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THE LETTERS TO
GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE.

Monday the July 16. 1776

No Man commencing the Pleasures of his Excursions, or making
the Book partake of them in a more laudable Manner, than You do.
It is the Solemnne visis opus, while famam,
Vitam & membris. —

Your Work, upon the whole, will immortalize your Place of Abode as
well as Yourself; it will correct ~~the~~ ^{Principles} ~~the~~ Principles; & give Health to those
who chuse to visit the Scenes of Mr Grimms's Pencil, in their Original.

Your ardent Friend & Servant
J. Gualtero.

THE LETTERS TO
GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE

FROM

HIS INTIMATE FRIEND AND CONTEMPORARY

THE REV. JOHN MULSO

EDITED WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

RASHLEIGH HOLT-WHITE, M.A.

Author of "The Life and Letters of Gilbert White of Selborne."

London

R. H. PORTER

7, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.



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TO
ALFRED NEWTON, M.A., F.R.S.,
PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY AND COMPARATIVE ANATOMY IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,
THESE LETTERS
CONTAINING ALMOST THE ONLY CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATION
OF
GILBERT WHITE'S CHARACTER AND CAREER,
ARE INSCRIBED
BY
THE NATURALIST'S GREAT-GRANDNEPHEWS,
WILLIAM, EARL OF STAMFORD,
AND
RASHLEIGH HOLT-WHITE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE first mention of the Correspondence between Gilbert White of Selborne and John Mulso, that I have been able to discover, occurs in "a short biography" of the naturalist written by Mr. Edward Jesse for Sir William Jardine's edition of the "Selborne" published in 1850. Mr. Jesse, after stating that Mrs. Chapone's brother, John Mulso, was White's "most intimate friend," continues "and between them a most interesting and amusing series of letters took place. These letters would have been well worth publishing, and it was intended that this should be done; but when Mr. Mulso's son was applied to for Mr. White's correspondence, the mortifying answer was returned that they had all been destroyed. Mr. Mulso's letters we understand are still remaining."

The letters from Mulso came into the possession of John White, the publisher, a nephew of the naturalist. From him they passed to his son, the late Revd. John Tahourdin White, D.D., long a master at Christ's Hospital, and well known as a scholar and classical editor, who at one time proposed to publish them. For this reason he declined to lend them to Mr. Bell, who, when compiling his important edition of White's book, borrowed much MS. from other members of the family. Dr. John White, however, died some years ago without having carried out his intention; the letters then became the property of the present Earl of Stamford, a descendant of Gilbert White's youngest brother Henry, and at his instance they are now published.

John Mulso's father, Thomas Mulso, b. 1695, was the only son of the representative of the ancient family of Mulso, or Moulshoe as it was formerly spelt, which had been established in Northamptonshire since before the reign of Edward I. Of what was once a very considerable landed estate Thomas Mulso possessed only the remains, which included a large Elizabethian house, standing (until 1832 when it was pulled down) on the north side of the church, at Twywell in the above county. At the date of the commencement of John Mulso's letters in 1744, his father, who held the office of Clerk of Assizes, had been

resident in King Square Court, Soho, for about thirteen years. Mr. Mulso had married in 1719 a very beautiful woman, Miss Thomas, daughter of Colonel Thomas, an officer of the Guards who was known as "handsome Thomas"; and her brother, John Thomas, D.D., b. 1696, who became successively bishop of Peterborough, of Salisbury, and of Winchester, had married Mr. Mulso's sister Susanna, so that there was a double connection between the families: a circumstance which, as will be seen, proved of considerable advantage to the Bishop's nephew, John Mulso. Mr. Mulso's sister, Anne, was married to Dr. Donne, a prebendary of Canterbury, a place we find Mulso visiting very early in the correspondence. The children of Bishop Thomas, who are frequently mentioned in the letters, were three daughters; the eldest of whom, Susanna, was married to the Revd. Newton Ogle, who became Dean of Winchester; the second, Ann, to the Revd. William Buller, who became Dean, and subsequently Bishop of Exeter; and the youngest daughter to Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral Sir) Chaloner Ogle, R.N.

Mr. Mulso had three children who grew up, besides John Mulso who was his second son, viz.: Thomas, a barrister, who in 1760 married a Miss Prescott (Pressy); Edward (Ned), who held a post in the Excise office, and died a bachelor in 1782; and Hester, born 27th October, 1727, who in 1760 was married to Mr. Chapone, an attorney, and ten months afterwards was left a widow. The friend of Richardson, the novelist, of Dr. Johnson, Elizabeth Carter, and other literary people, Mrs. Chapone was well known in her day as the author of "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind addressed to a Lady," who was John Mulso's eldest daughter.

Gilbert White's correspondent, who was born on the 16th November, 1721, and therefore rather more than a year younger than his friend, entered Winchester College as a scholar on the foundation in 1734, and left in 1740, being third upon the roll in which William Collins, the poet, was first, and Joseph Warton was second. He matriculated at Oriel College, Oxford, where his father had been educated, on the 27th November, 1740, a little later than White, who had gone into residence there in April of that year; and took his B.A. degree on the 6th June, 1744, about seven weeks before the commencement of the correspondence now published. From a sentence in one of the letters it appears that the friendship commenced in 1741, when Mulso probably first came up to College to reside.

The circumstances and events of John Mulso's life are very fully detailed in these letters to his intimate friend; but here it may be said that he died at his prebendal house at Winchester in his 70th year, on the 21st September, 1791, about a year after the death of his wife, who was the daughter of Mr. William

Young, a Devonshire gentleman, and rather less than two years before the death of Gilbert White. At the time of his death his eldest son John, born in 1759, was Vicar of South Stoneham, near Southampton. His daughters, Jane, born in 1758, and Hester, born in 1764, to the latter of whom Gilbert White's well-known "Letter from Timothy the Tortoise" was addressed, continued to reside in Winchester after their father's death. The elder of these sisters, who had been married in 1797 to the Revd. Benjamin Jeffreys, a Fellow of Winchester College, died in 1799 after giving birth to a dead child. In the latter year Mrs. Chapone had come to live at Winchester with her niece Hester Mulso, after the sudden death of her brother Thomas, a childless widower; but in consequence of the death of her married niece, and the removal of her cousin Mrs. Newton Ogle to Northumberland, she retired with Hester Mulso in 1800 to Hadley, near Barnet, where she expired on Christmas Day 1801. William, John Mulso's sailor son, had been lost with all hands in the *Hermes* sloop in 1797; so that after Mrs. Chapone's death the only descendants of Thomas Mulso, of Twywell, besides any children of John Mulso junior, were the latter and his sister Hester. Whether this John Mulso, who died Vicar of South Stoneham in 1815, left any descendants, or not, I have been unable to ascertain; but in an edition of Mrs. Chapone's works published in 1807, which contains "An Account of her Life and Character drawn up by her own Family"—that is, I am sure, by her nephew and niece John and Hester Mulso—I find the following passages: "There now survive but few who could 'boast of an alliance with Mrs. Chapone'; and again, "The 'four children [of John Mulso] were the last remaining branch 'of the formerly numerous and prosperous family of which she [Mrs. Chapone] was a member, and she regarded them as 'props that might yet sustain a once flourishing edifice from 'falling into total decay. This idea has not been permitted to 'be realised!' It seems therefore very possible that the Mulso family is now extinct.

Admirers of the Selborne naturalist will greatly regret the destruction of his letters to Mulso, all the more since, with the exception of a very few lines of biography written by his nephew, John White, the publisher, there is no account of Gilbert White by any of his contemporaries, of whom all those who knew him, even in their earliest years, have now long been dead. To these letters from his friend, then, we must turn to see what is almost the only contemporary estimate of the naturalist's character and career, as it were in a mirror: a mirror which is, perhaps, not always of the clearest or purest lustre, but which may be trusted to give out bright, and generally faithful reflections. In reading them through I have sometimes wondered whether there ever

were two men, whose friendship lasted without the smallest apparent cloud for fifty years, of more totally opposite habits and character. Both, it is true, were men of good birth and education, and fond of books and reading; but, while Gilbert White grew up in a home situate in the depths of the country, literally "five miles from anywhere," and amid circumstances which must have been such as to cultivate hardihood and self-reliance, Mulso was a typical townsman, who loved the corner seat of a carriage much better than the back of a horse, an animal which he seems to have regarded in the light of a rather disagreeable, though sometimes necessary, means of exercise. And the two friends certainly took very different views of life and its duties. They both, no doubt, in adopting the profession of a clergyman, were to some extent influenced by the expectation of enjoying a reasonable competence; but, while one of them, as time went on became almost absolutely idle, the other, whose circumstances would, as a bachelor, have equally admitted of laziness, spent his whole life, after taking holy orders, in the active performance of clerical duty, from his "sentiment," as his friend records, "that a clergyman should not be idle and unemployed." Nor was this duty of a merely perfunctory character, since I have been frequently assured by old people in Selborne that their parents distinctly recollected and dwelt upon the very assiduous manner in which Gilbert White visited his parishioners, by whom he was ever held in the greatest respect and regard.

Mulso's letters certainly evince a full recognition of this difference of character. Early in the correspondence, he writes: "I envy you your bold Flights, your Eagle Ranges; . . . I am a poor sculking Quail, whose very Love-song is plaintive." And in many other passages he does full justice to White's greater energy and firmness of disposition. In wit and vivacity no doubt Mulso was the superior, though a dry vein of humour often pervades the naturalist's letters. His sister, Mrs. Chapone, fully recognised these qualities, writing to a friend in 1775 that her brother was "a diverting animal," and terming him "that comical creature" on another occasion; while his children in their account of their aunt mention their father's "genius," and his "captivating manners." He certainly was a man of great amiability of character, and proved himself a very staunch and constant friend.

The letters now published, it should be pointed out, afford the only existing evidence of an interesting event in Gilbert White's life, his unsuccessful candidature for the Provostship of Oriel in 1757, with its attendant circumstances. It is clear, from what Mulso says, that, at least as far back as 1754, there were two contending parties among the Fellows, headed by White

and Chardin Musgrave respectively, and that there was some temporary estrangement, as well as personal rivalry between the two leaders: a fact which explains and qualifies certain memoranda made by Dr. Musgrave in his private book now at Oriel, from which it appears that he and his party had been anxious to set aside, in White's case, the then invariable custom of holding the small living of Moreton Pinkney without residence. After reading what Mulso tells us of the relations between the two men, it is easy to understand the bias under which these entries were made; a circumstance which was unfortunately entirely unknown to the author of the account of Oriel in Mr. Clark's "The Colleges of Oxford," wherein it is more than hinted that Gilbert White unstatutably retained his Fellowship after his father's death, and his supposed succession to a "patrimonial estate at Selborne," by "holding his tongue" about his means; the naturalist being also designated as, "from a College point of view, a rich, sinecure, pluralist non resident." Let the reader consult the contemporary testimony of John Mulso, from whom we learn that the matter was gone into, and that Gilbert White convinced the Society and the Provost that his fortune was not such as had been represented. In Letter 81 we find Mulso lamenting that his friend was not "more aureus." Moreover, in Letter 155 he expresses his opinion of his friend's disinterestedness where money was concerned, when he terms him "the richest man that I know, for you are the only man of my acquaintance that does not want money—Stay—I believe I will except my uncle the Bishop—but I am not so sure of him as of you." Contrary to what is positively stated in the account mentioned, Gilbert White's papers in the possession of his family show that he frequently visited his College, sometimes residing there for weeks at a time, each year, from his election as Fellow until he quitted residence as Proctor and Dean of the College in 1753; when he immediately took up curacies, in the south, and later, in the western border of Hampshire. From this date he may fairly be termed an entirely non-resident Fellow; that is, he held a position exactly similar to that of many Fellows of Oriel and other Colleges at Oxford in quite recent times, who, like the naturalist, occupied themselves in professional careers, far away from Oxford and University work. It is true that they did not, as he did, hold in addition to their Fellowship a small College living; and this is the one point in which, if Gilbert White is to be judged by, as it were, *ex post facto* sentiment, his conduct in relation to his College is open to some criticism, though we may be sure that the opinion of his time found no blame in him on this head; and his little "curacy," as Mulso terms it, of Moreton Pinkney, may perhaps be charitably regarded as a small endow-

ment of research in natural history, in which Gilbert White's career again contrasts with that of his friend, who applied himself, not unsuccessfully, to the research of endowment. And so the epithets, "rich," "sinecure," and "pluralist," as applied to the man of whom Mulso remarks (letter 205), "of you [it may be said] here is ye Man who refused Livings, and served Curacies," may be relegated to the category of terminological inexactitudes, even "from a College point of view," as they certainly will be from that of common sense.

It is pleasant to learn that, as time went on, the breach in the friendship between Musgrave and White was healed, and that their feelings for one another became as they had been "before competitions divided" them. Yet from the fact of Gilbert White's writing to his brother at Blackburn in 1773, some years after the death of Musgrave, of "probable disputes at College," it would appear that the Oriel Common-room did not always contain a happy family.

Perhaps the most striking point in the letters is the extraordinarily correct estimate their author formed of his friend's powers as a descriptive naturalist, and the wonderfully accurate prophecies he indulged in of the future success of the book which was being written by a then wholly obscure country clergyman, many years before that book was published, or even completed. There are many such anticipations of White's and of Selborne's future renown. To mention one of them: so far back as 1779, ten years before the "Selborne" was given to the world, Mulso actually remarks that his correspondent may perhaps be pardoned for describing the antiquities of Selborne, as well as its natural history, because "it may save some future Biographers trouble, "who may think it necessary to celebrate the Place where such "a Genius was born"!—a place which he had three years previously prophesied that White would "immortalise."

And possibly the correspondence may appeal to the general reader. It has been said that every man's life is a fairy story written by God's fingers; though perhaps the fairies had not very much to do with John Mulso's fortunes, unless his uncle the Bishop be regarded as a fairy Godfather. Yet the ingenuous expression of his early hopes and fears, his enjoyment of prosperity when it came, and the close of his days, saddened as it was by ill-health, and the illness and death of his amiable wife, in short, the candid history of an actual life, are not without a real interest; and the whole story has a value so far as it illustrates a certain phase of social life during the latter half of the picturesque easygoing eighteenth century.

Gilbert White, as I have said, lived for nearly two years after the death of his friend in September 1791; but not many of his

letters of this period are now extant, and the only reference to that event which I can find is contained in a letter to his niece, Mary Barker, of February 1792, in which he writes "The death of my good friend Mr. Mulso is a sad loss to his children: "where his daughters are to live we have not heard."

It may perhaps be thought that the series of letters might have been improved by some omissions and excisions; but this course, after consideration, has not been adopted, since they are published more especially for natural history experts and admirers of the philosopher of Selborne. These, it is believed, would decidedly prefer to have the whole material before them, rather than any sort of selection. The letters are therefore printed in their entirety. They will be found to bear eloquent witness, as it were from the grave, to the career and abilities of the man whom their author so loved and admired; and I think we may apply to John Mulso the verses Charles Cotton addressed to Izaak Walton as a biographer—

*But yours is friendship of so pure a kind,
For all mean ends and interest so refined,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind:*

*For whereas most men's friendships here beneath,
Do perish with their friend's expiring breath,
Yours proves a friendship living after death.*

FLOREAT ORIEL.

Bexley, December, 1906.

SYNOPSIS OF CHIEF EVENTS IN GILBERT WHITE'S LIFE
FOR PURPOSES OF REFERENCE.

Birth at the Vicarage, Selborne	18th July, 1720
Goes into residence at Oriel College	April, 1740
Takes B.A. degree June, 1742
Elected Fellow of Oriel 30th March, 1744
At Thorney, Isle of Ely	Spring, 1746
Takes M.A. degree	October, 1746
Ordained deacon, and becomes curate of Swarraton, Hants.	27th April, 1747
Laid up with small-pox at Oriel	October, 1747
Visits in Wilts and Devonshire	Autumn, 1750
Commences keeping a <i>Garden Kalendar</i> at Selborne...	January, 1751
Makes a journey round the N.W. of England to Rutland and Stamford	July and August, 1751
Curate-in-charge of Selborne	25th October, 1751
Junior Proctor at Oxford: Dean of Oriel about this time	8th April, 1752
Resigns office as Proctor	2nd May, 1753
Visits Bristol Hot-well July, 1753
Curate of Durley, Bishop's Waltham, Hants. ...	9th September, 1753
Resigns Deanship of Oriel	October, 1753
Visits Bristol Hot-well (second time)	1st May, 1755
Curate of West Dean, Wilts. and Hants.	5th July, 1755
Also curate of Newton Valence, Hants.	Autumn, 1755
Resigns curacy of West Dean	Early in 1756
Resigns curacy of Newton Valence	6th November, 1756
Curate-in-charge of Selborne (second time) November, 1756
Unsuccessful candidate for Provostship of Oriel (Mus- grave elected)	January, 1757
Resigns curacy of Selborne	4th July, 1757
Temporary curate of Newton Valence and West Dean 4th September—23rd October, 1757	
Perpetual curate of Moreton Pinkney, Northants, with- out residence	December, 1757
Curate-in-charge of Selborne (third time, on sequestra- tion of the living)	July, 1758
Death of his father, John White, of the Wakes, Selborne	29th September, 1758
Resigns curacy of Selborne to Mr. ETTY, the Vicar, and goes to London and Rutland for six months	October, 1759
Curate of Faringdon, Hants.	about Midsummer, 1761
Inherits the Wakes, Selborne, from his Uncle, Charles White	March, 1763
Declines the Oriel living of Cholderton, Wilts.	December, 1764
Commences to study botany 1765
Composes a "Flora Selborniensis" 1766

Writes first letter to Thomas Pennant	10th August, 1767
The <i>Garden Kalendar</i> replaced by <i>The Naturalists' Journal</i>	January, 1768
Writes first letter to the Hon. Daines Barrington ...	30th June, 1769
His brother, John White, returns from Gibraltar and spends the winter at Selborne	27th July, 1772
"Account of the House Martin or Martlet" read to the Royal Society	10th February, 1774
Declines the Oriel livings of Cromhall, Gloucestershire; Swainswick, Somersetshire; and Cholderton (second time)	1774
"Of the House-Swallow, Swift, and Sand-Martin" read to the Royal Society	16th March, 1775
Declines the Oriel living of Ufton Nervett, Berks. ...	November, 1779
Death of his brother, John White (whose widow subsequently resides at the Wakes, Selborne)... ..	21st November, 1780
Curate-in-charge of Selborne (fourth time)	October, 1784
Declines the Oriel living of Tortworth, Gloucestershire	December, 1785
Publishes "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne"	December, 1788
Death of his youngest brother Henry White, at Fyfield	24th December, 1788
Commences correspondence with Robert Marsham, F.R.S.	15th August, 1790
(Death of John Mulso, at Winchester	21st September, 1791)
A German edition of the "Selborne" published at Berlin ...	1792
Death at the Wakes, Selborne	26th June, 1793

THE LETTERS
TO
GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE
FROM
HIS INTIMATE FRIEND AND CONTEMPORARY
THE REV. JOHN MULSO.

Letter 1.

To Mr. Gilbert White
at Oriel Coll: Oxford.

Leeds Abby near Maidstone,
July 18, 1744.

