] allow him to return as yet? I beg my respects to all the family at Old-Park, & am ever

Yours

T. G.

29 Oct: 1769. Cambridge.

[1] Mitford and Mr. Gosse (independently) ragionam. Mason gives the word as Gray (*teste me*) wrote it. Dante's text is "Non ragionar."

When Dante, guided by Virgil, passes the portal of Dis, the first lamenting souls they reach are those "to God and to his enemies alike displeasing," classed with the neutral angels who were neither rebellious nor true to God. As Milton has it, they dwell "nameless in dark oblivion." Says Dante:

"Fame of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."
"Inferno," canto iii, l. 51 (Cary's tr.).

[2] The Rector of Houghton-le-Spring was dying. (See Nov. 2, 1769, to Stonehewer.)

CCCLII. *To Richard Stonehewer.*

(By Caxton Bag.)

Cambridge, November 2, 1769.

My Dear Sir—

I am sincerely pleased with every mark of your kindness, and as such I look upon your last letter in particular. I feel for the sorrow you have felt, and yet I cannot wish to lessen it; that would be to rob you of the best part of your nature, to efface from your mind the tender memory of a father's love, and deprive the dead of that just and grateful tribute which his goodness demanded from you.

I must, however, remind you how happy it was for him that you were with him to the last; that he was sensible, perhaps, of your care, when every other sense was vanishing. He might have lost you the last year,[1] might have seen you go before him, at a time when all the ills of helpless old age were coming upon him, and, though not destitute of the attention and tenderness of others, yet destitute of *your* attention and *your* tenderness. May God preserve you, my best friend, and, long after my eyes are closed, give you that last satisfaction in the gratitude and affection of a son, which you have given your father.

I am ever most truly and entirely yours,

T. G.

JOURNAL (*continued*).

3.

Oct: 3. The hills here are cloth'd all up their steep sides with oak, ash, birch, holly, &c: some of it has been cut 40 years ago, some within these 8 years, yet all is sprung again green, flourishing, & tall for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, & where a man could scarce stand upright.

Met a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is oat-harvest here) who conducted us to a neat white house

[1] I had been very ill at the time alluded to.—*Stonehewer.*

in the village of Grange, wch is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley. round it the mountains form an aweful amphitheatre, and thro' it obliquely runs the Darwent clear as glass, and shewing under it's bridge every trout that passes. beside the village rises a round eminence of rock, cover'd entirely with old trees, & over that more proudly towers *Castle-crag*, invested also with wood on its sides, & bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort said to be Roman. by the side of this hill, wch almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left & contracts its dimensions, till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. the wood of the mountains increases & their summits grow loftier to the eye, & of more fantastic forms: among them appear *Eagle's-cliff*, *Dove's-nest*, *Whitedale-pike*, &c: celebrated names in the annals of Keswick. the dale opens about four miles higher till you come to *Sea-Whaite* (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right, that leads to the *Wadd-mines*) all farther access is here barr'd to prying Mortals, only there is a little path winding over the Fells, & for some weeks in the year passable to the Dale's-men; but the Mountains know well, that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, the reign of Chaos & old Night. Only I learn'd, that this dreadful road, dividing again leads one branch to *Ravenglas*, & the other to *Hawkshead*.

For me I went no farther than the Farmer's (better than 4 m: from Keswick) at *Grange*: his mother & he brought us butter, that Siserah would have jump'd at, tho' not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten-cakes, & ale; & we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. our farmer was himself the Man, that last year plundered the Eagle's eirie: all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridge, grous, &c: he was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of rock, on wch the nest was built, the people above shouting & hollowing to fright the old birds, wch flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. he brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) & an addle egg. the nest was roundish and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, & sometimes

they shoot one, sometimes the other Parent, but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland) & they breed near the old place. by his description I learn, that this species is the *Erne* (the Vultur *Albicilla* of Linnæus in his last edition, but in yours *Falco Albicilla*) so consult him & Pennant about it.

Walk'd leisurely home the way we came, but saw a new landscape: the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day Sun, and the tints were entirely changed. take notice this was the best or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed: it was perfectly serene, & hot as midsummer.

In the evening walk'd alone down to the Lake by the side of *Crow-Park* after sun-set & saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, & the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. at distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible[1] in the day-time. wished for the Moon, but she was *dark to me & silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*[2]

[1] "A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day."
(Wordsworth's "White Doe," Canto iv.)—*Mitford.*

But "Estimate" Brown, "one of the first," says Wordsworth, "who led the way to a worthy admiration" of the lake country, had long ere this anticipated Gray in describing a night scene in the Vale of Keswick:

"Nor voice, nor sound broke on the deep serene;
But the soft murmur of soft-gushing rills
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard)," etc.

and, in these days, Rudyard Kipling: "The town disappeared in the darkness, and a very young moon showed herself over a bald-headed snow-flecked peak. *Then the Yellow-stone, hidden by the water-willows, lifted up its voice and sang a little song to the mountains.*"—("From Sea to Sea").

[2] Milton, "Samson Agonistes," 86-89:

"The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

See also "Reminiscences of Norton Nicholls," vol. ii, p. 285 *supra.*

Oct: 4. W^d E:, clouds & sunshine, & in the course of the day a few drops of rain. Walk'd to *Crow-park*, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. if one single tree had remain'd, this would have been an unparallel'd spot, & Smith[1] judged right, when he took his print of the Lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water & commanding it from end to end, looking full into the *gorge* of *Borrodale*. I prefer it even to *Cockshut*-hill, wch lies beside it, & to wch I walk'd in the afternoon: It is cover'd with young trees both sown & planted, oak, spruce, scotch-fir, &c:, all wch thrive wonderfully. there is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle-hill (wch you remember) because this is lower and nearer to the Lake: for I find all points, that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, & make its parts (wch are not large) look poor and diminutive.[2] while I was here, a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, & part of a bright rainbow seem'd to rise along the side of Castle-hill.

From hence I got to the *Parsonage* a little before Sunset, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmitt to you, & fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. this is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty. the rest are in a sublimer style.

(To be continued *without end.*)

[1] I believe this was the landscapist who died at Doncaster in this same year, 1769.

[2] The *Picturesque Point* is always thus low in all prospects: A truth which though the landscape painter knows, he cannot always observe; since the patron who employs him to take a view of his place, usually carries him to some elevation for that purpose, in order, I suppose, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I say this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing should be made from the lowest point possible; as for instance, in this very view, from the lake itself, for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account, when I sailed on Derwentwater, I did not receive so much pleasure from the superb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traversed its margin; and I therefore think he did not lose much by not taking boat.—*Mason.*

P:S: I beg your pardon, but I have no franks. the quill arrived very safe, & doubtless is a very snug and commodious method of travelling, for one of the rarities was alive & hearty, & was three times plunged in spirits, before I could get it to die. you are much improved in observation, for a common eye would certainly take it for a pismire. the place of its birth, form of ye antennae, & abdomen, particularly the long *aculeus* under it, shew it to be a *Cynips* (look among the *Hymenoptera*) not yet compleat, for the 4 wings do not yet appear, that I see. it is not a species described by Linnæus, tho' he mentions others, that breed on the leaves, footstalks, buds, flowers & bark of the Oak. Remember me to Mrs Wharton & the family. my love to S^tr,[1] if he has not left Durham. Adieu!

CCCLIII. *To Mason.*

Pembroke College, December 2, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

I am afraid something is the matter with you that I hear nothing from you since I passed two days with you in your absence. I am not in Ireland, as you perhaps might imagine by this natural sentence, but shall be as glad to hear from you as if I were.

A week ago I saw something in the newspaper signed "An Enemy to Brick Walls in Improper Places." While I was studying how, for brevity's sake, to translate this into Greek, Mr. Brown did it in one word, Μασονίδης. I hope it is not that complaint, hard I must own to digest, that sticks in your stomach, and makes you thus silent.

I am sorry to tell you that I hear a very bad account of Dr. Hurd. He was taken very ill at Thurcaston, and obliged with difficulty to be carried in a chaise to Leicester. He remained there confined some time before he could be conveyed on to London. As they do not mention what his malady is, I am much afraid it is a return of the same disorder that he had last year in town. I am going thither

[1] Stonehewer.

for a few days myself, and shall soon be able to tell you more of him.

Wyatt[1] is returned hither very calm but melancholy, and looking dreadfully pale. He thinks of orders, I am told. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

CCCLIV. *To Mason.*

Jermyn Street, December 14, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

I have seen Dr. Hurd, and find the story I told you is not true, though (I thought) I had it on very good authority. He was indeed ill at Thurcaston, but not so since, and walked an hour in Lincoln's Inn walks with me very hearty, though his complexion presages no good. St:[2] is come to town, and in good health. The weather and the times look very gloomy, and hang on my spirits, though I go to the Italian puppet show (the reigning diversion) to exhilarate them. I return to Cambridge on Tuesday next, where I desire you would send me a more exhilarating letter. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

All your acquaintances here are well—Lord Newnham[3] and Mr. Ramsden, and all.

JOURNAL (*continued*).

4.

[*To Wharton.*]

3 Jan: 1770. Pemb: C:

Oct: 5. W^d N:E: Clouds & sunshine. Walk'd thro' the meadows & corn-fields to the Derwent & crossing it went

[1] The Rev. William Wyatt, A.M., F.R.S., elected Fellow of Pembroke College in 1763, Rector of Framlingham-cum-Saxted in 1782, and in 1792 of Theberton in Suffolk; buried February 8, 1813, aged 71 years.—*Mitford.*

[2] Stonehewer.

[3] Otherwise Nuneham, for whom see vol. i, p. 266, n. 2.

up *How-hill.* it looks along Basinthwaite water & sees at the same time the course of the river & a part of the upper-Lake with a full view of Skiddaw. then I took my way through Portingskall village to the *Park,* a hill so call'd covered entirely with wood: it is all a mass of crumbling slate. pass'd round its foot between the trees & the edge of the water, and came to a Peninsula that juts out into the lake & looks along it both ways. in front rises Walla-crag, & Castle-hill, the Town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw & Saddleback. returning met a brisk and cold N: Eastern blast, that ruffled all the surface of ye lake and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith-road 2 miles or more & turning into a corn-field to the right, call'd Castle-Rigg, saw a Druid-Circle [1] of large stones 108 feet in diameter, the biggest not 8 feet high, but most of them still erect: They are 50 in number. the valley of St John's [2] appeared in sight, and the fells of St. John's, particularly the summits of *Catchidecam* (called by Camden, *Casticand*) and *Helvellyn,* said to be as high as *Skiddaw,* and to arise from a much higher base. a shower came on, and I return'd.

Oct: 6. W^d^ E: Clouds & sun. went in a chaise 8 miles along the east-side of Baſsingth: Water [3] to *Ouse-Bridge* (pronounce *Ews-bridge*) the road in some part made & very good, the rest slippery & dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes but no precipices: it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw. opposite to Thornthwaite falls, and the brows of *Widhope-Brows* (cover'd to the top with wood) a very beautiful view opens down the Lake, wch is narrower and longer than that of Keswick, less broken into bays and without islands.[4] at the foot of it a few paces from

[1] See this piece of antiquity more fully described, with a plate annexed, by Mr. Pennant in his "Second Tour to Scotland in 1772," p. 38.—*Mason.*

[2] Mitford gives the text as above. Similarly under Oct. 6, Gray, in Egerton MS., writes "Opposite to *Widhope-brows,*" and so Mason and Mitford; Mr. Gosse's text is "Opposite to Thornthwaite falls, and the brows of Widhope-brows." In these and other instances he transcribes from the MS. in Mr. Murray's possession.

[3] Bassingth: Water—east-side.—*Wharton transcript.*

[4] It is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Gray omitted to men-

the brink gently sloping upward stands *Armathwaite* in a thick grove of Scotch firs round it, and a large wood behind it. it looks directly up the whole length of the lake almost to Keswick & beyond. at a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, & still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on w^ch^ (according to the Keswick-proverb) *the Sun always shines.* a little to the West a stone-bridge of three arches crosses the Derwent just where it issues from the Lake, and here I dined at an inn that stands there. the inhabitants here on the contrary call the vale of Derwent-water *the Devil's Chamber-pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw-fell* (wch terminates here) with a sort of terror & aversion. *Armathwaite-House* is a modern fabrick, not large, & built of dark red stone, belonging to Mr *Spedding*, whose Gr:father was Steward to old Sr *James Lowther*, & bought his estate of the *Himers.* so you must look for Mr Michell in some other country. the sky was overcast & the wind cool, so after dining at a publick house, wch stands here near the bridge (that crosses the Derwent just where it issues from the lake) & sauntering a little by the water-side I came home again. the turnpike is finish'd from Cockermouth hither (5 miles) & is carrying on to Penrith. several little showers to-day. A Man came in, who said there was snow on *Cross-fell* this morning.

Oct: 7. Market-day here. W^d^ N:E: Clouds & sunshine. little showers at intervals all day. yet walk'd in the morning to Crow-park, & in the evening up Penrith-road. the clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very unpromising,[1] yet the moon shone at intervals. it was too damp to go towards the lake. to-morrow mean to bid farewell to Keswick.

Botany might be studied here to great advantage,[2] at another season because of the great variety of soils & elevations all lieing within a small compass. I observed

tion the islands on Derwentwater; one of which, I think they call it Vicar's Island, makes a principal object in the scene. See Smith's "View of Derwentwater."—*Mason.* See also Wordsworth's poem, "The Hermitage on St. Herbert's Island."

[1] Mason gives "dark."

[2] So Egerton MS. Murray MS., "in perfection."

nothing but several curious Lichens, & plenty of gale, or Dutch myrtle perfuming the borders of ye lake. this year the Wadd[1]-mine had been open'd (which is done once in 5 years) it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, & will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fusible. when it is pure soft, black, & close-grain'd, it is worth sometimes 30 shillings a pound. there are no Charr ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in Butter-mere-Water, which lies a little way N: of Borrodale, about Martlemas, wch are potted here. they sow chiefly oats & bigg here, wch are now cutting & still on the ground. There is some hay not yet got in. the rains have done much hurt; yet observe, the soil is so thin and light, that no day has paſs'd, in wch I could not walk out with ease, & you know, I am no lover of dirt. Their wheat comes from Cockermouth or Penrith. Fell-mutton is now in season for about six weeks; it grows fat on ye mountains, & nearly resembles venison: excellent Pike & Perch (here called *bass*) trout is out of season. partridge in great plenty.

Rec:^t to dress Perch (for Mrs Wharton) Wash, but neither scale, nor gut them. broil till enough; then pull out the fins, & open them along ye back, take out the bone and all the inwards without breaking them. put in a good lump of butter & salt, clap the sides together, till it melts, & serve very hot. it is excellent. the skin must not be eaten.

At *Keswick* learn'd, that the turn-pike road from thence along the east-side of *Bassingthwait*, or Low-water (which is eight miles) to *Ews-bridge* over Derwent is made in part only, about three miles of it being a cart-road slippery and dangerous, or else narrow and stony lane. the new road from Cockermouth is made (five miles) to *Ews-bridge*, and now carrying on towards *Penrith*.

That the way from *Keswick* to *Ambleside* (eighteen miles) is turnpike not yet compleated by about three miles. the unmade way is thro' narrow country lanes, or rocky road, but nothing dangerous by day-light. it runs mostly thro' deep romantic vallies by the waters of Wiborn at the foot

[1] Wadd is the provincial name for plumbago.—[*Mr. James Yate Johnson, ap. Mr. Gosse.*]

of Helvellyn-Fell, by Grasmere and Ridall. Amble-side is a little Market-town, but the inns are too mean and unfrequented to lie at. from thence to *Kendal* is fourteen miles, turnpike-road, but not quite finish'd; it goes near five miles on the side of Winander-water with beautiful views, mostly up hill, but good road, except a small part not yet compleated, and this is very safe.

From Kendal there is a fine turnpike lately made to Ulverston (or Ouston) in Furnefs. it goes by the foot of Winander-mere-water and over *Penny-bridge* avoiding all the sea-sands, and with many uncommon views the whole way.

There is also a road not quite finish'd to Kirby-Lonsdale. from thence it is compleated by *Ingleton* to *Settle* in Yorkshire, excellent way.

There is also a turnpike, that goes by *Sedburgh* and over Cam-hill to Ashrigg in Wensledale.

×[1]. I learn'd at Kendal, that the *Ulverston* turnpike is continued a few miles to *Dalton* and there ends: but that a branch of it (not quite compleated) goes off into Cumberland to *Ravenglass* and so on along the coast to Egremont.[2] in this part of it a sand must necessarily be pass'd, but it is only three or four hundred yards over, and very safe.[3]

Oct: 8. Left to Keswick & took the Ambleside-road in a gloomy morning. W^d E: & afterw^ds N:E:. about 2 m: from the Town mounted an eminence call'd *Castle-rigg*, &

[1] This mark × refers to the passage above about the Ulverston road; Gray probably inserted the note in his journal here after his visit to Kendal, but omitted the corresponding mark to which it points.

[2] Where, according to legend, was once the horn,

> "which none could sound,
> No one upon living ground,
> Save he who came as rightful heir,
> To Egremont's domains and castle fair."
> (Wordsworth, "The Horn of Egremont Castle.")

The Castle is a ruin; the rightful heirs were the Lucies.

[3] The whole of this passage from "At Keswick learn'd" (p. 247) to "very safe" is in the manuscript of Gray *penes* Mr. Murray. It is now, as I believe, published for the first time.

the sun breaking out discover'd the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains all in their glory! had almost a mind to have gone back again. the road in some little patches is not compleated, but good country-road through sound, but narrow & stony lanes, very safe in broad day-light. This is the case about *Causeway-foot*, & among *Naddle-fells* to *Lanthwaite*. the vale you go in has little breadth the mountains are vast & rocky, the fields little & poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, & see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on *Lee's*[1]*-water*, (called also Thirl-meer,[2] or Wiborn-water) and soon descending on its margin. the lake from its depth looks black, (though really as clear as glass) & from the gloom of the vast crags, that scowl over it: it is narrow & about 3 miles long, resembling a river[3] in its course.

[1] Leathes. "As our road mounts a steep hill, preparatory to leaving the lake, the old manor of Dalehead lies below upon the water-side. It belonged to the Leathes family from the days of Elizabeth till Manchester bought them out, and indeed Thirlmere used to be known at one time as Leatheswater."—A. G. Bradley, "Highways and Byways in the Lake District" (1901).

[2] "Every one knows that Thirlmere is now the property of the City of Manchester and constitutes its water supply; but it must not be supposed it has suffered on this account to any extent worth mentioning. . . . It has been dammed at its narrow outlet, and fills the gorge in which it lies more fully than of yore, but this perhaps is an improvement."—*Id. ib.*

[3] "Thirlmere is the most river-like of lakes, being scarce anywhere more than a quarter of a mile in width though over three in length. The Keswick road for more than half this distance skirts the eastern shore, and lifted well above it, so that travelling one's self along the foot-hills of Helvellyn, one can enjoy the striking fashion in which the Armboth Fells, with all their rugged grandeur, their gorgeous colouring and their silvery cascades, dip down into the deep water."—*Id. ib.*

The same writer tells us that before Thirlmere was enlarged it was so narrow and shallow at one point that a bridge crossed it of unique and curious structure, suspected of being, like one in Wales, of Celtic origin, and there was much just lamentation when the raising of the waters destroyed so ancient and curious a landmark. Of the horror to which Gray alludes, Mr. Bradley says: "One can well fancy that Thirlmere, when the wind is north and the skies

little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, with not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march. all is rock & loose stones up to the very brow, wch lies so near your way, that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be seen. (to be continued, but now we have got franks)[1]

Happy new year & many to you all. Hepatica & Mezereon now in flower! I saw Mrs Jonathan, who is much fallen away, & was all in tears for the loss of her Brother's child: she and Miss Wilson desired their compliments. Your Nephew[2] is here & very well; so is Mr Brown, who presents his best wishes.[3]

[*To Wharton.*[4]]

Past by the little chappel of *Wiborn*, out of which the Sunday congregation were then ifsueing. Past a beck near Dunmailraise and entered Westmoreland a second time; now begin to see *Helm-crag* distinguished from its rugged neighbours not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outline of its top. like some Gigantic building

are black and snow lies on the fell, can look stern enough, and worthy of the spectral horrors with which superstition has peopled its shores." He proceeds to speak of the murderer, "the Dalehead ghost," who fled from the haunts of men to a cave in the hills; and the legends of Armboth Hall, midnight marriage, murdered bride, weird noises and lights flaring in the windows in the unoccupied house, noises of wassail and revelry, "sounding loud across the cold waters of the lake."

[1] There is here a gap, a half-sheet having been, I imagine, cut off.

[2] See to Wharton, *supra*, p. 220, n. 1.

[3] Addressed to Wharton and marked "Free Wm Fraser," with Cambridge post-mark.

[4] I have generally placed the portions of the journal at the dates at which they were sent to Wharton; for this section I have no indication of date. It is not in Gray's handwriting in the Egerton MS. The writing is said by Mitford and Mr. Gosse to be Wharton's—it seemed to me to be in a juvenile hand, with Wharton's hand here and there in corrections. Gray's writing is followed, I think, quite literally, but not italicized. Perhaps, though rarely, Gray's habit of beginning a sentence without a capital is neglected, and the transcriber seems to hesitate between comma and full-stop.

demolished,[1] and the stones that composed it flung crofs[2] each other in wild confusion. just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. the bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad bason discovers in the midst Grasmere-water; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences: some of them rock, some of soft turf that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it Stands a white village with the Parish Church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald with their trees and hedges and cattle fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. just opposite to you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountains side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. not a single red tile, no flaming Gentleman's house, or garden-walls break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest most becoming attire.

The road winds here over Grasmere-hill,[3] whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight, yet it is continued along behind them, and contracting itself to a river communicates with Ridale-water, another small lake, but of

[1] In the locality, as we may infer from Wordsworth, a different resemblance was found:

> "*That ancient woman seated on Helm Crag*
> Was ready with her cavern"

to echo Joanna's laugh at the poet's "ravishment" (Poems on the Naming of Places, No. II).

[2] "Across" was seldom used in Gray's time. Later even, Crabbe writes "cross the street." But see *infra*, p. 253, l, 3.

[3] Since Gray's time, but now long ago, a new road was made by the side of the lake so as to avoid the hill. This new road is the one which was the object of De Quincey's eloquent invective:—"Thirty years ago a gang of Vandals, for the sake of building a mail-coach road that never would be wanted, carried a horrid causeway of sheer granite masonry for three quarters of a mile right through the loveliest succession of secret forest dells and shy recesses of the lake margined by unrivalled ferns. . . . The Grasmere before and after this outrage were two different vales."—*J. Y. J. ap. Mr. Gosse.*

inferior size, and beauty; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. into this vale the road descends: on the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills: and just to the left of our way stands Ridale-hall, the family seat of Sr. Mic. Fleming, but now a farm-house, a large old fashioned fabrick surrounded with wood and not much too good for its present destination. Sr Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him, I tremble for it when he returns, near the house rises a huge crag called Ridale-head, which is said to command a full view of Wynandermere, and I doubt it not, for within a mile that great lake is visible even from the road, as to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

Came to Ambleside eighteen miles from Keswick, meaning to lie there, but on looking into the best bedchamber dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate gave up Wynander-mere in despair, and resolved I would go on to *Kendal* directly [1] 14 miles farther; the road in general fine turnpike but some parts (about 3 miles in all) not made, yet without danger.

Unexpectedly was well rewarded for my determination.

[1] By not staying a little at Ambleside, Mr. Gray lost the sight of two most magnificent cascades; the one not above half a mile behind the inn, the other down Ridale-crag where Sir Michael Fleming is now making a path-way to the top of it. These, when I saw them, were in full torrent, whereas Lawdoor water-fall, which I visited in the evening of the very same day, was almost without a stream. Hence I conclude that this distinguished feature in the vale of Keswick is, like most northern rivers, only in high beauty during bad weather. But his greatest loss was in not seeing a small water-fall visible only through the window of a ruined summer-house in Sir Michael's orchard. Here Nature has performed everything in little that she usually executes on her largest scale; and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the bason, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides but has its picturesque meaning: and the little central stream dashing down a cleft of the darkest-coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvass not bigger than those which are usually dropped in the Opera-house.—*Mason.* See Gilpin's "Tour to the Lakes," vol. i, p. 169.—*Mitford.*

the afternoon was fine, and the road for full 5 M: runs along the side of Wynander-mere, with delicious views across [?] it, and almost from one end to the other. it is ten miles in length and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river, but no flat marshy grounds, no osier beds, or patches of scrubby plantation on its banks. at the head two vallies open among the mountains, one, that by which we came down, the other Langsledale [1] in which *Wrynose* [2] and Hard-Knot two great mountains rise above the rest. from thence the fells visibly sink and soften along its sides, sometimes they run into it, (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion, oftener they are green and cultivated with farms interspersed and round eminences on the border cover'd with trees: towards the South it seems to break into larger bays with several islands and a wider extent of cultivation. the way rises continually till at a place called *Orresthead* it turns to S:E: losing sight of the water.[3]

Passed by *Ings* Chappel and *Staveley*, but I can say no farther for the dusk of the evening coming on I entered *Kendal* almost in the dark, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and tenter grounds [4] spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. my Inn promised sadly having two wooden galleries (like Scotland) in front of it. it was indeed an old ill contrived house, but kept by civil sensible people, so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.

Oct: 9. W^d N:W: clouds and sun air as mild as summer. all corn off the ground, sky larks singing aloud (by the

[1] Read *Langdale*, the valley called *Longsleddale* being in another part of the country.—*J. Y. J. ap. Mr. Gosse.*

[2] "Wreenose," Gray, *penes* Mr. Murray.