Dear Gil,

I suppose that by this Time you are return'd to Oxford* to prove to ye Orielenses how worthy you are to be a fellow, how compatible that Title is with ye Character of ye Gentleman, that without Formality Respect may be preserv'd & that to depend does not always signifie to be servile. I long to hear from You & to know ye State of that poor College, which I do not expect to see again these many months. Let me know what sort of Liberties you are allow'd, & who remains to share them with you & make them sweeter: Scrope I take for granted is ye chief of those whom you condescend to honour, & I fancy He every day convinces You that your Loss would have been irreparable, had He never recovered his accident.—But I suppose You have a Curiosity to know something about me: I am at Mrs. Meredith's at Leed's Abbey in Kent: The House extremely large, but it has few Traces of an Abbey, here are large Apartments neatly furnish'd & a Gallery above 70 foot long fill'd with family pictures, of which however I must own there is not one tolerable to a Man of your Gusto: a large Garden well stock'd with Fruit and adorn'd with Fountains, Cascades, & Canals: a most romantic wood behind it with large Fish ponds:

* Gilbert White had recently been elected Fellow and was keeping his probationary year's residence at Oriel.

large Stables with a compleat set of foaming Horses for a Coach that has a prodigious easy Corner: & riding nags that I am in love with: But oh! Gil. here is a Loss ye most severe that can be; this House had a fine Library, which not falling by will to the Lady of it, has been sold off, & nothing remains but ye skeleton Cases. I really believe that my Brain will be moss'd over like our old walls, for here is very little Company, and those come so seldom that it is all Form & Starch'dness. You know ye Sentiments of a Family are generally pretty much ye same, & consequently few new things struck off or that are very improving, so that I expect to sink under ye Cloud that whilom involv'd this place when it was inhabited by old Monks; & I vie with them in rotundity already. Yet there is one thing that I have met with in this place, that I own I never met with before, that is, a contented man, the Clergyman of this place has between 50 & threescore pound a year, & has now neither wife, nor child; his appearance at first did not recommend him, & his method of chanting in a very strenuous tone ye divine Service made me ready to laugh at him, but as I am now acquainted with ye sincere virtues of ye man, I am all admiration: He is quite Parson Adams, & had like to have lost his Cure by some honest exhortations to a former Lady of this House, but his own Worth rais'd him Friends powerfull enough to support him against her; He always speaks his mind: He will not accept of any Preferment, & is thankfull for ye affluence in which He lives. Gil: I admire this man, but I can not imitate him in point of Content, You know my Heart on that Subject.—We now & then walk over to Leed's Castle a seat of Major Fairfax, giv'n him by ye Lord his Brother, we visit there, He has furnish'd in high Taste ye rooms thro' ye whole Front, the rest is quite in ye old Castle Taste & is quite romantic, it stands in ye middle of a moat in a pretty little park. This Country is all Hill & Dale, & has every where woods & Groves, they tell me that there is a prodigious Quantity of Game this year, but You know me, how unworthy I am in that respect, tho' Birds bless me for my Ignorance in ye art of murther. the Fox-hunters complain much of what I love, ye Shades; there is no Sport for them in so close a Country. At Sr Edw: Filmer's seat which stands on a Hill, I had a Prospect 30 miles over what He call'd ye Wilds of Kent, but I never saw a Place that seem'd more cultivated & rich. The Road from London to Kent is ye pleasantest in ye world, From Rochester to Maidstone there is almost a continual View of ye Medway, ye Bride of Thames, according to Spencer: I left London with pleasure, tho' I was happy while I was there for I was at all ye Gardens & had the pleasure of meeting Tom Mander at two of them: tell me, for I suppose you know, how that Merchant does, & give

my Love to Him; where is Jo: Warton now & Tom?* is that agreeable Toad Carter with you? All these claim my Love, never forgetting dear Tomkyns of new College: & Jack Rudge. There is not one person in this County that I have seen yet,†

Warton would not have made a jest of, they have all some very obvious Peculiarities. I saw Collins‡ in Town, he is entirely an Author, & hardly speaks out of Rule: I hope his Subscriptions go on well in Oxford: He told me that poor Hargrave was quite abandon'd, that He frequented night Cellars; I am sure you will be sorry for it, it really concerns me when I think of it, that so sprightly a Genius & so much good-nature should be so thrown away. Dear White, commend me to all that are so kind as to enquire after me; & pay my Respects to Mr. Bentham, my mother loves you, you have a strong party in a Family that you never saw, but I claim your Heart, & am with Sincerity

Your Affte Friend, & humble Sert.

John Mulso.

Letter 2.

To Mr. White,
at Oriel College, Oxford.

Leed's Abbey,
August. 1744.

Dearest Gil:

I should have answer'd your very obliging Letter before this Time, if I had not been hurried away on ye most agreeable Tour to Canterbury, where I have been with all our Family at my Uncle's this Fortnight, a Fortnight of very great pleasure, but like all Pleasures, short. Sure your Caution was ill-tim'd, & giv'n under some ill star, for I have been for ever in the Corners of Coaches, since your's reached me. I was at ye Races, ye Assemblies, ye Concerts, ye Plays, the—in short every thing that can be call'd gay, & delightfull. Macklin presided over ye last of ye Diversions I nam'd, & I saw him perform ye Jew in the Merchant of Venice, which gave me ye utmost Satisfaction. Nothing can possibly be so shocking as that Character perform'd by him, & I felt that sort of pleasure which Evander tells Æneas his people seem'd to express over ye Carcass of ye uncouth Cacus. I have likewise for ye first Time seen ye Sea, my Brother, & a young Gentleman, & I breakfasted on ye Brink of

* Joseph and Thomas Warton, sons of Thomas Warton, Vicar of Basingstoke and master of the school of "the Guild of the Holy Ghost" there where Gilbert White was educated. The former who was at Winchester College with John Mulso, and subsequently at Oriel, attained some literary distinction and became Headmaster of Winchester College, the latter went to Trinity College, Oxford, and became Professor of Poetry there, and Poet Laureate.

† Letter imperfect.

‡ The poet, who was also Mulso's contemporary at Winchester College.

it at Hearn, a Sight which I have often been oblig'd by you with a Description of, & now find ye justness of your Description; I had no opportunity of going to Deal & Dover, which Shakespear gave me a Desire of seeing. I began a great many Acquaintances at Canterbury, which is ye most disagreeable part of them, & was forc'd to leave them pretty abruptly; but ye Ladies there are insufferably handsome, I never met in one place such an Assembly of Beauties, I believe I saved my Heart by ye beautiful Confusion, I could justly say defendit numerus. I was vastly diverted at your Account of your Danger in that way, I hope you dont find ye arrow in your Side yet. I should not forget to tell you that I met Sayer at ye Concert & at the Coffee house, who ask'd after you & all friends: He has invited me to dine with Him, but He lives a great way off ye Abbey, & I have not much stomach to it. I have seen some pretty good Pictures since I have been out, but why do I mention Pictures to you who have seen Burleigh: * I met with Peck's Books at ye Library at Canterbury, who recounts the Curiosities of that place, & I diverted myself a good while one morning with reading them. My mother loves you so much that I am almost jealous of You; She says you speak her very Sentiment in your Judgement of ye Odyssey. She thanks you for your Advice to me, & I suppose now I am return'd to Leeds, I shall be forc'd to mount pretty often, & desert my dear corner. I don't find at present any great Propensity to Poetry, & I find that a great Deal of ye Inspiration that Poets talk of, is owing to ye Company that they are with, & not to ye nine Muses & ye whispers of Apollo; I have not seen a verse since I left You, nor hardly heard one quoted, so that I am not incited to it. You know I love Company & Gayety, & I believe the Return to this dull place would have made me hang myself, if we had not brought back with us a little Company from Canterbury; like you, & Falstaff, I hate Compulsion, and I am sure I stay here against my will. I am shock'd at ye Thought that I was not in London when you was there. My mother will be glad to see you there, & you know ye sight of you is a Constant pleasure

to Yours &c:

J. Mulso.

* Burleigh House, near Stamford.

Letter 3.

To Mr. Gilbert White,
at Oriel College, Oxford.

Leed's Abbey,
Sepr. 4, 1744.

Dear Gil:

Tho' You owe me a Letter, yet it is necessary for me to be before hand with You, that You may know that on Friday next we set out for London, so that if you please to write to me (which your not having done already puts me into some Concern for your health,) you must direct to me at the old place, King square Court. The ill-health of the Lady we are with, and ye great Solitariness, with regard to Visitants, which is ye Consequence of it, so entirely disagree with ye Temper of our Family, which you know in me is very social, that we can bear the Abbey no longer: I wish you could again escape to Town, to try how you could be receiv'd by us there, & hear me tell you how tiresome your absence is to me. You could be troublesome to nobody but my Father; & my Mother is so very fond of You, that whether or no You might not create a Jealousy in Him is a Question: yet come & see your new Conquest, you may approve her; she has sense, for she likes you; I don't think you will dislike her Conversation, there are few Subjects that She can't talk on: which tho' all women love to do, few do well; but some carry an Excuse in their faces, ye ugly are inexcusable. Bear with me, while I praise my Mother, 'tis an unfashionable pleasure, but it is always one to me, & for that Reason I know You will indulge me.

The Harvest is in with us, & we are generally, I have observ'd in Kent, pretty backward: I suppose Treuffle is in high Favour now, He is in Season, & by this time has beat round all ye Mannor, where you obtain'd Leave to shoot. Here is a Dog, a particular Favourite of mine, that I wish I could convey to You; you will laugh when I, who am even less a Judge of ye virtues of a Spaniel than I am of those of a man, tell you that I admir'd him for those that I fancied He was possess'd of: But the Coachman's better Judgement has confirm'd mine. He is black & white, has a bob Tail, a short thick back, a Leg not too long for Strength, a very pert Face—but oh!—no Ears. His name is Luck, & He carries ye day with me, before Fly, Spring & Turpin ye Greyhounds, Patch ye Spaniel, or Smoaker ye Hog-Dog, tho' they are very well in their way. He is very jealous of my Favour, which agreeably flatters my Vanity, for I am resolv'd to be convinc'd that He has a good Understanding.

Tell me how You all go on at Oxford, how does Scrope, Carter, &c: &c: Tell me if Jenny* has resum'd her Empire, &

* Miss Jenny Croke, daughter of a Mrs. Croke, of Oxford, who sometimes received rents for Gilbert White's grandmother, Mrs. White, who had house property there.

totally expell'd her Rival, ye Stamfordian. Tell me if She shall be your Penelope, for since your reading ye *Odyssey*, I suppose You have learn'd to despise ye whip-syllabub names of Amoret & Saccharyssa.

Do You use my Room enough to keep it warm? & do You take care of those few Books I own, which few as they are I should have been very glad to have had for my Companions here. I congratulate myself that I am going to leave this dullest of dull places. I hope to find a Letter from You to welcome me to Town on Saturday, tho' I had rather meet you in person. My Respects to Mr Bentham,* & to all Oriel men or others that enquire after me, & believe me to be, dear White,

Your's sincerely,

J. M.

Letter 4.

To Mr White
at Oriel College, Oxford.

Oct: 8, 1744.

Dear Gil,

I was celebrating a Birth-day yesterday, when two Letters came to my Hands, sign'd Tom: Mander† & Gil: White, & I assure you that they greatly added to ye pleasures of ye Day: Tho' Letters from Friends are always highly agreeable, yet like music, we relish them now & then with a higher Gusto. You can but just conceive, (& You seem to express a delicate feeling) ye home-felt joy that possess'd me, to find myself at ye same Time caress'd by present Friends, and remembered by absent. Continue to love my Memory, for unless You come up hither, I shall be dead to You this Winter, & only appear now & then in my shroud of Paper. Tom Mander will do me Honour, as my Representative in ye red room; if I had ever any thing agreeable, You will find it doubled in Tom; I do myself too much Honour, & Tom but Justice, when I say that He will be Pope modernizing Dr. Donne. Yet when He is upon any Act of Friendship, remember his uncouth Original, & assure yourself that tho' perhaps not in so polite a manner, yet that he would in will do that for You, and more.

I reciev'd that Letter at Leed's which You speak of, & ought, I own, to have mentioned it more particularly than I find I have done, for in that, as in everything,—in omni parte placebas.

Do you really find Celibacy hang heavy upon your Hands? or does Tom only jest when He says that you are on ye high road to ye dreary & dolorous Land of Matrimony—tho' of those

* Fellow and tutor of Oriel.

† A member, subsequently Fellow, of Oriel College.

mysteries I *far higher deem!* as Milton says. Upon my word I would not advise You to play so much as you do with ye Tangles of Neëra's Hair: those meshes will hold fast a Heart of stronger Wing for Flight that your's is, & if

Beauty draws us with a single Hair,
it may very well hold, with a whole Tête.

I did not think Loader would have remember'd what I only in a jesting manner said to Him so long ago. Jo: Warton tore himself from ye Town last Sunday, He fled from our Table into a Post-Chaise with Dacier, who in his way to Bath will set him down within a few miles of Basinstoke, where He talks of residing a pretty while. Collins is now my next neighbour. I breakfasted with him this morning, & Capn. Hargrave play'd on ye Harpsichord, which He has not forgott quite so much as He has Himself. You are much lov'd here, but You reign in ye Heart of your very affte Friend

J. M.

P.S. Congratulate Scrope & Carter* upon their Rest from their Labour, I hope their Works will follow Them, I mean that among other attempts of Recompence Sr Thos will present them with a Sett a piece.

Adieu.

Letter 5.

To Mr. Gilbert White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Novber. 6, 1744.

Dear Gil:

By this Time I am afraid You have been put to ye impertinent expence of a Letter from me by way of Ringmer:† but indeed You led me into ye mistake, by only saying you was to *return* into ye Country & dating from Sussex. I am now in your Debt for another Letter & your Present, for both which I return thanks to You & Copper.

I am now settled in London for ye Winter; a Letter, which I have just reciev'd from Mr Bentham, has freed me from ye troublesome Business of the Exhibition, which I think I mention'd to You in my circular Letter. BP. Robinson's‡ Estate is too much incumber'd, with Lawyers, to be trusted to ye Hands of Youth; a time of Life when One has too much Generosity & Simplicity to enter into ye mazes of Chicanery. Tho' I can

* Contemporaries at Oriel.

† Near Lewes, where Gilbert White paid an annual visit to his aunt, Mrs. Snooke.

‡ John Robinson, who held many distinguished offices and was a benefactor to Oriel College, of which he had been a Fellow.

hardly contrive to get out of my House in London, & almost envy the free tho' cold Air of the Country, yet it is not the Oxford Air that I chuse to taste. I turn my Eyes towards Selbourne, I long to see an old Friend in a new place. But alas Journeys are too expensive for a younger Brother; I despair of seeing you in Hampshire; I must cough on in London.

Jo: Warton has applied to my Uncle for *any* Curacy; how distress'd must He be! my Uncle has sent him the Refusal of an indifferent One, but such as He could get; but not where Jo: foolishly desires it; Jo: longs to be a Town Curate. This is thirty miles off; I hope He will accept it: I am in great Concern about him; for you know, Gil, his character stands upon slippery Ground.

I write on a Visit to Amen Corner, so must not be too prolix: Mama is oblig'd to you for feeding her two Dogs, &c: &c: You have ye Love of all our Family & One of ye warmest Corners in ye Heart of

Your sincere Friend

J. M.

P.S. Have you heard of Tom Mander? tell me about Wells's Affair when You hear more. My Compliments to your Family.

Letter 6.

To Mr Gilbert White
at Mr Snooke's, at Ringmer
near Lewes, Sussex.

Sept. 7, 1745.

Dear Gil:

If I had known your true Distemper, it would have sav'd me from ye Apprehensions of a much worse: And when I thought ye small-pox kept you so long silent, I was more concern'd for that Excuse than I am angry to find it ye effect of Laziness. It would be hard if I could not bear cognatas Maculas. I write from my bed-chamber; & I am afraid it would have been better if I had staid, like You, till I was awaked, than to have hasten'd to write in my sleep.—I thank You for letting me know of your Pleasures, it is always an Addition to my own: I never, as You know, read ye Odyssey, nor could I get it this Summer, tho' I have endeavour'd it.—Poor Fresco!* I am really concern'd for his sufferings, yet I fancy He bears them according to ye Rules of that Stoicism that was written so strong in his Face. Copper* is my Favourite, I believe He would welcome me to Selbourne as well as Yourself; but I don't yet find a Probability of my accepting my dear Friend's kind Invitation, yet I am not afraid of growing wild; I look for an Arcady with You; and I expect

* A spaniel.

some sacred whispers from the unseen Genius of your Woods.— You must have seen Tom Warton's five Eclogues, I desire to know your Opinion of them: I own I like them better than Joe's Enthusiast: there are two or three words affectedly us'd; other Faults I desire to hear of from you, if you can find them: They have giv'n me great Pleasures; yet I am likewise griev'd to find in this Brother too a Propensity to make an ill use of his Genius upon graver Subjects; which we have remark'd at Oxford. Jenny is a good Girl, & not led away by ye Love she bears her Brothers in a very high Degree: she has discovered ye Perfidiousness of Washbourne and sees how little Trust is to be repos'd in One who wants every thing but low Humour.—I have seen no Pictures since I was at Windsor with You, but I have been at ye Duke of Argyles & din'd in his Gardens. They are a Treasury of Exotics, & this is their chief Beauty. Mr Pelham's House and Gardens have nothing in them that struck me much; ye House is an additon to an old Gate left by Cardinal Wolsey & is in ye old Taste, which I don't like so well as ye modern, tho' I would not have you tell your Uncle Snooke so. The Garden has plenty of water, & some Nooks wild enough, & a good Prospect from it's mount: yet I don't like it so well as ye Duke's, nor either so well as Sr Clement Cotterell's; in short, that little Spot has made me nice in this way.—Collins has been some Time return'd from Flanders, in order to put on ye Gown as I hear, & get a chaplaincy in a Regiment. Don't laugh, indeed I don't on these occasions: This will be ye second acquaintance of mine who becomes ye Thing He most derides. I met Mr Bentham tother Day in a Visit: He tells me Scroope is not in a good way, & that ye winter must be waited for before much Change can be expected. Poor Scroope! He is fitter for Orders now than either of ye others.—Tom bears no malice; Heck likes your Hair, she confesses so much already. It was a very neat Compliment that You sent her. She can't answer it, so She says nothing: My Father & Mother desire their Respects to You. I, with humble Service to Mr Snooke, Love to Yourself:

for I am, dear Gil: your very affectionate Friend
J. Mulso.

Letter 7.

To Mr White
at Mr Snook's, at Ringmer
near Lewes, Sussex.

Oct. 23, 1745.

Dear Gil:

I own myself Debter to You for two very entertaining Letters, & I should punctually have answer'd the first to prevent the Danger of not hearing from You a great while, if my Father had not on a sudden resolv'd upon my bearing him Company into

Northamptonshire, where I have been almost three weeks, & from whence I return'd but yesterday. I may with great Truth return You a Compliment which You made me in a late Letter, that I go to no place which gives me Pleasure, without thinking of, & wishing for You. Our County is remarkeably open, & consequently very proper for Field Diversions, I think if we were ever again to live there, I should become quite a Country Gentleman bating smoking Tobacco. But I must give you a more particular account of my Expedition: We set out—but you'll hardly forgive ye manner—in our Chair, and proceeded thro' bad weather & Roads to Finedon ye seat of Sr Jno Dolben, a handsome House, large, & well furnish'd. His Garden has few other Beauties than it's Situation, & a long shady walk of 650 yards, from ye end of which you see 13 Spires. Sr John with ye constant Complaint of ye Stone, & scarce recover'd from a violent Fever, behaves with all ye cheerfulness & Civility of a man studious to please: his Family consisted of his Son, my agreeable cosen; his second Daughter, Mr Afflick of Christchurch a Relation & Curate to Sr Jno, Mr Hind, Dr Grey, who is famous for good Humour & good Sense, my Father & self. We rose every morning between 7 & 8, took a walk, or went a coursing, return'd to Breakfast between 9 & 10, met Sr Jno, for Miss went with us: after Breakfast began a Concert of musick of 8 Hands; after went to Church where Sr John has put up an Organ, & furnish'd ye rest of ye Church very handsomely. After Church to music again. At two went to Dinner, where there is constantly 10 good Dishes; after Dinner walk'd, or rode—but alas always in ye Chair—'till tea time: then to Music again, till ye Bell rung for family Prayers about 8; then to Supper of 7 Dishes; at half an Hour after 10 Sr John went to Bed, & we adjourn'd to a little parlour, where we sat laughing till near twelve. This was our way of living for 9 days, after which my Father hurried me away to Twywell, our own House: but I found it ye Ruins of what I left it fourteen years ago. Every thing run to Ruin, the very Rats instinctively had quit it. Here we were visited by Farmers and Parsons, & people hearty, but homely: all ye Elegancy and Delicacy of my late life chang'd; much Tobacco, much Ale, much noise, & common sense at ye best, but deliver'd with a mighty Emphasis; & generally ye Sentence begun with "in my opinion." After 4 days we set out for London, & return'd by Northampton, & between making a few visits while I stay'd, & returning a Different Road from what I went, I saw a good deal of ye Country. I'm sure you would like it; as we walk'd ye Fields, we sprung large Coveys of Partridge & started Hares. I should be glad of a hunting Seat there, merely for your Service; I call my Father to witness how often I repeat'd "if White was here how happy he'd be!"

You guess'd right, we are all in Town; but my Mama was hurried up hither on a melancholy Occasion, her Mother was dangerously ill; You may guess how bad she was, when I tell You that tho' She is thought out of Danger, She is as totally helpless as an Infant: I have not yet seen Her, & was lucky in being absent & ignorant of ye Agony and Confusion of our whole Family. You know something of my Mother, and therefore know that besides ye Effect of such an afflicting Scene, a vigilant attendance in a sick Room must have had a bad Influence on Her; She is not well, & consequently we are not happy.