[3] From the road at this spot, where Gray quitted the Lake country for the last time, there was then to be enjoyed that "bright scene from Orrest Head" which Wordsworth vainly invoked in an indignant sonnet against the "rash assault" of those who had planned the railway.—*J. Y. J. ap. Mr. Gosse.*

[4] "Tenter grounds" are open spaces around the town where the webs of woollen cloth there manufactured are stretched whilst drying on frames furnished with hooks and mounted on posts.—*J. Y. J. ap. Mr. Gosse.*

way I saw not one at Keswick, perhaps because the place abounds in birds of prey). went up the Castle-hill. The town consists chiefly of three nearly parallel streets almost a mile long. except these all the other houses seem as if they had been dancing a country-dance and were out: there they stand back to back, corner to corner, some up hill some down without intent or meaning.[1] along by their side runs a fine brisk stream, over which are three stone bridges, the buildings (a few comfortable houses excepted) are mean, of stone and covered with a bad rough cast. near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Col. Wilson's and adjoining to it the Church, a very large Gothick fabrick with a square tower, it has no particular ornaments but double Isles and at the east end four Chappels or Choirs, one of the Parrs, another of the Stricklands, the 3^{d} is the proper choir of the church, and a 4th of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct.[2]

There is an altar-tomb of one of them dated 1577 with a flat brass, arms and quarterings and in the window their arms alone, Arg: a hunting-horn, sab: strung-Gules in the *Strickland's* chappel—several modern monuments, and another old altar-tomb,[3] not belonging to the family: on the side of it; a Fess dancetty between 10 Billets (Deincourt). In the *Parr* chappel is a third altar-tomb in the corner, no fig: or inscription, but on the side cut in stone an escutcheon of *Roos* of Kendal (3 Water-Budgets) quartering *Parr* (2 bars in a bordure engrailed). 2ndly an escutcheon, Vaire, a Fess (for Marmion).[4] 3rdly. an escut-

1 "Each stair mysteriously was *meant.*"
Milton, "P. L.," iii, 516.

2 The passage which follows is bracketed by Mitford and rejected altogether by Mr. Gosse as an interpolation by Mason. But see Appendix.

3 This Tomb is probably of Ralph D'Aincourt, who in the reign of King John married Helen, daughter of Anselm de Furness, whose daughter and sole heir, Elizabeth, married William, son of Sir Robert de Stirkland, of Great Stirkland, Knt. 23rd Hen. III. The son and heir of this marriage was Walter de Stirkland, who probably erected this tomb to the memory of his grandfather.—*West. Whitaker, MS. note.*

4 Scott's Marmion is an imaginary character; the family was in the reign of Henry VIII extinct. But to him the poet has assigned

cheon three Chevronels braced and a Chief (which I take for Fitzhugh) at the foot is an escutcheon surrounded with the Garter, bearing *Roos* and *Parr* quarterly, quartering the other two before mentioned.[1] I have no books to look in, therefore cannot say, whether this is the Ld. *Parr of Kendal* (Queen Catharine's Father) or her Brother, the Marquis of Northampton. Perhaps it is a Cenotaph for the latter who was buried at Warwick in 1571.

The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite to the town. almost the whole enclosure of walls remains with 4 towers, 2 square and 2 or 3 round, but their upper part and embattlements are demolish'd. it is of rough stone and cement; without any ornament or arms, round enclosing a court of like form and surrounded by a mote, nor ever could have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks. there is a good view of the town and river with a fertile open valley thro' which it winds.

After dinner went along the *Milthrop* turnpike 4 m. to see the falls (or force) of the river *Kent:* came to Siserge (pronounce Siser) and turn'd down a lane to the left. *Siser*,

the estates bestowed on the Norman Roger de Marmion who came to England with the Conqueror;

> "They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
> Of Luterward, and Scrivalbaye,
> Of Tamworth tower and town:"

These grants may have led to alliances, of which I can give no account. A "fess" is described as a strip placed horizontally across the middle of the field, with some such significance. Roger de Marmion was the Champion of the Conqueror, and he and his successors held Tamworth on this tenure. When the Marmion line failed, the Championship passed to the Dymokes, who were connected with them.

[1] Mr. Gray's mistake is therefore very excusable; but 1st, it is highly improbable that it should be a cenotaph for William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, as there is no quartering of Bourchier Earl of Essex. 2nd. It is not the tomb of Sir Thomas Parr, father of Queen Catharine (by the way he was not Lord Parr of Kendal), for he was never knight of the Garter; but in all probability it belongs to Sir William Parr, father of Sir Thomas, who was installed knight of the Garter, An. [?], Edw. IV and married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Lord Fitzhugh.—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

the seat of the *Stricklands*[1] an old Catholick family is an ancient Hall-house with a very large tower embattled: the rest of the buildings added to this are of later date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a back ground of old trees; there is a small park also well wooded. opposite to this turned to the left and soon came to the river. it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. the calmness and brightness of ye evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron-forge not far distant made it a singular walk, but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not 7 feet high. I went on down to the forge and saw the Demons at work by the light of their own fires: the iron is brought in pigs to *Milthrop* by sea from *Scotland*, and is here beat into bars and plates. two miles farther at Levens is the seat of L Suffolk,[2] where he sometimes passes the summer. it was a favourite place of his late Countess, but this I did not see.[3]

Oct: 10. went by *Burton* to Lancaster. W^d^ N:W: Clouds and sun: 22 miles. very good country well inclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed. passed at the foot of *Farlton-Knot*[4] a high Fell, four miles north of Lancaster on a rising ground called *Bolton* (pronounce Bouton) we had a full view of Cartmell-sands, with here and there a Passenger riding over them (it being low water) the points of Furness shooting far into the sea, and

[1] "To which they have given peculiar distinction by an unbroken occupation that has hardly its like in England. They acquired the property in the thirteenth century by marriage with the Deincourts, and have lived there uninterruptedly ever since, always playing a leading part in the affairs of Westmoreland, and often fighting on a more conspicuous stage."—A. G. Bradley, *u. s.*, pp. 318, 319 (1901).

[2] Thomas Howard, the 14th Earl. The deceased Countess was Elizabeth, daughter of William Kingscote, of Kingscote in Gloucestershire. The only issue of this marriage, Diana, married in 1782 the Sir Michael Fleming mentioned by Gray and Mason, *supra*.

[3] It is described as "a beautiful old Tudor house, whose 'topiary' garden rivals that of Hampton Court, and is the only other survival of this curious taste" (A. G. Bradley).

[4] Mr. Gray must have meant Warton Crag (*Whitaker*, *MS. note*, ap. Mitford).

lofty mountains partly covered with clouds extending north of them. Lancaster also appeared very conspicuous and fine, for its most distinguished features, the Castle and the Church mounted on a green eminence, were all, that could be seen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the second day of their fair. the Inn in the principal street was a great old gloomy house full of people, but I found tolerable quarters, and even slept two nights in peace.

Ascended the Castle hill in a fine afternoon. it takes up the higher top of the eminence on wch it stands, and is irregularly round encompassed with a deep mote. in front towards the Town is a magnificent Gothick Gateway, lofty and huge, the over-hanging battlements are supported by a triple range of Corbels, the intervals pierced thro' and showing the day from above. on its top rise light watch-towers of small height. it opens below with a grand pointed arch: over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing its Founders figure, on one side a shield of France semy-quarter'd with England, on the other the same with a label ermine for John of Gant D: of Lancaster. this opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter being the County Gaol and full of Prisoners, both Criminals and Debtors. from this gate-way the walls continue and join it to a vast square tower of great height, the lower part at least of remote antiquity for it has small round-headed lights with plain short pillars on each side of them; there is a third tower also square and of less dimensions—this is all the castle: near it and but little lower stands the Church a large and plain Gothick fabrick. the high square tower at the west end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same style. there are no ornaments of arms, &ct. &ct. any where to be seen. within it is lightsome and spacious; but not one monument of Antiquity, or piece of painted glass is left. from the Church-Yard there is an extensive sea-view (for now the tide had almost covered the sands, and filled the river), and besides greatest part of Furness I could distinguish *Peel*-Castle on the Isle of Fowdrey wch lies off its southern extremity. the town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the Castle-hill more than twice the bigness of Auckland, with many neat buildings of white stone, but a little dis-

orderly in their position ad libitum like Kendal. many also extend below on the Keys by the river-side, where a number of ships were moor'd, some of them 3 mast vessels, decked out with their colours in honour of the Fair. here is a good bridge of 4 arches over the Lune, which runs when the tide is out in two streams divided by a bed of Gravel, which is not covered but in spring tides. below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the sea at 5 or 6 miles distance to S:W:

Oct: 11: W^d S:W: Clouds and Sun: warm and a fine dappled sky: crossed the river and walked over a peninsula 3 miles to the village of *Pooton*[1] wch stands on the beach. an old fisherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of passing those sands) told me in his dialect a moving story, how a brother of the trade, a Cockler (as he styled him) driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his Wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the 7 mile sands, as they had frequently been used to do; for nobody in the village knew them better than the old Man did. when they were about half way over, a thick fog rose, and as they advanced, they found the water much deeper than they expected. the old man was puzzled, he stop'd, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. they staid a little while for him but in vain. they call'd aloud, but no reply. at last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on, she would not leave the place, she wander'd about forlorn and amazed. she would not quit her horse, and get into the cart with them. they determined after much time wasted to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. the old Woman was soon washed off and perish'd. the poor Girls clung close to their cart, and the horse sometimes wading and sometimes swimming brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. the bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb); that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot, where he had left them.

[1] Poulton.—*Mr. Gosse.*

In the afternoon wandered about the town and by the key till it was dark. a little rain fell.

Oct^br 12. W^d N:E: sky gloomy, then gleams of sunshine. set out for Settle by a fine turnpike road, twenty-nine miles.

Rich and beautiful enclosed country diversifyed with frequent villages and churches very uneven ground, and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks clothed with fine woods thro' which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it; passed the Park (Hon: Mr Clifford's, a Catholick) in the most picturesque part of the way: the grounds between him and the river are indeed charming:[1] the house is ordinary, and the Park nothing but a rocky fell scattered over with ancient hawthorns. came to Hornby[2] a little town on the River Wanning, over which a handsome bridge is now in building. the Castle in a lordly situation attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it. first presents itself a large but ordinary white Gentleman's house sash'd, behind it rises the ancient keep built by Edward[3] Stanley, Lord Mounteagle (inscribed Helas et quand?) in Henry the 8^ths time. it is now a shell only, tho' rafters are laid within it as for flooring: I went up a winding stone-staircase in one corner to the leads,

[1] The scene opens just three miles from Lancaster, on what is called the Queen's Road. To see the view in perfection you must go into a field on the left. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect: on each hand of the middle distance rise two sloping hills; the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage; between them, in the richest of valleys, the Lune serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, through a well-wooded and richly pastured foreground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position.—*Mason.*

[2] On Aug. 8, 1768, Mason dates to Gray from Hornby Castle, but this was in the North Riding (see vol. ii, p. 220, n. 1), and Mason owes his visits there to Lord Holdernesse. The Hornby Castle, *supra*, is of course in Lancashire.

[3] The juvenile transcriber (as I conjecture him to be) had written "by one of the Stanley's: Lords Morley and Mounteagle in Henry," etc. Wharton has erased "one of the," the final s's, and "Morley and," and written "Edward" over "one of the." The writing of "Edward" is obviously Wharton's.

and at the angle is a single Hexagon watch-tower rising some feet higher fitted up in the taste of a modern *Toot*,[1] with sash-windows in gilt frames, and a stucco cupola, and on the top a vast gilt eagle, by Mr Charteris, the present possessor. but he has not lived here since the year 1745, when the people of Lancaster insulted him, threw stones into his coach and almost made his wife (Lady Katharine Gordon) miscarry. since that he has built a great ugly house of red stone (thank God it is not in England) near Haddington, which I remember to have passed by. he is the second son of the Earl of Wemyss, and brother to the Ld Elcho;[2] Grandson to Col. Charteris, whose name he bears. from the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round and much wood near the Castle. Ingleborough, which I had seen before distinctly at Lancaster, to N:E: was now compleatly wrapt in clouds, all but its summit, which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching storm. now our road began gradually to mount towards the Apenine, the trees growing less and thin of leaves till we came to Ingleton 18 miles: it is a pretty village, situated very high and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge creature of God *Ingleborough.* two torrents cross it with great stones rolled along their bed instead of water: over them are two handsome arches flung. Here at a little ale-house were Sr Bellingham Graham and Mr Parker, Lord of the manor, (one of them six feet & ½ high and the other as much in breadth) come[3] to dine. the nipping[4] air (tho' the afternoon was growing very bright) now taught us we were in

[1] Belvedere. Mason elegantly substitutes "summer house."

[2] Lord Elcho espoused the cause of the Pretender, fled to France after Culloden, and was attainted. Consequently, when his father died in 1756, he could not succeed to the title, though he was reckoned 5th Earl of Wemyss; on his death, without issue, in 1787, the Mr. Charteris of whom Gray speaks became 6th Earl. We can understand his treatment in '45, as a suspected Jacobite. Colonel Charteris is the infamous "Charters" stigmatized by Pope and Arbuthnot. His only daughter married the 4th Earl of Wemyss.

[3] The transcriber has written "where" and "come," and, perhaps, "came," as in Mr. Gosse's text, and Wharton has corrected as *supra*.

[4] It is a *nipping* and an eager air.—*Hamlet*, I, iv, 2.

Craven; the road was all up and down (tho' no where very steep). to the left were mountain-tops: waryside to the right a wide valley: (all inclosed ground) and beyond it high hills again. in approaching Settle the crags on the left drew nearer to our way; till we ascended Brunton-Brow, into a chearful valley, (tho' thin of trees,) to *Giggleswick*, a village with a small piece of water by its side cover'd over with coots: near it a Church, which belongs also to Settle, and half a mile further having passed the Ribble over a bridge arrived at Settle. it is a small market-town standing directly under a rocky fell, there are not a dozen good-looking houses, the rest are old and low, with little wooden Portico's in front. my Inn pleased me much (tho' small) for the neatness and civility of the good woman that kept it, so I lay there two nights, and went

Oct. 13, to visit *Gordale-scar*. W^d N:E: day gloomy and cold. it lay but 6 m: from Settle, but that way was directly over a Fell, and it might rain. so I went round in a chaise the only way one could get near it in a carriage, wch made it full thirteen miles: and half of it such a road! but I got safe over it, so there's an end; and came to Malham (pronounce Maum) a village in the bosom of the mountains, seated in a wild and dreary valley; from thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand: on the cliffs above hung a few goats: one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot in a place where I would not have stood stock-still for all beneath the moon: as I advanced the crags seem'd to close in; but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them. I followed my guide a few paces, and lo, the hills open'd again into no large space, and then all further way is bar'd by a stream, that at the height of above 50 feet gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley. the rock on the left rises perpendicular with stubbed Yew trees and shrubs, staring from its side to the height of at least 300 feet: but those are not the things: it is that to the right under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. from its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one black and solid

mass without any crevice in its surface; and overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy. when I stood at (I believe) full 4 yards distance from its foot, the drops wch perpetually distill from its brow, fell on my head, and in one part of the top more exposed to the weather there are loose stones that hang in air, and threaten visibly some idle Spectator with instant destruction: it is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir. the gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place and made it still more formidable.

I stay'd there (not without shuddering) a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid, for the impression will last for Life: at the ale-house where I dined in Malham, Vivares,[1] the landscape painter, had lodged for a week or more: Smith and Bellers had also been there; and two prints of Gordale have been engraved by them: I returned to my comfortable Inn: night fine: but windy and frosty.

Oct: 14 Went to Skipton 16 miles: W^d^ N:E: gloomy: at one o'clock a little sleet falls: from several parts of the road, and in many places about Settle, I saw at once the three famous hills of this country, Ingleborough, Penigent, and Pendle: the first is esteemed the highest: their features are hard to describe, but I could trace their outline with a pencil.[2] Craven after all is an unpleasing country, when seen from a height: its valleys are chiefly wide and either marshy or enclosed pasture with a few trees: numbers of black cattle are fatted here, both of the scotch breed and a larger sort of oxen with great horns: there is little cultivated ground except a few oats.

Oct 15. W^d^ N:E: gloomy. at noon a few grains of sleet

[1] Otherwise Vivarez. His name may perhaps be traced to Vivarez, a town in Languedoc. He was chiefly famous as a landscape engraver; he died in 1780. Wm. Woollett (a contemporary landscape engraver, but chiefly famous for his engraving of the Death of Wolfe, after West) so much admired Vivarez, that he is said never to have set to work without an example of his skill before his eyes.

[2] There is this sketch in Wharton's transcript (Eg. MS.). Is it copied from Gray's? No doubt. I made a copy from Eg. MS.; but a copy of a copy of a copy is scarcely worth inserting here.

fell, then bright and clear. went thro' Long-preston and Gargrave to Skipton 16 miles: it is a pretty large market town in a valley with one very broad street gently sloping downwards from the Castle, which stands at the head of it; this is one of our good Countesses[1] buildings, but on old foundations, it is not very large; but of a handsome antique appearance with round towers, a grand gateway, bridge, and mote, and many old trees about it. in good repair, and kept up as a habitation of the Earl of Thanet; though he rarely comes thither: what with the sleet and a foolish dispute about chaises that delayed me, I did not see the inside of it: but went on 15 miles to *Ottley*: First up Shodebank, the steepest hill I ever saw a road carried over in England: for it mounts up in a straight line (without any other repose for the horses, than by placing stones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile. then the road goes on a level[2] along the brow of this high hill over Rumbold Moor, till it gently descends into *Wharfdale*, so they call the Vale of the Wharf: and a beautiful vale it is: well wooded, well cultivated, well inhabited, but with high crags at distance, that border the green country

[1] *Our*, because Gray and Wharton had made merry over her together. See *supra*, vol. iii, p. 157, n. 3.—*Ed.* An interesting sketch of her life, composed from the MS. of Mr. Sedgwick, her secretary (extant in Appleby Castle, may be read in Gilpin's "Tour to the Lakes," vol. ii, pp. 149-64.—*Mitford.* Of the original inscription, of which the lines quoted on p. 158 are a parody, Dr. Bradshaw (Aldine "Gray," p. 274) gives for the first time an account:

> "Who Faith, Love, Mercy, noble Constancy
> To God, to Virtue, to Distress, to Right
> Observed, expressed, showed, held religiously
> Hath here this monument thou seest in sight,
> The cover of her earthly part, but passenger
> Know Heaven and Fame contains the best of her."

It is on an altar tomb, with recumbent figure, in the chancel of Appleby Church; the monument was erected in 1617 to Margaret (Russell), widow of George Clifford, 3rd Earl of Cumberland, by her only daughter Anne, successively Countess of Dorset and of Pembroke and Montgomery (writer of the inscription and subject of the parody); her own tomb, for which she also wrote the inscription, stands opposite.

[2] These words "on a level" are not in the Wharton transcript.

on either hand, thro' the midst of it, deep, clear, full to the brink and of no inconsiderable breadth runs in long windings the river; how it comes to pass that it should be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel without water, I cannot tell [you [1]]; I passed through *Long-Addingham*, Ilkeley (pronounce Eccla) distinguished by a lofty brow of loose rocks to the right; Burley, a neat and pretty village among trees; on the opposite side of the river lay *Middleton-lodge*, belonging to a Catholick gentleman of that name: *Weston* a venerable stone fabrick with large offices, of Mr Vavasor: the meadows in front gently descending to the water, and behind a great and shady wood. Farnley: (Mr Fawkes') a place like the last; but larger and rising higher on the side of the hill. *Ottley* is a large airy town, with clean but low rustic buildings, and a bridge over the Wharf. I went into its spacious Gothick church, which has been new roofed with a flat stucco cieling. in a corner of it is the monument of Thomas Ld Fairfax and Helen Aske, his Lady, descended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph says. the figures not ill cut: particularly his in armour, but bareheaded; lie on the tomb. I take them for the Grandparents [2] of the famous Sr Thomas Fairfax.[3]

CCCLV. *Norton Nicholls to Gray.*

Bath, Nov. 27, 1769.

I have two reasons for writing, one because it seems an age to me since I heard of you, the other to mention that I have taken the liberty of recommending to your notice

[1] "You" is not in Wharton transcript.

[2] So Gray in Murray MS.; so Mr. Gosse Egerton MS.; Mason and Mitford "the parents." Error (seeming to prove that Murray MS. is Gray's latest edition) corrected by Whitaker MS. note, quoted by Mitford, "The father of Sir T. F. was Ferdinando."

[3] Here the Wharton transcript ends. What follows of this Journal, in Gray's own hand, will be found in letter to Wharton, April 18, '70.

Mr. de Bonstetten.[1] I have given him a letter to you, but yet I thought it best to apprise you of it, that he might not come an entire stranger. I picked him out from among the mob in the rooms here, and like him very much; I shall be a little disappointed if you do not think him better than common for his age, and very little spoiled considering that he is the only son of the treasurer of Berne, and of one of the six noble families which bear the chief sway in the aristocracy. He was first at the University of Lausanne; afterwards his father sent for him home; then he went to Leyden, but thought Holland a most *triste pays*, and begged to be released, so he had leave to cross over to England: he seems to have read, and to be unwilling now to waste his time if he knew how to employ it; I think he is vastly better than anything English (of the same age) I ever saw; and then, I have a partiality to him because he was born among mountains; and talks of them with enthusiasm—of the forests of pines which grow darker and darker as you ascend, till the *nemorum nox* is completed, and you are forced to grope your way; of the cries of eagles and other birds of prey adding to the horror; in short, of all the wonders of his country, which disturb my slumbers in Lovingland. I made Wheeler[2] acquainted with him, who likes him as well as I, and has given him letters to Mr. Pitt and to Mrs. Hay, which have succeeded very well. When I go into Switzerland I am to be so directed! so recommended! and to travel with such advantages! but it is absolutely necessary to pass a month at

[1] See vol. ii, Preface, pp. xvii-xxv.

[2] Gray writes to Brown, May 15, '66, from Jermyn Street, "J. Wheeler has returned from Lisbon." The Mr. Pitt mentioned in this sentence is no doubt Thomas Pitt of Boconnock, whom we have seen setting out on his travels, beginning with Lisbon Jan. 23, 1760 (vol. ii, p. 124). He accompanies "my Lord Kinnoul," who is sent on a diplomatic mission. With these also went the young Lord Strathmore (*ib.*). The family name of Lord Kinnoul was Hay. I am unable to determine who the Mrs. Hay is, of whom Nicholls speaks, but I connect all these names with Wheeler as travelling acquaintances or companions in Spain and Portugal. Perhaps Nicholls is over sanguine in affirming that Wheeler's letters of recommendation "have succeeded very well"; for "I loosd Mr. Wheeler letter and his direction" says his very casual young friend.

Zurich to learn German; and the mountains must be traversed on foot; *avec des Grimpons aux mains*, and shoes of a peculiar construction. I'd give my ears to try.

CCCLVI. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.* [*From de Bonstetten & Gray*]

Cambridge the 6 Jan. 1770.[1]

Hence, vain deluding Joys[2] is our motto hier, written on every feature, and ourly spoken by every solitary Chapel bel; So that decently you can't expect no other but a very grave letter. I realy beg you pardon to wrap up my thoughts in so smart a dress, as an in quarto sheet. I know they should apear in a folio leave, but the Ideas themselves shall look so solemn as to belie their dress. Tho' I wear not yet the black gown, and am only an inferior Priest in the temple of Meditation, yet my countenance is already consecrated. I never walk but with even steps and musing gate, and looks comercing[3] with the skyes; and unfold my wrinkles only when I see mr. Gray, or think of you. Then notwithstanding all your learnings and knowledge, I feel in such occasions that I have a heart, which you know is as some others a quite prophane thing to carry under a black gown.

I am in a hurry from morning till evening. At 8 o Clock I am roused by a young square Cap, with whom I follow Satan through Chaos and night. He explaind me in Greek and Latin, the *sweet reluctant amorous Delays*[4] of our Grandmother Eve, We finish our travels in a copious breakfeast of muffins and tea. Then apears Shakispair and old Liñeus strugling together as two ghost would do for a damned Soul. Sometimes the one get the better sometimes the other. Mr Gray, whose acquaintance is my greatest debt to you, is so good as to shew me Macbeth, and all witches

[1] In de Bonstetten's handwriting.
[2] Milton, "Il Penseroso," l. 1.
[3] Mitford and Mr. Gosse "conversing." De Bonstetten is right, of course, but for the spelling. "Il Penseroso," ll. 38, 39.
[4] "Paradise Lost," iv, 311.

Beldams, Ghost and Spirits, whose language I never could have understood without his Interpretation. I am now endeavouring to dress all those people in a french dress, which is a very hard labour.

I am afraid to take a room,[1] which Mr. Gray shall keep much better. So I stop hier my everrambling pen. My respectful Compliments to M^d^ Nichole. Only remember that you have no where a better or more grateful friend than your de Bonstetten.

I loosd Mr. Wheeler letter and his direction.]

I never saw such a boy: our breed is not made on this model. he is busy from morning to night, has no other amusement, than that of changing one study for another, likes nobody that he sees here, & yet wishes to stay longer, tho' he has pass'd a whole fortnight with us already. his letter has had no correction whatever, & is prettier by half than English.

Would not you hazard your journal: I want to see, what you have done this summer though it would be safer & better to bring it yourself, methinks!

Complimens respectueux à Mad: Nichole,[2] et à notre aimable Cousine la *Sposa.*

T. G.

CCCLVII.

March 20. 1770.

Dear Sir

I am sorry for your disappointment and my own. Do not believe that I am cold to M^r^ Cl:^s^[3] translation: on

[1] He began to write "place," but erased "pla."

[2] So Gray, after de Bonstetten. The lady is Nicholls's mother.

[3] The translator is John Clarke, who in 1767 was Lieutenant of Marines, and was thirty-six years or longer in the King's service. The book is "Military Institutions of Vegetius, in Five books, Translated from the Original Latin. With a Preface and Notes by Lieutenant John Clarke. London: Printed for the Author, . . . MDCCLXVII. 8*vo.*"

Clarke also wrote: "An Impartial and Authentic Narrative of the Battle Fought . . . on Bunker's Hill . . . 1775."

There were two previous translations of Vegetius' "Rei Militaris

the contrary, I long to see it, & wonder you should hesitate for want of Franks (wch here I have no means of getting) do I care about postage, do you think?

On Wednesday next, I go (for a few days) with Mons: de B: to London. his cursed F:^r will have him home in the autumn, & he must pass thro' France to improve his talents & morals. He goes for Dover on Friday. I have seen (I own) with pleasure the efforts you have made to recommend me to him, *sed non ego credulus illis*,[1] nor I fear, he neither. he gives me too much pleasure, and at least *an equal share* of inquietude. you do not understand him so well as I do, but I leave my meaning imperfect, till we meet. I have never met with so extraordinary a Person. God bless him! I am unable to talk to you about anything else, I think.

I wondered you should think of Paris at the time of the Dauphin's marriage:[2] it will be a frippery spectacle, and the expence of everything triple. As to *Wales*, doubtless I should wish it this summer, but I can answer for nothing, my own employment[3] so sticks in my stomach, and

Instituta," otherwise called "Epitome Rei Militaris." One by Caxton in 1489, under the title: "The fayt of armes and chyvalry from Vegetius." He tells us that it is a "frensche" volume which "Xyne of Pyse [Christina of Pisa] made & drewe out of Vegetius"; and that "the most crysten kynge, henry VII gave this to him to reduce to our english and natural tongue and to put it in empryne." The other was by John Sadler, published by T. Marthe in 1572.

Flavius Renatus Vegetius, possibly a Christian, and certainly a personage of some importance, dedicated his book to the Emperor Valentinian the Second. It is really compiled from works written at very different epochs, and is now regarded with less respect than in the days of Gray and Gibbon. I conjecture that Gray wanted it for the purpose of the historical lectures which he did not deliver. A very noteworthy passage from Vegetius, describing the degeneracy of the Roman soldiery in his time, is epitomized by Gibbon, c. 28.

[1] Virg., Ecl., ix, 34.

[2] The Dauphin was afterwards Louis XVI, and his bride was Marie Antoinette. About three years after this "frippery spectacle" Burke saw her at Versailles, as he tells us in that passage in his "Thoughts on the French Revolution," which every one knows.

[3] His projected work as History Professor.

troubles my conscience. when I return hither,[1] I will write to you better and more fully. Adieu! I am very sincerely yours

(No signature)[2]

CCCLVIII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

4 April 1770. P: Hall:

At length, my dear sir, we have lost our poor de B:^{n},[3] I pack'd him up with my own hands in the Dover machine at four o'clock in the morning on Friday, 23d March, the next day at 7 he sail'd and reached *Calais* by noon, & *Boulogne* at night. the next night he reach'd *Abbeville*, where he had letters to Mad: Vanrobais, to whom belongs the famous manufacture of cloth there. from thence he wrote to me, & here am I again to pass my solitary evenings, wch hung much lighter on my hands, before I knew him. this is your fault! Pray let the next you send me be halt & blind, dull, unapprehensive, & wrong headed. for this (as Lady Constance says) *Was never such a gracious creature born!*[4] and yet—but no matter! burn my letter that I wrote you, for I am very much out of humour with myself, and will not believe a word of it. you will think I have caught madness from him (for he is certainly mad) and perhaps you will be right. oh! what things are Fathers & Mothers! I thought they were to be found only in England, but you see.

[1] Gray, as will be seen from next letter, is about to start for town.

[2]
To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
Suffolk
By Yarmouth.

[3] Bonstetten.

[4] Constance, of Arthur in "K. John," iii, 4, 81:

"[For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,]
There was not such a gracious creature born."

Where is Capt: Clarke's Translation? where is your journal? do you still haggle for me to save sixpence, you niggard? why now I have been in Town & brought no franks with me yet. the translation of *Gruner*[1] cannot be had this month or six weeks, so I am destitute of all things. this place never appeared so horrible to me as it does now. could not you come for a week or fortnight? it would be sunshine to me in a dark night! even Dr Hallifax wishes, you would come. at least write to me out of hand, for I am truly & faithfully

Yours
TG:

'Vous[2] ne voyez plus que de la misere et de la gayeté. 'les villages sont plus rares, plus petits: le silence dans 'ces deserts annonce par tout un Maitre, il me sembloit, 'que je devois demander a ces hommes en guenilles, qui 'leur avoit pris leurs habits, leurs maisons; quelle peste 'avoit ravagé la nation. mais ils ont le bonheur de ne 'penser point, & de jouer jusqu'au moment qu'on les 'egorge.

'Mais gardons notre indignation pour çeux qui sont si 'stupides, qu'ils prennent de pareilles mœurs pour mod-'eles.'[3]

[1] Probably "Histoire Naturelle des Glacières de Suisse, traduction libre de l'allemand de M. Grouner, par M. de Kéralia." Paris, 4to, 1770. The original work of G. S. Gruner—"Die Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes"—was published in German at Bern in 1760 (3 vols. 8vo). It is obvious to connect inquiries for the translation with the project of Nicholls to visit de Bonstetten in Switzerland, and Gray's remoter interest in this project and in mountain scenery.

[2] A quotation doubtless from de Bonstetten at Abbéville to Gray. See vol. ii, Preface, p. xxii.

[3] To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
Suffolk
By Yarmouth.

CCCLIX. *To Charles de Bonstetten.*[1]

Cambridge, April 12, 1770.

Never did I feel, my dear Bonstetten, to what a tedious length the few short moments of our life may be extended by impatience and expectation, till you had left me; nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the Sultan in the Turkish tales, that did but plunge his head into a vessel of water and take it out again, as the standers by affirmed, at the command of a Dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity, and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you, are only owing to your last letter a temporary gleam of sunshine. Heaven knows when it may shine again! I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship. I must cite another Greek writer[2] to you, because it is much to my purpose: he is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. "It includes," he says, "qualifications rarely united in one single mind,[3] quickness of apprehension and

[1] Mason applied to de Bonstetten for leave to publish these letters (April 12, 19, May 9), which he refused; afterwards permitting them to be printed by his friend Mathisson.—*From Mitford.* See vol. ii, Preface, pp. xx *sq.*

"Gray took lodgings for Bonstetten at Cambridge, near to his own rooms, and used to visit him in the evening, and read classical authors with him." These few words contained all about Gray, that Bonstetten told the Hon. W. Ward (Lord Dudley), who communicated them to me.—*Mitford.*

[2] Either Gray has written, before this, a letter to Bonstetten which has been lost, or he refers to passages which he pointed out to his young friend at Cambridge. The quotations from Plato are epitomized from the sixth book of the "Republic," 485-492, not always in Plato's order.

[3] Τόδε μὲν οὖν, οἶμαι, πᾶς ἡμῖν ὁμολογήσει, τοιαύτην φύσιν καὶ πάντα ἔχουσαν ὅσα προσετάξαμεν νῦν δή, εἰ τελέως μέλλοι φιλόσοφος γενέσθαι, ὀλιγάκις ἐν ἀνθρώποις φύεσθαι καὶ ὀλίγοις.—*Rep.* vi, 491A.

a retentive memory, vivacity and application, gentleness and magnanimity; to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul," continues he, "will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate; a stranger to illiberality and avarice; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things, and sublimest contemplations, it will contract an habitual greatness, will look down with a kind of disregard on human life and on death; consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such," says he, "is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind." But these very endowments, so necessary to a soul formed for philosophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty; that is, if it light on a bad soil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case he is depraved by the public example, the assemblies of the people, the courts of justice, the theatres, that inspire it with false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause; and remember, that extraordinary vices and extraordinary virtues are equally the produce of a vigorous mind: little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other.

If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again: for my part, to my sorrow I have had that happiness.[1] I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this, I return to your letter. It proves at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties I still hold some place in your memory, and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to shew me your heart simply and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow.

[1] Gray here refers to that life-long sorrow for West, of which de Bonstetten perhaps knew something already. There is also an undercurrent of regret for the loss of de Bonstetten's companionship.

CCCLX. *To the Rev. Richard Farmer.*[1]

Mr Gray returns Mr Farmer's Books, with many Thanks. The MSS Letters would be of some Value, if the Transcriber had better understood what he was about: but

[1] Farmer is best known as the writer of an Essay on the learning of Shakespeare, in which he was thought to have succeeded in showing that all the poet's classical knowledge was derived from translations; Johnson complimented him on this exploit, from which, nevertheless, more has been inferred as to Shakespeare's scant education than established facts will warrant. At the conjectural date of the above letter Farmer was a graduate of thirteen years' standing, and Fellow of Emmanuel; he only became Master in 1775. The Emmanuel "Parlour" under his *régime* was a centre of learning; haunted, among others, by Percy of the "Reliques," who, though a Christ Church man, made Emmanuel the college of his adoption. Farmer died in 1797; there is much about him and his eccentricities in Gunning's "Reminiscences of Cambridge."

Cole writes (Cole MSS. in Brit. Museum, as quoted by Mitford, Gray's "Works," vol. i, Appendix): "It must have been about the year 1770 that Dr. Farmer and Mr. Gray ever met, to be acquainted together, as about that time I met them at Mr. Oldham's chambers, in Peterhouse, to dinner. Before, they had been shy of each other: and though Mr. Farmer was then esteemed one of the most ingenious men in the University, yet Mr. Gray's singular niceness in the choice of his acquaintance made him appear fastidious to a great degree, to all who were not acquainted with his manner. Indeed, there did not seem to be any probability of any great intimacy from the style and manner of each of them. The one a cheerful, companionable, hearty, open, downright man, of no great regard to dress or common forms of behaviour; the other of a most fastidious and recluse distance of carriage, rather averse to sociability, but of the graver turn; nice, and elegant in his person, dress, and behaviour, even to a degree of finicalness and effeminacy. So that nothing but their extensive learning and abilities could ever have coalesced two such different men, and both of great value in their own line and walk. They were ever after great friends; and Dr. Farmer, and all of his acquaintance, had soon after too much reason to lament his loss, and the shortness of their acquaintance." This is the slender ground on which I fix the year of Gray's note to Farmer. How Cole came possessed of it he tells us (Cole MSS.) under date Oct. 31. 1780: "Dr. Farmer was so obliging to bring me at Milton, the following original note of Mr. Gray, in his neat, small, terse Hand. I was happy to find that my Idea of this MS. [I think C. marks it as 5860 Plut. lxxxiii, F. p. 57] coincided with so good a Judge's."

With reference to the MS. negotiations of Wolsey, Farmer has

there are so many Words mistaken, so many omitted, that the sense can often only be made out by conjecture. Does not recollect, that they have been printed in any of the Collections; but thinks, he has seen several of them (the Originals) in the Harleian Library. Lord Herbert[1] plainly had seen them, & (as far as they goe[2]) had made them the Foundation of his History. They serve to shew, as he says, That the Cardinal, in his Dispatches, was more copious than eloquent.

The Instructions to Tunstall & Wingfield, after the Battle of Pavia, the King's Directions after he had signed the Peace with France's,[3] are most remarkable.

Pemb. Hall. 12. April. [1770]

CCCLXI. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

Camb: 14 Apr: 1770.

I thought my mysteries were but too easy to explain, however you must have a little patience, for I can hazard only word of mouth. What you say of poor B: is so true, & (let me add) expresses so well my own feelings, that I shall transcribe your words, & send them to him: were I in his place, I should be grateful for them! by this time I should think you may have received a letter from him yourself, for in that I received from Abbeville, 31 March, he spoke of his intention to write to you. I wrote to you myself as soon as I return'd from London, the 1st (I think) of April.

I am coming to see you, my good Friend, that is, on

written (*ap.* Cole): "I believe several of the Letters and State Papers in this Vol: have not been published. 3 or 4 are printed in the Collections at the end of Dr Fiddes's Life of Wolsey, from a MS. in the Yelverton (Ld Sussex's) Library. (MSS. Ang. P 3,5288.) The Negotiations of Thomas Wolsey, London 1641, 4to are nothing more than his Life by Cavendish. Qu. Orig: in Burnet, Collier, Strype, etc."

[1] Of Cherbury (see Index), whose "Life and Reigne of K. Henry VIII" was published in 1649.

[2] *Sic, ap.* Cole.

[3] *Sic, ap.* Cole.

Monday se'nnight I mean to call on Palgrave for a few days in my way to Blundeston. as to Wales you may do with me, what you please, I care not. There is this inconvenience in our way, that I must call on Mason at Aston (& so may you too) for a little while, the last week in May: from thence we strike across to Chester, & enter Wales. For the summer of next year (tho' I shall be dead first)[1] I am your Man, only I desire it may be a secret between ourselves, till the time comes, as you love your life.

I rejoice to see, you are so great a Gardiner & Botanist: my instructions will be very poor: De B:, with five lessons from Miller[2] (before de departed for Sumatra) and his own matchless industry, could have told you much more than I can. it would be strange if I should blame you for reading Isocrates.[3] I did so myself 20 years ago, & in an edition at least as bad as yours. the *Panegyrick*, the *De Pace*, *Areopagitica*, & *Advice to Philip*, are by far the noblest remains we have of this Writer, & equal to most things extant in the Greek tongue: but it depends on your judgement to distinguish between his real and occasional opinion of things, as he directly contradicts in one place what he has advanced in another; for example, in the *Panathenaic* & the *De Pace*, &c: on the naval power of

[1] Too true a prophecy. See his last letter, June 28, 1771. He died on the 30th of July.

[2] "Mr. Miller, who was curator of the physic garden at Cambridge, gave lectures on botany and on Linnæus to a Mons. Bonstetten, who studied at Cambridge in a house opposite Pembroke Hall, where he lodged, chiefly on account of the vicinity to Mr. Gray of Pembroke. . . . Mr. Miller read lectures to him to the very last day of his being at Cambridge."—*Cole, ap.* Mitford, "Corr. of Gray and Mason," App. iii, p. 481.

[3] Was born 436 B.C. and died 338 B.C., when

> "that dishonest victory
> At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty,
> Killed with report the old man eloquent"

as Milton has it. He was a true patriot, but rather a rhetorician, and teacher of eloquence, than himself a great public speaker, such as his contemporary Demosthenes. Hence we may account for the inconsistencies which Gray notes, due to the fact that his efforts were often displays (ἐπιδείξεις), savouring somewhat of his early sophistical training.

Athens: the latter of the two is undoubtedly his own undisguised sentiment.

Talk your fill to me, & spare not. it would perhaps be more flattering if you lived in the midst of an agreable society: but even as it is, I take it in good part, & heartily thank you, for you have given me a late instance of your partiality and kindness, that I shall ever remember.

I received on ye 10th of this month a long letter from Paris lively and sensible as usual: but you will see it, & I shall hope for a sight of such as you have got by you. there are two different directions. A Mons: M:^r B: *a l'hotel de Luxembourg, rue des Petits Augustins, Fauxbourg St Germain, Paris.* The other to the same, *chez Messrs Lullin, Freres, & Rittiel,* rue Thevenot, Paris. the latter seems the safer, but then I am uncertain, whether I read it right. what shall I do? I have tried both ways, but do not know yet with what success. Adieu, Dear S^r, I am very faithfully

Yours
TG:

CCCLXII. *To Thomas Warton.*[1]

Pembroke Hall, April 15, 1770.

SIR—

Our friend, Dr. Hurd, having long ago desired me, in your name to communicate any fragments or sketches of a design, I once had, to give a History of English Poetry,[2] you may well think me rude or negligent,

[1] Mitford tells us that this letter was in the possession of Al. Chalmers, Esq., and refers us to Chalmers's "Life of T. Warton" in "British Poets," vol. xviii, p. 80.

[2] See a letter from Thos. Warton to Garrick ("Garrick's Correspondence," vol. i, p. 355), June 28, 1769, in which he says "Gray had once an intention of this sort (of writing the History of English Poetry), but he dropt it, as you may see by an Advt. to his *Norway Odes.*"—*Mitford.*

The Advertisement (1768) runs thus: "The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving the *History of English Poetry.* In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater

when you see me hesitating for so many months, before I comply with your request, and yet, believe me, few of your friends have been better pleased than I, to find this subject (surely neither unentertaining nor unuseful) had fallen into hands so likely to do it justice. Few have felt a higher esteem for your talents, your taste, and industry. In truth, the only cause of my delay, has been a sort of diffidence, that would not let me send you anything, so short, so slight, and so imperfect as the few materials I had begun to collect, or the observations I had made on them. A sketch of the division or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan, for I am told your first volume is in the press.

INTRODUCTION.

On the Poetry of the Gallic or Celtic nations, as far back as it can be traced. On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration. On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

PART I.

On the School of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry, or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrvientes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnetts, ballades, madrigals, sestines, etc. Of their imitators, the

part of this Island, and were our Progenitors; the following three * Imitations made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he heard that it was already in the hands of a Person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity."

The "friend" was Mason (see Walpole to George Montagu, May 5, 1761).

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* The Fatal Sisters, The Descent of Odin, and the Triumphs of Owen.

French; and of the first Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others. State of poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather from Henry the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the Third, 1327.

PART II.

On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians into our country. His character, and merits at large. The different kinds in which he excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, etc.

PART III.

Second Italian School, of Ariosto, Tasso, etc., an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric Poetry of this and the former age, introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan Lord Vaulx, etc., in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

PART IV.

Spenser, his character. Subject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention: but his manner of tracing it borrowed from the second Italian school.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, etc. This school ends in Milton. A third Italian school, full of conceit, began in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James, and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland; carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

PART V.

School of France, introduced after the Restoration.—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope,—which has continued to our own times.

You will observe that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope, of which I believe

you have a copy. You will also see, I had excluded Dramatic poetry entirely; which if you had taken in, it would at least double the bulk and labour of your book.—I am, sir, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

THOMAS GRAY.

Pembroke Hall
April 15, 1770.

There is a most objectionable Classification of the Poets in Dr. J. Warton's *Essay on Pope*, v. Ded. V. 1, p. 12.—*Mitford.*

CCCLXIII. *To Wharton.*

18 April, 1770.

MY DEAR S^R^

I have been sincerely anxious for Miss Wharton, whose illness must have been indeed severe, if she is only now recovering. let us hope everything from the spring, wch begins (tho' slowly) to give new life to all things, & pray give my best respects to her, & thanks for remembering me & my dictionary at a time, when she well may be excused for thinking of nothing but herself.

. . . I have utterly forgot, where my journal left off, but (I think) it was after the account of Gordale near Settle. if so, there was little more worth your notice: the principal things were *Wharfdale* in the way from Skipton to Ottley, & *Kirstall-Abbey* 3 miles from Leedes. the first is the valley form'd by the River Wharf, well-cultivated, well-inhabited, well-wooded, but with high rocky crags at distance, that border the green country on either hand: thro' the midst of it runs the river in long windings deep, clear, & full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth. how it comes to be so fine & copious a stream here, & at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel with little or no water, I cannot tell you. *Kirstall* is a noble ruin in the Semi-Saxon style of building, as old as K: Stephen toward the end of his reign, 1152. the whole Church is still standing (the roof excepted) seated in a delicious quiet valley on the banks of the river *Are*, & preserved with religious reverence by the

Duke of Montagu. adjoining to the church between that & the river are variety of chappels & remnants of the abbey, shatter'd by the encroachments of the ivy, & surmounted by many a sturdy tree, whose twisted roots break thro' the fret of the vaulting, & hang streaming from the roofs. the gloom of these ancient cells, the shade & verdure of the landscape, the glittering & murmur of the stream, the lofty towers & long perspectives of the church, in the midst of a clear bright day, detain'd me for many hours & were the truest subjects for my glass I have yet met with any where. as I lay at that smoky ugly busy town of Leedes, I drop'd all farther thoughts of my journal, & after paſsing two days at Mason's (tho' he was absent) pursued my way by Nottingham, Leicester, Harborough, Kettering, Thrapston, & Huntington to Cambridge, where I arrived, 22 Oct:, having met with no rain to signify, till this last day of my journey. there's luck for you!

I do think of seeing Wales this summer, having never found my spirits lower than at present, & feeling that motion & change of the scene is absolutely necessary to me. I will make Aston in my way to Chester, and shall rejoice to meet you there, the *last week in May;* Mason writes me word, that he wishes it, & tho' his old house is down & his new one not up, proposes to receive us like Princes in grain. Adieu, my dear S^r^ and believe me most faithfully yours, TG:

My best compliments to Mrs Wharton & the family. our weather till Christmas continued mild & open. 28 Dec: some snow fell but did not lie. The 4th of Jan: was stormy & snowy, wch was often repeated during that month, yet the latter half of it was warm & gentle. 18 Feb: was snow again, the rest of it mostly fine. snow again on 15th March; from 23 to 30 March was cold & dry, W^d^ E: or N:E:. on ye 31st rain. from thence till within a week past, W^d^ N:W: or N:E: with much hail & sleet; and on 4 Apr: a thunder-storm. it is now fine spring-weather.

1 March. first violet appear'd. frogs abroad.
4 Almond blow'd, & Gooseberry spread its leaves.
9 Apricot blow'd.

1 April. Violets in full bloom, & double Daffodils.
5 ,, Wren singing. double Jonquils.

Addressed

To
Thomas Wharton Esq of
Old Park near
Darlington
Durham.

CCCLXIV. *To Charles de Bonstetten.*

April 19, 1770.

ALAS! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, "Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir;" and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the piano-forte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed, with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. I am going for a few days to see poor N:,[1] invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. "I am concerned," says he, "that I cannot pass my life with him; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me so well: the miracle to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled: and the miracle of miracles will be, if he continues so in the midst of every danger and seduction, and without any advantages but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own I am very anxious for him on this

[1] Nicholls.

account, and perhaps your inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or will he forget me thus *in insulam relegatum?* If he should it is out of my power to retaliate."

Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will! he has moved me with these gentle and sensible expressions of his kindness for you: are you untouched by them?

You do me the credit, and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French Sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse? Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despote.

CCCLXV. *To Charles de Bonstetten.*

May 9, 1770.

I AM returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there, has embittered all my hours: your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt the disadvantages I lay myself under, how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathize with me. It is impossible with me to dissemble with you; such as I am I

expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words: "La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacés."

CCCLXVI. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

22 May. 1770. Jermyn-Strt.

Dear Sr

When I return'd to Cambridge I found a long letter from De B: expressing much kindness, but in a style *un peu trop alambiqué,*[1] & yesterday I had another shorter, & making bad excuses for not writing oftener: he seems at present to give into all the French nonsense & to be employed much like an English boy broke loose from his Governor. I want much to know, whether he has wrote to you yet: if not, I am seriously angry, tho' to little purpose. A *Marquis de Villevielle,* who is here with the French Embassador, has found me out, and seems a quiet good sort of young Man. he knows & tries to speak English, and has *translated me* by way of exercise. That is our bond of union, but I have seen no specimen yet. He returns home soon with Mr de Chatelet; but means to return & acquaint himself better with this country.

On Monday or Tuesday I mean to leave this place, & after passing two or three days at Cambridge, proceed to Aston, where Mason expects me. Now if you like to accompany me, you will meet me at Camb: and we pursue our way together, trees blooming & nightingales singing all round us. Let me know your mind and direct to me at Cambge.

I have not forgot your microscope, but my Mr. Ramsden (Mason's Favourite) is such a Lyar and a Fool, that ten to one it is not finish'd this month or two. My respects to

[1] Over-refined, implying here affectation.

Mrs. Nicholls! I hope the sermon is compleated[1] between you. Adieu! I am faithfully yours,

TG:

I have got Gruner's[2] book.

To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff Suffolk.

CCCLXVII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Jermyn Street, May 22, 1770.

DEAR SIR,

I have received two letters from you with one inclosed from Paris[3] and one from Mason. I met poor Barber (?)[4] two or three days after the fire with evident marks of terror in his countenance; he has moved his quarters (I am told) somewhere into Gray's-inn-lane, near the fields.

I do not apprehend anything more than usual from the City Remonstrance;[5] and the party principally concerned,

[1] For "finish'd," erased. [2] See p. 270, n. 1.

[3] Probably giving de Bonstetten's exact address.

[4] The name is partially explained by the Postscript to Mason's letter of March 27, 1771.

[5] See Hansard's Parliamentary Reports, vol. xvi, p. 900, for the Address of both Houses to the King on the City Remonstrance. The addresses and answers were in the Annual Register, 1770, p. 199 to p. 203. In the Misc. Correspondence of Horace Walpole, so well edited by Mr. Wright, vol. v, p. 275, is a note on this subject, in which the Editor quotes a MS. note of Isaac Reed, saying, "That Beckford did not utter one syllable of this speech. It was penned by Horne Tooke, and by his art put on the records of the city and on Beckford's statue, as he told me, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Sayer, etc. at the Athenæum Club:" then adding, "There can be but little doubt that the worthy Commentator and his friends were imposed upon;" meaning, I presume, they were imposed upon by Horne Tooke. If so, it was an imposition which he maintained also with others. My friend Mr. William Maltby, of the London Institution, whom I questioned on the subject, answers me to this effect:—"Dr. Charles Burney first told me the speech in Guildhall was written by Horne Tooke, and *was never delivered.* The first time I saw Mr. Tooke afterwards I asked him the question. He *said he wrote every word of that speech,* and he was much amused when one of the corporation said he had heard every word

I hear, does not in the least regard it. The conversation you mention in the House of Lords is very true; it happened about a fortnight since; and the Archbishop replied, it was not any concern of his, as he had received no complaint from the University on that head. It begins to be doubted whether Lord Anglesey[1] will carry his point, his witnesses being so very Irish in their understandings and consciences that they puzzle the cause they came to prove; but this cannot be cleared up till another session. Pa. and I have often visited, but never met. I saw my Lord and Tom[2] the other day at breakfast in good health; and Lady Maria did not beat me, but giggled a little. Monsieur de Villervielle[3] has found me out, and seems a sensible, quiet young man. He returns soon to France with the

of it delivered, with the exception of 'two' and 'necessary.' It must be remembered that Charles Townshend said 'That Beckford had made no *bad* speech upon the exclamation of His Majesty (in 1763). It is composed upon good ideas of taste, and firm and explicit, without being indecent or warm.'" See Grenville Papers, ii, 133, and Rockingham Memoirs, vol. ii, p. 173; and for some account of Beckford, *ibid.*, p. 169.—*Mitford.*

[1] This alludes to the disputed Peerage. Arthur, on arriving at his majority 1765, took his seat as Lord Valentia, after an investigation by the Lords of Ireland of nearly four years, during his minority; his succession to the Irish estates being opposed by his kinsman, John Annesley, derived from the first Regent Valentia. When he petitioned for his writ of summons to the Parliament of Great Britain as Earl of Anglesey, the judgment was against him. A renewal of the claim again took place in Ireland, when they came to the same conclusion as before, and confirmed the claim. So his Lordship enjoyed his Irish honours; but the earldom in England was considered as extinct, and the title of the latter conferred on another family. See Gent. Magazine on this subject, vol. xiv, xxi, xxvi, xli. Dr. Balguy wrote to Dr. Warton: "I doubt your friend Lord Lyttelton is by no means sure of success in the business of the Anglesey claim. There is proof, not easy to be overcome, that the certificate of the marriage is forged. The House wait at present for some *living witnesses* from Ireland." See Wooll's Life of Warton, p. 372. It was published as "The Trial or Ejectment between Campbell Craig, lessee of James Annesley, Esq. and other plaintiffs, and the Right Hon. Richard Earl of Anglesey, defendant. Dublin, 1774." For full particulars see Collins's Peerage, art. Anglesey.—*Mitford.*

[2] Lord Strathmore and Thomas Lyon, and Lady Maria Lyon his wife.—*Mitford.*

[3] *Sic, ap.* Mitford, but *cf.* preceding letter.

ambassador, but means to revisit England and see it better. I dined at Hampton Court on Sunday all alone with St. who inquired after you; and the next day with the same, and a good deal of company in town. I have not seen him so well this long time. I am myself indifferent; the headache returns now and then, and a little grumbling of the gout; but I mean to see you on Monday or Tuesday next.