I am not quite satisfied with Well's* match, I am afraid He marries thro' Pique more than Love: I heartily wish Him well, & would be glad to make ye Visit with You. Mr Bentham lately exhorted me to appear for an Exhibition which is vacant; but my uncle not thinking it necessary, I shall not take his advice. I believe I am oblig'd to Him for it. If I had met with Success I should have thrown out Carter, which I don't desire to do; if not, I think one Repulse is enough, which I fear I shall meet at Easter. I am very much concern'd for poor Jo: Warton & his Family,† & not ye least for poor Jenny. I should be glad to hear she was well married. I made your Brother‡ at Whiston's a short visit, before I went into ye Country. If You have not heard from Him since, I can tell You he was well then. Pray my humble service to your Uncle§ & Mrs. White—oh! I believe I forget, are not You at Mr. Snook's?|| My Service to Him; 'tis all one; I love You & your whole Family.

I am Dear Gil: Your's affly,
J. M.

Compliments from all our Family.

Letter 8.

To Mr Gilbert White
at Thorney in ye Isle of Ely
near Peterborough.

King square Court,
Febry. 9th, 1745. [o.s.]

Dear Gil:

I am very much oblig'd to You for your two Letters, and am sorry to hear that your Time has pass'd so disagreeably, as it must have done in a sick Chamber;¶ and that the Catastrophe

* Nathaniel Wells, an Oriel Contemporary.

† On account of the death of Thomas Warton senior.

‡ Benjamin White who became partner with Whiston as Publishers in Fleet St.

§ The Rev. Charles White, Rector of Bradley, and Vicar of Swarraton, Hants, who had married Gilbert White's aunt.

|| Mr. Henry Snooke of Delves House, Ringmer, near Lewes, who had married Gilbert White's aunt, Rebecca White.

¶ Gilbert White was attending the deathbed of his great uncle (in the half blood) Thomas Holt, agent to the Duke of Bedford with whom he was connected by marriage.

was so melancholy ; I honour the poor old Gentleman for what He has done for You, & long to have a more particular Account : We are all here got into Mourning upon the Death of my Uncle Donne ye Prebendary of Canterbury whom you have heard mention of. In a week's Time I propose setting out for Oxford & am afraid I shan't meet You there according to Promise. The Place will be mournfull without You, therefore make what Hast You can : yet I fancy You will hardly leave the Parts You are in, without making a Visit to Stamford, & then I suppose you will cross away to Hampshire, where your Brother Benjamin told me You was expected : I communicated the Contents of both your Letters to Him, & find I have fresh Obligations to You, for You use me better on this Point than You do your very Brothers. I walk'd a Turn in ye Park with Jo Warton about a fortnight ago, & that was all I saw of Him, so I suppose He return'd to Hampshire ye Day after : I find He is to try how He likes the Curacy of Chelsea, which is just resign'd over to Him by Charles Holloway, if You know such a Person, & I beleive you must, because when I mention your returning to Town, He desir'd I would bring You with me to dine with Him. My Sister had a Letter from Jenny Warton, & She mention'd Jo's Intent of settling for some Time at Chelsea ; but I shall be at Oxford first.

You are nearer ye North than We, so I shall not tell you about the Rebels : there is Talk of a Prize being taken off Cales that is worth a million of our money, & Mr Young has some small Hope that his Son may be concern'd in the Capture ; but this, as Swift says of ye new-christen'd Child, wants Confirmation.—John Bosworth's eldest Brother is dead ; whether this will affect the Election I can't tell, but I do wish I could see Him a Partner with his Father, as his Brother was, which I believe would be an Advantage to Him & to Me too. O Gil ! the Thoughts of the Election are as bad as the Thoughts of a Ride.

I am oblig'd to You for putting the finishing stroke to your poetical Performance, of which You gave me a Hint whilst You were in Town. I can easily discover which were breath'd out in the pure air of Selbourne, & which in ye Fens ; tho' I don't mean that they are tainted, for the Conclusion is as charming as ye Beginning : I fancy my Sister sung herself into Six Lines, when You was in Town last. I assure you, without Flattery, that they are very much, & very justly admir'd. They are truly poetical, because truly natural. Yet I think there are two Places which are not so well as ye rest ; the first, three words seem to be rather forc'd in, & I had rather my Face had wanted that Share of ye Compliment, than that "Foe to Guile" had finish'd ye Line. The Second ; I think You are rather too circumstantial in your Description of our London cream. These are all that struck me upon reading over often & often your very obliging &

very ingenious composition, & these you'll not take ill that I mention, if I know any thing of You, as I flatter myself I do.

If You pass thro' London in your Return, don't neglect King Square Court, tho' I am not there: You will find many Admirers, who lov'd you first for my sake, & now have a stronger Reason to do so. Either Saturday or Monday next at farthest will see me at Oriell; if You don't intend to come soon, at least comfort me with Letters.

I am, dear Gil: Your's sincerely

J. M.

Letter 9.

To Mr Gilbert White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

King square Court.
May 28, 1746.

Dear Gil,

I return You many Thanks, & by You to the Rest of your good Family for your very friendly and elegant Entertainment both at Selbourne and Bradly. I desire your Father to excuse ye Shabbiness of my Present which I took care to force upon Him in Order to prevent both a Refusal and Thanks. Pray give my best Respects to Niecy & tell her that I am still in concern for her Turkeys & that every Cloud gives me a new Pain, lest it should fly towards Selbourne and wash away Part of her nursery. Having told you that I am here, I must now tell You how I got hither. I believe You heard me set out, or rather was sensible of my being turn'd off about half an Hour after three. Voilà ce que vous appelez, renovare dolorem. I squeez'd myself with ye utmost Difficulty in betwixt a very fat & warm citizen and a Woman of pretty equal Size (excuse the greasy & stinking Truths that my unfortunate History obliges me to disclose & present to your Imagination) and after rubbing my Eyes & yawning open my mouth, the only Things I was at Liberty to stir, I discover'd over against me two Gentlemen who confin'd between them a good agreeable Woman, who held at her knees and mine a pretty little Girl of about five Years of Age, so that ye Coach might be said to be full: You may imagine that ye Conversation was not very lively at that Time of the morning, but at last we open'd, & indeed had ye words past thro' a more agreeable medium than our very fœtid atmosphere, they might have past for very agreeable: I found two were rich merchants & the other a Clergyman of Dorsetshire: They seem'd all understanding agreeable men. But alas neither the Conversation or ye Day which favour'd Us extremely, was able to compensate for ye prodigious & constant Heat that we suffered. I however arrived at last in Town, & found all here well, except my Mother who is but poorly. Call

me no more Rector, for Alack & welladay I shall be but a Vicar,* the Church of St. Paul's taking ye other Title to Themselves, which I could very well spare if they took nothing else; however I have no Reason to complain I am sure. I called on your Brother Benjamin yesterday & found Him well: assure ye timorous Mrs† & Miss Isaac that ye Roads between Alton & London are passable & I wish They may have as little Dust as I had & less Company. I find that Mr. Lyttleton has just publish'd a little Treatise on ye Conversion of St. Paul which is universally approv'd, He who in his Youth was unsettled is become a very steady & useful Christian. Let me hear of You both before & during your Excursions: I thank You for ye use of Squinny Junior, whose Absence I regret, tho' ye Roads about London look so hot in comparaison of your charming woods that ye Temptation to riding is but faint. I have forgot ye titles of some Books which your uncle mention'd & which I would endeavour to get if I could be reminded of Them. Disperse my Compliments every where & believe me Your sincere Friend

J. M.

I can't help telling You, tho' 'tis a little uncharitable, that Collins appears in good cloaths & a wretched carcass, at all ye gay Places, tho' it was with ye utmost Difficulty that He scrap'd together 5 pound for Miss Bundy at whose Suit He was arrested & whom by his own confession He never intended to pay. I don't beleive He will tell ye Story in Verse, tho' some circumstances of his taking would be burlesque enough. The Bailiff introduc'd himself with 4 Gentlemen who came to drink Tea, & who all together could raise but one Guinea. The *ἀναγνώρισις* (a word He is fond of) was quite striking & ye catastrophe quite poetical & interesting.

Letter 10.

To Mr Gilbert White
at Selbourne near Alton Hampshire

August 1, 1746.

I have a little the longer deferr'd writing to dear Gil:, suspecting that ye charms of Todnam‡ would occasion my Letter's lying unopen'd at Selbourne, if I wrote sooner: and I cannot believe that You pass'd by Tom Mander so quick as You told me You would; if I know him, He has ye Art of engaging a little longer, & yet a little longer Tarrying,

Lucretius's *Suave mari magno* &c.: was not ye Reason that I laugh'd so heartily at your Stage Coach Sickness, which now you have recover'd I hope You will forgive me; I beleive it was

* Of Sunbury.

† Aunt to Gilbert White.

‡ Todenham near Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

rather ye Circumstances of ye Sickness, than ye Sickness itself, that diverted me: I don't think there is a better Answer to ye Question of Original Sin than a Groan; or a better Satire on Women's disputing it, than your cascading.

Should I use ye Stile of ye Antidiluvian Lovers in ye Spectator, I might direct my Letter, "from Mulso on ye Plains to White amongst ye Hills." You remember ye Situation of Hampton, & from Hampton I now write. I thank you for enquiring after my Mother, She is not quite well, but much better than when You saw her, & Miss is at your Service. My Father & Tom are at Gloucester I believe by this Time. I wish you would come & take a Sunshine view of this Place, for indeed ye Day in which You saw it, did not do it Justice.

Whence is the Pleasure ye mind takes in seeing great men? a large Posse of us walk'd an Hour or two in Hampton Court Gardens yesterday to see ye Mareschall Bellisle & his Brother, who came to dine there with ye Duke of Grafton & a great many more Noblemen: and now what more can I tell You of them than that I saw them? whereas could One see into their Brains, & mark ye fine movements there, & read ye Plots & Policies that are spun by those able Heads, (for so they are reckon'd) One's Curiosity would not be so insignificant. The common Cuts of him will serve as well for ye Grand Duke. We are forming a Party to Esher, Mr. Pelham's seat, where I expect more Entertainment; & am indeed more curious in the works of Men than their Faces.

I have just reciev'd a Letter from Collin's, dated Antwerp. He gives me a very descriptive Journal of his Travells thro' Holland to that Place, which He is in Raptures about, & promises a more particular Account of: He is in high Spirits, tho' near ye French. He was just setting out for ye Army, which He says are in a poor way, & He met many wounded & sick Countrymen as He travell'd from Helvoet-Sluis.

Tell me how my dear Copper does, & whether Fresco travell'd down safe, & upon *four* Legs, & tell me what He star'd at most: my Ld Noel would ask what mistresses Copper found on the way. I dare not tell You how much we think ourselves oblig'd to You for your Company in Town, for fear I should introduce a Deluge of Compliments, which might over-run all your next Letter: Write frequently to your affectionate Friend

J. M.

P.S. Your Nightcap was found, but not your Penknife, but when You will have either of Them I don't know & I hope You don't care. I had forgott to tell you that I am up every morning a little after Seven, which I take to be ye Reason of ye present fine weather—or vice versa.

Letter 11.

To Mr White
At Oriel College, Oxon.

King square Court
Oct. 27, 1746.

Dear Gil :

You misunderstood me about ye Affair of the Beds, & are in one of Mr Bays's Puzzles. I must referr You to my Letter to see if I don't set it in this Light : that I must stay 'till my Father & Mother go to bed to one another before I can offer You a Bed at our House, but that I will take ye first Opportunity of doing it ; which I am so unhappy as not to be able to do yet, for my Mother's bad Health still keeps my Father at a Distance.

I wish you joy of having pass'd ye fiery Ordeal of M.A. but I am sorry You ended so furiously as to burn your Works ; why was not Augustus at your Elbow to rescue those unfortunate Compositions ? To say Truth I should have been glad to have seen Them, for tho' I might not copy, I might imitate, and I want a modell, & for that want's sake, I deferr setting about any Thing of that nature ; tell me your whole Proceeding, tell me your Questions, tell me your Theses, tell me your Examination, your Masters, your—let me into ye whole Funk. I desire you would always have wet brown Paper about You, that is, I desire you would not mislay or carry away, or lend out, or any other way distract the Scheme, which upon your Promise I now call mine. I should be glad to have it here if You could contrive it.

How does Tom Mander's System of Physicks go on ? Is He Master of ye weight & ye Power ? Has He settled Sr Isaac's & Grimadi's Dispute of ye Refrangibility or Dispersion of Rays ? will He venture down in a diving Bell, or is He yet as distress'd as a Cat in an Air Pump ? You may give my Love to Him, if his apparatus does not forbid your Approach.

You tell me Mills is not come up, and then add, Don't You hear what an Estate Sr Richard has left Him.—I don't quite understand You ? do You mean that Sr Richd Musgrave has got an Estate, or Sr Richd Mills has left Mills one ? clear it up, for I should be glad to hear ye last.

'Tis well that You desire me to forgive ye altering ye metre in your Ode.* How dare You ravish from me ye only Handle of finding Fault, don't You know ye Pleasure of criticizing ? & yet I don't know whether I ought to find fault even there, as You have managed it. I like your little Child much. I think you have adapted the funalia, vectes, & marinae veneris latus &c : very well to ye present time : & there is a Delicacy peculiar to your self when You come to flagello tange Cloën ; but You have a happiness in picking out ye ipsissima verba.

* A translation of Horace Od. III., 26.

Well, I have more Reason than ever to pray for my Mother's Health: I long to see You again. Quin, Garrick & Mrs Cibber are all at one House, & You may have Breakfast, Dinner, & Supper at ours, tho' no Bed. You have Brothers in Town, can't You afford a short visit? tho' I am in Town, methinks I grudge myself a Play 'till you come.

I am, dear Gil, Your's sincerely,
Jn Mulso.

Letter 12.

To Mr White
at Mr Mander's at Todenham
in Gloucestershire.

Sunbury
Aug: 21, 1747.

Dear Gil:

I deferr'd writing to You, 'till I could satisfy that kind thirst which you mention'd, a Thirst after my Uncle's Promotion; in which good wish I flatter myself You had an Eye to Me: the Affair long remain'd doubtfull and kept us in a very uneasy Situation: the Doubt was not whether He could get the See, for that was at first offer'd Him, but whether He could get it upon such Terms, as would least prejudice his Family in Case of accidents to Himself: Yesterday He kissed ye King's Hand and has chang'd his Title of Doctor Thomas for that of Bishop of Peterborough. He holds St. Paul's one Year, & his Living & Welsh Prebend in perpetuum. I need not tell You whom He has made choice of for his Lordship's chaplain with his Curate Mr. Wills. Jo: Warton desir'd to attend Him in that Capacity, but He does not know how much He has to do, before He is anneal'd from an indifferent character as a Clerk. However Jo has got a little living from ye D: of Bolton somewhere by Hackwood, which I am very glad to hear & I beleive you will be so too, tho' as it lies so near ye George at Basinstoke, I beleive You will think with me that it lies in a dangerous Latitude.

I have search'd far and near for a Frank (ye Bishop not being as yet Lord enough to supply me) for I own 'tis a little hard upon You as You are upon a Scheme to draw from ye Bank, but You feel I can't get one; yet I was resolv'd to write, because You have now an Opportunity of paying my Devoirs to Tom Mander. I presume You are popping & snapping so that a Farmer can't walk his own Fields in Security for You. Tom can walk farthest, but You shoot best; I fancy I have drawn your characters, tho' I may add, Tom drinks cyder longest but You take ye larger Glasses at first. I thank you for your account of yourself at Chalgrave; there is no man understands a Retreat I see better than yourself: You and Whiting with your two Companies put me in mind of Dryden's Flower and ye Leaf. I was a little surprized to hear that Miss Lambourne was one of ye

Party: alas poor Whiting! I know Tom Mander laughs and despises Him, but if I know anything of Tom, *Tempus erit Turno* &c: He'll wish He had not loos'd somebody's Girdle.

By my bad writing You will conclude that my Hand is tir'd with writing Sermons: nothing less. I have done nothing that way except preaching at Hampton & reading Prayers, Christ'ning, Churching, &c: &c: at Sunbury:—*Curvo nec faciem Littore dimovet* says Horace of a Mother, but You may say it of me if you please, not that I look upon ye River in Expectation of a Conference with old Thames as your ever-poetic Imagination made You fancy: no, ye Reason is perfectly Prose & dull, 'tis in Order to see my Books &c: coming from Oxford, which are not yet arriv'd nor do I hear any tidings of them: I sleep indeed upon ye Banks of ye River as *Æneas*, but I don't dream of my Supplies nor do I find 'em when I wake. But I give myself an Air of too great Concern about Books, it won't pass with You who know me.—But while I speak, they arrive,—I must break off in Order to receive them.—All safe!—I can hardly set about giving You an Account of my manner of living, it will not bear Order, for it is in ye greatest Degree dissipated: I lie at a Gardener's in Sunbury, I live sometimes at ye Vicaridge, sometimes I go to Hampton, where I find my Mother at one House, my Sister at another and You know who at a third or fourth, for that Person has two. But where do I study? I am a Philosopher & pick up Knowledge en Passant: This Afternoon many of ye Gentlemen of this Place (I am at Sunbury for a week) come to ye Bishop in Order to meet with ye future Vicar. If I cannot recommend myself to them & find some One more particularly engaging than ye Rest, I shall look for a very disagreeable winter, which I shall spend here alone. Think of that and my constitution. I shall go to Town with ye Family, which may be in about a week's Time, write to me there at all Events. Pray get into Orders & make me a Visit at Sunbury, but *cum tuâ Merce veni*: bring a Discourse, which if it is like your common, will both edify & delight. Let me know of all your Rambles & adventures, & tell Tom Mander that I expect some of his wit to enliven my Winter Hours & keep my risible muscles in Order: I don't mean by this to forbid his writing before, or visiting my Retreat. Tell me of your Brother Jack.* My good will extends to all your Family; perhaps I may make your Sister Nanny a Visit sooner than She expects me. When You get back to Oxford let me know how Oriel goes on: † I have ye strongest Desiderium for that Place, &

* John White, b. 1727 admitted a (Surrey) Scholar of C. C. C. Oxford, March 12, 1745.

† Gilbert White frequently visited and resided at Oriel until he went up in 1752 as junior Proctor. After his year of office he generally visited his College twice or thrice annually, but never resided there for any length of time.

always shall. At present I look upon myself as one that has an Interest in some of ye worthiest & most shining Fellows of it. Pray how does Jewell go on? Is He struggling to be born again, or does He lie still in ye englutting womb of Time? Tell Tom I wish all happiness to ye sheets. Success to your Studies, that is, to your Gun.

I am dear Gill ;, Your affect : Friend & Servt.
J. M.

Letter 13.

Sunbury,
July 17, 1749.

Dear Gil :

We were very glad to hear that You got safe to Sussex, for I had enquir'd of my Barber about his Friend who accompanied You, & He several Times told me that He had heard nothing of Him. I ask Pardon for being asleep when You was going, and wonder how I could be so compos'd when such a misfortune was happening to me. Indeed we strangely miss You, myself especially, for You made my Sundays Sabbath Days indeed, and all the week Festival. We retain several of your Expressions, and are pleas'd to fall into your manner. You steal our Songs, and we your Sayings ; in Short we are never more pleas'd, than when we can set You before us. The Circuiteers left us Sunday Sen'night : I rode out once before they went, but alas, it had not methought either ye Elegance, ye Usefulness, or the Security that it had when You was my Companion : there are many that I know that when I am with them I am only not alone, but I feel a Complacence in my social Spirit when I am with You, as You have ye art to be truly companionable. Bob Young wrote from Oxford and his Letter was like his Conversation : but He desir'd his Compliments to You, & his Thanks for recommending him to so obliging & agreeable a Man as John White. John had his Hands full of Impositions, I wish ye Youngs did not enlarge the Reckoning.

The chair came back on Tuesday last, but ye Horse so lean & wretched, so lame both from a bad Foot & a Sprain, that he was put into ye Farrier's Hands & we have had little Use of Him. However with great Care he is now pretty tight & in Flesh : and now You will say, " Ay, that is well enough for *Miss Hecky, yes Papa*, but what becomes of riding ? " Why Ned mounts ye chair Horse & I ye little Doctor, & we amble along by Hedges under ye wind like your Father. Miss Hecky has been a Rake and deserted us for two whole Days, and went to ye Races & Assembly and danc'd away in Company wth Lady Musgrave : I wish you was to hear her Description of Races : ye Sophoclean

ε-μολ, voo's me was us'd with Energy. I intend secretly to print her Song & You will see Yourself in a wooden Print on ye Top holding out a Pot of Beer to a Lady. I beleive She has begun your Sermon, for She wrote while Ned & I rode; She seems to fear that She shall never draw it out into Length; and tho' She's little apprehensive of wanting words, She is justly alarm'd about ye Deficiency of Sense.