Adieu. I am ever yours,

T. G.

P.S. Pray is Mrs. Olliffe [1] come to Cambridge?

CCCLXVIII. *To the Rev. Norton Nicholls.*

Pemb: Coll: 24 June 1770.

Dear Sr—

I am returned from Aston, and now wait your commands. my idea is, that we might meet on the first or second of July at Huntingdon, or at the Wheat Sheaf, 5 miles further on the Northern road (for I do not like to be here at the Commencement), & thence find our way cross by Thrapston into Warwickshire, so thro' Worcestershire, Shropshire, & other of the midland counties, for about three weeks: but the particular route & objects we are to see I leave to be determined on joint consultation. The Wheat Sheaf I only mention as a very good Inn (tho' a little out of our way) where I possibly may go, & wait a day or two for you. send me word whether it suits you, & precisely tell me the day you can come. my compliments to Mrs Nicholls. I am sincerely

Yours

TG:

I wish you a good delivery.[2]

[1] The Aunt whom Gray so much detests—"the Spawn of Cerberus and the Dragon of Wantley." She is mentioned in Gray's will only to the extent of an annuity of £20. See vol. ii, pp. 56, 58, 59 and notes; also *infra*, to Nicholls, 25 Nov. 1770.

[2] I think this is a jest upon the sermon referred to in letter of May 22, 1770; the period of gestation has been somewhat long.

CCCLXIX. *To James Beattie.*

Pembroke Hall, July 2, 1770.

I REJOICE to hear that you are restored to a better state of health, to your books, and to your muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before), and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem.[1] On the contrary, if I had seen anything of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has

[1] This letter was written in answer to one that enclosed only a part [from stanza 23 to st. 39] of the first book of the *Minstrel* in manuscript, and I believe a sketch of Mr. Beattie's plan for the whole.—*Mason.* This first book was published in a complete form in 1771. Beattie was much indebted to Gray. Note these instances from the second book, published in 1774, about three years after Gray's death, echoes of the old thoughts which he had revived, and expressions which he had made familiar:

"Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe." (St. 30.)

". . . to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page." (St. 33.)

"The car of victory, the plume, the wreath
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;
No note the clarion of renown can breathe
To alarm the long night of the lonely grave." (St. 34.)

"How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide." (St. 36.)

(ll. 67, 68 of the "Elegy" gone rabid).

driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a Minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? (what service I must leave to your invention) such as no General, no Statesman, no Moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry.[1] This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations. Besides, it will be a full answer to all the Hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will shew their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly (what weighs most with me), it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language or versification you will permit me to remark. . . .[2]

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*,[3] because I have not yet given it all the attention

[1] Sir William Forbes says: "On my once asking Dr. Beattie in what manner he had intended to employ his Minstrel, had he completed his original design of extending his poem to a third Canto, he said, he proposed to have introduced a foreign enemy as invading his country, in consequence of which the Minstrel was to employ himself in rousing his countrymen to arms." In Beattie's original design the hero was to be reduced to poverty by such an invasion, and to "commence minstrel" for a livelihood. Perhaps the suggestion to convert Edwin into a sort of Tyrtaeus, is due to Gray; but Gray could not know how "the Minstrel" was to develop itself; it is almost entirely a poem of description and reflection, and such a change would have been perfectly volcanic.

[2] These suggestions have either been lost, or, which is less likely, are embodied in those to Beattie in letter of March 8, 1771.

[3] Essay on the nature and immutability of Truth, published in May 1770. In it he attacked Hume with an asperity which was only approved by his own admirers, and was gently deprecated by some, even among these. He begins by attacking Hume's "Treatise of Human Nature," but as he tells us, "never intended to end with it." He projected, and indeed carried very far, a

it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure; besides I am partial, for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing, without any study at all. Is not that *naïveté* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that has unhappily been taught to read and write?[1] That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand.[2]

second part, but abandoned this wider effort on account of ill health.

The Essay exhibits a very insufficient understanding of the philosophic Idealism of Berkeley and Hume, and shares the common misconception of the position of Berkeley, who was not an impugner of a phenomenal world of sense, but of the metaphysical doctrine of a *substratum* or *νούμενον* for sensible objects.

In dealing with the moral effect of the doctrine of necessity Beattie is more at home. Cf. Gray to Stonehewer, *supra*, ii, pp. 40-42.

[1] Gray's estimate of Hume's *abilities* is not adopted by many readers now, whatever may be thought of his philosophy. And it is strange to note that Renan has somewhat whimsically lamented that his own erudition had reduced him to the spiritual condition of the Parisian *gamin*.

[2] On a similar subject Mr. Gray expresses himself thus in a letter to Mr. Walpole, dated March 17, 1771: "He must have a very good stomach that can digest the *Crambe recocta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks of France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the Soul, perhaps they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England. Shakespeare, for example, I believe had several to his own share. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork) I like them because they are better christians than Voltaire." This was written only three months before his death; and I insert it to shew how constant and uniform he was in his contempt of infidel writers.—*Mason.*

CCCLXX. *To Wharton.*[1]

My dear Doctor—

It happened, that I was in London at the time, when St: received your letter relating to Mr. L:s request. as my name was mentioned in it, I ought to make my excuses to you as well as he, wch it is indeed easy to do, as I could by no means ask anything but thro' him, & (tho' this had been in my power) it would have been a very bad plea to say, my Ld, you have done me a very unexpected favour not long since; & therefore I must beg you to do another at my desire, for a Friend of mine. but the truth is, at this time our application could not have had any success, as our Principal would certainly never apply to three different Persons, with whom he has no connection; nor care to be refused, or even obliged by them. the inside of things cannot be well explained by letters; but if you saw it, you would immediately see in its full light the impracticability of the thing.[2]

I am lately return'd from a six weeks ramble[3] thro' Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshre. Herefordshre. & Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. the very light, & principal feature in my journey was the river *Wye*, wch I descended in a boat for near 40 miles from Ross to Chepstow: its banks are a succession of nameless wonders! one out of many you may see not ill described by Mr. Whateley, in his *Observations on Gardening*[4] under the name of the *New-Weir*; he has also

[1] To
Thomas Wharton Esq of
Old-Park near
Darlington
Durham.

[2] I can give no account of the matter in this paragraph, but it is clear that Gray has been asked to interest himself for a third person with the Duke of Grafton.

[3] It was at Malvern, as Norton Nicholls tells us, that Gray received the "Deserted Village," and exclaimed, "This man is a poet" (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 280).

[4] See Whateley's Observations on the New Weir on the Wye, p. 111; description of Tintern Abbey, p. 136; of Persfield, p. 241. —*Mitford.*

touched upon two others, *Tinterne-Abbey*, and *Persfield* (Mr Morris's),[1] both of them famous scenes, & both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mention'd, lies on the same river in a vale, that is the delight of my eyes, & the very seat of pleasure. the vale of Abergavenny, Ragland & Chepstow-Castles, Ludlow, Malvern-hills, Hampton Court near Lemster, the Leasowes, Hagley, the three Cities & their Cathedrals,[2] & lastly Oxford (where I past two days in my return with great satisfaction), are the rest of my acquisitions, & no bad harvest to my thinking. I have a journal written by the companion[3] of my travels, that serves to recall & fix the fading images of these things.

I desire to hear of your health, & that of your family. are Miss Whn & Miss Peggy quite recover'd? My respects to Mrs. Wharton & them. I am ever

Yours

TG

Pemb: Coll: Aug: 24. 1770.

[1] Percefield, near Chepstow. For an account of the beauties of this place, see Whateley's "Observations on Modern Gardening," sect. 53, p. 129 (1801).—*Mitford.*

[2] Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester?—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

[3] Mr. Norton Nicholls. "In the same year" (says Mr. Gilpin in his Preface to his *Observations on the River Wye*, p. iii) "in which this little journey was made, Mr. Gray made it likewise; and hearing that I had put on paper a few remarks on the scenes, which he had so lately visited, he desired a sight of them. They were then only in a rude state; but the handsome things he said of them to a friend of his, who obligingly repeated them to me, gave them, I own, some little degree of credit in my own opinion; and made me somewhat less apprehensive in risking them before the public. If this work afforded any amusement to Mr. Gray, it was the amusement of a very late period of his life. He saw it in London, about the beginning of June, 1771; and he died, you know, at the end of the July following. Had he lived, it is possible he might have been induced to have assisted me with a few of his own remarks on scenes which he had so accurately examined; the slightest touches of such a master would have had their effect. No man was a greater admirer of nature than Mr. Gray, nor admired it with better taste."—*Mitford.*

CCCLXXI. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, August 1770.

DEAR MASON—

I am very well at present, the usual effect of my summer expeditions, and much obliged to you, gentlemen, for your kind inquiry after me, I have seen Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, Shropshire—five of the best counties this kingdom has to produce. The chief grace and ornament of my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat from Ross to Chepstow (near forty miles), surrounded with ever-new delights; among which were the New Weir (see Whateley), Tintern Abbey, and Persfield. I say nothing of the Vale of Abergavenny, Ragland Castle, Ludlow,[1] Malvern Hills, the Leasowes,[2] and Hagley,[3] etc., nor how I passed two days at Oxford very agreeably. The weather was very hot, and generally serene. I envy not your Greffiers,[4] nor your Wensley-dale and Aisgarth Forces; but did you see Winander-mere and Grass-mere? Did you get to Keswick, and what do you think of the matter? I stayed a fortnight stewing in London, and now am in the midst of this dead quiet, with nobody but Mr. President[5] near me, and he "is not dead, but sleepeth."

The politics of the place are that Bishop Warburton will chouse Bishop Keene[6] out of Ely by the help of Lord Mansfield, who can be refused nothing at present. Every one is frightened except Tom Neville.

[1] Where "Comus" was acted. [2] Shenstone's place.

[3] Lyttelton's seat, near Shenstone's.

[4] His allusion to Greffiers or registrars must refer to some passage in a letter of Mason's which is wanting.—*Mitford.* I think Greffiers is a place name, perhaps wrongly transcribed or printed.

[5] Brown; "President" at Pembroke means "Vice-Master."

[6] Bishop Keene was translated from Chester to Ely, 1771. See account of this transaction in Bishop Newton's Life of Himself, p. 114. In 1764 there was a correspondence between Warburton and George Grenville on the bishopric of London, which was vacant by the death of Osbaldeston, when Terrick was appointed to it. See Grenville Papers, vol. ii, pp. 313-316. Bishop Keene had, in 1764, refused the Primacy of Ireland: see *ibid.*, pp. 534, 535.—*Mitford.*

Palgrave, I suppose, is at Mr. Weddell's, and has told you the strange casualties of his household. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

The letter in question was duly received.

CCCLXXII. *To Nicholls.*

DEAR SR

Venga, venga, V: S: si serva! I shall be proud to see you both. the lodgings over the way will be empty, but such an entry, such a staircase! how will Mrs. N:[1] be able to crowd thro' it? with what grace, when she gets out of her chair, can she conduct her hoop-petticoat thro' this augre-hole, and up the dark windings of the *grand escalier* that leads to her chamber? it is past my finding out. So I delay, till I hear from you again, before I engage them. I believe there may be a bed for you, but is there room for Mrs. Kipiffe, Mamma's Maid? I am sure, I know not.

I was very ill, when I received your letter, with a feverish disorder, but have cured it merely by dint of *sage-tea*, the beverage of life. It is a polydynamious plant, take my word: though your Linnæus would persuade us it is merely *diandrious*. I applaud your industry; it will do you a power of good one way or other, only don't mistake a Carabus for an Orchis, nor a Lepisma for an Adenanthera. Here is Mr Foljambe[2] has got a Flying Hobgoblin from the E: Indies, & a power of rarities; and then he has given me such a *Phalæna*,[3] with looking glasses in its wings; & a

[1] Mrs. Nicholls; Norton's mother.

[2] See *supra*, p. 218, n. 1, and note on next letter.

[3] Mr. John Murray, in one of the MS. books by Gray with a sight of which he has obliged me, possesses a minute description of this "jewel of a pismire," which shews how acute and scientific were the poet's observations of natural history.—*Mr. Gosse.*

Mr. John Murray has kindly lent me a transcript of these scientific notes by Gray. I regret to say that I cannot find in them any such description as that to which Mr. Gosse refers. In fact the last date attached to them is 1769. Many of them were made at Hartlepool

Queen of the *White Ants*, whose belly alone is as big as many hundred of her subjects, I do not mean their bellies only, but their whole persons: and yet her head and her *tetons* and her legs are no bigger than other people's. oh, she is a jewel of a pismire!

I hear the triumphs & see the illuminations of Alloa hither, but did Mrs. E: lie a night at Edinburgh in her way thither? does she meet with no signs of mortality about her castle? Are her subjects all civet-cats and musk-deer?

My respects to your Mother. Adieu! I have had an infinite letter from Bonst: he goes in October to *Rocheguion* on the Loire, with the Dutchess d'Enville. The people in several provinces are starving to death on the highways. the King (in spite to his parliaments and nation) it is thought, will make the Duke d'Aiguillon[1] his chief Minister.

To
The Revd Mr Nicholls, at
William Turner's Esq at
Richmond
Surrey.

Sept: 14. 1770.

CCCLXXIII. *To Mason.*

Pembroke Hall, October 24, 1770.

DEAR MASON—

I have been for these three weeks and more confined to my room by a fit of the gout, and am now only

and Old Park. Gray seems to have interested Wharton's children in these pursuits; *e.g.*, he gives a list of plants there "dried & collected by ye family."

[1] De Choiseul, whom he displaced, was popular, d'Aiguillon was not, and his infamous persecution of la Chalatais is a disgraceful story (see *supra*, p. 129, n. 2). He was an enemy of the Parliaments, especially that of Brittany, the province which he administered. It is creditable to de Choiseul that he owed his downfall chiefly to the upstart mistress, the du Barry, to whom he scornfully and contemptuously refused to bow the knee.

beginning to walk alone again. I should not mention the thing, but that I am well persuaded it will soon be your own case, as you have so soon laid aside your horse, and talk, so relishingly of your old port.

I cannot see any objection to your design for Mr. Pierce. As to Wilson[1] we know him much alike. He seems a good honest lad; and I believe is scholar enough for your purpose. Perhaps this connection may make (or mar) his fortune. Our friend Foljambe[2] has resided in college, and persevered in the ways of godliness till about ten days ago, when he disappeared, and no one knows whether he is gone a hunting or a . . . The little Fitzherbert[3] is come a pen-

[1] Thomas Wilson, elected Fellow of Pembroke in 1767; became vicar of Soham, 1769; died, 1797.—*Mitford.*

[2] See preceding letter and reference. Mitford tells us that he was a Fellow-Commoner of Corpus Christi, Cambridge; and "was lineally descended from one of the knights who murdered Becket. A carving in bas-relief in stone was ordered by the King, soon after the murder, to be placed in the castle of this knight, which represented the deed: it was in the possession of Mason. The arms of twenty families appear on the Foljambe monuments at Chesterfield. His seats, Osberton, Notts; Aldweston, Yorkshire. Sir Thomas Foljambe was a person of public note in the time of Henry the Third."

Foljambe's Yorkshire estate was near Mason's rectory at Aston. We find Mason writing in 1772 (Oct. 6) to Walpole, asking for a recommendation to persons of distinction abroad for this gentleman (then about twenty-three years of age) and his companion, a Mr. Townshend—another instance of Gray's friendship with the more intelligent among the young men of Cambridge.

[3] A brother of the unhappy naval lieutenant, mentioned in letter of June 6th, '67, to Mason. See note there.—ED.

The little Fitzherbert was afterwards Lord St. Helen's: he took a high degree in 1774. Of the visit which Gray paid to him on the occasion, Lord St. Helen's gave an account to Mr. Samuel Rogers, which he has allowed me to transcribe from his own words:—"I came to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1770, and that year received a visit from *Gray*, having a letter of introduction to him. He was accompanied by Dr. Gisborne, Mr. Stonhewer, and Mr. Palgrave, and they walked one after one, in Indian file. When they withdrew, every college man took off his cap as he passed, a considerable number having assembled in the quadrangle to see Mr. Gray, who was seldom seen. I asked Mr. Gray, to the great dismay of his companions, what he thought of Mr. Garrick's Jubilee Ode, just published? He answered, 'He was easily pleased.'" Lord St. Helen's was Minister for some time at

sioner to St. John's, and seems to have all his wits about him. Your *elève* Lord Richard Cavendish,[1] having digested all the learning and all the beef this place could afford him in a two months' residence, is about to leave us, and his little brother George[2] succeeds him. Bishop Keene has brought a son from Eton to Peterhouse; and Dr. Heberden[3] another[4] to St. John's, who is entered pensioner, and destined to the Church. This is all my university news; but why do I tell you? come yourself and see, for I hope you remember your promise at Aston, and will take us in your way as you go to your town residence.

You have seen Stonhewer, I imagine, who went northwards on Saturday last; pray tell me how he is, for I think him not quite well. Tell me this, and tell me when I may expect to see you here.—I am ever yours, T. G.

CCCLXXIV. *To Nicholls.*

25 Nov: 1770.

I do not see, why you should suppose that *you* only are to have the privilege of being ill. for me, from the time

the Court of St. Petersburg, and could recollect in after-life and repeat some interesting anecdotes of the Empress Catherine. He resided and I believe died in Albemarle Street. Mr. Rogers often speaks of the pleasure he had in his acquaintance, of his visits to Lord St. Helen's house, and of his agreeable and enlightened conversation. In his last illness—moriens legavit—he presented to Mr. Rogers, Pope's own copy of Garth's *Dispensary*, enriched with the MS. annotations of the younger poet, in his early *print-hand.* The Ode of Garrick was "An Ode on dedicating a building, or erecting a statue, to Shakspere at Stratford-upon-Avon, by D. G.," 1769, 4to, *and it is bad enough!—Mitford.*

[1] "He eats a buttock of beef at a meal" (see p. 213, *supra*, n. 1).

[2] Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish (1754-1792), married, 1792, Lady Elizabeth Compton, was created Earl of Burlington, and died May 9, 1834.—*Mitford.*

[3] See vol. i, p. 160, n. 4; and correction, vol. ii, p. 301.

[4] Charles, died May, 1796. Heberden introduced Mason to Dr. Birch. "He is of the same college with me and I have a great esteem for him." He was, indeed, Mason's earliest friend and patron.—*Mitford.*

you left me (till within these three days) I have been only one day out of the walls of this college. that day was employ'd in going to the Hills by way of airing after the gout, & in catching such a cold & cough as has given me no rest night or day, & has only now taken its leave of me. I sent away your letter to B:[1] directly: I saw no reason against it. He was then at Aubonne, near Geneva, with his Brother, and is now at Berne. the picture is not arrived, nor (I suppose) ever will; tho' he says, he has sent it, but by what conveyance, or by what hand he does not say.

You do me wrong: I have thought very frequently of you, especially since S^r A: Allen's[2] death. I am rather glad his family were about him, tho' I know not well why, for he perhaps was insensible to it. these sort of deaths are alarming to the Spectator; but perhaps the best for the Sufferer. I have now every day before my eyes a Woman of ninety, my Aunt,[3] who has for many years been gradually turning into chalk-stones: they are making their way out of the joints of both feet, and the surgeon twice a day comes to increase the torture. She is just as sensible & as impatient of pain, & as intractable, as she was 60 years ago. she thinks not at all of death, and if a mortification does not come to release her, may lie in this agony for months (at least), helpless and bed-rid. this is what you call a *natural* death!

It is well, you live in a dry country, but do not your lakes overflow?[4] Can anything get from Norwich[5] to Blundeston? 200,000 acres are drown'd in the Fens here, and cattle innumerable. our friends at Worcester, Gloucester, &c: are sailing through the streets from house to

[1] Bonstetten.
[2] A near neighbour. See letter, Jan. 26, '71.
[3] Mrs. Oliffe. See to Brown, May 20, '70.
[4] "My friend Dr. Warner, and his very amiable wife, with Miss Allin, are gone this day to attempt the London road . . . but the Yarmouth coach, when it has gone at all, has gone with eight horses and four postillions. A waggon and coach were overset in the water at Ixworth near Bury, but no mischief done. The marshes which I see from my bedchamber window are become an ocean." Nicholls from Blundeston to Gray, Nov. 28, '70.
[5] Yarmouth first written, and Norwich substituted.

house. Adieu! The Post is impatient.[1] my respects to Mrs. N:, I am

Faithfully yours
TG:

To
The Rev^d Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
Suffolk.

CCCLXXV. *To the Rev. William Cole.*[2]

How did we know, pray? nobody here remembered another burying of the kind.[3] Shall be proud of your advice the next opportunity, which we hope will be some forty years hence. I am sorry you would not send for me last night.[4] I shall not be able to wait on you chez vous as soon as I could wish, for I go in a few days to town, when I shall see Mr. Walpole. Adieu! at my return we shall meet.

Saturday, 22d December 1770.

[1] Mrs. Mincing again (ii, 74, n. 3; iii, 160, n. 1).

[2] See *supra*, p. 15 and notes; also p. 194 n. Walpole writes to Montagu, July 1, 1763: "Our first stage is to *Bletchley*, the parsonage of Venerable Cole, the antiquarian of Cambridge." Cole was Walpole's correspondent on matters archaeological for twenty years (1762-1782; died 1782). His MS. collections bequeathed by him to the British Museum are very voluminous, and contain, *inter alia*, minute descriptions of many country churches, and their condition in his day. They are in a remarkably neat handwriting, and may be consulted with profit and pleasure. He has left us interesting notes on Gray's Eton, and other, days. He was at one time Rector of Burnham, where are the famous Beeches. Burnham is an Eton living (i, pp. 7, 8).

[3] The funeral of Roger Long, Master of Pembroke Hall, who died December 16, 1770, aged 91.—*Mitford.*

[4] Cole must have been in Cambridge at this time.

CCCLXXVI. *To Nicholls.*

26 Jan: 1771
Pemb: Coll:

DEAR S^R—

I want to know a hundred things about you. are you fix'd in your house, for I hear many vague reports of Miss A^s inclination to part with the estate, & that the Loves are desirous of the purchase, & would bid high? what part of the mansion (where I used to tremble at a breath of air) was blown down in the high wind? did not you bless your stars for that dreary flat that lay between you & Corton, & bar'd all sight of the sea in its fury, & of the numberless wrecks that strew'd all your coast? as to our little & unpicturesque events, you know them, I find, & have congratulated Mr Presendent,[1] who is now our Master, in due form: but you do not know, that it never rains but it pours: he goes to town on Monday for institution to the Living of Streatham in the Isle of Ely worth from two to three hundred pound a-year, and given him by the King's Majesty. the detail is infinite, the attacks, the defences, the evasions, the circumventions, the sacrifices, the perjuries, are only to be told by word of mouth: suffice it to say that it is carried swimmingly and triumphantly against two Lords temporal & one spiritual, who solicited for their several Protegés in vain: so our good Uncle Toby will have about 400£ a year, no uncomfortable pittance! I have had several capricious letters from Berne. he has sent me some pretty views of his native country, and its inhabitants. The portrait too is arrived, done at Paris, but no more like *than I to Hercules*: you would think, it was intended for his Father, so grave & so composed: doubtless he meant to look like an Englishman or an owl. pray send me the letter, & do not suppose I grudge postage.

I rejoice you have met with Froissart: he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age. had he but had the luck of writing in as good a language, he might have been immortal! his locomotive disposition (for then there was

[1] So no doubt the "gyps" and bedmakers called Brown.

no other way of learning things) his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian. our Ancestors used to read the Mort d'Arthur, Amadis de Gaul, & Froissart,[1] all alike, that is, they no more suspected the good faith of the former than they did of the latter, but took it all for history. when you have *tant chevauché*[2] as to get to the end of him, there is Monstrelet[3] waits to take you up, and will set you down at *Philip de Comines.*[4] but previous to all these, you should have read *Villehardouin*[5] & *Joinville.*[6] I do not think myself bound to defend the character of even the best of Kings.[7] Pray slash them, & spare not. My best compliments to Mrs Nicholls. I am very sincerely,

Yours
TG:

Your friend Mr. Crofts has just left me. he is a candidate for the University & will succeed in the room of De Grey, now Chief-Justice of ye Common Pleas.

[1] See ii, 117-119, and notes there.

[2] Nicholls to Gray, Nov. 28, 1770. "In the evening I read Rapin to my mother: so being come to Edward the Third, I took up Froissart to keep pace with the other, and am so delighted that I read nothing else, 'et ay-je tant chevauché par mes journées'" (he uses Froissart's phrase) "that I am arrived at the peace of Bretigny."

[3] Provost of Cambrai. His chronicle, for the period 1400-1444, was of events during his lifetime. He was a Burgundian partisan, and died 1453. But see *infra*, end of Gray's letter of Feb. 24.

[4] See p. 190, n. 1, *supra*. His life extended from 1445 to 1509; his "Mémoires" appeared in 1524.

[5] Died 1213; was a Crusader; wrote "Conqueste de Constantinople," embracing events from 1198 to 1207.

[6] The most interesting of all these chroniclers, except Froissart. He went on the crusade of Louis IX, 1248-1254, and noted the events of it. His life extended from 1224 to 1319, and the date assigned to his admirable "Vie de Saint Louis" is 1309.

The sequence of reading indicated by Gray is, then, Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, Monstrelet, Comines.

[7] Nicholls had asked: "I want to know whether you do not think Edward the First and Edward the Third's pretensions to Scotland very unjust, and a stain to their characters, when one considers the mischief they caused? and whether you think Edward the Third's pretensions to the crown of France, and the torrents of blood that were shed to support them, give a real lustre

CCCLXXVII. *To Wharton.*[1]

2 Feb: 1771. Pemb: Coll:

It never rains, but it pours, my dear Doctor. you will be glad to hear, that Mr Br: has added to his Mastership (wch is better than 150£ a-year) a living hard by Cambridge, Stretham in the isle of Ely, worth, as it was lett above 40 years ago, at least £240 more. It was in the gift of the Crown during the vacancy of the See of Ely, & that its value is really more than I have said, you will hardly doubt, when you hear, it was carried against an Earl, a Baron, & a Bishop, the latter of the three so strenuous a Suitor, that he still persisted above a week after I had seen the Presentation sign'd to Mr B: by the King's own hand, nay, he still persisted a day, after the King had publicly declared in the Drawing-room, that he had given it Mr B: by name. and who was this bishop? no other than your friend, who wanted it for a Nephew of his, a *poor unfortunate* Nephew, that had been so imprudent many a year ago to marry a Farmer's daughter, where he boarded, when Curate; & continued ever since under a cloud, because his uncle would give him nothing. as to us, we had a Duke, an Earl, a Viscount, & a Bishop on our side, & carried it so swimmingly you would stare again. there was a prologue & an exegesis & a peripeteia, and all the parts of a regular drama; & the Heroe is gone to London, was instituted yesterday, and to-day is gone to Lambeth, for the Archbishop too spoke a good word for us & at a very critical time. the old Lodge has got rid of all its harpsichords, & begins to brighten up: its inhabitant is lost like a Mouse in an old cheese. He has received your generous offer of a benefaction to the common good, but it is too much to tax yourself: however we all intend

to his reign? and whether it was a worthy action to protest in private against the King of France and his title, and yet do him public homage?"

[1] To
Thomas Wharton Esq
of Old-Park near
Darlington
Durham.

to bring in our mites, & shew the way to the high & mighty: when a fund is once on foot, they will bestirr themselves.

I am sincerely concerned to find Miss Wharton is still an Invalide. I believe, you must send her into the milder regions of the South, where the sun dispells all maladies. We ourselves have had an untoward season enough: vast quantities of rain instead of winter, the thermom^{r}: never below 40 deg:, often above 50, before Christmas; unusual high winds (wch still continue) particularly the 19th of Dec: at night it blew a dreadful storm. The first grain of snow was seen on X^{mas} D^{ay}, of wch we have had a good deal since, but never deep or lasting. the 2^{d} week in Jan: was really severe cold at London, & the Thames frozen over. One morning that week the glass stood here (at 8 in the morning) at 16 degrees, wch is the lowest I ever knew it at Cambridge. at London it never has been observed lower than 13 (understand me right: I mean, 13 above Zero of Farenheit) & that was 5 Jan, 1739. now it is very mild again, but with very high winds at N:W:.

I give you joy of our awkward peace with Spain.[1] Mason is in Town taking his swing, like a Boy in breaking-up-time. remember me kindly to Mrs Wharton, & all the good family. did I tell you of my breaking up, in summer, in the midland counties, & so as far as Abergavenny one way, & Ludlow the other? I have another journal for you, in several volumes. I have had a cough for above three months upon me, wch is incurable. Adieu!

I am ever yours

TG:

[1] The dispute had been over those miserable rocks, the Falkland Islands, claimed by Spain as part of her South American possessions. We were the first to occupy them, in an exploring expedition under the Byron of "Anson's Voyages," the poet's grandfather, "Foul-weather Jack." "We supposed," said Johnson, in his pamphlet on the subject, "that we should be permitted to remain the undisputed lords of tempest-beaten barrenness." But in 1770 the Spaniards sent five frigates and sixteen hundred men and compelled the small garrison to evacuate their blockhouse—a step which roused considerable indignation in England, taken as it was in a time of peace. The act was disavowed, and the place seized was restored; the Spanish government, however, made these concessions without prejudice to their claims.

CCCLXXVIII. *To Nicholls.*

DEAR S^R^

Your friend *Jean Froissart,* son of Thomas by profession a Herald-painter, was born at Valenciennes in Haynault, about the year 1337. was by nature fond of every *noble* diversion, as hunting, hawking, dress, good-cheer, wine, & women (this latter passion commenced at 12 years old), and was in his own time no less distinguished by his gallant poesies (still preserved in MSS) than by his historical writings, wch he began at the desire of *Robert de Namur,* Seigneur de Beaufort, when he was barely 20 years of age. at 24 he made his first voyage into England, & presented the first part of his history to Edw: the 3^d's^ Queen, Philippa of Haynault, who appointed him *Clerk of her chamber,* that is, Secretary, by wch he became one of the Household in that Court. after the death of this Queen in 1369 he had the living of *Lessines* in his own country given him, & must then consequently be a priest. He attach'd himself to Wenceslaus of Luxemburg, Duke of Brabant, who dying in 1384, he became Clerk of the Chappel to Guy Comte de Blois, who probably gave him a canonry in the collegiate Church of *Chimay* near Marienbourg in the county of Haynault.[1] he also had obtain'd of the Pope a reversion of another canonry in the church of Lisle; but of this he never could get possession. After 27 years absence from England he made a third voyage thither in 1395, and stay'd in it only 3 months. his Patron Guy de Blois died in 1397, & Froissart survived him certainly 4 years, but how much more is uncertain. these & many more particulars are taken from the account of his life & writings, collected by Mons: *de la* Curne de St Palaye, in ten Tome of the *Mem: de l'Acad: des Inscript:^ns^* &c., where you may see much more about him. the same Author defends him strongly against the suspicions, that have been entertain'd, of his partiality to the English Nation.

A Man at arms was a complicated machine, consisting

[1] Flanders erased and Haynault written over.

of about seven Men, *i:e:* the Knight or gentleman himself compleatly and heavily arm'd & mounted on his great war-horse caparison'd and arm'd as strongly as the Rider: the rest were his Esquires, rather meant to assist him & watch his motions in the combat, than to engage in action themselves. all of them were (as I apprehend) on horse-back, and thus taken together, made the principal strength and principal expence of armies in those days. *Ecuyers* were the sons of Gentleman,[1] train'd up in quality of *Pages* till 12 years old (commonly not in their Father's Castle, but in that of some famous Knight, his Friend), after wch age they assumed the title of *Esquires*, were exercised daily in feats of arms & curtesy, attended the person of their Lord at home & abroad, and at 21 were qualified to receive themselves the order of knighthood. read the same St. Palaye's *Mem: de l'ancienne Chevalerie*, 2 v. 8vo 1759, Paris. if you would have me say anything to T:[2] you must remind me, what period of time he inquired about, for my memory fails me.

You may be sure of a month's notice from me if I undertake the voyage, wch seems to me next to impossible. I received a letter from B^n^: last night, wch mentions you kindly, & seems very desirous, we should come this summer. what you mention of herrings[3] I know not: I have never seen or heard of them!

Monstrelet reaches from A:D: 1400 to 1467, & there are additions at the end of him, that come down to 1516. it is a splendid and very substantial folio, publ^d^: in 1572. Adieu! My respects to Mrs. Nicholls.[4]

(Signature torn away.)

[1] *A* in Gray undoubtedly. [2] Temple.
[3] "Have you received my herrings?" Nicholls to Gray, Jan. 31.
[4] To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
Suffolk
by Norwich.

Mitford gives as note by Mr. Nicholls: "Rapin says every man-at-arms had with him three or four, and sometimes five knights. But there were esquires past the age of twenty-one, for Henri Castade, who told Froissart the state of Ireland when he was last

CCCLXXIX. *To James Beattie.*

Cambridge, March 8, 1771.

The *Minstrel* came safe to my hands, and I return you my sincere thanks for so acceptable a present. In return, I shall give you my undisguised opinion of him, as he proceeds, without considering to whom he owes his birth, and sometimes without specifying my reasons; either because they would lead me too far, or because I may not always know what they are myself.

I think[1] we should wholly adopt the language of Spenser's time, or wholly renounce it. You say, you have done the latter; but, in effect, you retain *fared, forth, meed, wight, ween, gaude, shene, in sooth, aye, eschew,* etc.; obsolete words, at least in these parts of the island, and only known to those that read our ancient authors, or such as imitate them.[2]

St. 2, v. 5. The *obstreperous*[3] trump of fame hurts my ear, though meant to express a jarring sound.

in England, was fifty. What were heralds who seem to have been so liberally rewarded, and called in with the minstrels at great entertainments, as well as employed in denouncing, etc.? Difference between *Bannière* and *Pennon*?"

I have seen this note. I observed that the handwriting of Nicholls is very like Gray's, only more pointed and compressed in this place.

[1] What Gray says here is in marked contrast to the very noteworthy letter to West of April 1742, in which he admirably defends the use in poetry of words obsolete in the current language of the day. Beattie says in his note here exactly that which his correspondent wrote nearly thirty years before. Gray did not improve as a critic, and I think, in the grasp of first principles, he even retrograded. This is a good instance of the folly of *inviting* the "candid friend's" comments on one's verse.

[2] *To fare, i.e. to go,* is used in Pope's *Odyssey,* and so is *meed*; *wight* (in a serious sense) is used by Milton and Dryden. *Ween* is used by Milton; *gaude* by Dryden; *shene* by Milton; *eschew* by Atterbury; *aye* by Milton. The poetical style in every nation (where there is a poetical style) abounds in old words.—*Beattie.*

[3] "There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call
Would shrink to hear the *obstreperous* trump of fame."

Beattie retains the word.

St. 3, v. 6. *And from his bending,*[1] etc., the grammar seems deficient; yet as the mind easily fills up the ellipsis, perhaps it is an atticism, and not inelegant.

St. 4, and ult. *Pensions, posts, and praise.* I cannot reconcile myself to this, nor to the whole following stanza; especially *the plaister of thy hair.*[2]

Surely the female heart, etc., St. 6. The thought is not just. We cannot justify the sex from the conduct of the Muses, who are only females by the help of Greek mythology; and then, again, how should they bow the knee in the fane of a Hebrew or Philistine devil? Besides, I am the more severe, because it serves to introduce what I most admire.[3]

[1] This is part of Beattie's description of the minstrel of olden time. Scott perhaps had it in mind in the "Lay." The passage as Gray received it ran:

> "The rolls of fame I will not now explore
> Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
> How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
> Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
> His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
> *And* from his bending shoulder decent hung
> His harp, *the sole companion of his way,*" etc.

By substituting "while" for "and," Beattie saves the grammar, but sacrifices the "atticism." His "Minstrel of yore" is a merry minstrel, for he lives in his own sympathetic generation: Scott's is a mournful one, for he survives into a new and alien world.

[2] I did not intend a poem uniformly epical and solemn; but one rather that might be lyrical, or even satirical, upon occasion.—*Beattie.* Of stanzas 4, 5, 6, as they stood when sent to Gray, Sir Wm. Forbes says that they have been excellently altered. I can only quote the lines:

> "Fret not thyself thou man of modern song,
> Nor violate the plaister of thy hair,
> Nor to that dainty coat do aught of wrong;
> Else how may'st thou to Caesar's hall repair?
> For sure no damaged coat may enter there."

It has been oddly suggested that these words were altered by Beattie lest they should be taken as allusive to Gray himself; as if Beattie would make a possible caricature of his correspondent and invite him to criticize it! For "thou man of modern song," etc., we now read "thou glittering child of pride."

[3] I meant here an ironical argument. Perhaps, however, the irony is wrong placed. Mammon has now come to signify *wealth* or *riches,* without any regard to its original meaning.—*Beattie.*

St. 7. *Rise, sons of harmony,*[1] etc. This is charming; the thought and the expression. I will not be so hypercritical as to add, but it is *lyrical,* and therefore belongs to a different species of poetry. Rules are but chains, good for little, except when one can break through them; and what is fine gives me so much pleasure, that I never regard what place it is in.

St. 8, 9, 10. All this thought is well and freely handled, particularly, *Here peaceful are the vales,* etc. *Know thine own worth,* etc. *Canst thou forego,* etc.

St. 11. *O, how canst thou renounce,*[2] etc. But this, of all others, is my favourite stanza. It is true poetry; it is inspiration; only (to shew it is mortal) there is one blemish; the word *garniture* suggesting an idea of dress, and, what is worse, of French dress.[3]

St. 12. Very well. *Prompting th' ungenerous wish,* etc. But do not say *rambling muse; wandering,* or *devious,*[4] if you please.[5]

[1] This is now part of stanza 5, which begins:

> "Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
> Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
> *Rise, sons of harmony,* and hail the morn,
> While warbling larks on russet pinions float."

The poet goes on to speak of the "grey linnets," and adds the superfluous prayer:

> "O let them ne'er, with artificial notes,
> To please a tyrant *strain the little bill.*"

Albeit people of to-day, unused to this splendid diction, complain of those who "strain the little bill" in a different sense, to please themselves. I do not know whether this line was ever submitted to Gray; if it is an alteration, it is certainly not a happy one. It bears traces of Thomson's worst vein and manner.

[2] Now stanza 9:

> "O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
> Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
> The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, and *garniture* of fields."

[3] I have often wished to alter this same word, but have not yet been able to hit upon a better.—*Beattie.*

[4] Now "roving" Muse.—*Ed.*

[5] *Wandering* happens to be in the last line of the next stanza save one, otherwise it would certainly have been here.—*Beattie.*

St. 13.[1] *A nation fam'd,* etc. I like this compliment to your country; the simplicity, too, of the following narrative; only in st. 17 the words *artless*[2] and *simple* are too synonymous to come so near each other.

St. 18. *And yet poor Edwin,* etc. This is all excellent, and comes very near the level of st. 11 in my esteem; only, perhaps, *And some believed him mad,*[3] falls a little too flat, and rather below simplicity.

St. 21. *Ah, no!*[4] By the way, this sort of interjection is rather too frequent with you, and will grow characteristic, if you do not avoid it.

In that part of the poem which you sent me before, you have altered several little particulars much for the better.[5]

St. 34. I believe I took notice before of this excess of alliteration. *Long, loaded, loud,* lament, *lonely,* lighted,

[1] Stanza 11:

> "A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
> Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
> Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
> Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

[2] We now read (stanza 15):

> "The wight whose *tale* these *artless lines* unfold
> Was all the offspring of this *humble* pair."

"humble" for "simple." Cf. the "Elegy," l. 94:

> "Dost in these *lines* their *artless* tale relate."

In the preceding stanza we have:

> "Beyond the lowly *vale* of shepherd *life.*"

Cf. *ibid.*, l. 75:

> "Along the cool sequester'd *vale* of *life.*"

See also passage quoted in letter of July 2, 1770.

[3] This is retained.

[4] Edwin is not a huntsman:

> "Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize."

[5] I had sent Mr. Gray from st. 23 to st. 39 by way of specimen. —*Beattie.*

How they had been originally altered by Mr. Gray's advice does not appear.—*Sir W. Forbes.*

lingering, listening; though the verses are otherwise very good, it looks like affectation.[1]

St. 36, 37, 38. Sure you go too far in lengthening a stroke of Edwin's character and disposition into a direct narrative, as of a fact. In the meantime, the poem stands still, and the reader grows impatient. Do you not, in general, indulge a little too much in *description* and *reflection?* This is not my remark only, I have heard it observed by others; and I take notice of it here, because *these* are among the stanzas that might be spared; they are good, nevertheless, and might be laid by, and employed elsewhere to advantage.[2]

[1] It does so, and yet it is not affected. I have endeavoured once and again to clear this passage of those obnoxious letters, but I never could please myself. Alliteration has great authorities on its side, but I would never seek for it; nay, except on some very particular occasions, I would rather avoid it. When Mr. Gray, once before, told me of my propensity to alliteration, I repeated to him one of his own lines, which is indeed one of the finest in poetry—

"Nor cast one longing lingering look behind."

—*Beattie.*

I cannot find the instances of alliteration to which Gray refers in this part of the poem as it now stands. There is, however, in stanza 34 the line:

"The long-robed minstrels *wake the warbling wire,*"

which is simply detestable.

[2] This remark is perfectly just. All I can say is, that I meant, from the beginning, to take some latitude in the composition of this poem, and not confine myself to the epical rules for narrative. In an epic poem these digressions and reflections, etc., would be unpardonable.—*Beattie.*

Somewhere here occurs a whole stanza in objurgation of the "proud harbinger of day, fell Chanticleer," who has often awakened the poet from pleasant dreams to "substantial ills." In revenge Beattie prays:

"And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear."

This, says Sir W. Forbes, alludes to a singular but deep-rooted aversion, which Dr. Beattie all his life evinced, for the crowing of a cock.

But Edwin is more reasonable. In the next stanza we read:

"Forbear my Muse. Let Love attune thy line,
Revoke the spell. *Thine Edwin frets not so.*"

St. 42. Spite of what I have just now said, this digression pleases me so well, that I cannot spare it.

St. 46, v. ult. The *infuriate* flood. I would not make new words without great necessity; it is very hazardous at best.[1]

St. 49, 50, 51, 52. All this is very good; but *medium* and *incongruous*, being words of art, lose their dignity in my eyes, and savour too much of prose. I would have read the last line—"Presumptuous child of dust, be humble and be wise." But, on second thoughts, perhaps—"*For thou art but of dust*"—is better and more solemn, from its simplicity.[2]

St. 53. *Where dark*,[3] etc. You return again to the charge. Had you not said enough before?

St. 54. *Nor was this ancient dame*, etc. Consider, she has not been mentioned for these six stanzas backward.[4]

[1] I would as soon make new coin, as knowingly make a new word, except I were to invent any art or science where they would be necessary. *Infuriate* is used by Thomson, *Summer*, 1096; and, which is much better authority, by Milton, *Par. Lost*, book vi, v. 487.—*Beattie.* By twenty people; Gray was a merciless critic. —[*MS. note by Mrs. Thrale, quoted by Mr. Gosse.*]

[2] Beattie changed nothing in the lines criticized in this section.

[3] Stanza 51:

> "Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
> Through microscope of metaphysic lore."

This is much the view of the much-maligned Berkeley—the second title of whose Alciphron is "The *minute* philosopher."

Beattie notes in answer to Gray: "What I said before referred only to sophists perverting the truth; this alludes to the method by which they pervert it."

[4] This "Beldam," after freezing Edwin's young blood with tales of

> "hags that suckle an infernal brood,"

or, after Shakespeare's witches and their "deed without a name,"

> "ply in caves th' unutterable trade,"

has told him about the Babes in the Wood; in fact, she has reared him on a sort of mental haggis—"a fine confused feeding"; and after a long interval returns with

> "Her ballad, jest and riddle's quaint device."

Beattie assures us that the taste of her rustic hearers was very nice, and marked with a delicacy which would have been "right marvellous" if they had been "of court or city breed."

St. 56, v. 5. *The vernal day.* With us it rarely thunders in the spring, but in the summer frequently.[1]

St. 57, 58. Very pleasing, and has much the rhythm and expression of Milton in his youth. The last four lines strike me less by far.

St. 59. The first five lines charming. Might not the mind of your conqueror be checked and softened in the mid-career of his successes by some domestic misfortune (introduced by way of episode, interesting and new, but not too long), that Edwin's music and its triumphs may be a little prepared, and more consistent with probability? [2]

I am happy to hear of your successes in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interest of mankind. Your book is read here too, and with just applause.[3]

CCCLXXX. *Mason to Gray.*

Curzon Street,[4] March 27 [1771].

Dear Mr. Gray,

I find from Stonhewer that he has now 129*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* as appears by the account on the opposite page; if therefore it be not inconvenient to you I should be glad to borrow 100*l.* of you for a little pocket-money during the present sequestration of my ecclesiastical and temporal concerns.[5] I wish you would favour me with a line as

[1] It sometimes thunders in the latter part of spring. *Sultry day* would be an improvement perhaps.—*Beattie.* It is now "autumnal."

[2] This is an excellent hint; it refers to something I had been saying in my last letter to Mr. Gray, respecting the plan of what remains of the *Minstrel.*—*Beattie.*

[3] Mr. Gray has been very particular. I am greatly obliged to him for the freedom of his remarks, and think myself as much so for his objections as for his commendations.—*Beattie.*

[4] Mason had stayed during the winter at Mr. Stonhewer's house, in Curzon Street, May Fair.—*Mitford.*

[5] I presume that Mason must allude to his expenses at this time, occasioned by his erection of the new rectory house at Aston; a general account of which extended from December, 1769, to

soon as may be on this matter; and if you do not object to my proposal, I will immediately send you my note, which I have the vanity to presume is as good as my bond. S.[1] is perfectly well; the fortnight's rest which his feverish complaint obliged him to take totally removed his other malady, so that he has never had occasion to recur to his former applications, which both you and I thought dangerous, and I always unnecessary.

Wilson was with me yesterday; he has very gladly accepted the tutoring of Mr. Pierse, and will write to Mr. Brown shortly on that subject; I therefore turn the matter over entirely to him and the master.

The general opinion of what will be the business of the day is, that the Lord Mayor[2] on account of his gout will not be sent to the Tower, but committed to the care of Bonfoy, whose pizzy-wizzyship will be horribly frighted on the occasion. The riot is nothing in comparison of what you would have thought respectable when you interested yourself in these matters, and attended them in Bloomsbury Square.

I am much amused at present in living privy to a great court secret, known only to myself, the King, and about five or six persons more in the world. I found it out by a penetration which would have done honour to a first minister in the best of days, even in the days of Sir Robert

December, 1772. Mason pulled down the old parsonage, and erected a very handsome and commodious house upon another site, which must have cost a considerable sum of money, as the Archbishop told him, when he visited Aston parish, of which episcopal visit, Mason gives some account in a letter to Horace Walpole.—*Mitford.*

[1] Mr. Stonhewer.—*Mitford.*

[2] This was the popular Brass Crosby, who, with Alderman Oliver and Wilkes, held a messenger of the House of Commons to bail for an assault, the said messenger having been sent to arrest, among others, a printer named Miller for publishing the Debates. For this bold proceeding, Crosby and Oliver, who were members, were ordered to attend in their places, and Wilkes to appear at the Bar. Wilkes refused, on the ground that he was also a member. Oliver defied the House and was sent to the Tower. Crosby, being ill of the gout, it was proposed to commit him to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, an offer which he disdained, choosing to join Oliver in his imprisonment.

or Fobus.[1] When it is ripe for discovery, I shall perhaps let you into some parts of it that will never be made public; in the meanwhile *mum* is the word from

Your friend and servant,

SKRODDLES.

I am glad the Master likes his chairs; my true love to him.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Received by Mr. Stonhewer of Mr. Barber[2] for Mr. Gray . . .				180	14	0
Paid for Mr. Brown's patent .	49	1	6			
Given to Mr. Barber . . .	2	2	0			
				51	3	6
Remains . .				129	10	6

CCCLXXXI. *Mason to Gray.*

Curzon Street, April 15th, 1771.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

Stonhewer has this post received yours, but you tiffed at him so much in a former letter that you are not to wonder he is backward in answering it; however, he means to write to you if he survives the next subscription masquerade, for the superb garniture of which the Adelphi[3] are now exerting all their powers. Lovatini[4] cannot sing

[1] Duke of Newcastle. See Index.

[2] See perhaps Gray to Brown for May 22, '70.

[3] These were the brothers Adam, Scotchmen; they built the Adelphi, and called it by the name by which they were known. One of them built a gateway and screen for the Duke of Northumberland's house at Sion. "It is," says Walpole (to Mason, July 23, 1773), "all lace and embroidery, and as croquant as his frames for tables. From Kent's mahogany we are dwindled to Adam's filagree. He seems to tax Wyatt with stealing from him; but Wyatt has employed the antique with more judgment, and the 'Pantheon' is still the most beautiful edifice in England. What are the Adelphi buildings? warehouses laced down the seams, like a soldier's trull in a regimental old coat."

To the Adams is also attributed Lord Bute's house at Luton.

[4] *Lovatini* enjoyed the public favour for eight years, and left England in 1774.—*Mitford.*

for them to-morrow, and it is thought Mrs. Cornelys[1] will be happy if they allow her a third underground floor in Durham-yard to hide her diminished head in. Well, and so the great state secret is out, that I and the King knew so well two months ago: but it may be well to inform you, and such rusticated folks as you, that it is not my friend the surveyor Jackson, of Hornby Castle, who is sub-preceptor, but a Jackson of Christ Church.[2] My uncle Powell[3] may bless his stars that he is removed to Court, for he read such wonderful mathematical lectures there, that if he had gone on a few years longer it is thought St. John's would have been eclipsed by the glories of Peckwater,[4] that Peckwater which, in the days of Roger Paine, was fain to bow even to Trinity. Then what say you of Mr. Smelt?[5]

[1] Mrs. Cornelys established a subscription concert in Soho Square, where the best performers and best company assembled; *till Bach and Abel uniting interests*, in 1765, opened a subscription, about 1763, for a weekly concert, which continued with uninterrupted prosperity for twenty years. See Burney's Hist. of Music, iv, 676. Previous to Mrs. Cornelys, Hickford's dancing school continued the fashionable place for concerts. See Burney, iv, p. 196. Walpole says, in a letter to George Montagu, "Strawberry, with all its painted glass and glitter, looked as gay as *Mrs. Cornelys's* ball-room." See also Selwyn Correspondence, vol. i, p. 340. "Have we not every house open every night, from *Cornelys's* to Mrs. Holman's?" 1765. Again in p. 360, which mentions the rise of Almack's.—*Mitford.*

[2] Dr. Cyril Jackson, afterwards Dean of Christ Church. He was sub-preceptor; L. Smelt, the sub-governor; Lord Holdernesse, governor, 1771.—*Mitford.*

[3] He had been one of the tutors at St. John's College, while Balguy was the other.—*Mitford.* See p. 63, n. 2, *supra.* "My *uncle*" is simply a jocular expression, like "your *uncle* Balguy," etc.

[4] Another name for Christchurch, from the buildings there. Apparently the order of merit, in which Mason, a Johnian, would have placed the three colleges, had Powell's lectures continued much longer, would have been Christchurch, St. John's, and Trinity.