My Jenny* (whom You dare to call by her true Name, tho' I dare not) came on Saturday & return'd on Tuesday; I hardly dare tell You what a Scheme She has propos'd, because I don't see that You can have any Share in it. Going in ye Coach with her Father, she was talking of Oxford & how much She long'd to see it; He was in so good Humour that He promis'd to carry her there when She could make a Party; So Pressy & Heck are invited, & I believe Capt'n Young & his Lady. As to me I leave You to guess what will be my Fate: If I forfeit my Living I must go: we intend to meet ye Circuiteers on their Return at ye End of the Month, but what Day we set out, or how go, I shall not tell You. I shall see her to-morrow & then I shall be inform'd more particularly. Heck is in ye greatest alarm, & scream'd out on hearing it, "but where's my *Busser?*" In short She is apprehensive of a Dearth of Civilities, because You are not to be there, and fears She shall not get her Degree, because She has not her favourite *Batchelour to answer under*.

We have had a Vestry about our Church. It was a fierce Democracy; at last I adventur'd to harangue, which I did for a great while; but tho' even Coblers allow'd that it was *very fine*, yet ye tenacious Farmers will I am afraid hinder the building of a Church. And yet ye Repairs are in ye meantime to be so inconsiderable, as not to allow me any Length of Holidays: So I cannot promise to see You in Hampshire. I am very much obliged to Mr Snooke for expressing a Desire to see me at Ringmer; I should wait upon Him with a great deal of Pleasure, tho' there were not those enchanting Scenes about Him, which tempt me in your Description. I am oblig'd to ye Ladies for their Civility & my Sister is very desirous of having the advantage of so agreeable an acquaintance. Our Compliments attend them. I wish You Joy of having had such favourable weather both in your Journey & since. That every Thing may conspire to make you well & happy, is the sincere wish of

dear Gil, Your affectionate Friend,

J. M.

* Miss Jane Young, to whom he was engaged to be married.

Letter 14.

To the Reverend Mr Gilbert White
at Bradly near Alresford, Hampshire.

Sunbury,
August 8, 1749.

Dear Gil :

You may justly wonder why I have delay'd answering your last Epistle (whose Elegance & genteel Turn we could not sufficiently admire) when in it You expressly desire me to answer it immediately. But You will cease to wonder or to blame when I tell You ye Reason. It was impossible to settle ye Day for our Oxford Expedition because I could not get my Church serv'd, so this deferr'd my writing some Time, because I wanted to tell You in it the very Time, & to describe our Plan of Action. But alas! here we are still, & the dear, ye favourite Scheme lost in air! Miss Young has been sick, but that's not ye Reason. Heck has been ill,—but that's not ye cause: In short it is a very serious & melancholy one. Jack Y: has fallen into bad Company, has gam'd, & to support it run deeply into Debt; & having taken some very shabby Methods of rising money, by inveigling it with various Pretences out of his Father's Friends & his own, reduc'd Himself to so wretched a State when he came to reflect on it, that he almost lost his Reason: He took a Post Chaise to go to Bristol; what Scheme he had to execute there I cannot tell, but He left a Note signifying that He should make away with Himself before assistance could come. But He was mistaken. Bill: by his Father's Order follow'd & overtook Him 7 miles beyond Marlboro' & brought Him back. Mr. Young has behav'd kindly to Him, in order to compose his Mind; but He is stubborn, & will give no clear account of his Intentions. His Debts amount to a very great Sum according to his present Confession, and it is apprehended that He has not own'd all. Upon this, (ye rest of which must be left to your Imagination) you may imagine Mr Young has chang'd his Intention of giving us ye promis'd Jaunt. He has not indeed said so; but none of us think of it, as it would be highly improper. His Spirits are much dejected, & indeed this affair has affected the whole Family. He has a difficult Task to manage; for Jack has a violent Spirit & capable of ye most terrible Extremes, at ye same Time that his Behaviour has deserv'd severe Reproach, & his Follies want ye tightest Restriction. I hope the same Friends will be able hereafter to make ye same Party of Pleasure, and that at a Time when You can share it with Them. The Thoughts that You could not be of our Party now, took off a good deal of Satisfaction from every one in it. We expect ye Circuiteers home on Fryday. I hope You have receiv'd a great deal of Pleasure in your Sussex Expedition, & left all Friends well there, and I am impatient to know how You found Mr. White after having deserted Him so long, & all your Friends in Hampshire. We think it a long Time since we saw

You, from whence I conclude the same of Mr White &c: Miss Heck bites her nails for want of Russel, & adds to that ye scratching of the Head as a Composer. Her Sermon has been long finish'd, but She does not yet know how or where to send it. I beleive it will come like farthing newspapers in Franks, & be as dull as the Story which is told by Piecemeal at ye Beginning of them. But as Franks are not yet to be got, so I desire You would in ye mean Time walk fast up to your Uncle's Field, which if I remember is up hill; do this frequently, & perhaps you may get Breath to compass ye Periods. Now are You impatient to know ye Text, the Division, the—but you shall know Nothing of ye Matter. When we last sent to Whiston's there was nothing there, so Heck thanks you very kindly, but She does not know for what: we can hardly suspect You of sending Rhenish, but at present it tastes very like it. As to me, I shall never forget ye Obligation I have to* but whether I am oblig'd to your Uncle or who else for ye four Sermons You preach'd, I cannot tell; but I desire to know that I may discharge my Conscience of Suspicion. Don't forget my Instruction about Breath, & fling Stones into ye well that is haunted with a Sound & repeat Homer in ye midst of ye Clatter. Get Breath classically & lose it unorthodoxly. Let me hear from You as often as You can: Bale of New Coll: who is going to make a vacancy for a Living in Bedfordshire tells me that poor Tomkyns is in a Consumption & likely to die of it, & that he thinks so himself in Spite of ye Flattery of that Distemper. Our Compliments attend You and Your's.

I am dear Gil: Your's affectionately
J. M.

Letter 15.

To the Reverend Mr G. White
at Selbourne near Alton Hants.

Sunbury
Sept 25, 1749.

Dear Gil:

I very heartily thank You & your good Family for all their Favours at Selbourne & Bradly; & am sorry that I could not make one more Visit at the last Place, and that our Jaunts would not allow us more Time than just to pack up my Totum Nil & be gone from a Set of People who were every way agreeable to me.

I suppose you expect some account of me after our Parting. If You take my Journey from Selbourne, it was perform'd by four different Vehicles, a Horse, a Chaise, a Stage Coach, & a Chair. I left You in Bed at Alton & got (after having seen in ye Kitchen ye miserable Remains of a Set of Dogs who made my

* Letter imperfect.

night sleepless) into a Chaise, where I found a round little Gentleman who had the air of a Tailor; more asleep than awake. We agreed to draw ye Curtains, & be as convenient to one another as ye mutual accommodation of Shoulders would make us, & as companionable as two men asleep could be. I was neither alive or dead, till I came within four miles of Farnham when ye Coachman stopt & propos'd to take in a woman; a woman You know is (by some thought) no bad proposal to a Man who thinks Himself in Bed, but to say Truth my Couch was so narrow, so very unlike Jacob Gibson's, & my Gallantry at so low Ebb, that I took no Joy in this Prize, tho' I must own She was pretty well set for a King's liking, being *fat, fair, & fourty*: nor could I look upon it that She succeeded by a *Sede vacante*, tho' a Tailor was ye third Person, for however contracted his Soul might be, his corporal Dimensions were in human Proportion. Yet I must do Him the Justice to say that He was more gallant than Myself, for after long Consultation how we should accommodate a third Person, He nimbly leapt up to ye box & left ye Lady wth me. By the Help of a Conversation in which my words dropt from me as melancholily as Raindrops of the Eves long after ye Shower is over, we arriv'd at Farnham; there we pick'd up a young Gentleman; & chang'd for ye Coach; our Time past very well, 'twas a fine Day, & we roll'd on at Ease: we arriv'd at Egham at 12, where I found my Father & Tom. I slid Home in ye Chair to Dinner: There was only Yes Papa, who sends her Compliments to You. Pressy is wth Mr Young, but goes to Town tomorrow. My Jenny was in London, whither She went wth her Sister and the Child who is sick. She comes down today, & we are all going over to dine at Hampton. All here are well. My Father sends his Compliments & Thanks for my Entertainment & all Civilities amongst ye Whites. He has recollected that your Uncle was a *tall man*; ye next effort I suppose will find Him a *tall Fellow*, which was once a Character of Courage & Sprightliness: I have Hopes that by Degrees ye acquaintance will be renew'd.

The little Doctor is sold for 30 shillings; this is a Baulk upon me, but I am not discourag'd by Falls & shall not give up riding, tho' I believe it will be but seldom that I shall have occasion for my small skill; I know Your Uncle will say, "then you must make an Occasion." How many Reasons have I to wish myself near Selbourne & Bradly! My Health & my Pleasure seem both to demand it. My Compliments to ye Ladies, if they despise Me for ye weakness I express'd before them on Thursday, I only wish in Return that they may always retain that Sort of Insolence which is ye Effect of Health, & never know what weak Spirits are. I wish your Uncle did not know how to pity me.

I am dear Gil Your sincere Friend

J. Mulso.

Letter 16.

Sunbury,
Oct: 25, 1749.

Dear Gil:

Upon the very Day in which your last Letter arriv'd (which I am afraid is a Month ago) we were just setting out upon a Jaunt of Pleasure, my Father & Yes Papa in the Chair, Tom & I on Horseback. We went to the Top of Cowper's Hill, which I shall not enter into a Description of, because Denham has done it in Verse,* & You shall have an Opportunity of shining in Prose or beating Denham at his own weapons, for I don't know any Body better at Description than yourself. From thence we rode about Windsor Park, to the Duke's Lodge; to ye Top of the Road which looks upon ye Castle, in Short spent the morning in skirring about, 'till we had just Time to get to Egham to Dinner, where Hunger recommended a plain Meal, but we compensated that by the Elegance of our Entertainment, which was the reading of your Letter, & which I had hoarded up for that Purpose. I shall only say upon our Expedition, that I thought the Scenes it afforded us well worth going to see, even after the many beautiful ones which you took such kind Pains to show me. I all the while thought with Satisfaction that I had found out a Subject of Entertainment for You; and I know it will please You the more, because you will own the Ground to be irregular & I shall call it going *up Hill & down Hill*. I have another little Hill in Reserve for a shorter Ride, but it is not of equal Beauty, tho' it takes in the Hemisphere.

I am now relaps'd into the Misery of a solitary winter, being deserted by the Family; & indeed it has had a stronger effect upon Me than I would own to any but yourself, but you know that my Spirits when they sink, sink low indeed. On Fryday fortnight They went for London, and on Monday after did that bold Girl Heck venture down into Northamptonshire in the Chair with my Father. They were favour'd wth weather & got down very well, & there I believe she will stay 'till the middle of next month when the Bishop & Family come to Town. She finds Peterboro' very agreeable, but the Church strikes her; She writes "the Cathedrall which I have a View of from my Chamber window, as *White says, enlarges me.*" Tom & Pressy & Ned are in Town, Ned is in & in for Life, if He pleases, being now a regular Clerk. Jenny & her Father are still at Hampton where I have taken Lodgings & there reside chiefly. I have been Nurse to Her, for She has been very ill, & She has a little return'd the Compliment for I have had a bad Cold which fell upon my

* Sir John Denham (1615-1669) published a poem on "Cooper's Hill" in 1602, in which he described the scenery about his house at Egham.

Bowels; nor have I quite remov'd it yet: So that the Time has not pass'd very gayly. They will go to Town next week & then I shall be compleatly deserted; However, You know that I have some obliging Neighbours, who save me from Despair & an English Exit in November. Are You sure that You shall not fetch Home Harry* at Xmas? Cannot You rest at Sunbury for a Day or two? I think the Sight of You would give me Spirits, for a month at least. If You Time your Visit well, perhaps I may take a Trip to London with You; we will see the Family, salute ye Bishop, & I wish wth all my Heart He could give You a Hampshire Living of *two Hundred* a Year in Return for ye Compliment. Perhaps we may steal into ye Pit & take another Laugh together, unless You think it beneath your Dignity. But you shall rule; and indeed it is a Compliment which I owe to you, who referr'd every Thing to my Arbitration, and submitted every thing to my Content & Pleasure when I was in Hampshire.

I desire my Respects to every Body in general & particular there. To the Ladies first as in Duty bound. I hope your Father will mount younger Horses for ye winter. I am in Hopes that the cold weather will give your Uncle Spirits, I have often found that where they have fail'd in ye Heat of Summer, they have been good by being brac'd with Frosts. I heartily wish Him & Mrs. White Health, & must repeat my Thanks for his friendly Reception of Me.

I fancy this will wait for You at Selbourne, for I think this is about the Time of your being at Oxford: Let me know who You saw there, & how the Provost & Mr. Bentham & all Friends do. Tell me about ye Curacy & whether You have taken it. I wish You Health & an Increase of every Thing which may give You Content & Happiness, & am, dear Gil,

Your affectionate Friend,

J: Mulso.

Letter 17.

Sunbury,
Janry 11, 174 $\frac{9}{8}$.

Dear Gil:

I am cover'd wth that malus Pudor which makes a Man the foolishest Sinner of the World, for He knows He is in ye wrong, but wants Courage to return to ye Right. I have owed You a Letter so long, that I have not dared to pay it, and when an idle Hour has presented itself, I have stood wth all ye Irresolution of a Boy on ye Brink of the River, 'till my Imagination has been quite frozen, before I dared trust it to Paper.

I have taken Possession of no Prebend, for there are no

* Gilbert White's youngest brother, Henry, was at school at Kingston, Surrey.

Vacancies at Peterboro', my Sister has not been so usefully fatal; She has appear'd (if You will allow a little poetical Prose) like blooming Health, & inspired new Youth into ye wither'd Elders. The Dean was as gay & galant as Twenty, & old Dr Robinson is a passionate admirer; perhaps You will think He dotes when I tell you that He makes Riddles & Rebuses: & there passes between T. R. & H. M. such a pretty war of wit, as deserves printing as much as Jo: Miller, & Durfey's Pills to purge Melancholy.

I have not resign'd my Liberty. I am willing enough, but my Friends will have them Chains of Gold; I must own they ought to be so, & so I take up wth Liberty 'till I can get ye Gilt. I am sick of ye word Liberty, & hate to hear it talk'd of as much as I should hate ye Cant of Change Alley; 'Tis a Thing we little understand, & never value, I beleive, 'till it is lost; & whether I can lose in ye way You mean I would have you ask your Aunt.

I have been backwards & forwards between this Place & London so often this winter, that I wish I don't get ye Title of Chaplain to ye Stage Coach; I am to be sure as well known as ye Bohemia Head; & as Prince Hal says, am sworn Brother to a Leash of Drawers. And yet it appears to me (to reverse the wit of old Hippeley) that I am always coming back & never going. My Friends in Town are well & much your's. Jenny intends to set apart a Room in ye Vicarage by the name ye *White Room*; I could almost perswade Her to have a Child or two ye less, for Fear of excluding my Friend. We are all much oblig'd to You for making our Names so familiar in your Mouths, because I dare say You speak from Friendship & ye abundance of your Hearts. Pressy & Tom are good Christians & live in Hope. My Uncle has refus'd ye See of Litchfield & Coventry, which is bad for Tom, because the Secretary's Place is £250 pr An. My Lord tells me I have no Reason to be sorry, as it is no great Patronage for my Turn.

We are much oblig'd to Miss Nanny* for her Desire to be acquainted with our Girls. They would be glad of such a new Friend. I had like to have laugh'd when You told me of ye accident which happen'd to her Nose, I should never have suspected *her* Nose of being longer than her arms. I could not help thinking of the Nurses Story in Romeo & Juliet. I don't know whether You remember ye innocent answer, when *She stinted & cryed, ay*. Bob Young having a good deal of Intimacy in ye Whiston Family & hearing Family news there, made me find that impertinent Story somewhat pertinent. Let me know whether I am right, & how that matter goes on, for I hear it is near a Conclusion.

* Gilbert White's sister Anne.

I have not yet seen ye Provost's Book, but hear well of it. I have read Church's answer to Middleton but not the Enquiry itself, which is not quite fair, & is almost as bad as answering ye Book before it came out.* I dare not think of Oxford, it is too agreeable a Thought to trust my Heart wth. I must not enhance ye Grief of a second Disappointment. I am never at Home, yet I don't walk very much. Jenny is a good walker, which I am glad of & I believe you are so too.

I am afraid that I ought to be sorry that I must direct to You at Bradly, yet I hope it is not that your Uncle is ill that you are there. You don't say whether you have accepted ye Curacy. My Hearty wishes of Health & many happy Years attend Mr & Mrs White & all your Family.

Beleve me to be, dear Gil, Your affte Friend

J. Mulso.

Letter 18.

King Square Court.

Janry 24, 1749-50.

Dear Gil :

I thank You for intrusting me with Horace; † I have long expected his Coming, as I overheard several Hints from Him ye last Time I saw You. I receiv'd Him at Sunbury, but brought Him up to Town wth Me; and wherever I have carried Him, it is agreed that He is as well dress'd, & presents that easy wit & Humour which He exhibited when Mr Pope brought Him and introduc'd Him to ye Town some years ago. The Bp of Peterboro', who remembers Him in his Roman Dress, & indeed before He could speak English, thinks it wonderfull that He should be so well reconcil'd to our Language & Manners; He is perfectly naturaliz'd.

But to leave Personification, & speak of your Piece; I like it very much; & so does ev'ry Body to whom I have show'd it; only Miss Hecky likes more that you should be indebted to Nobody for your Plan, & is impatient to think that she loses an opportunity of complimenting ye Justness of ye Imitation by not understanding ye Latin: I think you have adapted your characters very happily. I don't know whether Orson would have desir'd to *recount* a chase; is not ye expression too courtly? it may be ye Term; I don't know. Miss Hecky is offended at "*E'en 'Midst* ye Softness &c:" She is hurt in ye Ear; She desires you never to leave out ye *v* in even; & to let it be *amidst*

* Thomas Church, divine and controversial writer, in 1750 published an answer to Dr. Conyers Middleton's "Inquiry into the Mosaic Account of the Fall," in which the latter had attacked the scriptural story.

† A translation of Ep : 1, 18.

without regarding the Force of ye word *even* at all, or suffer Her to read *ev'n in* &c: I don't see any Reason why You should be oblig'd to Pope for one Line: His Line, I own, conveys an Idea of a Fane that is neat, well oyl'd, & *versatile* enough, but I don't, when I think severely, enter into ye Thought of *every wavring Hour*, whether Horace meant a Flag or ye Buoy of a Ship by his *flutem pendulus* I don't know, but I beleive *not a Fane*. I had rather you would have given your own Idea to words, than have been cheated by words into an Idea. I think you ought to be contented wth your Performance when we can raise no better objections, which I rather set down to show that we had taken some Pains as well as much Pleasure in ye Reading, than that You should make alteration.

I am glad to hear that You have such an Inclination to Sunbury, I wish ye word *Praebeo* was more applicable to me, that I might accomodate you in the amplest manner; You may well call ye Vicarage a Caravansary, for as I take it there was little more than bare walls in them, & Passengers fodder'd their own Cattle wth what Provision they brought wth them. If ye House kept off ye dews of ye Night, it was all that was expected. I call Mouse to witness my Eastern Beggary. You must settle your own Time & then I will not be in London, but I will attend you thither wth Pleasure. Miss Hecky will be glad to see you & so will Jenny &c. I expect to see your Brother Musgrave* soon who is coming up to attend his Sister Betty's Marriage. The Day is not fix'd. Don't dare to rail at my Laziness, I have in some of your Letters ye best Descriptions of Procrastination, & applied to Yourself. I profess it. My Genius is idle. But I don't glory in it neither.

Dr Middleton has abus'd ye Bp of London for his Book about Prophecy, & treated Him de haut en bas. Whether He means it as a Diversion from his war with ye 3 first Centuries I can't tell, but it will occasion more Paper-war, & save many a Piece of Beef from scorching. Edward ye Black Prince is but an indifferent Performance. You may venture to a Play: for the Audience had like to have torn ye House down t'other Night, for ye Manager's daring to revive an indecent Play of Otway's; & calling Him forth, order'd Him never to affront their Ears with such loose Performances.

Miss Warton is got to a New Place which I hope she will like; it is wth Lady Sherrard at Hampton Court. So we may see Her.

My Compliments to your assembled Family. Health and Happiness to all.

I am, dear Gil, Your sincere Friend,

J. M.

* Chardin Musgrave, Fellow, and subsequently Provost of Oriel College.

TO MR RICHARDSON

On reading his Clarissa.