[5] I cannot be sure whether Mason's reference to Smelt's "patient merit" is ironical or not. Walpole ("Mem. George III," pp. 207, 208) speaks highly of him. "He had a commission in the Office of Ordnance, which he threw up finding no attention paid by his superiors to his representation of many abuses there." Fell in love with a young lady, but could not marry her for lack of means. Another young lady, an heiress, fell in love with him; he received

Is it not a proof that patient merit will buoy up at last? In a word, did you ever see an arrangement formed upon a more liberal and unministerial ground? To say nothing of the Governor himself, what think you of the preceptor? Could anything be more to yours and Lord Mansfield's mind? Pray let me know if the new-married Stephen[1] chooses to be seller of mild and stale to his royal highness, because I would put his name on the list of the expectants I am to apply for, if agreeable. I have a baker, a locksmith, a drawing-master, a laundress, an archbishop's cast-off groom of the chamber, already upon my hands; you must speak in time if you would have anything, not that I believe there will be a household these several years, even if we were rich enough to pay for one. Lord J.[2] blabbed to Jack Dixon that Dr. Hurd refused, and he blabbed it to Gould, who will blab it to all the university, and we shall be quite shent. Tell Gould,[3] if he says a

through her father an offer of marriage from her, and "swooned away with surprise and concern." His own father, disinheriting Smelt's elder brother, left him his whole fortune, whereupon he married his beloved. He had shown his independence by protesting against the admission of Luttrell to the House. Perhaps this is what Mason means by calling his appointment "unministerial." Walpole attributes it to Holdernesse the "Governor." Smelt at last became Deputy-Ranger of Richmond Park, and died in 1800.

[1] The following is an extract from the Obituary in the "Gentleman's Magazine," Aug. 6, 1771: "The remains of the late celebrated Mr Gray, author of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, were, agreeably to his will, interred at *Windsor*. He has, among other legacies, left a pension to an old faithful servant named Stephen, who has lived with him several years"!!—*Mitford*.

The man's name was Stephen Hempstead, and to him Gray left the sum of fifty pounds reduced Bank annuities, adding, "and if he continues in my service to the time of my death I also give him all my wearing-apparel and linen"—a precaution to secure Stephen's services, *malgré* matrimonial projects. From what Mason says, and from the fact that he is not mentioned in the account of Gray's last moments, I conjecture that Stephen Hempstead did quit Gray's service after July 2, 1770 (the date of the will), married just before April 15, 1771, and set up a public-house.

[2] Qu. Lord John Cavendish.

[3] "My service to *creeping Gain* (I do not mean Mr. Gould); I hope it has conceived vast hopes from the smiles of his grace." Nicholls to Gray, July 3, 1769.—*Mitford*.

word, that Oddyngton[1] may again become vacant, and I shall certainly serve him as I served him before. Now I thought that Jack Dixon[2] would have been at Petersburg before he could tell it to anybody, and I did not much mind whether the Czarina knew it or no, for I know she will get out all Jack's secrets in some of their amorous moments. But here am I writing nonsense when I should be thanking you seriously for your 100*l.*, and sending you your security. *Voila donc:* here it is, tear it off and put it in your[3] [strong-box].

You say nothing of coming up, and Palgrave affects not to come up till the beginning of May. I will press neither of you, I know you both too well. As to myself, I mean to fly northward by the way of Northamptonshire; and poor Hoyland[4] comes *Zephyris et Hirundine primâ;* but as it snows at present you will think, perhaps, to find me here in June, and perhaps you may. Well! do your pleasure; and believe me ever yours,

W. M.

Congratulate me on the cessation of all my fears about kitchen-garden walls, &c.; it is an ill wind that blows nobody profit.

[1] *Supra*, p. 209, n. 1.
[2] A relation of Mason's; mentioned in Mason's will.—*Mitford.*
[3] Torn out.—*Mitford.*
[4] Francis Hoyland was a small poet and a disappointed man. The first edition of his works was entitled:

Poems and Translations by Francis Hoyland, A.B.

Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum.

Give me a house (?) like other people,
Not one as large as Strasburg steeple.

(Printed for London and York), 1763. (Two Shillings).

Perhaps, through Mason and Stonehewer, Hoyland's poems were printed in 1769 at the Strawberry Hill press. He seems to have been a clergyman.—*From* Mitford.

CCCLXXXII. *To Nicholls.*

3 May 1771
Pemb: Coll:

DEAR S^R

I can not tell you, what I do not know myself; nor did I know you staid for my determination to answer B^s[1] letter. I am glad to hear you say, you shall go at all events, because then it is sure, I shall not disappoint you; & if (wch I surely wish) I should be able to accompany you, perhaps I may prevail upon you to stay a week or fortnight for me: if I find it will not do, you certainly shall know it.

Three days ago I had so strange a letter from B: I hardly know how to give you any account of it, & desire you would not speak of it to anybody. that he has been *le plus malheureux des hommes*, that he is *decidé à* quitter son pays, that is, to pass the next winter in England: that he cannot bear *la morgue* de l'aristocratie, et *l'orgueil armé* des loix, in short, strong expressions of uneasiness & confusion of mind, so much as to talk of *un pistolet & du courage*, & all without the shadow of a reason assign'd, & so he leaves me. he is either disorder'd in his intellect (wch is too possible) or has done some strange thing, that has exasperated his whole family & friends at home, w^ch (I'm afraid) is at least equally possible. I am quite at a loss about it. you will see and know more: but by all means curb these vagaries & wandering imaginations, if there be any room for counsels.

You aggravate my misfortunes by twitting me with Temple,[2] as if a pack of names of books & editions were

[1] On Bonstetten's state of mind at this time, see vol. ii, Preface, p. xxii.

[2] Nicholls to Gray, 29 April, 1771: "As for Temple's matter, I see it is troublesome to you, and am very sorry I ever mentioned it: I did not understand, nor did he mean, I think, that you was to have the trouble of forming a complete list of authors, but only of pointing out a few of the best and most necessary in each period sufficient to make the links of the chain, and continue it down unbroken and uninterrupted. Your sympathy with his distress drew this trouble on you, and encouraged my zeal to become impertinent."

any cure for his uneasiness, & that I witheld it from him. I have had neither health nor spirits all the winter, & never knew or cared what weather it was, before. the spring is begun here, Swallows were seen 23d April, the Redstart on ye 26th, the Nightingale was heard on ye 29th, & the Cuckow, on 1st of May. methinks I could wish that *Wheeler* went with you, whether I do or not! Adieu! I am

Truly yours
TG:

(On back)
To
The Revd Mr Nicholls
at Blundeston near
Leostoff
Suffolk
by London.

CCCLXXXIII. *To Nicholls.*

London. 20 May. 1771
at Frisby's, Jermyn-Street.

I received your letter inclosing that of poor T:[1] the night before I set out for London. I would by all means wish you to comply with his request. you may say many things to L^d^ L:[2] with a better grace than he can. I trust to the cause, & to the warmth of your own kindness, for inspiration: there is little of management required, nothing to conceal, but the full persuasion (I trust) we both have, that L^d^ L: knows the distress of his circumstances at least as well as we do. this doubtless must be kept out of sight, lest it carry too keen a reproach with it. in all the rest you are at full liberty to expatiate on his good qualities, the friendship you have long had for him, the pious imprudence, that has produced his present uneasy situation, & above all, your profound respect for Lord L^s^ character & sensibility of heart. who knows what may be the consequence? Men sometimes catch that feeling from a Stranger, wch should have originally sprung from their own heart.

[1] Temple. [2] Lord Lisburne.

as to the means of helping him, his own schemes are perhaps too wild for you to mention them to L^{d} L: & (if they are to separate him from his wife and family) what is to come of them in the mean time? I have a notion that the Chaplainship at Leghorn is still vacant by the death of a young Mr Byrom. at least I have never heard it was filled up. it depends on recommendation to the principal Italian merchants, wch seems much in L^{d} L^{s} power. The B^{p} of Derry[1] (I apprehend) is at Nice, or somewhere in Italy, for his health: it is true he has a great patronage in Ireland, and sometimes (from vanity) may do a right thing. the other projects do not strike me as anything, but (if L^{d} L: can be brought to mean him well) many different means will occur, by which he may serve him.

I shall pass a fortnight here, & perhaps within that time may see you in Town, at least I would wish so to do. I am but indifferently well, & think, all things consider'd, it is best not to keep you in suspense about my journey.[2] [The sense of my own duty, which I do not perform, my own low spirits (to which this consideration not a little contributes) and (added to these) a bodily indisposition make it necessary for me to deny myself that pleasure, which perhaps I have kept too long in view. I shall see, however, with your eyes, and accompany you at least in idea. Write or come, or both soon. I am ever yours sincerely,

T. G.

My respects to Mrs. Nicholls. Clarke (I hear) is in town at Claxton's.]

[1] This is Francis Hervey, who succeeded Berkeley in the Bishopric of Cloyne, and was now Bishop of Derry, and, I think, Earl of Bristol. See Index.

[2] After this the rest of the letter is torn off. The MS. was probably intact when Mitford transcribed it; and he has doubtless reproduced it faithfully, except in the matter of capitals, etc.

CCCLXXXIV. *To Wharton.*[1]

Dear Doctor

I was really far from well in health, when I received your last letter: since that I am come to Town, & find myself considerably better. Mason has pass'd all the winter here with Stonhewer in Curzon-Street, May-fair, but thinks of returning homeward in a week or ten days. he had your letter (wch had gone round by Aston) and was applying to Mr Fraser & others for proper recommendations in case poor Mrs. E:[2] should be obliged to make use of them: but now you have given us some hopes, that these expedients may not be necessary. I for my own part do heartily wish, you may not be deceived, & that so cool a Tyrant as her Husband seems to be, may willingly give up the thoughts of exercising that tyranny, when it is most in his power: but, I own, it seems to me very unlikely. however I would not have you instrumental (but at her most earnest entreaty) in sending her out of his reach. no persuasion or advice on this head should come from you: it should be absolutely her own firm resolution (before sure witnesses) for that is the only thing, that can authorise you to assist her. it must have been her own fault (at least her weakness) that such a decision as that of these Delegates could find any grounds to go upon. I do not wonder, that such an event has discomposed you: it discomposed me to think of the trouble & expense it has brought on you!

My summer was intended to have been pass'd in Switzerland: but I have drop'd the thought of it, & believe my expeditions will terminate in Old-park: for travel I must, or cease to exist. till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low-spirits were: but now I even tremble at an east-wind. It is here the height of summer, but with all the bloom & tender verdure of spring. At Cambridge the Laurustines & Arbutus kill'd totally: Apricots, Almonds,

[1] At Old Park.
[2] Mrs. Ettrick, Wharton's sister, married to a bad husband.

& Figs lost all their young shoots. Str has had a melancholy journey: tomorrow we expect him here. Adieu!

I am ever
Yours
TG:

at Frisby's, in Jermyn-Street, St. James's.
24 May. 1771.

CCCLXXXV. *To Nicholls.*

Jermyn-Street. 28 June. 1771.

Dear Sr—

The enclosed came a few days after you left us, as I apprehend, from Temple. I continue here much against my will. the gout is gone, the feverish disorder abated, but not cured; my spirits much oppress'd, and the more so I foresee a new complaint, that may tie me down perhaps to my bed, and expose me to the operations of a Surgeon. God knows what will be the end of it.

It will be an alleviation to my miseries, if I can hear you are well, & capable of enjoying those objects of curiosity, that the countries you are in promise to afford you. the greater the detail you give me of them the happier I shall be. Mr. Clarke called on me yesterday, & desires to be remember'd. I know nothing new here, but that Mr. T: Pitt[1] is going to be married to a Miss Wilkinson, the daughter of a rich Merchant, who gives her 30,000£ down, & at least as much more in expectation. Adieu! I am faithfully

Yours
TG:

Wilkes is like to lose his election.[2]

[1] Of Boconnock, afterwards Lord Camelford.

[2] This refers to his candidature for the Shrievalty of Middlesex. His controversy with Horne (Horne Tooke) and the extravagance of his own supporters had done him some harm in the city. He made overtures to his former ally, Alderman Oliver, in the Tower at that time, to be a second candidate, but the alliance was declined. Gray's prophecy might have been fulfilled, but for the injudicious conduct of the Court party. Wilkes and Bull were elected, and Oliver was at the bottom of the poll. He probably suffered from a suspicion that he was trimming. Walpole ("Mem.

George III," v. 4, c. 8) says that his failure was "the consequence of his connection with Shelburne's faction, whose opposition to Wilkes recoiled upon themselves, and who were hissed and ill-treated by the mob."

From the "Annual Register" for the year 1771:

July 1*st.*

"At the final close of the poll for sheriffs for the city of London and county of Middlesex, at Guildhall, the numbers were:

Mr. Alderman Wilkes	2,315
Frederick Bull, Esq.	2,194
Mr. Alderman Kirkman	1,949
Mr. Alderman Plumbe	1,875
Mr. Alderman Oliver	245

whereupon Mr. Alderman Wilkes and Frederick Bull, Esq., were declared duly elected."

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

LETTER [1] TO WALPOLE, ACCOMPANYING "THE CHARACTERS OF THE CHRIST-CROSS-ROW."

[Cambridge, 1747].

When I received the testimonial of so many considerable personages to adorn the second page of my next edition, and (adding them to the Testimonium Autoris de seipso) do relish and

[1] First printed by Mitford in 1843 ("Gray's Works," v., 217) together with "The Characters, &c. By a Critic to Mrs. ——." The verses are given in Bradshaw's edition of the "Poems," Ald. ed., p. 278. That the letter was written in 1747 may be inferred from the reference to "six pennyworths of glory"; for the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" to which there is an obvious allusion in the words, "Windsor and Eton might have gone down to posterity together," was printed for sixpence by Dodsley in 1747, apparently through the "kind offices" of Walpole. Gray wrote from Cambridge, as may be seen from his splenetic judgment on the literary taste of the University.

Mason, sending some of *Trollope's* letters to Walpole (Mar. 20, 1773), speaks of him as "the Author of the poem on the Alphabet, from which and from Gray's a more perfect copy might be taken of that whimsical yet clever production." The verses accompanied the letters, Walpole had already the other copy in Gray's autograph, and from it Mitford printed with excision. It was then in the Strawberry Hill Collection, but the gentleman who bought it there destroyed it. Walpole thought the best of the lines were Gray's, on the ground that they were "more nervous and vigorous than the other," and that "they appear in his writing." The latter is *no* reason, the Pembroke manuscripts show that Gray transcribed much verse that was not his own.

For references to Trollope see vol. i., pp. 120, 123, 129, 130, 158, 162,

enjoy all the conscious pleasure resulting from six pennyworths of glory, I cannot but close my satisfaction with a sigh for the fate of my fellow-labourer in poetry, the unfortunate Mr. Golding, cut off in the flower or rather the bud of his honours, who had he survived but a fortnight more, might have been by your kind offices as much delighted with himself, as I. Windsor and Eton might have gone down to posterity together, perhaps appeared in the same volume, like Philips and Smith, and we might have sent at once to Mr. Pond for the frontispiece, but these, alas! are vain reflections. To return to myself. Nay! but you are such a wit! sure the gentlemen an't so good, are they? and don't you play upon the word. I promise you, few take to it[1] here at all, which is a good sign (for I never knew anything liked here, that ever proved to be so any where else); it is said to be mine, but I strenuously deny it, and so do all that are in the secret, so that nobody knows what to think; a few only of King's College gave me the lie, but I hope to demolish them; for if *I* don't know, who should? Tell Mr. Chute, I would not have served him so, for any brother in Christendom, and am very angry. To make my peace with the noble youth you mention, I send you a Poem that I am sure they will read (as well as they can) a masterpiece—it is said, being an admirable improvement on that beautiful piece called Pugna Porcorum, which begins

Plangite porcelli Porcorum pigra propago;

but that is in Latin, and not for their reading, but indeed, this is worth a thousand of it, and unfortunately it is not perfect, and it is not mine.

* * * * *

257. He seems to have been a Fellow of Pembroke, Cambridge, and a bitter opponent of Dr. Long. He was a great invalid, and like Gray tried the Tar-Water which Bishop Berkeley so much advertised. He moved from Pembroke to London in 1746; and if he turned up in his college at all did so only at commencement, when important business was transacted. When he died I do not know; Gray's last mention of him is in 1754, but too obscure to interpret. Gray and Mason must have thought him a man of solid parts,—though the *verses* scarcely prove it.

[1] The "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

When you and Mr. Chute can get the remainder of "Marianne,"[1] I shall be much obliged to you for it.—I am terribly impatient.

APPENDIX II.

To Walpole on Anecdotes of Painting.

Cambridge, Sept. 2, 1760.

My inquiries, and the information I am able to give you in consequence of them, are as follows: if they amount to but little, thank yourself for applying to a sucking antiquary.

Mr. Vertue's MSS.[2] (as I do not doubt you have experienced) will often put you on a false scent. Be assured that Occleve's portrait of Chaucer is not, nor ever was, in St. John's Library: they have a MS. of the Troilus and Cressida without illuminations, and no other part of his works. In the University Library, indeed, there is a large volume with most of his works on vellum, and by way of frontispiece is (pasted in) a pretty old print, taken (as it says) by Mr. Speed from Occleve's original painting in the book *De Regimine Principum,* in the middle is Chaucer, a whole length, the same countenance, attitude, and dress that Vertue gives you in the two heads which he has engraved of him; the border is composed of escutcheons of arms, all the alliances of the Chaucer family, and at bottom the tomb of Thomas Chaucer and Maud Burghershe at Ewelm. The print and all the arms are neatly coloured. I only describe this because I never took notice of such a print anywhere else, though perhaps you may know it; for I suppose it was done for some of Speed's works. About the painting I have a great puzzle in my head between Vertue, Mr. D'Urry, and Bishop Tanner. Vertue (you know) has twice engraved Chaucer's head, once for D'Urry's edition of his works, and a second time in the set of poets' heads. Both are done from Occleve's paint-

[1] See to Chute and Mann, July, 1742, vol. i, p. 115, n. 6. Marianne was never completed by the author; Gray is probably still looking for the *dénouement* which never arrived.

[2] Walpole bought these. Vertue, engraver and antiquarian, engraver to the Society of Antiquaries, died in 1756.

ing; but he never tells us where he found the painting, as he generally uses to do. D'Urry says there is a portrait of Chaucer (doubtless a whole length), for he describes his port and stature from it, in possession of George Greenwood, Esq., of Chastleton in Gloucestershire. A little after he too mentions the picture by Occleve, but whether the same or not does not appear. Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca* (Artic. Chaucer, see the notes), speaks of Occleve's painting too, but names another work of his (not the *De Regim. Principum*), and adds, that it is in *the King's Library at Westminster*: if so, you will certainly find it in the Museum, and Casley's Catalogue will direct you to the place.

Of the profile of Dr. Keys there is only a copy in his College; but there is a portrait of him (not in profile), a good picture, and undoubtedly original, a half-figure upon board, dated Anno 1563, æt. suæ 53. There are fourteen Latin verses inscribed on it, containing a character of him as a scholar and excellent physician, and thus much more—

Qui Cantabrigiæ Gonvilli[1] incæpta minuta
  auxit et e parvo nobile fecit opus;
Et qui Mausoleum Linacro donavit in æde,
  quæ nunc de Pauli nomine nomen habet, &c.
Talis erat Caius, qualem sub imaginis umbra
  Pæne hic viventem picta tabella refert.

At the corner is written "Vivit Virtus" and "Virtus Vivit," *but no painter's name.* In the same room hangs an old picture (very bad at first, and now almost effaced by cleaning) of a man in a slashed doublet, dark curled hair and beard, looking like a foreigner, holding a pair of compasses, and by his side a Polyedron, made up of twelve pentagons. No name or date. You will see presently why I mention it.

The Vice Chancellor (Burroughs,[2] Master of Keys) tells me

[1] The gist of these very bad verses is that Caius (Keys) augmented the small beginnings of Gonville, gave the monument to Linacre in St. Paul's Cathedral, and that the portrait is a living likeness of him.

Gonville, a wealthy ecclesiastic, was first founder of the College, 1348; by the munificence of Caius it became Gonville and Caius, 1558. Caius became master of the joint foundation in 1559. He was a famous physician.

[2] Sir James Burrough, Master of Caius from 1759 to 1766, was a eminent architect.

he very well knew Vertue. That in a book belonging to the Board of Works he had discovered John of Padua to be the architect of Somerset House, and had found that he likewise built Longleat for Sir John Thynne. That it was from the similitude of style in those buildings and in the *four gates* of Key's College, he had imagined the latter to be also the work of John of Padua, and this was all the proof he had of it. Upon looking at these gates, I plainly see that they might very well be the work of one man. From the College books, I find that the east side, in which are the *Portæ Virtutis* and *Sapientiæ*, was built in 1566 and 1567. These are joined by two long walks to the *Porta Humilitatis*, opening to the street; and in the two walls are two little Doric frontispieces, leading into gardens; all these are (I dare say) of one time, and show the Roman architecture reviving amongst us, with little columns and pilasters, well enough proportioned in themselves, and neatly executed, but in no proportion to the building they are meant to adorn. In the year 1575 are these words, *Porta* (quæ *Honoris dicitur*) *et ad Scholas Publicas aperit a Lapide quadrato duroq. extruebatur, ad eam scilicet formam et effigiem, quam Doctor Caius* (*dum viveret* [sic]) *Architecto præscripserat elaborata.* This is the gate (more ornamented than the rest, but in the same style) which you remember: it cost £128 9*s.* 5*d.* in building. N.B. Dr. Caius died July 29, 1573.

In the same year, 1575, are these words: *Positum est Joh. Caio: ex alabastro monumentum summi decoris et artificii eodem in sacelli loco, quo corpus ejus antea sepeliebatur; sui præter insculpta illius insignia et annotatum ætatis obitusq. diem et annum* (*uti vivus executoribus ipse præceperat*) *duas tantummodo sententias has inscripsimus, Vivit post funera Virtus—Fui Caius.* This monument (made to stand upon the ground, but now raised a great deal above the eye on a heavy, ugly base, projecting from the wall) is a sarcophagus, with ribbed work and mouldings (somewhat antique), placed on a basement, supporting pretty large Corinthian columns of fine alabaster, which bear up an entablature, and form a sort of canopy over it. The capitals are gilt, and the upper part both gilt and painted with ugly scrolls and compartments, *à la Elisabet*; the rest is simple and well enough.

Charge of the Founder's tomb, finished in 1575:

	£	s.	d.
For alabaster and carriage	10	10	0
To Theodore and others for carving	33	16	5
To labourers	8	18	1
Charges extraordinary	2	0	2

Then in anno 1576 are these words,[1] *In Atrio Doctoris Caii Columna erecta est, eiq. lapis miro artificio elaboratus atq. in se* 60 *Horologia complexus imponitur, quem Theodorus Haveus Cleviensis Artifex egregius et insignis Architecturæ Professor fecit et insigniis* (read *insignibus*) *eorum Generosorum qui tum in Collegio morabantur depinxit, et velut monumentum suæ erga collegium benevolentiæ eidem dedicavit. Hujus in summitate lapidis constituitur ventilabrum ad formam Pegasi formatum.*

This column is now destroyed, with all its sundials; but when Loggan did his views of the Colleges, the pillar (though not the dials) was still standing.

From all this I draw, that Theodore Haveus of Cleves, the architect, sculptor, painter, and diallist, did probably build the *Porta Honoris* (if not all the others), and having worked many years for Doctor Caius and the College, in gratitude, left behind him his *own picture.*

In the Gallery at Emanuel are several pictures worth remarking, but not one name of a painter to be found.

1. Archbishop Cranmer, head and hands (on board) in his tippet of martens, and seal ring of his arms, æt. 57.

2. Sir Walter Mildmay, (the Founder,) whole length, black cap and long gown, book of statutes in his hand, pale and old, 1588; tolerably well done.

3. Sir Antony Mildmay, (his son,) 1596, whole length, doublet

[1] An extract corresponding to this from the College Books is translated in Le Queux's "Memorials of Cambridge," vol. i., pt. ii., p. 26: "In Dr. Caius' Court a pillar was erected and a stone (*hexacontaedron tot solariis decoratum*) of exquisite and wonderful workmanship, bearing sixty dials (*horologia*) placed upon it, framed by Theodore Haves of Cleves, an excellent artist and celebrated professor of architecture, and adorned with the arms of those gentlemen who were at that time resident in the college, and given by him to the college, as a memorial of his good wishes towards it. On the top of this stone a weathercock was put up, made after the likeness of Pegasus."

of gold tissue, black cloak, many jewels, high crowned hat hanging on a chair, armour lying on the floor, and a fine damasked long pistol, letters on a table, directed to his Majesty's Ambassador, a carpet mightily finished.

4. Mrs. Joyce Franklin, (a benefactress,) jolly woman above forty, with an enamelled watch open in her hand. No date. Dress of about Queen Mary's time. A head and hands.

5. Dr. Hall,[1] Bishop of Exeter, the great gold medal (representing the Synod of Dort) hanging in a chain about his neck. A head miserably done.

6. *Effig. Rodulphi Simons, Architecti suâ ætate peritisimi, qui (præter plurima ædificia ab eo præclare facta) duo Collegia, Emanuelis hoc, Sidneii illud, extruxit integre: magnam etiam partem Trinitatis reconcinnavit amplissime.* Head, and hands with a great pair of compasses.

In St. John's Library is what I take for the original of Lady Margaret, kneeling at her oratory under a state. It is hung at a great height, and spoiled by damp and neglect; while the Master keeps very choicely in his lodge a miserable copy of it. In the same Library is a very good whole length of Bishop Williams, (while Lord Keeper,) standing, and *a carpet* in it, finished with great care; perhaps, therefore, by the same hand as that of Sir Antony Mildmay. In the lodge is a very good old picture that used to be called Bishop Fisher,[2] but Dr. Taylor has told them it is *Sir Antony Brown*: what his reasons are I cannot tell, as he is not here; it is surely of Henry the Eighth's time, and a layman; on a board split from top to bottom.

I sympathize with your gout: it would be strange if I did not, with so many internal monitors as I carry about me, that hourly bid me expect it myself this autumn. Yet it frights me to hear of *both feet*. What did you do, and in the night, to [?and in the night, too,] which one foot only can make of equal duration with a night in Greenland?

[1] This was Milton's antagonist; he was one of the English deputies to the Synod of Dort, hence the gold medal. He was the author of "Virgidemiarum sixe bookes," satires which Pope much admired.

[2] This confirms the reading Bp. instead of B. V. in letter to Walpole, Dec. 13, 1765. It was a portrait, as we learn from that letter, by Hans Holbein; probably, as Gray thinks, of Sir Anthony Denny. See *supra*, p. 99, n. 3.

I thank you for your anecdote about Sir Walter Raleigh, which is very extraordinary.

What do you think of the Erse Poems[1] now they are come out? I suppose your suspicions are augmented: yet (upon some farther inquiries I have made) Mr. David Hume (the historian) writes word that "their authenticity is beyond all question; that Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor at Glasgow, has assured him (who doubted too) that he had heard the *Piper of the Argyleshire militia* repeat all these and many more of equal beauty. That Major Mackay, the Laird and Lady of Macleod, and the Laird of Macfarline, the greatest antiquarian in all their country, and others, who live in the Highlands very remote from each other, remember them perfectly well, and could not be acquainted with them if they were not spread into every one's mouth there, and become in a manner national works." This is certainly the only proof, that works preserved merely by tradition, and not in manuscript, will admit of.

Adieu, I have done at last. Oh no! my defence of Sir J. Wyat[2] is much at your service; but as it was the first thing I transcribed (when I was little versed in old hands), there probably may be mistakes, which I could correct by comparing it with the MSS. were I in town. I have also four long letters of his to the King, while he was ambassador, but, I doubt, you will scarce think them worth printing, as they contain no very remarkable facts, yet they help to show the spirit, vigilance, and activity of the man.

Look in Casley's Catalogue of the King's Library, at 17 D. 4to. VI. 1. and you will find the MSS. of Occleve and painting of Chaucer.

Cap. iii, p. 16. Or *to his having*—traces *of their having* flourished. Not less voluptuous, *nor even* refined. Do you mean, *nor less refined?*[3]

[1] See to Mason, vol. ii., p. 162 *sq.* and notes; also to Clarke, *ib.*, p. 166.

[2] See to Wharton, Sep. 18, 1759, vol. ii., pp. 103, 104 and *n.*

[3] We now read: "We find but small traces of their [the arts] having flourish[d] under Edward 4. . . . As he grew older he became . . . not less voluptuous, nor even more refined in his pleasures."

Portrait of his Queen.[1] There is another at Queen's College Cambridge, (of which she was second Foundress;) it is a head, and appeared to be of the time, when I saw it, which was some years ago: it is not handsome, nor well painted.

P. 17. Two paves.[2] A pave (in French, *pavois* or *fulevas*) is a very large buckler, forming an angle in front, like the ridge of a house, and big enough to cover the tallest man from head to foot.

The *bell*[2] with a cross upon it. Is it not the *ball* (or mound) which he held in his hand?

Chevelers—chevelures or perrukes.[2]

Stretched its noblest pinion. A little too fine?[3]

Why should it have sought us?[4] And yet perhaps it sought us most in the reigns of Henry the Third and Charles the First, not to mention a later period, when it had as little to record.

P. 19. *And very descriptive.* I should say, With a downcast look, very expressive of his mean temper, and of the little satisfaction he had in the match.[5]

With golden hair. In a MS. account of her coronation, mention is made of *her fair yellow hair* hanging at length upon her shoulder. (Cotton Lib.)

P. 20. *Designed from thence to contract dignity.*[6]—Ungrammatical.

Independent *of the curiosity.*[7]—Ditto.

To *strike out the improvement of latter ages.*—What King

[1] Walpole mentions one in the Ashmolean Museum: he adopts Gray's note.

[2] These items are extracted from a book at St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol, a genuine relic and not one of poor Chatterton's pretended discoveries in the muniment room of that church. Walpole prints from the minutes of the Antiquarian Society, 1736, and gives Gray's explanations in his notes.

[3] Walpole argues, "Though painting in the age of Henry the 7th *had attained its brightest epoch* (Raphael was born in 1483) the King penurious, the nobles humbled, what encouragement was there for abilities?"

[4] These words were adopted by Walpole ("Anecdotes of Painting," ed. 1828, p. 94).

[5] Also adopted by Walpole in note, *ib.*

[6] "Designed from its lofty stature to give an idea of something above human" ("Anecdotes," i., 94).

[7] Retained.

ever did strike them out? If he knew to choose the best, what more could any prince do?[1]

More refined laws of modern gallantry.—I do not understand this passage.[1]

P. 23. *Deluge which fell upon them.*—Storm which broke upon them.

Geniusses.—There is no such word, and *genii* means something else.

P. 22. Write Vasari, and not Felibien,[2] who only translates him.

P. 27. *Arrived* in 1498—for *happened.*[3]

P. 25. Flattery and *ingenuity.*[4]—No such word in this sense.

Of the politeness *of* either.[5]—Too many *ofs* here and elsewhere.

P. 26. *Whose tools Love softened into a pencil.*—Much too fine.[6]

Common to the *manner of each.*[7]—Ill expressed, and so is the whole period.

Strong-marked coarseness of Nature.[8]—Asking your pardon, prose, as well as verse, should have its rhythm, and this sort of expressions by no means flatters the ear: in the careless and familiar style, their *hardness* is even more remarked than in more accurate and polished compositions.

Nor piety could *elate.*—*Elate* is a participle; but there is no such verb as to *elate*, I imagine.[9]

P. 27. *Beseeched* his Majesty.—Besought.[10]

[1] We now read: "Though Henry had no genius to strike out the improvements of later ages, he had parts enough to chuse the best of what the then world exhibited to his option. *He was gallant, as far as the rusticity of his country and the boisterous indelicacy of his own complexion would admit.*"

[2] Still Felibien, from whom Walpole quotes the French.

[3] A Gallicism for which Walpole adopted Gray's suggestion.

[4] Walpole substitutes "genius." [5] Retained.

[6] Walpole gives [Quintin Matsys, the celebrated blacksmith painter] whose tools it is said love *converted* into a pencil.

[7] Omitted.

[8] Walpole gives for this, "the coarseness or deformities of nature."

[9] Walpole retains elate—elate as a participle is poetic; elated seems to imply the verb.

[10] Correction adopted by Walpole.

I should not cite the lines from Lovelace, as they give no new light to the fact, and are so bad in themselves: but they may be referred to.[1]

P. 28. In the Priory of Christ Church near Aldgate,[2] then called Duke's Place.

P. 29. By doubtful *ones* and pretended *ones*.[3]

P. 32. *One at Cambridge.*[4]—It has I-E. Fecit upon it, remember, and is not like Holbein. Was De Heere in England so early as Henry the Eighth's time? You take no notice of the picture at Petworth, nor that at Windsor in the gallery.

In *that one particular.*[5]—Do you mean it as a compliment to your reader's apprehension, as you do not mention what that particular is?

I do affirm (salva la riverenza) that the whole length of Lord

[1] Accordingly Walpole gives as a note: "Lovelace, in his collection of poems called Lucasta, has an epigram on this subject but it is not worth repeating." The story is of Holbein and the protection which he obtained from Henry VIII. in a quarrel with a certain noble lord ("Anecdotes," i., 123, 124).

[2] Incorporated in Walpole's text.

[3] Walpole substitutes "by doubtful or by pretended pieces." Gray objects to this awkward "*ones.*" It is sanctioned by Shakespeare, or what passes for Shakespeare, "They are a gracious company of fair *ones*" (H., 8). It is very characteristic of *Fletcher.*

[4] We now read ("Anecdotes," i., 142) partly after Gray, "There is one at Trinity College, Cambridge, another at Lord Torrington's at Whitehall, both whole lengths, and another in the gallery of royal portraits at Kensington, which, whoever painted it, is execrable; one at Petworth, and another in the gallery at Windsor." And in a footnote by Walpole: "It has I-E Fecit upon it; and was probably a copy by Lucas de Heere." He refers to the Trinity portrait.

In a further account of de Heere ("Anecdotes," i., 255, *sq.*) Walpole says: "At what time de Heere arrived in England is not certain; nor were his works at all known here, till the indefatigable industry of Mr. Vertue discovered several of them." He speaks of a picture in his possession: "It contains the portraits of Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, and her second husband, Adrian Stoke. Their ages, and *de Heere's mark I-E* are on this picture, which is in perfect preservation, the colouring of the heads clear, and with great nature, and the draperies which are black with furs and jewels, highly finished and round, though the manner of the whole is a little stiff."

[5] Walpole explains in consequence "in that one particular *of colouring.*"

Surrey[1] is not Holbein's; if it be, so may fifty more pictures that are called Holbein's.

P. 35. Or *genuineness.*—But whether genuine, or of what size.

A *George enamelled.*—What had he to do with a George?[2]

I lay no stress, *being so.*—He says, the picture is but indifferent: on this I lay no more stress than I do in the case of that at Burford.[3]

As *to its not being.*—And demonstrates it not genuine, &c.[4]

P. 36. Were *ready drawn.*—Were already drawn.[5]

Never varied the lights, which into *one company.*—Into one piece.[6]

Had *fallen* it to £400.—Had sunk it.[7]

P. 38. Most tyrannic *suspicion.*[8]

Exposing the blemishes.—To expose the blemishes.[9]

Draughts *for* prints for.—Draughts of prints for.[10]

His own head *he* cut.—Holbein cut his own head.[11]

P. 45. Leland,[12] a contemporary, expressly says, that the ancient Chapel of St. George, built by Edward the Third, stood on this very spot, and that Henry the Seventh pulled it down, and built the present tomb-house in its place, intending himself to be buried there, but afterwards changed his mind, and built his Chapel at Westminster. The words are in his comment on the Cygnea Cantio, printed by Hearne in his Itinerary, vol. ix, which you have.

[1] Walpole says ("Anecdotes," i., 143) that he believes that a whole-length portrait of a man "in a red habit in the lower apartment at Windsor" of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey is by Holbein.

[2] See Walpole, "Anecdotes," p. 155.

[3] Gray's improvement is adopted.

[4] Walpole, "Anecdotes," p. 156. "And demonstrate it no genuine picture of Holbein."

[5] Correction adopted. [6] Correction adopted.

[7] Correction adopted. Cf. Shakespeare ("As You Like It," III., v., 5):

"The executioner
Falls not the axe," etc.

[8] So it now stands; what Walpole originally wrote I do not know ("Anecdotes," i., 163).

[9] Adopted. [10] Adopted. [11] Adopted.

[12] All this passage is in substance adopted as a note by Walpole ("Anecdotes," i., 185).

P. 46. All[1] a satire upon Dean Lyttleton and me, and some other learned persons. We shall lay our heads together, and try if we cannot hammer out as good a thing about you.

P. 47. In[2] *complicating* edifices, whose pomp, mechanism, &c.—A little more reflection will clear up your ideas, and improve your expression, in this period.

P. 48. Is this story of Sir Christopher Wren well grounded? It looks very like a vulgar tradition.[3]

Inigo Jones and Kent.—Pray add Sir Christopher Wren, as in Warwick steeple, Westminster Abbey, &c.[4]

Will not hazard.—Will hazard nothing.[5]

P. 49. You laugh at this artificial earthquake; but pray inquire of Mr. Thrale, or some other brewer, what will be the effect if an old nail should drop into one of his boiling coppers: I am told, something very like an earthquake.[6]

[1] *E.g.*, "When our ancestors placed three or four branches of trees across the trunks of others and covered them with boughs or straw to keep out the weather, the good people were not apprized that they were discovering architecture, and that it would be learnedly agitated some thousand of years afterwards who was the inventor of this stupendous science. In complaisance to our enquiries they would undoubtedly have transmitted an account of the first hovel that was ever built, and from that patriarch hut we should possess a faithful genealogy of all its descendents [*sic*]: Yet such a curiosity would destroy much greater treasures, it would annihilate fables, researches, conjectures, hypotheses, disputes, blunders and dissertations, that library of human impertinence." [Dean Lyttleton is printed as above by Mitford.]

[2] Whatever the passage was, we now read [The priests] "exhausted their knowledge of ye passions in *composing* edifices whose pomp, mechanism, vaults, tombs, painted windows, gloom and perspectives infused such sensations of romantic devotion."

[3] "There is a tradition that Sir Christopher Wren went once a year to survey the roof of the chapel of King's College, and said that if any man would show him where to place the first stone, he would engage to build such another" ("Anecdotes," i., 202).

[4] Incorporated by Walpole in text and notes ("Anecdotes," i., 203).

[5] Adopted (p. 204).

[6] [Matthew of Paris,] "on the authority of Agathias, relates that the Emperor Justinian had in his service one Anthemius, so able a *mathematician* that he could make artificial earthquakes, and actually did revenge himself by such an experiment on one Zeno a rhetorician. The machinery was extremely simple, and yet I question whether the greatest mathematician of this age is expert enough to produce the same effect; it con-

In a *vacuity* of facts.—In a scarcity.[1]

Medeshampstede, which is Peterborough.[2]

P. 50. Gundulphus, the same, I suppose.—Undoubtedly.

In this vacuity[3] of names, may it not be worth while to mention Guillaume de Sens, who, soon after 1177, 20mo. Henry 2di, built the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, as it now is. Helias de Barham, Canon of Salisbury, qui a primâ fundatione (temp. Hen. 3ii) *Rector* fuit novæ Fabricæ per 25 annos. Whether he were himself the architect, I doubt, because in the same place it is said, Robertus *Cæmentarius* rexit per 25 annos. (See Leland, Itin., vol. iii, p. 66.)

I beg leave to differ as to the era of Gothic perfection.[4] There is nothing finer than the nave of York Minster (in a great and simple style), or than the choir of the same Church (in the rich and filigrane workmanship). But these are of Edward the Third's reign, the first in the beginning, and the latter in the end of it. The Lady Chapel (now Trinity Church) at Ely, and the lantern tower in the same Cathedral, are noble works of the same time. I mention these as great things; but if we must take our idea from little ones, the Chapel of Bishop West (also at Ely), who died in 1533, 24 Henry VIII. surpasses all other things of the kind.

P. 50. Beauty, *ingenuity*.—Genius.[5]

Of almost *philigere*.—Filigrane.[6]

P. 51. Wolsey's tomb-house.[7] Vid. supra.

By wanting simplicity.[8]—A Goth must not say this; and indeed the ugliness of this style is not owing to the profusion of

sisted in nothing but placing several caldrons of hot water against the walls of Zeno's house."

1 Adopted. 2 Given ("Anecdotes," i., 209) in a note.

3 Gray's *vacuity* is an ironic use of Walpole's word, *supra*. His suggestion is adopted in a note; and most of the details also.

4 "It seems to have been at its perfection about the reign of Henry IV." ("Anecdotes," i., 213).

5 Correction adopted. 6 Correction adopted.

7 The tomb-house is now called the Wolsey Chapel or the memorial chapel to the Prince Consort.

8 Walpole wrote ("Anecdotes," i., 215), "Soon after [the reign of Henry VIII.] the Grecian style was introduced; and no wonder when so many Italians were entertained in the King's service. They had seen that architecture revived in their own country in all its purity—but whether

ornaments: nor is it a *mixture*, nor *plaistered upon Gothic*, for there is nothing Gothic left (except perhaps the ceilings), but it is all, as you say, neither Grecian nor Gothic; or else Grecian alone, divested of its proportions (its every essence), and with all its members mismatched.

P. 52. Is the third of Edward the Sixth the last you find of John of Padua,[1] and do you conclude he built a house here near forty years afterwards?

Discerned only with a cylinder.[2]—I suppose, reflected by a cylindrical mirror: pray ask somebody that understands such matters.

P. 53.[3] Clement Adams, to instruct the King's Henchmen, &c.—In what? For you have been speaking of the coins.

P. 54. *That might be with* regard, &c.[4]—Read, this may be meant either of their religious or political principles.

P. 58. Epitaph[5] written in defence of the Spaniards wants some explanation.

Latin verses, which might be inserted.[6]

they were not perfectly masters of it, or that it was necessary to introduce the innovation by degrees, it certainly did not at first obtain full possession. It was *plaistered upon Gothic*, and made a barbarous *mixture*. Regular columns, with ornaments, neither Grecian nor Gothic and half embroidered with foliage, were crammed over frontispieces, façades and chimnies, and lost all grace by wanting simplicity."

[1] In this year a grant to John of Padua was renewed. He made the walls of the old Somerset House before his patron was led to the scaffold. He is said to have superintended the building of Longleat, and Wilkins attributed the Gate of Honor at Caius to him. Walpole, inspired by Gray, admits that Holmby-house (destined to be the scene of Charles I.'s arrest by Cornet Joyce) could not well be ascribed to him, as the date was 1583.

[2] "Among the stores of old pictures at Somerset-house was one . . . representing the head of Edward VI., to be *discerned only by the reflection of a cylindric mirror*" (Walpole's "Anecdotes," i., 228).

[3] No change in "Anecdotes."

[4] Walpole in note, vol. i., p. 238. Sir Antonio More "was suspected by the Inquisition of making use of his interest with the King (Philip) in favour of his countrymen, says Sandrart. *This might be meant either of their religious or political principles.*"

[5] "Anecdotes," i., 247. Edward Courtenay's, in which he declares that he owes his death to affecting the Kingdom, and to his ambition of marrying Elizabeth. No explanation of "Written in defence," etc.

[6] "Anecdotes," i., 239. "Sir A. More's portrait, painted by himself, is

Powdered with [1] crowns.—Loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds.

Various *ones*.[2]—Many of her Majesty.

Note about dress.[3]—Edward the Sixth carried this restraint still farther; in heads of a Bill drawn up with his own hand, 1551, (though it never passed into a law,) no one who had less than £100 a year for life, or gentlemen, the King's sworn servants, is to wear satin, damask, ostrich feathers, or furs of conies.

None not worth £200, or £20 in living certain, to wear chamblett.

No serving man (under the degree of a gentleman) to wear any fur, save lamb; nor cloth above 10*s*. the yard.

P. 63. Elizabeth [4] in a fantastic habit.—You speak of it as certain, whereas it seems only the tradition of the housekeepers, and the lines affixed make it only more doubtful.

in the chamber of painters at Florence, with which the great Duke, who bought it, was so pleased, that he ordered a cartel with some Greek verses, written by Antonio Salvini, his Greek professor, to be affixed to the frame. Salvini translated them into Italian and into the following Latin."

Then follows the Latin, after Gray's suggestion. It affirms that More has surpassed Zeuxis and Apelles and all ancients and moderns. It tells us that More is looking at his own reflection in a steel mirror, which reflection is a speaking likeness.

[1] This remarkable example of what the grammarians call *Zeugma*, part of Walpole's description of Queen Elizabeth as she appears in portraiture, is corrected after Gray ("Anecdotes," i., 251).

[2] Correction adopted.

[3] All this has been added by Walpole to his note on the subject ("Anecdotes," i., 254 n.).

[4] "Another picture of Elizabeth, in a fantastic habit, something like a Persian, is in the gallery of Royal personages at Kensington" ("Anecdotes," i., 271). Walpole still "speaks of it as certain," and assigns the portrait to Zucchero. The English lines affixed certainly do not savour of Elizabeth:

> "The restless swallow fills my restless mind
> In still reviving, she renewinge wrongs.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> His [the stag's] tears in silence & my sighes
> Are all the physicke that my harmes redresse," etc., etc.

"Tradition," says Walpole, "gives these lines to Spenser"; he concludes that "they are of her Majesty's own composition."

P. 67.[1] Pray add something civil of the family, who had the sense and taste to preserve the furniture. Several of the articles here mentioned are now at the Museum.

From Vasari.[2]

V. 3, p. 270. Susanna, Sorella di Luca Hurembout Miniatore di Guanto, fu chiamata, per ciò á servigio d'Henrico Ottavo, Ré d'Inghilterra, et vi stette honoratamente tutto il tempo di sua vita.[3]

Sevina[4] figlia di Maestro Simone Benich da Bruggia fu maritata nobilimente et havuta in pregio della Regina Maria, si come ancora é della Regina Elisabetta.

V. 2, p. 63. Torreggiano, a fellow-scholar and rival of Michael Angelo, gave him a blow on the face which laid his nose flat.[5] Lavorò in servigio del Ré d'Inghilterra infinite cose di marmo, di bronzo, di legno, a concorrenza d'alcuni Maestri di quel paese, a i quali tutti restò superiore. E nè cavò tanti, e cosi fatti premii, che se non fusse stato (come superbo) persona inconsiderata a senzo governo, sarebbe vivuto quietamente, e fatto ottima fine: la dove gli avvenne il contrario - - - - died in the Spanish Inquisition in 1522.[6] N.B. Vasari calls him Torrigiano Torrigiani. Vertue names the sculptor of Henry the

[1] The house of the Earl of Verulam near St. Alban's, in Walpole's time. He says, at Gray's suggestion, "much of the old furniture the present possessors have had the good taste to preserve."

[2] Vasari was a pupil of Michelangelo. He was both a painter and an architect; and wrote in Italian the "Lives of the most excellent Painters, Architects and Sculptors." He died in 1574. From his work Gray sent Walpole extracts which, it will be seen, were, at least in part, incorporated in the "Anecdotes."

[3] "Susanna, the sister of Luke Horneband, painter in miniature [of Ghent] was invited, says Vasari, into the service of Henry VIII, and lived honourably in England to the end of her life" ("Anecdotes," i., 109 n.). The painter's name is variously given as Hurembout, Horneband, and Horrebout.

[4] "Sevina, daughter of Master Benich of Bruges, was married to a man of noble family, and much esteemed by Queen Mary, as she still is by Queen Elizabeth." I have not found that Walpole made any use of this note.

[5] "Anecdotes," i., 175, after Gray.

[6] "Anecdotes," i., 172: "entertained in the King's service, for whom he executed variety of works in marble, brass, and wood, in concurrence

Seventh's monument (who was P. T. a Florentine) *Pietro* Torregiano.

V. 2, p. 200. Girolamo da Trevisi. His drawing not extraordinary, but coloured well in oil and fresco, imitated Rafael. Condottosi in Inghilterra da alcuni amici suoi, che lo favorivano fu preposto al Ré Arrigo e giuntogli innanzi non piu per pittore ma per ingegniere s'accommodò a servigi suoi. Quivi mostrando alcune prove d'edificii ingegnosi cavati da altri in Toscana e per Italia; e quel Ré giudicandoli miracolosi, lo premiò con doni continui e gli ordinò provisione di 400 scudi l'anno, e gli diede commodità che fabricasse un habitatione honorata alle spese proprie del Ré; was killed by a cannon shot at the siege of Boulogne in Picardy, aged thirty-six, A.D. 1544.

V. 2, p. 534. Bastiano Aristotile da Sangallo, a copyist of Rafael and Michael Angelo, many of his pictures sent to England, died in 1553, aged seventy-eight.

V. 2, p. 131. Benedetto da Rovezzano. Fu ultimamente condotto in Inghilterra á servigi del Ré, al quale fece molti lavori di marmo e di bronzo, e particolarmente la sua sepoltura.[1] He

with other masters of this country, over all whom he was allowed the superiority. He received, adds Vasari, such noble rewards, that if he had not been a proud, inconsiderate, ungovernable man, he might have lived in great felicity, and made a good end; but the contrary happened, for leaving England and settling in Spain, after several performances there, he was accused of being a heretic—(in a passion he had broken an image of the Virgin)—was thrown into the inquisition, tried and condemned—the execution indeed was respited, but he became melancholy mad and starved himself to death at Seville in 1522, in the fiftieth year of his age." Part of this is practically a translation of the above from Vasari. The full story of the broken image of the Madonna and Child is given by Cumberland, "Anecdotes of Spanish Painters," 8vo, 1787, p. 10.

[1] In 1524 Wolsey began a monument for himself at Windsor, erecting a small chapel adjoining to St. George's Church which was to contain his tomb, the design whereof, says Lord Herbert, was so glorious that it exceeded far that of Henry VII. One Benedetto, a statuary of Florence, took it in hand and continued it till 1529, receiving for so much as was already done 4,250 ducats. The Cardinal, adds the historian, when this was finished, did purpose to make a tomb for Henry, but on his fall the King made use of so much as he found fit, and called it his. "Thus," says Lord Herbert, "did the tomb of the Cardinal partake the same fortune with his college (at Ipswich) as being assumed by the King, both which yet remain imperfect" ("Anecdotes," i., 183, 184).

returned to Florence, and lost his sight in 1550; he was also an architect.

V. 2, p. 354. Zoto del Nunziata, a scholar of Ridolpho Ghirlandaio, aggiugnendo col tempo a paragone con i belli ingegni, partì di Fiorenza, e con alcuni Mercanti Fiorentini condottosi in Inghilterra quivi ha fatto tutte l'opere sue, e dal Ré di quella Provincia (il quale ha anco servito nell architettura, e fatto particolarmente il principale palazzo) é stato riconosciuto grandissimamente. He was a contemporary of Perin del Vaga, who died in 1547, aged forty-seven, so that this king was probably Henry the Sixth.

In Greenwich Church (Stowe, v. ii, p. 91).

Roberto Adams, Operum Regiarum Supervisori Architecturæ peritissimo, ob. 1595.

Simon Basil, Operationum Regiorum Controtrotulator, posuit 1601.

St. Martin's in the Fields.

Nicholas Stone, Sculptor and Architectus. He was Master mason to his Majesty, ob. 1647.

APPENDIX III.

To the Rev. James Bentham.

[? About the year 1765.]

TO THE REV. MR. BENTHAM,[1]

Mr. Gray returns the papers and prints to Mr. Bentham, with many thanks for the sight of them.

Concludes he has laid aside his intention of publishing the

[1] Bentham of Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 1730) became a minor canon of Ely, 1737, and much improved the services. He was zealous for the improvement of the Fen Country, and for the making of turnpike roads there; but the irresistible stupidity of the inhabitants barred him until a road was made under an Act of Parliament, 1757, between Ely and Cambridge, and the example was then largely followed in the neighbourhood.

It was only in 1761 that his proposals for his great work, "The History of Ely," were circulated. I should infer that what he sent to Gray was, in the main, manuscript accompanied by prints; the work was not sent to the

first four sections of his Introduction, that contain the settlement and progress of Christianity among the Saxons; as (however curious and instructive of themselves) they certainly have too slight a connection with the subject in hand to make a part of the present work.

Has received much entertainment and information from his remarks on the state of Architecture among the Saxons, and thinks he has proved his point against the authority of Stow and Somner. The words of Eddius, Richard of Hexham, etc., must be everywhere cited in the original tongue, as the most accurate translation is in these cases not to be trusted; this Mr. B. has indeed commonly done in the MSS., but not everywhere.

P. 31. He says, the instances Sir C. Wren brings, were, *some of them at least*, undoubtedly erected after the Conquest. Sure they were all so without exception.

There is much probability in what he asserts with respect to the *New Norman Mode* of building; though this is not, nor perhaps can be, made out with so much precision as the former point.