Captive, in Dust, fall'n from her high Estate
 Fair Sion sits, abandoned, desolate :
 In conscious Shame her wretched Sons remain
 On Chebar's Banks, a melancholy Train :
 Forgot their Cunning & their sacred Fire,
 Their Hands point only to ye pendent Lyre :
 Damp'd is that Rapture of the tunefull Tongue
 Which taught to Jordan's Streams ye Holy Song :
 Degenerate Band !—Yes, better Mute, than join
 10 Curst Baal's praises to those Strains divine,
 As late You join'd in meretricious Love
 On each high Hill, in each incestuous Grove !
 O better thus, in a strange Land to lie
 And hear ye sad responsive willows sigh !
 But see, while Fears intrude from ev'ry Part
 And chill wth just Alarms th' infected Heart
 Ezekiel comes !—full of his angry God,
 And charg'd to wave the delegated Rod !
 20 Yet when He view'd each blushing tearfull Face,
 And Sin's wild Triumph in ye ruin'd Race,
 Fraternal Grief thro' his pierc'd Bosom ran
 And almost lost ye Prophet in ye Man :
 (C. 3. V. 15) Down on ye hostile Earth their Limbs they throw
 And seven long Days indulge ye kindred woe,
 The Threat commission'd yet suspended hung,
 The wrath defeated died upon his Tongue.
 Then rising, to expose each shamefull Deed
 And teach ye Heart how, usefully, to bleed,
 30 To set their former Glories in their View
 And their Disgrace thro' it's dire Springs pursue,
 To shew why once they ruled wth wide Command,
 Why captive now they serve a foreign Land,
 To force their varying Breasts his Scheme to aid,
 With Fear to check, with Pity to perswade,
 To rule, & make their Passions all his own,
 To reinstate Religion in her Throne,
 To know their Hearts by true Devotion awed,
 Worthy once more their Solyma & God,
 The Prophet us'd (thus greatly to prevail)
 40 The Scenic Image, & the impassion'd Tale.
 O Richardson, if ought beneath those Fires
 Which in wrapt Souls th' immediate God inspires,
 'Tis sure the Vigour of thy moving Page
 Can touch, reform, & save a vitious Age :

No Bigot Zeal raves in each threat'ning Line,
 But all Ezekiel's Tenderness is thine :
 In Virtue's Friend we find ye Man appear,
 The Sin is hated, but ye Sinner dear.

50 Here may he learn, who, Rebel to his Heart,
 Perceives his Choice, but takes ye fatal part,
 Who sees, upon ye distant Mountain shine
 Honour's bright Fane, that leads to Seats divine,
 Who stops, tho' conscious of the glorious Scene,
 Fears the rough Road, & dreads ye Hill between,
 Then turns his Step, where Vice, alluring laid,
 Spreads her loose Limbs in ye wild Valley's Shade,
 Where the soft Gale all Maia's Odour bears,
 And Lydian Measures float on vernal airs,
 60 Where ye rich Vintage & Circeian Bowl
 Steep ye lost Sense, & melt ye lustfull Soul,
 Here may he learn to point Truth's potent Glass,
 And bid ye vain delusive Vision pass.

Here may He learn, who fears no Power on high,
 But laughs, contemptuous of the vacant Sky,
 How o'er our Lives ye God in secret moves,
 Sees, yet remits ; or scourges where He loves ;
 Thro' Ways perplex'd attends the known Design,
 Tho' weav'd in Knots, the same continuous Line !

70 Doubly endear'd by Thee, each virtuous Call,
 Parental, filial, nuptial, social, all
 The soft affections of the milder Mind
 Shall take a purer Cast, & rise refined.

The Sons of Vice shall read ; and as they go
 Thro' ye strong work, shall with strange Raptures
 glow,
 Touch'd, stung, o'ercome, shall hate the conquering
 Sin,
 And wonder at the growing Grace within,
 Like Israel's Sons, indignant burst their chain,
 And in a better Sion long to reign.

Letter 19.

Sunbury,
 March 25, 1750.

Dear Gil :

I am very well pleas'd that You approv'd of my verses to
 Copper, because I really pleas'd myself in the writing of them, &
 was too blind afterwards to correct. I never hit off any Thing
 with so much Ease, & satisfaction, but I have worn out a little of
 my parental Fondness now, & can see Some Faults. But You

know my natural Indolence, I seldom take up any Thing a second Time.

I presume while I am writing this, you are preparing for Oxford, where I intend This shall meet You; if You ask why I did not write before, you know less of Me than I thought You did: I have been backwards & forwards in Town; I have four different Businesses on my Hands which are bitter Foes to ye idle Part of my Temper: I am making Sermons, making Love, making a Church, and making a Law Suit: But poorly calculated for the Two first, & strangely defective in ye knowledge of the two last, You who know me will pity me, and thinking me out of my Element will *wonder how the Devil I got there*. But ye world forces a great many Scenes upon Us, which we never desir'd to be actors in; and in Order to mortify us for being proud of what we do know, shows us a multitude of Things that we do not. The Subject of my Suit, (if indeed it must be so, & I cannot adjust it amicably, which I shall strive with all my might to do) is ye Tythe of Hops, a Plantation which is increasing every Year & has drawn the Eyes of ye Renter of ye great Tythes. The Difference pr annum is likely soon to be £20, a considerable Revenue in Proportion to ye whole, & what must not tamely be given up. Alas for me! I had rather give it up than defend it, but I think I owe it to my Successors.

My Building Scheme is owing to a Legacy left by a Lady of £1000 towards a new Church within 10 years after her Death: 5 are gone, & now we must make an Effort to bring it to bear: an amicable Chancery Suit is the mildest method we can proceed by in this Affair; and when that is settled, there remains a whole Parish to reconcile to ye Scheme. Various Interests draw several ways; and we find more Difficulty in making the Farmers agree to have a new Church than we had to raise above £1700. How much Reason have we to pray for the Spirit of Unity & Concord!

I now having claimed Your Pity, & serv'd Myself first (as the Way of the World is) will grant You a little of mine for the Business You are at present engag'd in: I know You hate Elections both in the Great & little; But I hope You have at present no occasion for my Compassion, and that your Inclination & Interest go ye same way. I saw Jo: Warton for one Hour when I was last in Town, He was going out of it the next Day, & said that it had no Charms for Him now, but that He should do his Business & quit it with Pleasure. A great Change! —I find Mr Littleton corresponds with Him.—He tells me that Hampton is expell'd from Corpus C.C. but as He declined giving an Account of the Occasion I am in the Dark. I hope your Brother Musgrave is well, when does He set out on his Travells? Miss Musgrave gave me a little Hint yesterday as if Sr Philip & Family were to make a Party to Oxford soon (I suppose at ye

Opening of the Ratcliff Library) and ask'd me to be of ye Party. Lady Musgrave & ye little Niece Betty are very well; my Love to Chardin, tell Him my Pulpit gapes for Him. And for You too, good Sr, for when You chuse to come, you must come arm'd, consider that You will make me idle, & therefore must supply my Part. By what You said about the Leaf being out, I am not to expect You yet, but send me word in Time and make your own Choice of it: when the Family are here, as I beleive they will be when ye Summer comes on a little, we shall have Room for You: So choose what Time You will, or come now, and then too: I shall use You quite en Famille. I hope your Family in Hampshire is well; my Love to Jack & tell me how Poetry goes on. Where is Steward Harry? My Compliments to ye Provost & Mr Bentham, & all the Orielites whom I remember with fraternal affection; to Jennings, in Fact every Body You think will take it in good Part, Mrs. Croke &c: &c:

I am dear Gil, Yours sincerely

J. Mulso.

Upon being disappointed of seeing Tom Mander at Sunbury I wrote Him a little Letter, but I have neither heard of Him or the Note since, I mean from Himself: That shatter-brain Toad drops me: However remember me to Him, & tell Him if I come upon this Scheme to Oxford, I shall absolutely expect a Bow at least from Him for I desire to have ye Credit of knowing some ingenious clever Fellows.

Letter 20.

Sunbury,
Apl 11, 1750.

Dear Gil:

I hope by this Time matters are well accommodated at Oriel, and that the scruples of ye severe Youth are resolv'd before the warm Eyes of Pol: Bull. You should have serv'd Him as ye Enemy did ye superstitious Egyptians, and ranged all your *Cats* against Him. As You have some handsome & some *masculine* at College, half of them would have made his arguments unnecessary, and half would have foret Him to drop them whether they were or no. But seriously I hope ye Affair is settled, because I dare say it causes a great deal of Uneasiness of Mind to ye Provost, who has a sufficient Share of Suffering in ye Body.

You are now I suppose to be found, like Cyrus, ranging your Trees, and nursing your Plants; I believe I should have said like Laërtes, because I recollect your great Partiality to ye Odyssy: Yet I cannot think but, tho' there was more Simplicity & Innocence in ye old King, yet Cyrus was ye finer Gentleman; so I shall leave ye Choice of ye Simile, to be contested between

your Vanity & your Virtue: All that greives me is, that I don't recollect any attendant of their's to borrow a name of for John Beckhurst.* Old MacClary, who is much more like Laërtes than I am, has sown ye Salsafi &c: which you was so kind as to leave me, but it does not appear yet, so I can give You no farthur Account. We have had Frosts and Blights since you went, so that I may say that My Garden pines *in your* absence, but as You are not a Lady, I shall not say that it pines *for it*. I wish you Joy of ye arrival of ye Swallows & ye Swifts, & ye Nightingales, who have been with us about a week or ten Days. We have now a Glut of Rain attended wth thunder & Lightning. I hope in Return for this important Account You will send me word how your Nurseries go on, & the true State of Selbourne Hanger, with ye delightfull Hystory of ye Temple & weathercock.

I hope You find all Friends well at Selbourne & Bradly, & that You paid my Respects to them & will do so again on ye Receipt of this. Have You heard or was You witness of ye Receipt of Mrs Croke's Picture; Ned paid for it & took a Receipt, but told me that in ye Place of ye Cow which you know we chose, ye Dog *drew a Goat*, for which Bob Young would have said He should have been beat 'till he *cut a Caper*. You remember as we rode we agreed to lay all these Bagatelles upon poor Bob. Your quaint Conclusion of your letter had, alas! as much Truth as Humour. I have no riding Genius when You are away; indeed I have been very ill with my old Complaint lately, & have been confined, but am a good deal better than I was. I have been once to Town since You left me, but it was ye most sober week! I went to no one Entertainment. I look'd in upon Hogarth's March to Finchly Common, which You see advertiz'd, but it did not answer my Expectation at all. It is only ye pilfering & lewd Humours of a common March of Soldiers, & has but little Reference to ye Rebellion. He is coming out wth a new Set of Pieces called ye Happy Marriage, in Contrast to Marriage a la Mode which promises well, for I saw but ye first Sketch of it. It will be full of Figures well known.

I hope You are writing out Heck's Sermon for us, for ye Bishop is soon going down to Peterboro', & He wants to have it. The Bishop loves you. I beleive my Father is come Home but I have not heard yet. My Girl has been much out of order & is gone with Capt'n Young to Rickmansworth, where He is now settled. Jack Young is gone to Jamaica.—I hope ye Spring will invite out a little of your Poetry. You know what Heck said, that she would not have you always translate & imitate, but give your own Invention scope, & I hope you observe what She says.

* A gardener at Selborne.

There have been no Letters for You since You went. I hope Every Thing goes on to your mind. God bless you.

I am dear Gil Your affte Friend & humble servt,
J. Mulso.

Letter 21.

Sunbury,
May 29, 1750.

Dear Gil :

I have deferr'd writing to You for some Time, that I might send You word of the Issue of a Business which I was engaged in. As I never flatter'd myself with Success, & was put upon undertaking it by Mr. Young, who alone carried it on, I can tell You without any great Regret & Dissappointment that Another Person is made Brother of St Catherine's, which I was recommended for. It would have been a very pretty Addition if I had got it, & would have made a great Revolution at ye Vicarage ; But I had little Room for Hope, where only Mr Yg undertook to make Interest, & the Wallers were ye Disposers ; where (as I take it) Principles again stood in my Way, & determined (what was always an ill-omen'd Scene to me) ye Election.

Here are Ned & I only at Sunbury, prowling about, & seeking whom we may devour, as Cormorant Batchelors will do. As to my Father & Miss Heck, they are gone in ye *open* Chair down to Canterbury : Miss Heck knows She cannot favour me more than by describing her own Pleasures in your Phrases, because it accumulates pleasing Ideas, & places me at ye same Time with her in Kent & You in Hampshire. The Kentish road affords fine Scenes, as I beleive You have experienced, & She tells me that her *craving* Imagination was satisfied with Prospects ; the Country lies very uneven, & ye Hills are cover'd wth woods which are now in their fullest Verdure ; as You go along You see on your left the Thames, ye Medway, ye Swayle, interspers'd with Islands, & loaded wth Shipping ; which She dares to look upon, not only as a beautifull moving Picture, but in ye manly Light, of ye Honour & Riches of her Country. She writes that their second Day was according to Mr White's Taste, a *cool brown* Day ; but as She is as much given to agues as You are to Feavers, She invoked ye blessed Sun to come & warm Her, with as much Earnestness as You creep into the Shades, or shelter in the *Nidus Acherontiae* ; by which Name I think you have christen'd your Arbour in ye Hill.*

* Probably this stood where the earlier of the two Hermitages was afterwards built, near the top of the hill, a little West of the zigzag path.

I grow outrageous at the Injury or Sacrilege which is going to be committed on Noar Hill; I cannot bear an Intention of profaning these venerable Shades; and when I feel ye chilling awe which You prevent me in describing, I reflect on ye wisdom of the Artifice of ye old Idolatory, who placed their Altars & Images in such Scenes, where the Place created the Reverence which the grotesque Figures could hardly have inspir'd. It escapes my Memory, whether it was Caesar or some other Commander who was forced to set ye Example, before He could induce his Soldiers to cut down one of these sort of Forests, whose striking Gloom seem'd to justify ye Superstition which call'd it Holy.

I am something surpriz'd to find You talk of the Sultryness of the Weather; we have had few Days which could deserve that Title. But we were cut to Pieces by a long stubborn cold East wind, which crumbled our Soil, and rivell'd our Fruit, so that we have but a poor Prospect of any Thing. Of late we have had Gluts of Rains; & now we are returned to ye blighting East wind. I gather but my third Crop of Peas to Day; we have had Colliflowers a good while. Your Salsafi makes it's Appearance, It is a root which I don't understand. Gooseberries & Currants blighted to Death. The Farmers speak well of our Corn. We have fine Fields of Beans, which embalm ye air, & make my walks delightfull. I may say walks,—for it is now more I beleive than half a Year since I have been on Horse-back, bating ye two or three little Trots I took wth You, which when I began ye Sentence I thought were behind that Time, So long do I think it since I saw You. Miss Nanny may safely challenge me; I shall find so many more Hills in my way to go cautiously up & down that She would beat me shamefully. I am sorry to hear that She has had so much of the ague this Spring. I hope your invisible Sister & Mr & Mrs Snooke are well. My Father & all of us are much oblig'd to Mr. White for ye repeated Invitations which You send us to come into Hampshire; You don't seem to consider that we should fall like a Plague of Locusts on ye Country, being fruges consumere nati. But I beleive You are in No great Danger; for an Undertaking of that Sort requires so many Preliminary Articles, that it is harder to bring about than a general Peace.

We have made One Party to Vaux Hall this Year, & were favour'd by the Weather, but poor Miss Heck could not go; She has had a Cold most Part of this winter, & was particularly bad at that Time: She has lost her Voice, & I don't know when She will recover it; But I hope She will be able to give You Jordan! Jordan! yet this Summer. Consider we have Mr Pelham's, & ye Duke's Lodge, & Cooper's Hill to see: Don't lose ye Leaf. Only I would have you deferr your visit till Heck

comes; unless You will give me a Second. There are some handsome alterations at Vaux Hall: I suppose of the Il Penseroso You must have heard, which would have been a delightfull Surprize in Lord Cobham's Seat of Contemplation, but is nothing but a Stage Trick when expected. It is Music rising round You in an open Field, where there is a bad Figure of Milton, holding his works open at that Part of ye Il Penseroso where He desires music to be sent by ye Genius of ye wood. The Scene is pretty, but it wants ye Force of Surprize.

You use ye Bishop ill in your Compliment to Heck, I shall send Him word of ye Refusal, & make Him take off your Boots if ever He comes to ye See of Winchester. For if that good Time should ever happen, I hope I should be as uneasy at your going out of ye County as I am now desirous of seeing You out of it.

I have just receiv'd a Letter from Town wherein I hear that Harman's Miss Wright is dead. She has been dying a long Time; but has lived long enough to secure her Right to what her Father left & an old Maid Servant of Hers, & to will them to Harman, so that He will be a 2 or 3 thousand Pounder; and as his Friends think, not much ye unhappier for this Loss, because it was very much suspected that frequent Complaints at her Stomach had occasioned her to fall into Drinking, or as Some few think, vice versa.

I am quite of your Opinion wth Regard to Hervey. But my Uncle is a great admirer; He is a candid Critic, & can forgive any Fault in writing for ye Sake of the Heart; and had rather see ye most adulterated well-meant Prose, than the most poetical Enthusiasm in Christendom.

I suppose the new Regulations of ye Chancellor of Cambridge, which I hear are put in Force, will beget Some of ye like Sort at Oxford: I hope they will, because the University may lose by ye Opinion of better Economy & Regularity & Discipline at Cambridge.

I intend to take your advice wth Regard to a Prebend or Living, whenever I can meet with any Thing of that Sort to my mind; For I begin to think, as Numps Gubbins says of his Father, that I have given Fortune her Head too long. Write to me as often as You can spare Time from John Beckhurst. Give my Comps: to Mr White & ye Family, not forgetting my kind Friends at Bradley.

I am, dear Gil, Affectionately Your's

J. M.

Letter 22.

Sunbury,
Aug. 9, 1750.

Dear Gil :

If pleading Poverty would excuse depositing, I should be at a word the most unconcerned beggar of the world. But alas for Me ! I am so very a Beggar, that I am unqualified to answer both those whom no words will satisfy, or those whom Nothing but words will satisfy. You know this is an Answer to two Letters of Your's. However I must say that You was the Occasion of not hearing from me before : for your Mention of ye Expedition you are now upon,* which had no other Date but ye vague word *soon*, was ye Reason that I wrote no more of a Letter than ye two words which You see at the Top, which have stood there this Month, & will be of use thro' all the Years of my Life. But I could not prevail upon myself to add any more ; for the nonumq prematur in Annum will not do for my writings : If ye Letter had lain at Selbourne 'till your Return, it would not have been good even for ye last Use to which my Letters should be put. They are like ye petites Pâtées ; even their French Name gives One a little Partiality to them while they are fresh & warm, but Nothing is more disgusting to a good Taste than *cold Fat*. I am sorry You are disappointed in your Scheme upon ye Devizes. Pressy is in Town, where She arrived in a Carravan which shock'd her Bones, with two women who shocked her Modesty ; & a polite wit of ye lower Class, who observed her drooping & lowspirited, undertook to rouse them by whistling wth that Shrillness wth which You alarmed ye Rooks of Merton Grove. Pressy You know is a little of the Prude, & a little of ye delicate, so that She suffer'd much both by ye good & ill will of the Company.

My Girl has deserted me & is gone, whither I escorted her in a Post Chaise, to Captain Young's at Rickmansworth. Her Sister was brought to Bed of a Son last Sunday, & she stays wth Her 'till She is up again. What a Chasm is here in ye Pleasure of my Summer ! Captain Young's House is very pretty, the Situation puts Me much in mind of Dr. Burton's at Itching : It is a hanging Garden & bounded wth a good Trout River. But the Roads all around are narrow & bad, a circumstance which would put me out of Conceit with the best House & Gardens in England. I am glad to hear that your Garden has answer'd this Season, but I shall hardly see it this year. Even your Sister, who ought to be my strongest Temptation to come, abates my Courage by her Challenges ; for how can I hope to be pleasing

* During August and September of this year Gilbert White visited in Wiltshire and Devonshire.

in a Lady's Eyes, who must confess myself no accomplish'd Cavalier!

I don't know when I am to expect that your Western Rambles will be over, but I hope to see You & hear You describe the Scenes of Devon. Besides I have much to enquire of my old Friend Nathan.* I could wish to see his Family, I am sure He becomes it well; I never knew a young man of a better Turn for domestic Enjoyments. Pray give my Love to Him, let Him know that the wind has blown so contrary, that I dare not yet put out upon my Venture with the little Frigate which He remembers at Bath, & which I desired Him to keep clear of.

I look upon the Son of Copper to be my own Dog; You have described Him so well that I can claim Him; a Handsome idle Dog is just fit for me, for He has ye Task of recommending Himself to ye Ladies upon his Hands, & I think those are just ye Qualifications. Such a One would be admitted into a Bed-chamber, while the Gravity & Philosophy of a Fresco would be confined to ye Straw. We generally seek with greatest Eagerness after those Things which we do not really want; so I must insist upon it that young Copper be well made for Travelling, tho' I am One ye least likely to put Him to it.

Mr Pelham is building a Belvidere on purpose for your seeing; I hear that Lady Suffolk's Marble Hall is ye genteelest Cabinet in England. You know you never saw St Ann's Hill & Cooper's. Mr. Waller's at Beconsfield where I dined lately wth Mr Young, is one of the finest Places that I ever saw, but it is a great way off, I don't promise to go there, but recommend it to You whenever You travel to London by ye Oxford Road thro' Wickham &c:

You tell me that You saw my Father at Oxford: Do You know that I went as far as Maidenhead wth him, & that I should have been strongly tempted to have come as far as Oxford to have met You there? But You don't tell me of Tom Mander & ye rest of ye Orielenses; whom You found, & whom You heard of: An Oxford Scheme wth a female Party is what I have set my Heart on. I will endeavour when You come to Sunbury that You shall not be quite solitary. Perhaps Heck may be come from Canterbury & will like to visit some of ye Parts of this Inland World, in Company with one who can make such just Remarks as so great a Traveller as You can certainly do. At present I go on in a way which I do not like: I wish we knew what would please us, so well as we know what does not. I love ye good Hearts of ye People of Sunbury, but I cannot say that their Company fits me: I grow old by it too fast, but I don't grow wise enough. As to money affairs, my Heart shrinks

* Nathaniel Wells, an Oriel contemporary, at this time Rector of East Allington, near Kingsbridge, Devonshire.

when I think of them. I make Haste to reflect on what always enlarges & improves it, that You encourage me more & more to subscribe Myself.

Dear Gil, Your ever faithfull & affte Friend,
Jno Mulso.

Letter 23.

Sunbury,
Aug: 30, 1750.

Dear Gil :

I write to You at your Request into ye Depths of Devon, tho' I have nothing material to say to You: You live a scrambling [*sic*] rantipole Life & have a great Variety of Objects to be painted upon Paper (at which Landscape Painting I think You a great & masterly Hand) & sent to your sedentary Friends; we receive them & think we are Travelling wth you for five Minutes, & then look up & find Ourselves in the same tedious Scene in which we have rather *been* than *acted* for a Length of Days. My Journeys of late have consisted in going from Sunbury to Hampton & returning from Hampton to Sunbury: only One Elopement I have made for about eight Days, & that was to Rickmansworth to Captn Young's. It is a Place that I could like much if it was more comeattable, but I cannot think of a Place where it is not safe to ride without a Servant, where not a Horse can pass for half a Mile together, & that on a steep Hill where a Carriage may run upon You without being able to help it: which is the Case almost all round that Town. This Unevenness however gives a great Beauty to ye whole, & makes it much in your Taste; indeed I never see a Spot which lies much out of Levell but I think of You, & say "ay, now this would please White." More-Park, which is at ye End of the Town is a Beautifull Place. There is a grand House, with fine Collonades & in high Taste, but so ridiculously managed as to it's approach, that You may drop down a Steep wall, if You do not take care, when You think You are gradually descending to it, for there is a large Sweep before it, which is cut out of ye Hill to be a Flat, & wall'd Round like ye Garden on Heddinton Hill: ye grand Gate is on one Side just at ye End of ye right wing: the garden Side is very handsome, but ye whole neglected & running to Ruin. You enter a noble Hall, adorned with good Painting, & much gilding, a Square Room wth a golden Gallery round it aloft in air, that lets You into all ye upper Apartments, a good Saloon behind it, with a very fine Aurora of Verrio's on ye Ceiling, for ye Sake of which, & the Hall, the old House was refresh'd & made new in that queer Spot. There is one Room entirely Stucco, with alto Relievoes in Pannel & Medallion, but to

my Taste disagreeable & coarsely executed. The rest of ye House quite unfurnished. The Thing is worth going to see, but when You are there the best natured Man in England could not help finding five hundred Faults. The Country about is very noble, fine Woods, Meadows, Streams, neighbouring Parks & Seats, & a fertile Glebe, loamy & clayish, which makes ye Roads bad & ye Farmers fat. Mr Cook's (ye Member for ye County) is a pretty Garden for a private Gentleman, well situated, but chiefly famous for a Statue (which to any Taste is ye only bad Thing there) of a spewing Man, who feeds two very fine Canals wth water from ye River which is a quarter of a Mile lower. There is a Statue of a Maid in a Pond near ye House which is well enough, wringing a piece of Linnen out of which ye water runs very naturally. But why do I tell You of these indifferent Things who see all ye Beauties of England, who see those whose Grandeur exceeds all ye Power of Art, ye natural Beauties & wonders of this Land? I wish Myself with You, tho' I should be a sad Incumbrance, for I have not activity & Spirits for these great Schemes. I should be glad to see my good Friend Wells at his own Table, or at mine. I desire my kind Remembrance to Him & my good wishes for his & his Family's Prosperity.

I hope you will write a Poem & call it *ye Progress*, describing your own Rambles. It would make a fine Piece, & might tempt Gentlemen to examine their own Country before they went abroad & brought Home a genteel Disgust at ye Thoughts of England.

My Father (who is wth me) desires his *Civilities* to You: (ye fashionable Phrase) He met with a hearty Reception from Dean Cotes at Shrewsbury, who has married a rich widow & lives in a very pretty Place & Manner. What a lucky man is Egerton to be Dean of Hereford at his Time of Life! Did I tell You that poor Mrs Clark of long Ditton is distracted, and her Husband in a very dangerous Way, and ye poor old Doctor inconsolable at these great Strokes. I am very sorry, but not much surprized; for there was deep Discontent written in her Face; and Mr. Clark unhappily fond of Fame and entirely careless of his Health. My Father sets out in a Day or two for Canterbury to fetch Home that great Stranger Miss Hecky: She has a Design upon ye poor Vicar, & talks of careering about with *Whitibus*, who She says heightens & improves all Parties; whether there is any particular Hint of Improvement by ye Termination She is pleased to give to your Name, You best know: as to me, I never see those Things, because I do as I would be done by; so You best know ye Meaning of your new Name, & whether it is a fond abbreviation of your Oxford Title of *Busser*. I have not seen Pressy (who is in Town) since I received Your's. She will be sorry for your Disappointment &

think it One to Herself. She left ye Devizes very ill, but is better.

I must see You after your Journies; why you are just at Home at Sunbury! Miss Hecky must hear all your Travels, & You must lead her quick Imagination thro' your *δεινὰ πελώρα*, as Homer does, to your *περικάλλεας ἄγρους*. But I ask your Pardon for reducing You to Greek, I believe it is ye strangest Thing You have seen in your Journies. To tell you ye Truth, I have frighted myself, but not so much but that I can reflect with Sincerity that I am in the best Language (which is that of ye Heart)

Dear Gil, Your affectionate Friend

J. M.

Letter 24.

Sunbury,
Oct. 6, 1750.

Dear Gil:

I am much obliged to You for your Account of your Travells, which was very exact and very entertaining: If You would but continue your Tours, & write to Me from them, I should have Materials for a very usefull & agreable Pockett Volume. I cannot in Return give You a List of Excursions which would contain any Variety; for my Journies are only from Sunbury to Hampton & back again. My great Escapes are when I follow You in Imagination; and indeed according to your Description of the South-hams, it is ye only way in which I can follow You thither; for I, who have lately maintained that it is *up-hill from Hampton to Sunbury*, should never bear ye extreme Unevenness of that Country. Perhaps You may think that it is as indifferent a Matter to Me whether ye Roads would be too rough for Me in so distant a Part as Devonshire, as whether the Climate would be too hot for me to pass from Agra to ye Kingdom of Caschmire; but it is not so; for it is far from being improbable that I may go as near them as Plymouth; & I should be sorry to be so near Wells & not see Him. You give me great Pleasure in your Description of his Manner of Life; It answers the Idea I have always entertained of the Man; whose plain good Sense & honest Heart promised the Figure He makes in domestic & social life.

I must let You a little into ye present Disposition of our Family, that You may know what to trust to, if You are for adding the little Jaunt to Sunbury to your Western Travells. You have been mistaken in supposing that Miss Hecky has been wth me this Summer. She has been at Canterbury 'till within these three weeks, the greater part of which She has

spent at Mr. Young's at Hampton; So She has been within my Beat; but alas, by the Time this reaches You, She & my Girl & Mr Young will be all going to Town; & I am within View of another solitary & tedious Winter. But I will not trouble You wth my Sensations upon that Occasion, only to let You know that it would be a friendly Part to help to make them lighter, by promising to support my Spirits with your Company. I must let You know one thing, which is, that You have not now the squeamish Excuse for not going to King Square Court which You used to threaten my Father & Tom with: for they have virtually made You a Visit. Upon your Invitation at Oxford, both my Father delayed his Journey to Twywell & Tom sending his Mare to Grass when ye Circuit was over; & were in Expectation of a Notice of your being at Home. But some Time after I let them know that You was in Devonshire; and they accordingly alter'd their Schemes. I hope by this Time the other Reason of their deferring their Visit to another Year, ye wedding, is over; or at least in great Forwardness. I take part in the Satisfaction of the Family on that Occasion & heartily wish all Prosperity to your Sister.* When this Affair is over, & the Bride gone Home, I hope You will think of Me. I shall not be so cruel as to confine You to Sunbury; we will go to London. Miss Hecky has two or three new Songs, (one or two Italian): & our Catches increase. But I will not tempt You by selfish Views, but pique your Generosity, by assuring You that I at least shall be happy while You are wth me. My Father is as yet in Northampshire, but will soon be at Home: Tom & Pressy are in Town. They were wth Us for a few Days lately at Hampton, & on Tuesday last we all went to a Ball there, when we danced away wth great Glee, 'till a Fracas happened, when two Gentlemen fell to ye modern genteel Art of deciding Controversies, bruising: which frightened the tender Spirits of Heck & Pressy, that ye Joy of ye Night was over, & succeeded by Headachs &c: &c:

When we go to Town You will have a new House to visit at, & that is little Poet Harman's. The Life of that Man is very much like ye comical Tragedy of Pyramus & Thisbe. His Horse died ye same Day his Mistress was buried. He celebrated his Horse in serious Heroicks, & his Lady in an Elegiac Song which goes to a ridiculous Tune: which Pieces He produced wth a grave Face, & first cried and then laugh'd over, Himself. Miss Bright left him all She could, & amongst the rest some Household Furniture: upon which He took a House only to hold ye Goods,

* Miss Anne White was married a little later (Jan. 6, 1751) to Thomas Barker of Lyndon Hall, Rutland, a man of some note as an astronomer and mathematician, interesting himself also in natural history observations.

& lives just enough wth Mr Baker to make Him fret at his freedom; & often ventures upon late & expensive Schemes because He is sure of a Bed at his own House and need not wake his Brother. You have a large Fund of Diversions in Him, & yet He is worth admiration too. He has an honest Heart, but a Head furnish'd like a Masquerade, where for one just Figure which strikes You, there are a hundred grotesque & monstrous Ones, which weary or disgust You. I expect You to set your own Time for coming to these Scenes. Give me timely Warning, because I shall soon now begin my Journies to Town, & I will adapt my Scheme to Your's.

A Misfortune in your own Family, which perhaps will better suit a Conversation than a Letter, & which I am grieved for, I might never have known, but for a Visit which I had from Myers, who let me into a little Oxford news. I should be glad to know how the Author of it is to be disposed of.*

My Sister & ye Family are got into the Acquaintance of Richardson ye Author of Pamela & Clarissa, in which they take great Delight, for the Man is a Sort of an Original for Goodness & Sensibility. He has got a new Plan to work upon, so that we may hope for more Reason to admire Him. She has likewise ye Acquaintance of Miss Carter of Deal,† a surprizing woman, Mistress of most Languages, & of a noble Vein for Poetry, her attempts that way being wonderfully classic, correct, and masculine. In short we have many new Subjects & Objects for You, but our Hearts are the same, among which, mine is

Dear Gil, Affectionately Your's,

Comps. to Mr White &c : Bradly &c.

J. M.

Letter 25.

To the Reverend Mr White
Fellow of Oriel Coll : Oxford.

King Square Court,
Dec : 13, 1750.

Dear Gil :

I had enquired of You of Benjamin in my last Visit to Town, but hearing that You was well I was eased of much Disquiet, which your Silence, rather longer than usual, had given me. I had some Hopes that you would have surprized me wth a Visit, 'till I was told that your Brother was wth You, & was to return in your Company to Selbourne. I heartily wish your Sister much Happiness in her new State : with her cheerful & easy Temper She will be ye best wife in the world to Mr.

* Gilbert White's brother John had been recently expelled from C.C.C., Oxford, for disorderly conduct. In later life he entirely redeemed his character.

† Elizabeth Carter (1717-1806) the well-known literary character.

Barker, & may manage to her own Content and his Advantage that extreme Abstractedness & Speculativeness to which I hear that He is naturally prone. I am half angry at Tom Mander for deferring the Pleasure I should have (I speak by Experience) in hearing from Him, 'till the doubtfull Crisis of my Life, Matrimony: I do not mention the other, because it is hardly an alternative, being closely connected with this; since any Increase of Preferment would bring me into that State. From our old Friendship & the Knowledge I have of Tom's Genius, I should think He would not want such a Subject to inspire his Pen, or to afford the formal Propriety & Pertinence of a renew'd Correspondence.

There was a Circumstance in ye Case of the two watchmen of the Eddistone which I beleive has happen'd since you saw Ld Edgecombe, & which I have from good authority: That one of the Fellows sick'ned & died, & that the weather's being tempestuous or other accidents occasioned that no Boat went off to Them for some weeks; and as their Quarrel was known, the Survivor was afraid of the Suspicion of Murder & did not dare to throw the Body into the Sea, so that He was obliged to suffer a dreadful Inconvenience from an Enemy's Carcase, & to be punished for his Quarrelsomeness by a sort of height'ned Mazentian Torture.

This Account I had from Mr Weston who has a large Share in that Scheme: He lives wth a Mr Burgh who is the Duke of Beaufort's Steward, and lives, in the Duke's absence, wth his Lady & an agreeable young Girl at Charlton. Mr Burgh is a Wiccamist, & a hearty worthy Man; He is quite friendly to me, & keeps me with Him at Charlton, so that I am rather a Visitor than an Inhabitant at Sunbury. We perfectly know one another's Principles, which tho' point blanc opposite, yet do not interfere in our friendly Commerce, because we expect nothing of one another in that way, & therefore do not deceive or disappoint. It is no bad thing to have a Man so near the Duke's Confidence, to certify that tho' I am no Friend to their Cause, I am no ill-meaning Man in general. Miss Young has been there wth me for the last Fortnight, & I came to Town to escort Her back to her own Home. But I have not been well since I have been here, one of my violent Headaches has made me incapable of much Pleasure: & I write to You wth one arm tied up and still sore from yesterday's Bleeding. I am condemned as a Man of too much Bile; I hope it will not infect my Mind & spoil me for a Friend.

Dec. 14.

I was prevented the writing farther yesterday by the Coming of my Surgeon & of *Mr Richardson*. If You do not know whom I mean by that Name, You will recollect Him by his Title of

author of Pamela & Clarissa. I need not say that such an Author promises a pretty extraordinary Man in his own Character, but Mr Richardson very well answers ye Prejudice which his Works raise in his Favour, & therefore is indeed an extraordinary man. He is in Person a short fat man, of an honest Countenance, but has ill Health & shatter'd nerves. But his gentle Manners, his generous Charitableness, his Studiousness to oblige & improve without ye air of Superiority, his extreme Tenderness to every proper Object of it that comes within his Notice, make Him infinitely dear to those who know Him, and studiously sought after by those who do not. Rara Avis in Terris.

My Sister & Pressy & my Brothers are much wth Him, & have spent some Days at his Country House. As to Heck she has enter'd into a voluminous Dispute with Him upon the Subject of parental Authority, occasioned by her thinking Clarissa's apprehensions of her Father's malediction too strong. The first Letter was long, Mr Richardson's answer 13 close Pages, Heck's Reply 17; & Mr R—'s 39. Several great men as the Bp of London, the Speaker &c: have seen this Dispute & think Mr R— hard pressed, & Heck has gained great Honour. Old Cibber swore to her Face She would never be married.

The Girls cannot help laughing when You talk of seeing them at Oxford with such an air of Security. Such schemes come round as slowly as publick Acts, & a small Matter dissipates what great Cares had raised. I own I do not see much Probability of our Meeting there. However Hope is said to lie at the Bottom of the Cup; & I would drink at it thro' much Bitterness. I love the Thoughts of Oxford, yet I agree wth You, it has not the same Charms for me that it had, but then it is happy for me that it has not. If our Tastes alter once in seven Years, it is ten to One but some Circumstances of our Lives alter too & make our new Tastes more pertinent. However I, who never was visited by the Ladies at Oxford, shall take ye Pleasure which ye Sight of an old Play wth new Company gives, & I shall be taken up wth observing what Effect those Scenes which struck me will have upon my Company. I fancy the Vanity of Genius in the Girls who would form our Party, would furnish out Observations & Dialogues almost worthy of ye Bodleian.

I suppose Harry is Heir to your old Goût for a College Life. I wish Him much Happiness & Credit as an University Man. I hear that Dr Musgrave is going to be married to Jenny Huggins. I hope Chardin is well & all my old Friends: I would comprehend in that Term, tho' in another meaning of more Deference & Respect, the Provost & Dr Bentham.

Poor Jenny Warton, that unfortunate Girl, has been extremely ill wth a Feaver partly on her Brain: Mrs Warton is wth Her, & I hear She must retire to Jo:'s House for a Recovery. Heck

has cryed her Eyes out for Her, & has looked out another Place for her if her Health would permit, but that cannot be yet, & possibly will not be in Time. Indeed She deserves a better Fate. I am glad Jo: gained Credit as a serious Man in his last Visit. He only wanted a little common Sense to secure Him a reasonable approbation: I always valued Him for a good Heart which I think I have known Him have from a Child, but for some Years He seem'd to stand upon his Head.

I return tomorrow by Chertsey Bob to Sunbury or rather Charlton. You are soon tired of what You call a Coll: Life,* but I am tired of a Life which has indeed no home; & which I long to settle into domestic, with which I think I should not be tired. I should then study to reconcile myself to but one Change more, & that I trust a better, 'till when I shall be with true affection

Dear Gil, Sincerely Yours,

J. Mulso.

P.S. Let me hear of You on your getting Home, where I wish you true satisfaction; pray disperse my Congratulations thro' the Family, to whom I heartily wish much Joy.

Letter 26.

King Square Court.

May 1, 1751.

Dear Gil:

I am obliged to You for your Kind concern for me: yet I do not beleive that You allow much Obligation: It is the *Friend's Hour*, when any Mortification has siezed upon Us. I have as little Reason as any Man (I thank God for it) to rail at the Insensibility of the World, and to think ye Execution of ye office of Friendship a rare & strange Thing. No sooner have I Cause to complain, than I am comforted by a Number of Friends, of whose Sincerity I have ye strongest Assurance, & of whose kind Endeavours I have ye most sensible Feeling.

I cannot tell You that I am quite recovered of my Indisposition, but it is greatly abated; tho' ye constant Openers which I have been obliged to take have made me more tender than usual, & consequently subjected Me to perpetual Colds, as I by no Means would suffer Confinement: I seem to recover bodily Strength, & walk again pretty well; & as I have now these last three weeks been entirely amongst my London Friends, I have not been permitted to relapse into Lowness of Spirits, which (as You justly observe, having your Opinion seconded by the

* Gilbert White had spent part of Michaelmas term 1750 at Oriel College, where his brother Henry was now in residence as an undergraduate.

Faculty) is my great Danger. As to your advice about the Bristol Hot Wells, I have no Thoughts of them, & I hope I shall soon be able to say, No Occasion for them: Besides ye Vicarage of Sunbury does not permit a Regimen which demands either much Money or Time. I was threat'ned wth a cold Bath, & therefore do not know whether your Advice would have tallied with the Other.

If I have not mentioned the Bishop & Ld Exeter's Dispute, it is because Matters remain quite undetermined: They have in the most amicable & complaisant Manner on both Sides, referred the Decision to Council, who have not given Judgement: But You seem to think that ye Decision would immediately affect Me, whereas surely I told You that ye Living would go to Bp Hayter who at my Uncle's Desire gave St Bride's to my Brother Wills for ye first Living which fell. If my Ld Exeter gets it, it will go to Young Proby: I am sorry that your Aunt's Friend Ld Gainsborough is dead, & that He died very poor. I congratulate You on Merit's being taken Notice of in Dr Hales's* being made Clerk of ye Closet to ye Princess of Wales, & that, by ye King's own Nomination: His Majesty's whole Behaviour is in ye highest Degree Princely & Heroic, & that in ye highest Degree of it, in *Xtian Heroism*. The Lords' Address upon his Message is looked upon to be a fine Piece; it was sent by a full House & from the Heart. The Duke of New Castle spoke upon ye Message & there were some great Strokes in his Speech. Dr Ayscough is entirely discarded, & going to retire to his Livings in the Country.