P. 35. Here, where the Author is giving a compendious view of the peculiarities that distinguish the Saxon style, it might be mentioned, that they had no tabernacles (or niches and canopies), nor any statues to adorn their buildings on the outside, which are the principal grace of what is called the Gothic; the only exception that I can recollect, is a little figure of Bishop Herebert Losing over the north transept door at Norwich, which appears to be of that time: but this is rather a mezzo-relievo than a statue, and it is well known that they used reliefs sometimes with profusion, as in the Saxon gateway of the Abbey at

press until 1764, and not delivered to the subscribers until 1771. I am inclined to fix the date of this letter somewhere between 1761 and 1763 inclusive. The uncertainty, and the technical character of the contents make it best to put it in an Appendix.

At the date of publication Bentham was Prebendary of Ely Cathedral. His great work was attributed to Gray; a letter from Bentham to the "Gentleman's Magazine" (July, 1784) was followed by an apology from the author of this mistake; which nevertheless was repeated in Rees' "Cyclopædia," 1811. Bentham died in 1794. I am indebted for facts and dates to Mr. Robert Harrison in "D. N. B."

Bury, the gate of the Temple Church at London, and the two gates at Ely, etc.

The want of pinnacles and of tracery in the vaults, are afterwards mentioned, but may as well be placed here too (in short) among the other characteristics.

Escutcheons of arms are hardly (if ever) seen in these fabrics, which are the most frequent of all decorations in after-times.

P. 34. Besides the chevron-work (or zig-zag moulding), so common, which is here mentioned, there is also,

The *Billeted-moulding*, as if a cylinder should be cut into small pieces of equal length, and these stuck on alternately round the face of the arches, as in the choir at Peterborough, and at St. Cross, etc.

The *Nail-head*, resembling the heads of great nails driven in at regular distances, as in the nave of old St. Paul's, and the great tower of Hereford, etc.

The *Nebule*, a projection terminated by an undulating line as under the upper range of windows, on the outside of Peterborough.

Then to adorn their vast massive columns there was the *spiral-grove* winding round the shafts, and the *net*, or *lozenge-work*, overspreading them, both of which appear at Durham, and the first in the undercroft at Canterbury.

These few things are mentioned only, because Mr. Bentham's work is so nearly complete in this part, that one would wish it were quite so. His own observation may doubtless suggest to him many more peculiarities, which, however minute in appearance, are not contemptible, because they directly belong to his subject, and contribute to ascertain the age of an edifice at first sight. The great deficiency is from Henry VIth's time to the Reformation, when the art was indeed at its height.

P. 36. At York, under the choir, remains much of the old work, built by Archbishop Roger, of Bishop's-bridge, in Henry IId's reign; the arches are but just pointed, and rise on short round pillars, whose capitals are adorned with animals and foliage.

P. 37. Possibly the pointed arch might take its rise from those arcades we see in the early Norman (or Saxon) buildings on walls, where the wide semicircular arches cross and intersect

each other, and form thereby at their intersection exactly a narrow and sharp-pointed arch. In the wall south of the choir at St. Cross, is a facing of such wide, round, interlaced arches by way of ornament to a flat vacant space; only so much of it as lies between the legs of the two neighbouring arches, where they cross each other, is pierced through the fabric, and forms a little range of long pointed windows. It is of King Stephen's time.

P. 43. As Mr. B. has thought it proper to make a compliment to the *present set of governors* in their respective churches, it were to be wished he would insert a little reflection on the rage of repairing, beautifying, whitewashing, painting, and gilding, and above all, the mixture of Greek (or Roman) ornaments in Gothic edifices. This well-meant fury has been, and will be little less fatal to our ancient magnificent edifices, than the Reformation and the civil wars.

Mr. G. would wish to be told (at Mr. Bentham's leisure) whether over the great pointed arches, on which the western tower at Ely rises, anything like a semicircular curve appears in the stone work? and whether the screen (or rood-loft) with some part of the south-cross, may not possibly be a part of the more ancient church built by Abbot Simeon and Fitz-Gilbert.

APPENDIX IV.

EMENDATIONS OF MASON'S POEMS MADE SUBSEQUENTLY[1] TO JANUARY, 1758.

ELEGY I.

"Favour'd steps,"[2] useless epithet! Write "choir." Read "rank'd" and "met."[3] "Cull living garlands," &c. too verbose.

[1] For they comprise a fresh recension of the Elegy "To a Young Nobleman," and that written in the Garden of a Friend, already criticized in letter of Jan. '58. Mitford put all such notes together, regardless of dates. *Cf.* vol. i, p. 368, n. 1.

[2] The line is now:

"Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire."

[3] We now have:

"Where Science *call'd* thee *to* her studious quire
And *met* thee musing in her cloisters [*sic*] pale."

Note Mason's misinterpretation of Milton.

You love "garlands." "Which pride nor gains:" odd construction. "Genuine wreath—Friendship twine;"[1] a little forced. "Shrink"[2] is usually a verb neuter; why not "blight" or "blast"? "Fervid;" read "fervent."[3] "When sad reflection;" read "till sad,"[4] &c. "Blest bower," "call on;" read "call we."[5] "In vain to thee;" read "in vain to him," and "his" for "thy." Oh, I did not see: what will become of "thine?"[6] "Timid" read "fearful."[7] "Discreter part;" "honest part" just before "explore."[8] "Vivid," read "warmest."[9]

There is too much of the Muse here. "The Muse's genuine wreath," "the Muse's laurel," "the Muse full oft," "the Muse shall come," "the Muse forbids,"—five times.[10]

[1] This figure is now (perhaps) changed to

"Breathe from *his artless reed* one parting lay."

[2] Now:

"Should *blast* the unfolding blossoms ere they blow."

[3] "The poet's bosom pours the *fervent* strain."

On Gray's objection to "fervid," see vol. i, p. 327, and n. 1.

[4] "*Till* sad reflection blames the hasty choice."

[5] "*Call we* the shade of Pope, from that *blest* bower."

[6] The passage is:

"Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,
Dryden! *in vain to thee* those stores were lent:
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.
The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from *thine*.
Not to disgust with false, or venal praise
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine."

[7] "On Vice's front let fearful Caution lower."

[8] The lines now are:

"And teach the diffident, *discreeter* part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for *power*."

"Explore" has disappeared.

[9] Passage not traceable now.

[10] Of these repetitions there survive only the lines:

"The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,"

and

"The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

Elegy II.[1]

"Laurel-circled;" "laurel-woven"[2] sounds better. "Neglect the strings" is somehow naked: perhaps

"That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings."[3]

Read "re-echo to my strain."[4] "His earliest blooms"[5] should be "blossoms." "Then to thy sight," "to the sight."[6] Read "he pierced." "Modestly retire,"[7] I do not like. "Tufts"[8] sounds ill.

"To moral excellence:"[9] a remnant of bad books you read at St. John's; so is the "dignity of man."[10]

"Of genuine man glowing,"[11]

---

[1] This stands as Elegy III, p. 100, in Mason's Works.—*Mitford.* Indeed, even this second set of comments on the Garden Elegy *must* be later. See what Gray suggested before "Did Fancy, etc. . . . strain" (vol. ii, p. 21) for the third and fourth lines of the poem. He could not possibly, as he does here, admit "strain" as an ending again in l. 7, if both sets of notes belonged to the same date. But Mason, of course, sent him this Elegy once more (doubtless with the two others) in a form nearer to the present text.

[2] "While o'er my head this *laurel-woven* bower."

[3] As in present text.

[4] "Still should the grove re-echo to my strain."

[5] It still is:

"Vertumnus came; his earliest *blooms* he bore."

[6] "Then *to the sight* he call'd yon stately spire
He *pierced*," &c.

[7] "Bade yonder *crowning* hawthorn *low* retire."

[8] "Tufts" have disappeared.

[9] The bad books Mason read at John's were no doubt Shaftesbury and Hutcheson—of whose "jargon," as Gray would call it, Mason's style bore traces; this is one of them. (It is *Thomsonian* too.) See vol. i, p. 119, and n. 1; *ib.*, p. 201, and n. 4; Mason to Gray, *ib.*, p. 283. The remodelled line is, I conjecture:

"Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee."

[10] Now:

"Deduce from these the *genuine powers* of man."

[11] Now:

"*Of man, while warm'd* with reason's purer ray."

a bad line. "Dupe"[1] I do not approve. "Taste"[2] too often repeated.

"From that great Guide of Truth,"[3]

hard and prosaic.

Elegy III.[4]

"Attend the strain," "quick surprise," better than "sweet." "Luxuriant Fancy, pause," "exulting leap."—Read

"The wint'ry blast that sweeps ye to the tomb."

"Tho' soon,"—query? "His patient stand," better before. Read "that mercy." "Trace then by Reason's,"—blot it out. "Dear as the sons," perhaps, "yet neither sons," &c.

"They form the phalanx," &c.
"Is it for present fame?"

From hence to "peasant's life," the thought seems not just, because the questions are fully as applicable to a prince who does believe the immortality of the soul as to one who does not; and it looks as if an orthodox king had a right to sacrifice his myriads for his own ambition, because they stand a chance of going to heaven, and he of going to hell.

[1] Still:

"No tool of policy, no *dupe* to pride."

[2] "Before vain Science led his *taste* astray;

And twice more in the poem.

[3] Still there.

[4] This is placed as Elegy V. (p. 107) "On the Death of a Lady," *i.e.* the beautiful Lady Coventry. In all the eulogies on her printed in various publications, and illustrated by commentators, no one has quoted Shenstone's testimony to her beauty, Letter XCIII. "I first saw my Lady Coventry, to whom I believe one must allow all that the world allows in point of beauty; she is certainly the most unexceptionable figure of a woman I ever saw, and made most of the ladies there seem of almost another species." The Morocco Ambassador however (no bad judge of beauty) gave the preference to *Lady Caroline Petersham.* See Grenville Papers, vol. i, p. 149, and on Lady Coventry's walking in Hyde Park, attended *for her safety* by the King's guards, *ibid.*, p. 309. I have seen an original portrait of her at Crome, and of her sister the Duchess of Hamilton.—*Mitford.* Lady Coventry died in 1760.

Indeed these four stanzas may be spared, without hurting the sense at all. After "brave the torrent's roar," it goes on very well. "Go, wiser ye," &c.; and the whole was before rather spun out and weakly.[1]

APPENDIX V.

"Gray's Letters," vol. ii, p. 132, note 3. The matter is elucidated by Col. Prideaux, in "Notes and Queries," 9th Series, xii, 401.

"The audacious young widow who thus set her cap at an elderly duke in a gallant attempt to provide for her fatherless children was Harriet, a natural daughter of General Charles Churchill, and relict of Sir Everard Fawkener, Knt. The object of her pursuit was William FitzRoy, third Duke of Cleveland and second Duke of Southampton, who was born 19 February 1697-8, and was consequently in his sixty-third year at the date of this assault. He died 12 May, 1774, and his dukedoms expired with him. The "old Lady Darlington" was his sister Grace, the wife of Henry Vane, Lord Barnard, who was created Earl of Darlington in 1754. The Dukedom of Cleveland was revived in the person of their grandson in 1833, and has again become extinct.

"Sir Everard Fawkener was a well-known character in the days of George II, and is frequently mentioned in the 'Letters of Horace Walpole,' who was connected with him in a left-handed manner, his natural sister Lady Mary Walpole having

[1] Gray's remark, that this Elegy is *rather spun out* unnecessarily, is still true, whatever alterations it may have received. But such lines as

"With hearts as gay and faces half as fair,"

And

"Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last,"

would redeem many faults. See a severe and sarcastic review of these elegies by "*Martinus Scriblerus*," in Monthly Review, vol. xxvii, p. 485; 1763.—*Mitford.*

married a brother of Lady Fawkener. Sir Everard belonged to a merchant's family in London, and was born in 1684. Up to his fiftieth year he was engaged in commerce. In 1735 he was knighted, and nominated ambassador to Constantinople. In 1745 he was appointed secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and accompanied him to Scotland when the duke proceeded to that country in command of the troops employed in the suppression of the Rebellion. The *Gentleman's Magazine* records that on 19 February, 1747, he married Miss Churchill, daughter of the late General Churchill, with £30,000. About a month afterwards he gave evidence at the trial of Lord Lovat, and, as Walpole records, when the latter was asked if he had anything to say to Sir Everard, he replied, 'No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife.' Lady Fawkener was born about the year 1726, and was therefore twenty-one at the time of her marriage, but she had entered society some years previously. Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann dated 2 November, 1741, when she was only fifteen, said of her that she was prettyish and danced well. She was therefore about thirty-four when she made her advances to the Duke of Cleveland, and doubtless merited Gray's description of her as 'a fine young widow.' Sir Everard had been appointed Joint Postmaster-General with the Earl of Leicester, 28 May, 1745, and after having in this capacity afforded an opportunity for a joke to George Selwyn (Walpole to George Montagu, 3 December, 1752), he died peaceably at Bath on 14 December, 1758. His widow, finding her attempts on the higher branches of the peerage fruitless, was content to marry a commoner. On 3 August, 1765, she espoused at Chelsea Thomas Pownall, who, having been Governor of Massachusetts, was universally known as 'Governor Pownall.' She died 6 February, 1777, aged fifty-one, and was buried on the north side of the Lady Chapel in Lincoln Cathedral, where her monument remains to this day. Her husband survived her twenty-eight years."

APPENDIX VI.[1]

ON THE WHARTON FAMILY.

Preface, vol. ii, p. xxvi.

"'His son either acquired or inherited Old Park.' He inherited it. Old Park had been bought by the father of the famous physician in 1620."

Vol. i, lxxv, p. 158, n. 1, and lxxix, p. 168, n. 2.

"Thomas Wharton's wife was Margaret, daughter of Anthony Wilkinson, of Crossgate, Durham."

Vol. i, cxxiv, p. 279, n. 2, and vol. ii, p. 29, n. 3.

"The child born in 1755 was a daughter, Deborah, afterwards wife of the Rev. Thos. Brand, B.D., Rector of Wath in the North Riding of Yorkshire. She is buried in the churchyard of S. Mary in the South Bailey, Durham. A son (Robert) was born in 1760, and another (Richard) in 1764."

Vol. i, p. 288, n. 4.

"Alderman Wharton, of Durham, Thomas's father, died in 1752. Thomas's brother Richard had been an alderman, but had resigned in 1753—he was re-chosen alderman, but not till Jan. 16, 1756."

Vol. ii, p. 110, n. 1, and p. 212, n. 3, and p. 245, n. 2, and p. 248, n. 5.

"Jonathan was Thomas's brother. Alderman Robert Wharton of Durham (1690-1752) had three sons—Thomas, Richard, and Jonathan—and two daughters, who became Mrs. Ettrick and Mrs. Leighton respectively, and are both mentioned in the letters."

[1] I owe to a kind correspondent these notes on my text.

APPENDIX VII.

THE ANTROBUS FAMILY.[1]

It is advisable here to set out the dilemma I find touching these people, especially the sisters Mary and Dorothy Antrobus of Cambridge.

(1) It seems at first sight certain that they were Gray's *second* cousins. It is absurd to imagine that they were so described ("second" *in extenso*) in his *Will* in ignorance or forgetfulness of their real relationship to him. He saw them constantly at Cambridge, where the elder was postmistress; that lady was with him at the time of his death.

(2) They were the daughters of William Antrobus (see Index), who therefore would be *nephew*, not brother of Robert Antrobus, and William would be Gray's *first* cousin.

(3) On the other hand, it is certain that William Antrobus is described in the college records of King's, Cambridge, as "brother to the ingenious Mr. Antrobus of Peterhouse" (*i.e.*, Robert), and further, as Dr. Walker of Peterhouse has pointed out to me, that Robert Antrobus, in his will, wherein he leaves William a legacy, distinctly designates him his brother.

I am compelled to postpone any conclusion, though I hope to solve the mystery with the kind assistance of Dr. Walker, by Easter, when I write more on the biography of the poet in the Cambridge "History of Literature."

APPENDIX VIII.

CARCOLSPACK.[2]

Mr. H. Littledale conjectures that this is Karakulsbeg. He points out that Usbeg is somewhere spelt Ospack, and that *Karakul* is near Bokhara, where dwell the Turcomans, who

[1] Vol. iii, pp. 199, 200, n.
[2] Vol. ii, p. 77, n. 4.

"ferment the milk of mares." A subsequent communication from him is perhaps even nearer the mark. Therein he refers to Stanford's "Asia," p. 422, where, among the Turki tribes, are enumerated the Kara-Kalpaks, mainly on the S. and S.E. shores of the Aral Sea.

APPENDIX IX.

Preface, vol. ii, p. xxxii.

"He concludes for bits of Gothic copied from old altars, such as those at Durham."

"Gray's words are (p. 239): 'From the high altar suppose or the nine altars.' But in Gray's day the nine altars would have been removed from the Nine Altars Chapel. We usually say here 'The Nine Altars,' or 'The Galilee,' omitting the word Chapel, and I think Gray uses the expression thus. One might have expected capital letters of course, but he is erratic in that respect. An Order in Council in Elizabeth's reign ordered the removal of all but the high altar, and as the Dean (Whittingham) and his wife (Calvin's sister) were distinctly iconoclastic, it is hardly likely the order was evaded. 'Rites of Durham,' written in 1593, implies that the nine altars had disappeared; it speaks of them in the past tense. Dr. J. T. Fowler, the editor of 'Rites,' tells me he considers it as quite certain that the nine altars were removed in Elizabeth's reign."

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

Vol. ii, p. xxv, after "Gray" in verses. In the "Diary" of Dr. John William Polidori, Byron's physician, there are several references to Bonstetten, described as a "bonny, rosy seventy-yeared man." See also Mr. Herbert Vaughan's "Life of the Countess of Albany" ("Guardian," Sept. 22, 1911).

P. xxvi, l. 13, after "a trade." In the "Compleat Angler" (c. 1, 1653), I. Walton says he met with much "of what he has been saying about fish in a conference with Dr. Wharton, a dear friend that loves both me and my art of Angling." "The Compleat Angler" was first printed in 1653. (From the Rev. W. C. Green.) There is a ring belonging to this famous doctor in the possession of the Vicar of Helmsley, a great-grandson of Gray's friend, also a picture of him at the Wharton home, on the outskirts of Durham, which now belongs to Mrs. Darwin, the daughter of the Rt. Hon. John Lloyd Wharton, a descendant of Richard Wharton. (From Mrs. Ellershaw.) The same correspondent tells me that Walton's "dear friend" attended Bishop Cosin in his last illness.

P. xxvii, par. 3, l. 15, "Elvet-House." "There are two streets here, Old Elvet and New Elvet. Old Elvet is still a good street, New Elvet a slum, but had fine houses once, and I think Wharton may have lived there. A house in one part of the street would be quite shut in at the back and with no view in front—just what one gathers from Gray's Letter" [v. i, no. 80, endorsed by Wharton, 1747]. (Kindly communicated from Durham by Mrs. Ellershaw.)

P. xxxi, l. 24, "Old Park, Durham." In 1774 a nephew of Thomas Wharton [son of his brother Richard] in a letter to a friend, described Old Park thus: "The building is Gothic, doors, windows and passages all arched and venerable. Old Park is no longer in the possession of Wharton's descendants, the direct male line having failed; the place is now merely a farm-house, but a staircase and panelling from the old home are in Saint William's

College at York" (Mrs. Ellershaw). Wharton's "Old Park" was pulled down in 1900.

P. xxxiii, l. 25, "Miss Deborah." This is Wharton's eldest born, and I am, I think, mistaken in speaking of her elder sister. The *earliest* Miss Wharton of the correspondence is her aunt, subsequently, I think, Mrs. Ettrick or Mrs. Leighton. See Index.

"Debo's 'Hortus siccus' is still preserved in the University Museum at Durham, and a similar collection of dried plants made by 'Peggy' and 'Betty,' also beautifully-coloured drawings by 'Betty' of fungi found in the neighbourhood of Old Park, are still in existence in the Wharton family" (Mrs. Ellershaw).

P. 17, n. 3, add: But I am often in doubt whether the Wood of whom Mason speaks is not his *quondam* curate.

P. 20, l. 16 of n., "Is *Boulter* there?" The nineteenth century has, however, outdone the eighteenth. A famous Dean is said to have ended a sermon in praise of our English divines with the words: "May I live the life of a *Taylor* and die the death of a *Bull.*"

P. 34, l. 9. For "classes" Dr. Garnett conjectures "glasses," *i.e.*, glazed presses.

P. 81, n. 2. *Not* I think "Palmyra" Wood, but the Mr. Wood who acted as Mason's curate.

P. 88, l. 5 of n. 1, "sore-throats." (?) Diphtheria.

P. 90, n. 2 *ad fin.* It is probably now at South Kensington.

P. 105, n. 2 *ad fin.* Isaak Walton more than once quotes him in the "Compleat Angler."

P. 109, end of n. 3. Mitford has somewhere given specimens of Plumptre's false quantities, but I cannot find the place.

P. 119, l. 3 from bottom. Perhaps for "changed" we should read "continued."

P. 124, end of n. 2. Philip Francis (afterwards the reputed author of "Junius") went on this embassy. See Mahon's History, v, 220.

P. 125, n. 1 *ad fin.* See Boswell's correspondence with Temple for an account of an interview with this old gentleman.

P. 158, n. 1, "queues." I think, however, that it was Barnard's predecessor who committed this crime.

P. 160, n. 4 *ad fin.* Dr. Garnett wrote to me: "I think that the Dean G. who is represented as in expectation of a Bishopric must certainly have been the Dean of Lincoln; there are numerous letters from him to the Duke of Newcastle in the Newcastle papers at the Museum, indicating that he was on a confidential footing with his Grace."

P. 179, n. 4, "liquid brightness." It is amusing to note that "Satan" Montgomery, ridiculed by Macaulay in his famous essay, writes:

> "And the bright dew that on the bramble lies
> Like *liquid rapture* upon beauty's eyes."

P. 201, end of n. 1. Hill appears to have written "The Inspector," and also "The Impertinent," though what these were I do not know. In them he provoked Smart, who retorted with a scurrilous satire, "The Hilliad," 1753, given in Anderson's British Poets, v. xi. Hill became Sir John Hill.

P. 215, l. 6 from bottom, "your nephew." Son of Richard Wharton, Thomas Wharton's brother. "Later, in 1769 and 1770, we learn from Gray's Letters that the boy has been admitted at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was afterwards the Rev. Robert Wharton, Archdeacon of Stowe and Chancellor of Lincoln. Letters of his, still preserved by his descendants, give many an interesting picture of Old Park and his cousins there, whom Gray had known as children" (Mrs. Ellershaw).

From the same kind correspondent I have the following account of Richard Wharton:

"A few months after Gray's visit in 1753, Thomas Wharton was involved in some trouble on behalf of his brother Richard, at the time an Alderman of Durham, who seems to have been a hot-tempered man, in that respect a great contrast to all we know of Thomas. The story has some amusing elements. Gyll tells us ['Diary,' Surtees Society] that Richard Wharton had sent a challenge to Sir Robert Eden to meet him and fight with sword and pistol on the Leezes or any other place Sir Robert should appoint, for an affront received from Sir Robert as was pretended.' The affair was brought before the Justices at the Quarter Sessions, and Richard had to enter 'into a recognisance of £2,000 himself, with his brothers Dr. Thomas Wharton and Jonathan Wharton in £1,000 each, to appear at the next assizes; and in the mean time to keep the peace towards all persons and especially towards Sir Robert Eden.' Richard Wharton then resigned his office of alderman 'in a huff' (according to Gyll); he was, however, rechosen alderman in January 1756, and a few years later was Mayor of Durham."

The second Robin inherited Grinkle Park, Yorkshire, from the family of his paternal grandmother as a young man (before his father's death) and in consequence was known as Robert Wharton

Myddelton, for which name see Index. He lived chiefly at Grinkle and did not distinguish himself in public life.

Richard ("Dicky") went to Pembroke, and was afterwards M.P. for Durham.

Robert, the son of Richard Wharton, Thomas Wharton's brother, became Archdeacon of Stowe and Chancellor of Lincoln. He corresponded largely with Brand, who became Debo's husband. Brand, writing to Robert, gives him a description of the Grande Chartreuse which he had visited, but breaks off saying that Robert had probably been there himself. To which Robert replies: "I was never there but with Mr. Gray"—referring doubtless to the description in the Letters, and perhaps to the Alcaic ode.

In a letter from this Robert to Brand (Oct. 24, 1774) we find: "I return to-morrow morning to Old Park, where lives an uncle of mine who has five fine daughters who regret your not coming down: Have as you will, it is true. I told them you were a Botanist, a naturalist, an Entomologist and an Ornithologist; they longed, they wished to see you, to talk with you." (This leads up to the union with Debo.) "The building is Gothic, doors, windows and passages all arched and venerable—but were all monasteries as well furnished, I know not but I should turn Friar."

Postscript. With respect to the Antrobus family an obliging answer from Somerset House assures me that Mary and Dorothy Antrobus are *distinctly* named in the poet's will as his *second* cousins, and my notes on the subject are only guesses at an insoluble problem.

ERRATA TO VOLS. I. AND II.

Vol. i, p. xii, l. 33, *read* Héloïse. So also p. xiii, l. 9.

Vol. ii, p. viii, l. 9, *for* Pembroke *read* Peterhouse.
P. x, l. 5, *for* East Indias *read* East India.
P. xxiii, n., l. 9, *for* heart & core *read* secret.
P. 38, l. 8 of n., *dele* the u.
P. 59, n., l. 8, *after* second *put* n. of interrogation, *and* see Appendix vii, vol. iii.
P. 67, n. 3, l. 3, Giorgone *should be* Giorgione.
P. 89, n. 1, l. 6, *for* hogs *read* hoys [y *not* g].
P. 90, n., Hood *should be* stood.
P. 101, l. 7, *for* days *read* bays.
P. 119, n. 3 *ad fin.*, *for* changed *read probably* continued.
P. 121, n. 2, l. 17, *read* philosophical.
P. 152, n., l. 7, *for* Hac *read* Haec.
P. 157, l. 10, *for* Dr. Alren *read* D'Abreu. (Mitford is wrong. It is the Spanish Ambassador. See Walpole to Conway, Sep. 2, '57; to Mann, Aug. 8, '59.)
P. 172, n., l. 20, *for* November *read* September.
P. 176, n., l. 7, *dele* as was Rundel.
P. 198, n., l. 9, *for* on *read* of.
P. 232, n. 5, l. 2, *for* 1788 *read* 1768.
P. 233, n., l. 9, *read* in favour of.
P. 259, n., l. 9, *read* children.

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