My Jenny, by whom I write, & to whom I showed your kind Letter, desires her Service to You,—*Love to You*, she says, *if I have a Mind*. You see what it is to say "that You shall rejoice to see Me a married man": I dare not say that ye following Sentence gave her Pleasure for Fear of Delicacy being wounded if she sees this: but I think of it wth redoubled satisfaction, & an advance of paternal Love.

Our Church is not begun to be pulled down, but we advance towards it's Demolition by sure Steps, tho' *slow* in Order that its Revival may be *sure*. The Church of St Paul's have given £50 and the Duke of Beaufort has talked of his Mite, but what that will be I do not know. I had ye Honour of a very genteel Letter from his Grace up on ye Subject, & have returned an answer, which I beleive will bring down Something: He will certainly leave ye Parish this Summer.

I shall mention your Intention about ye Circuiteers, but I cannot yet tell you ye Particulars of ye Summer Circuit. I remember

* Dr. Stephen Hales, F.R.S. (1677-1761) physiologist and inventor, was Rector of Faringdon, the adjoining parish to Selborne, though not often resident there. He was well known to Gilbert White and to his father.

they used to be out almost all August. But I shall be more express. I thought I had left your Letter at Sunbury, so I cannot say I have as yet mentioned ye Thing to them; but it is Time enough. I can say nothing for myself yet, except that I *am drawn* towards Selbourne *by ye Cords of a Man*.

Let me hear from You oft'ner; your Letters are a Relief to me at all times. I hope in God I shall not spend another winter of Celibacy, yet I do not see a Prospect of ye Contrary: I am very sure it is in all Regards bad for me: yet God knows best. I cannot tell where ye Family will be this Summer, but I am afraid not at Sunbury; my Father says it is more expensive than London, otherwise He likes it well. Miss Hecky would like Selbourne well, but I don't think You will see Her there: The dear Creatures, as Lovelace in *Clarissa* says (I hope You read *Clarissa*) *never travell without a Bundle*.

I am called to Dinner, yet I think I feast most when I talk to You: God return your kind Prayers with Interest to Yourself & Family! to whom my Respects.

I am, dear Gil, Your's affectionately,

J. Mulso.

Letter 27.

King Square Court.

Dear Gil,

June 6, 1751.

I have not your Letter to Me by Me, so I cannot speak to particulars. Here are two Schemes proposed, an Oxford & a Hampshire one, but I am a little afraid that You will bring neither of them to bear; my Father says he cannot come before his Circuit, tho' as I am not commissioned to tell You so, I shall leave ye Formality of bad News to those to whom it belongs to send them; but these Hints justify my Fears. You are deceiv'd in supposing that my Parish is a Sinecure, it is not even a *sine-Plague*, for we have furbished up a French Chapel for Sundays, which is so extravagantly hot this Season, & promises such Cold in ye winter that I really think I run a Hazard of my Life in it: Indeed my late Indisposition (I am afraid I cannot wth a safe Conscience call it *late*, for it is in *Esse* still, tho' that is all) has made me more unequal to ye Extremities of weather than ever I was in my Life; I am now sore from head to foot wth a Cold in my Muscles got by ye Openess of my Pores, & my Faintness is even to Distemper: so that this Chapell is my Dread. I am in London, in Miss Hecky's Dressing Room, She is reading *Clarissa*, on the other Hand lies your *Invitation*.*—Here I was

* "The Invitation to Selborne," verses by Gilbert White. This version appears to differ from that subsequently written, and published after his death by his nephew, John White, in the Third Edition of the "*Selborne*," 1818.

yesterday interrupted by the coming in of Dick Younger, I now proceed from *t'other Side of the way*.—I shall not let ye last Subject escape me, I have a good deal to say upon it. My first Business shall be to find Fault. I have number'd ye Lines & shall refer to them.

The hooking, & *smiles*, in ye 9th Line, into a parenthesis, checks ye Harmony of ye Verse; & if it is not a Parenthesis, it is not English; tho' I remember such a Use of ye Word in Thompson. *Smiling foresees* wd be easier. Heck objected to ye word CLAP a *Gothic Front* in ye 23d L: as too familiar a Phrase, & ye complex word *on't* in ye next L: is abominable & intolerable. I have substituted in ye place or rather over it

. mask ye House of Want,
And bid ye Cot admire it's Gothic Front—

but Miss Hecky will not bear to have a Cottage call'd ye *House of Want*, but ye *House of Content*. I am of her Mind, so I refer ye just Correction of ye Line to You, but corrected it shall be; besides She is unwilling to lose ye *antique Turrets*.

L: 31, 32. *In vain we try Check &c*: I seem to want an Ease of Language; *To check ye Sob*: I am sorry to lose *thick Sob*.

The next Thing which comes under my Resentment is no poetical Business but ye Business of the Vicar, I mean ye Description of the *hot Man & ye cool Lover*. How did you dare to set me in a Light so disagreeable to ye Ladies, when you knew ye Ladies, & above all, *my Queen* wd see them? and as to your *Love's Hue*, I desire to be painted by Milton & not by such *lilly-liver'd* Judges of Love, & I must remind You that He tells You that Angels glow wth

celestial rosy Red, Love's proper Hue:—

Come, Sr, I had rather look like an Angel than like a Fool.—We all agree that You had a strong Idea when You used ye Epithet L. 59 *DESPERATE Justice*, but we do not quite comprehend.—Line 98, *and* should be *when*. L: 102 *hangr'y* is so very local a phrase that not one of ye Family could tell what it meant 'till I explained: & we are a little concerned that so charming a Poem should in more Places than one be wrote only for a Circle of Intimates. ditto ye *Crofts* is of the same Nature; & I don't understand that myself.—Miss Hecky is bold in her Criticism in L. 112 (where to show ye Peculiarity of Selbourne in it's Scenes You illustrate it by it's Self) & says, that to call Selborne *Selbournian* is to say that *Mary'bon is very Marybonish*: but I think her too bold here a great deal, & that ye Thing is greatly defensible. I must add that when I read to a whole Circle of Friends & came to ye exaggerated Compliment of L: 122 which ends wth *Divine*, my Aunt Thomas cried out, "Oh

yes! I have a Crow to pluck wth Him about That."—And now I am come to ye End of Criticism, but shall never have Room enough to praise: there is some of the strongest Imagery, ye truest Nature, the justest observation, ye best Turn & ye warmest Sentiment that I have ever seen. It is indeed agreed by all, from ye Bishop to ye Vicar, to be a *very good Piece*.

I have a Piece by Me (a Compliment to Mr. Richardson) to shew You; in which You may take ample Revenge for my Impertinence in finding a Fault in yours. An obvious One is ye super-Hoadleian Periods; which I premise by way of ye vulgar Humour of *crying whose first*. But You cannot see them now, they are too long to insert here. I must here mention while I think of it, ye Invitation of my Uncle & Aunt. They saw your Lr to me, in which You desire Countenance at Peterboro' and say *You are afraid of ye Bp.* "Why so?" says my Uncle, "does not he know that I am one of his Admirers? My dear, pray influence this timourous Gentleman." "Jack, pray tell your Friend that He wants no Introduction to me in Town or Country. We shall be glad to see him any where & at any time." "Yes, we &c: &c: &c: &c: (for I never was just to a Message.)

I find by your Hesitation that I must *love* one Proctor, tho' to say Truth, as You know, I never feared One. I assure you I think of ye Office wth great Respect, & as I make no Doubt that You will execute it wth great Applause, I think it may be a serviceable Honour to you. I fling in my Vote to your accepting it, tho' I had rather have You at Sunbury to set me again on Horseback, which I took Leave of when I took Leave of You.

I long to see You: whether assisting the University, or assisting John Beckhurst it matters not to me, for I shall find You ye same. But I doubt I cannot bring it about to see you in either Light. So I depend upon your old and favourite Character of a Traveller: I shall be glad to add ye warmth of a Friend to ye Compliment of an Host, & have an Opportunity of saying "You are very welcome, Sr." They place it indeed at ye wrong End of ye Visit. I hope You find all our old Oxford Friends well: I desire my hearty service to them, my greater respects to ye Provost & Dr. Bentham.

My Church is level wth the Ground. I think we have got a good neat Plan for ye new One: an honest Surveyor, & Builder, (ye Surveyor ye same who drew ye Plan) & Articles well drawn up. We shall lay out £2,000.5.8 & are to be compleat by Michaelmas twelvemonths.

I told my Father since ye beginning this Letter that I should leave ye answering your kind Invitation to Him or Heck: She did say She would put in a word or two here, in Spite of Prudery. I shall leave a Page, for Ladies are voluble, & conclude myself here,

dear Gil, Sincerely Your's J. M.

Pray write as often as ye Heat will let you. I beg it.

I am so much obliged both to the Poet and the Friend in Mr. White's gallant and elegant Invitation, that I cannot help telling him how much I am mortified that I cannot thank him in Person for his admirable Poem. Your Description of Selbourne has left nothing to "*the craving Imagination of Miss Hecky,*" and it was kindly done to send me so lively a Picture, as I fear I am not to see the Original. It is no great Compliment to say that I wish to accept of your Invitation, as I write from this suffocating Town, where I am kill'd with Heat and have no voice or Strength. Here however I am most likely to remain, (if I can exist) the greatest part of the Summer; with only a refreshing excursion of a Day or two now and then to Mr. Richardson's at Northend, to keep me alive. I shall gratify his Vanity and my own, by shewing him your Verses; and I think yours, if you have any, must taste the Praises of a Richardson. Pray give my Thanks and compliments to your Father and Sister for their part of the Invitation. I hope your Father has not seen your more than Poetical Compliments, for if he has he must not see me, unless he has a Turn for Poetry, and knows that a Poet must *give* the Perfections he does not *find*. When next you drink Tea in "*the Pensile nest-like Bower*" pity

Your obliged humble Servant

Yes Papa!

Letter 28.

Staines.

July 25, 1751.

Dear Gil:

You see I am got into a new Place, but it is with a Family of old Friends, Mr Burgh's, who used to live in my parish in ye Duke of Beaufort's House; the Duke has left us, & these good Folks have taken a House for a Year in this place, & here they have not only entertained me but nursed Me, for I am just come out of a short Feaver. I accompanied my Father & Tom to Maidenhead in their setting out on their Circuit, & there I was taken ill; & when I got hither, which was not 'till Night, I was bloodied & vomited between ten & eleven. But that was my Cure wth a few Powders, for I mended by Degrees & am at present pretty well. I know You will pity Me for having such a Tatterdemallion Constitution: but it provokes me yet more to consider that I must deprive Myself of ye pleasure of seeing You at Selbourne this Year. Indeed I dare not venture a Violence so great as riding would now be to me, as I am not well of a Complaint I told You of, tho' I thank God it is next to Nothing. Whether ye constant Course of Physic that I have been engaged in has made me more liable to Cold I cannot tell, but I am so

provokingly tender that I cannot bear the least Fatigue, & my Spirits are run down to a Caput mortuum which I have in every dull Sense. I have had ye Cold Bath mentioned to Me; & after farther & proper advice I may very likely take to That, as I think it seems a good natural Medicine. But indeed I dare not venture to Selbourne, I shall prevent all your Pleasure by some Weakness or other; You know when I was better than I am now, how ill I bore fatigue; not but that I think that ye Hampshire Journey was of Service to Me. Will not you contrive to let me see you at Sunbury? Consider you are to enter upon your Confinement of State; we may be long divided. Will not you accompany Tom back, & let us talk over what You have seen together: You will ride about more wth Tom alone than if I was wth You. Yet I long to see your good Father & Uncle & Family. I have said that if there is a Possibility I will make an Oxford Visit in your Proctorship; I owe it to our Friendship to help to form your Train; I forestall my Pleasure & my Pride on that Occasion. There is a Gentleman here who has read your Verses by Heck's Permission, & he desires Leave to take a Copy: He is no Printer or Friend of Printers, so You need not be afraid of being betrayed into Fame agst your Will. Indeed I expect You should send a Liberty of dispersing Copies wherever Miss Heck thinks proper, for so good a Thing ought not to be in one Hand only. Miss Heck is at Peterboro'. I hope You have or will see Her there. She will tell You odd Things of Jenny Warton if You ask Her; that poor Girl is born to be unfortunate. She has a Warton Genius, totally perverse in worldly affairs. Poor Pressy is gone to Epsom during Tom's Absence, my Girl is at Rickmansworth at her Brother's whither I shall go I beleive next week. Jack Young is returned from Jamaica encumber'd wth laced Cloaths & a Wife, but I am afraid not with Money. Fresh Fuel of Discontent from which I have seldom seen ye Family free! I hope to ally it to more amicable Blood. My Uncle has presented to ye disputed Living, or rather ye ArchBp: taking ye Lapse has presented my Uncle's Man; which tho' it has not determined ye Right, has added a Weight to my Uncle's Pleas. So that Man is out of my Way. My Church at Sunbury goes on well; ye wall is risen up to ye first windows; It will I hope be a neat little Building; we have found Occasion for all our Eyes over ye Builders, but I hope All will go on very well. You must come & see ye Progress of ye good Work: our Autumns are milder than even Your's at Selbourne, our Roads are good longer, but I cannot say that our Leaf stays so long; it is too much scorched in Summer. I have been at Sunning Hill: The way from hence is wild & charming, all thro' ye great Park by the Duke's Lodge, and into ye Heart of the Forest; Mem: our's are *woody Forests*, like your *Holts*. You are going to see new Places & make more

Observations, I expect You would make them to Me: consider I have a pretty Collection of your Travells about England, & You must carry ye Sett thro'. I may make it a usefull work in Time, & enable young Men to travel with Taste & improve at Home.

If I do not mention my Verses You might think I took your Critique ill: but I think it just: Tom will not admit of what You say about the Porch; He does not allow it to be a Porch, but a part of ye main Building; & that ye Force of ye Compliment lies in that part: But I think it is rather as You say. I am glad You like them on ye whole. Mr R— thanked me for them, but has said little about them, as he is ye Subject Himself, & is ye modestest of Men.

I hope the Family You are wth are well: & shall be glad to hear that my Friend Mrs Barker changes the *beautifully less* for ye *beautifully bigger*. I desire my Compliments to them. Let me hear from You soon & often: a Letter from You raises my Spirits, the Sight of You would do more. But at least give as much of Yourself as You can to

dear Gil, Your sincere Friend,
J. Mulso.

Letter 29.

Sunbury.
Nov: 4, 1751.

Dear Gil:

Perhaps You think that I have entirely forgotten You, & that I have set down ye little wild Visit You made me as a short agreeable Dream but of no Reality. But in fact it is not so. Your Visit served me as an Answer to your former Letter; (I would You would often furnish me wth such Answers!) But as I did not know whether You would begin ye Correspondence again, I proposed to set about a Challenge. This was prevented by so many Accidents, that to tell them would be trifling, tho' at the Time they seemed Obstructions Alpine & Appennine. At last I resolved to stay for my Uncle to frank my Letter; I did so, *vide Cover*. But He coming late in ye Week, I pocketted up ye Cover without a Letter, & brought it down hither. Here I was busy, & hence I removed to Staines where I hoped to be at Liezure. But there I fell sick & am not yet recovered: so I would not write 'till I was a little more in Heart. Yesterday I was forc't to set at Home & let Horton do my Duty for Me. But I am better today. From your Heights of Health You look down upon me, & pity me. I am glad for your Sake you do. I envy You your bold Flights, your Eagle Ranges; but see You deserve them. I am a poor sculking Quail, whose very Love-Song is plaintive.

The Families are assembled : on Thursday in the week before last arrived my Uncle wth his Family, & my Father & Heck. I might tell You of One's ake & t'other's ail ; but 'tis better to say that they are all now pretty well. Heck was very bad wth a Feaver at Peterboro, I mention this because it introduces a Performance of Her's, which She wrote during that Indisposition.

Ode, written during a *violent Storm at Midnight.*

In gloomy Pomp, whilst awfull Midnight reigns,
And wide o'er Earth her mournfull Mantle spreads,
Whilst deep-voiced Thunders threaten guilty Heads,
And rushing Torrents drown the frighted Plains,
And quick-glanc'd Lightnings to my dazzled sight
Betray the double Horrors of the Night,

2.

A solemn Stillness creeps upon my Soul,
And all it's Powers in deep Attention die ;
My Heart forgets to beat, my steadfast Eye
Catches the flying Gleam ; the distant Roll
Advancing gradual swells upon my Ear
With lower Peals, more dreadfull as more near.

3.

Awake, my Soul ! from thy forgettfull Trance !
The Storm calls loud, & Contemplation wakes.
How at the Sound pale Superstition shakes,
Whilst all her Train of frantic Fears advance !
Children of Darkness, hence ! fly far from Me !
And dwell with Guilt & Infidelity !

4.

But come, with Look composed, & sober pace,
Calm Contemplation, come ! & hither lead
Devotion, that on Earth disdains to tread ;
Her inward Flame illumines her glowing Face ;
Her upcast Eye, & spreading wings, declare
Her bent for Heaven, to find her Treasure there.

5.

She sees, enraptured, thro' the thickest Gloom
Caelestial Beauty beam ; & midst the Howl
Of warring winds sweet Music charms her Soul ;
She sees, whilst rifted Oaks in Flames consume
A Father God, that o'er the Storm presides,
Threatens, to save ; & loves, when most he chides.

We look upon this, in our part of the World, to be a pretty female Performance. Mr. Richardson says "She is a charming child," & all that Mr R— says is wth Us oracular. In Return for communicating this Mulso-Piece, we expect *Lythean Quaestions*, and *Tent Scenes*.*

Let me know if You are entered upon ye Care of Selbourne, and whether You intend to steal up again & see what is doing in this more busy part of the World. I promise, not to demand in the ill-natured Tone of David's Brother "Where hast thou left those few poor sheep in the Wilderness?" Instead of that, You shall have encouragement to aim your honest Sling & Stone at the Giant Vice of the Parish of Sunbury.

Our Roof is reared & we pique ourselves upon having a famous One; it is built on ye Principles of that of Westminster Hall; & is much admired by Connoisseurs.

I have no particular News to tell You farther. I hope all your Friends are in good Health and Spirits, & desire my Respects & Love to them. And be sure don't forget that Walton Bridge has made Sunbury a very commodious way to London.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 30.

Sunbury. Jan: ye 29, 1752.

Dear Gil:

If our Correspondence were to come to ye Press, here would of late have been an Hiatus valde defendus by the Printer & Editor. You punished Me pretty severely, by punishing Me wth Silence; I hoped to come off wth a Scold, but You would not be so mercifull. So being now upon a Par I shall take my Course as if Nothing had ever interrupted my prattling. Indeed I do not know what Miss Heck will say, who I presume was not a little impatient to know your Opinion of her Odes: one of which You saw by my Means & the Other by Tom's. It is to be hoped that You have thank'd him for the Persecution. What would Pope have said if he had been hunted out of the Retreats of Selbourne & by a female Writer, who greiv'd so to be followed to ye commodious Twickenham?

I hear that You are snug at the Vicarage;† where it is to be presumed that You are preparing Something for ye World.

* The Lythe at Selborne, a common near the stream, was one of Gilbert White's favourite haunts. His ornamental tent is shown in the foreground above part of the Lythe in "The Great N.E. view of Selborne," which forms the frontispiece to the quarto editions of his book.

† Since October, 1751, Gilbert White had been acting as Curate-in-charge for the Vicar of Selborne, Dr. Bristow, who was unwell.

Sermons or Satyrs must come fm Him, who has left the world. The latter will be ye Effect of his Contempt of It; the former (the better Part) his charity to & Pity of it. I had rather therefore that You was employed in ye latter. The Difference in ye Effect seems to me to be Something like ye Effect of a tempestuous or a rainy Day on the Spirits. In ye first We are terrified, and when it is over seem to think it a Mercy that we have escaped the Stroke; In ye other We are grave while it lasts, but then our Thoughts turn to it's genial Uses, & to ye future Harvest.

I must own I have a View in turning You to ye Sacerdotal Composition, I long to hear Some of *your* Sermons in Sunbury Church; & I am glad that You are in strong Exercise; because ye Strength'ning of the Chest is I beleive the Strength'ning of the Lungs, & my new Church looks as if it would call forth all your Power of Voice. Not but that I expect to try how You come on before that is finished. Indeed I long to see You, your last Visit was a cherry bob'd at my Mouth, it has water'd ever since.

I am sitting alone in my Study, having just done cooking my two Eggs. You would laugh to see wth what Patience & Deliberation I manage this important Transaction of Life. It may be of Disservice to Me, for if I do not take care, by knowing the shape of an Egg too well, I may fall into an Imitation of it in Poetry. I assure You I am in Danger, for I have of late made two Riddles. Dr Robinson, who contended wth the Uncle in Divinity, now contends wth the Nephew in riddling. The grave Editor of Hesiod comes forth in ye small ware of Riddles, well may then a shallow Vicar turn private Dealer in ye Trade. I cannot help thinking of Mr Bayes, "I'll give him Slish for Slash, & I'll give him dish for dash." I had better, as you advise, fall to Sawing; 'tis absolutely worse than standing See Saw, See Saw, with ye Smell of Turpentine under my Nose.

But I am afraid I do wrong to set your grave & really wholesome Advice in a ludicrous Light. Upon my word, I do not deserve the Tenderness You shew for Me. I have of late pass'd backwards & forwards between this Town & London. We had a little Ball at Pressy's which worked my Buff, & one or two walks, or else ye heavy Rains have confined Me greatly of late, & I have been out of all Degree of Exercise: & I have had an ugly Fullness in my Head (don't laugh & say "an Emptiness rather") which has made me think of bleeding; but I have had too much of that this Year, & would avoid it if I could. I have not entirely lost my Complaint, but have been much better of late & have been in good Spirits upon it. In ye Spring, *Cold Bath* is the Word. As to Exercise, all Circumstances of Education & Situation have concurred to confirm in Me an Indolence & Weakness of Spirits & Body. It will be so, it is in Vain to resist, Me Rebus submittere *cogor*. I am actually not lazy by Principle but by Cir-

cumstance: whereas You are happy in both the Turn & the Power to labour, to journey, to harden: and if One was to address You, one shd begin like an Epitaph—Siste, Viator!—

When I was last week in Town I called at Mr. Hoblyn's to see Dr Bentham who has been sometime there, but I did not meet wth Him; it was a Disappointment. My Uncle saw Him several times, & the Dr was so kind as to give him an excellent Sermon at St Bennet's.

On Fryday last I went into Whiston & White's Shop: It is very dangerous to go in there. I was taken in to buy ye small Warburton's Edition of Pope's Works, which cost Me One Pound Seven. It is incorrect & indifferent, but as I had None of Pope's Works before, I am not sorry for having been decoy'd to buy them.

My Neighbours here ask after You: I am more wth them than I was in the Summer Months, the Roads between this & Staines are almost impassable by a Chair, tho' I walked over there once this Winter, which may be properly called a bold Step. They have more Drams for You agst You see them next.

I wish You & your Family Joy of the probable Encrease of it, & a happy time to ye Lady. You say little of ye Health of your Friends, so I suppose they enjoy it pretty well. God continue it to them & You. My afte Respects to them.

I am, dear Gil, Your's affectionately,

J. M.

Letter 31.

Sunbury,

March 28, 1752.

Dear Gil:

I shall make no Apology for continuing the old Phrase, tho' your Honours are now blooming & fresh upon You. This will come in amongst the other Epistles You receive from idle Gentlemen like Myself; alas! how much less welcome than the six & eightpence! But my Claim is upon You, You are in my Debt; & I am a Friend to your Honours & studious of your character for uninterrupted application to the Business of your Station, that I take them for an Excuse of your not writing to Me. I shall have You stealing from your Petitioners, & beginning your next wth "habes confidentem reum.—"

I think You have paid the University a great Compliment in accepting of the Sleeves;* for as I take your Genius, You are rather Atticus than Tully. Otium cum Dignitate, is your Motto, & Turn, and the green Retreats (for they begin now to be the

* As Proctor of the University.

green Retreats) of Selbourne afford more serious Pleasure to your contemplative Mind than ye frequentis Plausus Theatri can to your Ambition. I have a longing Desire to see You in your new Station; but then I want to bring in each Hand a Girl; for the quantum fieri potest per mare is not wth You quantum fieri debet. How prettily would they adjust ye Sleeve, & give a more rakish Air than suits the Academic Form, how would they admire ye Tuft, & how would they fancy *the Flap!* I dare not indulge the Thoughts of bringing them; it is a Sort of Treason to ye Male Laws of the University; & what is yet worse, it is a Scheme that is more aerial than probable; & like Crambe's Idea of *your* logical Definition of Substantia—*substat Accidentibus*.

I have had a great Cold which made me very ill in Town, & created so great Compassion in those Girls You wot of, that Heck & Missy resolved to take a Post Chaise & come to nurse me at Sunbury. They came last Saturday Sen'night & left me last Fryday. And how did they wish that Mr Proctor White was here wth them! & I heartily joined the wish. The weather was so tempestuous that we were greatly confined at home. But we exercised at Battledor & Shuttlecock, & read Pope &c: longing for your *Indicative finger* to point out the Beauties, tho' it affronts our Judgement by preventing it. I attended them to Town on Fryday, & brought down Ned* in their room; Ned is much at your Service & desires You should know as much. I don't know when I can expect You here, because I don't know whether even ye long Vacation is a Vacation to You. But as I am but an *Afternoon's Ride* from You, I hope You will let me see You when You can.

Mr Young & his Daughter will I beleive soon go down to Portsmouth to take Leave of Capt'n & Mrs Young & their Family who setting out soon for new England for 3 Years & a half. The Captain takes that young Son of Mrs Hubert's, who You was kind to at Portsmouth, wth Him. This Scheme of their's (tho' I cannot disapprove the Motives) displeases Me in it's Consequences; for it will be an Objection to a second expensive Scheme of Pleasure. But perhaps this Intention which gives Me so much pleasure in it's distant View may not be so agreeable to You: & perhaps of all Years this is that in which You might be least glad of our Company. And I must own it would have an odd Sound, when the Provost sends to know what Noise that is in his College at One in ye Morning, to have Him answer'd, "Sr it is ye Proctor, wth two Girls, & ye mad Parson of Sunbury." So, see You to it.

My Church goes on very well. We have been obliged to some few alterations, which have mended it greatly; & I think it will

* His brother Edward.

be not unworthy of your preaching in, which that You may often be kind enough to do, God of his Mercy grant; for I am tired wth the Sound of my own Voice; & what between Idleness & Indisposition there is no greater *Tautologist* among ye Clergy. But this, under *the Rose!*

Methinks I grow young again when I think of Oxford; & between friends, that seems to Me to be now no small Retrogradation: If I should come to it now, it would seem odd to Me, to appear wth Gravity, & be numbered among ye *Fuimus's*, to assume the short Tuft, & cover my Ears in a grey clerical wig. I am almost ready to bespeak a brown Bob; I have looked at my Crape Gown twice, which is as much Moth-eaten & decayed as the Fathers in your Library: & 'tis well if I do not appear without a Band, & cock as bold a Hat as any Soph in your Black Roll: and affect the under-Graduate, while I look in ye Eyes of real Youth, as old as Moses & Aaron at the Altar-Piece.

I have had a Glimpse of Sr Philip Musgrave's Nephew, Mr Lumley, who I hear is an Oriensis. I am heartily sorry that the Provost is in so very bad a Way. I missed seeing Dr Bentham both here & in Town, which was a real Dissappointment. Pray make my Compliments to Him &c.

Is John Bosworth, & Tom Mander of your Train. Is Tom still the Comus of ye Banquet, & John ye good Steward of the Feast? I hear that Chardin [Musgrave] is in Wiltshire. There are like to be more Impediments between Him & our small Mannor of Kempton, for my Lady is coming to lie in. If it is a Boy, I shall be more glad than He; tho' I shall suffer by it; for I must be a Witness of some of the Extravagancies of Sr John, which as they affect a religious Turn, give me great Disgust and Impatience.

I hope all Friends in Hampshire are well. I reckon You often turn your Eyes Southward, & pine after ye romantic Vicarage wth the *pensile nest-like* Bowers of Selbourne.* Yet deign, before the Summer Suns make it too hot for your Imagination to dwell on, to think of poor Sunbury & of Your affte Friend

J. Mulso.

* This is an allusion to Gilbert White's verses—

“To spend in tea the cool refreshing hour,
Where nods in air the pensile nest-like bower

Nor be the Parsonage by the Muse forgot,
High on a mound th' exalted Gardens stand;
Beneath, deep Vallies scoop'd by Nature's hand, etc.”

Letter 32.

Hampton.

July 24, 1752.

Dear Gil :

But that every Year is not a Year of Proctorial Dignity ; but that I foresee that in the earlier Months of next Year I shall not be able to leave Sunbury ; and that by coming just at this Time, I meet Tom upon his Journey and save Him the setting out again ; or I should not be fond of the Party just at this time. As to Women they are never to be depended upon in Schemes, & I am never secure of their Company 'till they are actually at the Place where they propose to go to. I am quite vexed that we could not have them, & now center the Happiness of the Jaunt entirely in You, whereas I had hopes of seeing You made but as a Party & not a Principal ; which would have been ye Case if Ladies had been present, who absorp all our Considerations. I suppose Tom settled wth You ye Time of our being at Oxford, it is upon ye *sixth* of Augst. But alas I am greivously disappointed ; I had hopes of capering down to Oxford upon *my own Horse* ; which tho' it would not much have raised Me in ye Eye of ye University, yet I know it would in yr's. But all my riding is now again at an End for a long Time. I have been forced to put her into a Farrier's Hands to cure her Lameness, which was so great that She could not go six Miles. The Man who has her is reckon'd a good skillfull Man, & he says he can cure her. The Proof will be hereafter, but he makes his Application at her Shoulder, & is clear that her Ail is there, & that She has very good Feet, where Tom always told me ye Cause of her Lameness lay. The upshot of this is, that Ned & I must come by ye Coach, & that if we circuit about Oxford it must be upon Horses which You must get for Us in ye University. Your knowledge of Me, Your Skill as a Jockey, & your Interest & Gravity as a Proctor will be all employed upon this Occasion.

I am sorry that We by this Means force You from your green Retreats, which must be now doubly pleasant to You, as You have been absent fm them not by Choice, but Necessity. And that we must bring a Journey into the Expences which we shall put You to.* And now the University is so thin of Beaux, that You cannot *retaliate* upon ye gold laced waitcoats & unstatutable Pertnesses. I suppose I shall miss of seeing Dr Bentham, which I am very sorry for. We must ask Mr White's Pardon for robbing Him of your Company before your Time. You know that I make a Sacrifice in order to see You ; that I leave my dear Girl at Hampton : & know too that I leave her the Day before her Birthday, which every One would not have suffer'd ; but she is too generous to raise Objections to a Party of this Nature.

* The Proctor had gone to his father's house at Selborne on June 20th-21st. On August 5th-6th he returned to Oxford "to meet the Mulsoes," as his expenses book records. He returned to Selborne Aug. 17th-18th.

I unfortunately miss'd of seeing Bob Carter twice on Wednesday last. He called on me at Sunbury in ye Morning when I was at Hampton, & at Hampton in the Afternoon when I was at Laylam. Was not You to have seen Mr Pelham's new Belvidere wth Me this Summer? suppose You return to Selbourne Viâ Londini, but turn off before You come there? Tom rides, for a Companion, & will want One. My Girl will be glad to see You, & shall be of the Party. But this will be settled when I see You.

I am going to London some Day next week to swear before a Master in Chancery that my Church is *rebuilt*. Indeed it is almost finished; but will not be used yet awhile. If You can help me to a good Inauguration Sermon for it, do. We gather'd for ye Propagation of the Gospell in our small Village above *eighteen Pounds*, which I think very handsome.

Jenny's Respects attend Mr. Proctor. Mine, all your good Family. I am, dear Gil, Your's affectionately,

J. Mulso.

Letter 33.

Sunbury,
Aug: 19, 1752.

Dear Gil :

I hope You arrived safe in Hampshire after your obliging Journey to Oxford. We are here got together again, where our greatest Pleasure seems to consist in Reflexions upon our late Transactions. We all agree that the Proctor understands how to give ye most agreeable Turn to every Thing, & to improve every Scheme of Tast. And we all agree that we have great Obligations to Him for putting Himself to so much Trouble & Expence for Us. I am loaded wth the acknowledgements of the Ladies as well as the Gentlemen, & I know I should surfeit You wth Self Love, if I could make you take seriously every Praise which they profess seriously to give.

Ned & I passed a very muzzy sort of double Day in ye Stage Coach on Saturday; the Spirit of the Excursion was over, & we were vastly more fatigued wth going the short way to London than We were in going the longest to Oxford. I observ'd that Sr Francis Dashwood has made vast Improvements at his Seat at West Wiccomb since I was last on that Road, & a very sweet Place it seems to be. I could discover two or three pretty Vessells on his water. The Road too is greatly improved being now all Turnpike Road to Town, & Stoken church Hill being wide enough open'd to admit three or four Carriages abreast all the way up. Ned was pleased wth what Prospect we could see,

but it was not quite a clear air. At Shotover Hill it was too dusky to look out.

The Duke of Portland has turned us off from his Wall, & sent Us up the Hill by a grand new Road, which gives a fairer Prospect of his Park than we used to have; & it is a pretty irregular Piece of Ground, but seems to want some Tast about it.

I left London on Monday in the Afternoon & found our Friends at Hampton pretty well. Missy has not quite got rid of her Oxford Cold. They saw Windsor about the time that we were seeing Stow Gardens. They were guilty of all the Insolence of Pity for Us. But nevertheless that mixed a little Envy wth it, if they would be ingenuou enough to confess it. My Father set out for Canterbury on Saturday Morning, so I have not seen Him. He will be there above a Month & then bring up Yes Papa. Ned set out on Tuesday Morning at 4 o'Clock for Essex, not without the Fear of an Ague before his Eyes.

I cannot tell what to say about my Horse, but to the best of my Judgement She seems to promise to be as lame as ever; Tho' the Doctor is still confident. She has a *ridge* Shoe to fling her on ye foot which was lame, & between both She can hardly go; but I am desir'd to beleive that when She is Sho'd right, which cannot be yet, She will go very well. She is come Home & at Grass wth a Charge on her Shoulder: I wish the Charge She is to carry on her Back could stick as close.

I am going to Mrs Fuller's to meet the Young's to eat Venison: Yet I have not taken Bitters & a Ride, as some of our Gentlemen do on such Occasions. You may see I write in Haste, yet I would not longer deferr letting You know how sensible I am of all your Kindness & how much

I am, Dear Gil, Your's

J. Mulso.

Letter 34.

Sunbury,
Dec: 21, 1752.

Dear Gil:

It is now a most shamefull Length of Time since I wrote to You, but I have been in Hopes of getting a Frank, & have been put off from my Intention several Times by that poultry reason: then, a hundred other Interruptions have differr'd it, 'till at last here I am.

Well, You have now past thro' a good deal of your Oxford Confinement, yet much remains; what a Pleasure will You feel when this honourable Clog is taken off & You at Liberty to range the Country as You were wont! In the mean Time

Discipulorum inter cathedras plorare jubabo.

As to Myself I am again become a Sort of prisoner & feel my Tether pinch me worse by having had it loosen'd for this Year & half. I open'd my new Church November ye 26th. I had got a *Serpent* on the Occasion & was complimented wth a Request of having it printed. Whether I shall or no I am in Doubt, & I refer it to the Bishop. It is put to me, that a young Man should lose no Opportunities of making known whereabouts in ye World he is. But between You & I, I am afraid I have been too idle to have my House taken Notice of, for ye Bush that I hang out is not a good One: It is of too plain a Leaf. I shall be determined by better advice: My Vanity I assure You is not concerned, & my Interest less, for it cost above three Pounds to ye Parish to keep my last child.

The Opening of the Church has been ye Occasion of great Confusion amongst my Parishioners; the Disposal of the Seats by the Church Wardens, (tho' our two principal Men, Mr. Hudson & Sr Philip Musgrave) has dissatisfied every body. So I suppose we must at last bring down the Chancellor of the Diocese upon Us. I believe I had a sort of joint-Power wth the Church Wardens in the Disposal of the Sittings, but fearing a Storm I waved it entirely, & by this means have escaped making me Enemies.

Yesterday the Bishop & Family came to Town, & I believe my Father wth them, who has been some time in Northampshire. There is great Talk in Town of his succeeding ye Bp of Norwich in ye Preceptorship, but I have heard nothing certain about it; & conceive no Joy in the Thoughts of it tho' it should be true, for I look upon it as a Place of great Hazard, & I am sure it is One very far from my Uncle's liking in all respects but the Honour of such a Charge; for the attendance will almost entirely engross him, & take him off from that domestic Life which of all Things he loves ye most. Not to say that He will now enter (if it is true) after a Man of great Sufficiency, & wth the odium of coveting a Place by ye removal of a fitter Man, & tho' this is not true, yet it is ye common Cry on all such Turns.

I met the other Day Holden ye Gentleman Commoner of St Edmund's Hall wth a good agreeable woman, who he told me was a Suffolk Lady, his wife, & had brought him four children. He has a Living somewhere thereabouts; He had his Hair turned over his light Bob & I was forc'd to ask Him whether He was in mourning for one of Us. He asked after You.

I was in Town last week, where all friends were very well but Heck, & She was a little in ye old vapourish way, but better before I left her. I have had a violent Headach this week & have had Recourse to Draughts &c: but am thank God pretty well. My Mare has got but three Legs, nevertheless I venture upon her very often, & caper alone to Town; She does my

business pretty well, & I know you will love me for riding. Ned will be wth Me in ye Holidays; Cannot You fly up these Holidays? I shd be quite glad to see You.

I hope all Friends at Oriell & in Hampshire are well. I see Benjamin is march'd over the Way at last & Whiston has taken the Courage to repair his House; Indeed there was more Occasion for it to live in the old One. I don't observe that he has enlarged it at all. If you can spare time fm your charge I shd be glad to see You. In ye meantime I wish You ye Comps. of the Season & many Returns of happy Years.

I am dear Gil, Afftely Yours,
J. Mulso.

Letter 35.

Sunbury,
Janry 27, 1753.

Dear Gil:

As Nothing can be more judicious, so nothing can be more generous than your Revenge. You take the noblest method of reproaching, by returning Good for Evil, & your Reproof is indeed that of a Friend, making a Benefit of a Punishment; I do not intend to deserve it again, but when I do, shall be ready to kiss the Rod.

I have great Ideas, but I suppose not adequate, of your famous Zigzag;* but I intend not to strain my Fancy; that being the farther distant from ye real Greatness of the work, I may enjoy the Surprize ye more. But why do I say enjoy? I do not even foresee a Visit to Selbourne. I fancy I shall like the Alteration of your Hill, better than the alteration of your Verse; for unless by ye Difficulty of getting thro' the One, you would signify the Labour of climbing up the other, (which is a wrong to the very Design) I do not think the Crassitude & Impediments of the Line compensated even by the Descriptiveness of it. Yet I have sunk my Sentiments about it at London, & have sent it without a Comment to expell a better Verse.

I wish I was in Cash to send You a Commission to fit me wth a Horse; no Man knows me better than Yourself: I would part wth mine, if I could find one like her, bating her Lameness. To say Truth, tho' I think a lame Horse better than None, yet it is a little tedious to limp on without Hope: Yesterday She gave me a Fall over her Head; You know I am an Adept in falling, &, as usual, got no Hurt; yet I seriously thank God for it, for this hard Weather it is no small Providence to escape so well, espe-

* About this time the Zigzag path up Selborne Hanger was made by John White with the assistance of labourers.

cially from a Fall upon a Gallop. The slippery Turf deceived her feet; but whether She or I was most in fault I do not know: yet up I got, undismayed, & did not dismount without a Gallop or two more. Yet to say Truth it has made me the more inclined to part wth her; & yet I would not willingly lose my little Use, which I have gained by ye Sweat of my Brow & the Loss of my Leather. But I must hop on 'till Times mend, & I believe a little more composedly. I am glad your Uncle has Hopes of me, I should be glad to stand well in his Opinion in all Characters; but I must own, I still know when I am going down a Descent, so that I am far from his good Opinion yet. If I should break my neck at last, do me the Justice to inscribe ye stone wth—*magnis tamen excidit ausis.*—To shew that I am no Flincher, I ride tomorrow to Kingston to bespeak a new pair of Leathern Breeches, having rode the last to pieces.

Chardin Musgrave is here, & favours my Escape to Town next Week. He gave a Sermon last Sunday & I beleive intends me the same Favour next. I have reason to think that his Stock of Sermons *composed by Himself* amount to four: *I hope You beat Him by this Time.* I dare You to come & shew.

Our Girls are clear that the affair between You & *One Jenny** is quite serious. Missy & Johnshy are very fond of ye Thought, being much taken wth the Lady; but You was so grave wth me in the Post Chaise that I dare not add to their Opinion any thing but my Applause of the Lady. However that be, I dare say that She is very instrumental in soft'ning the Rigour of your Oxford Confinement, & often prevents your forgetting family Life.

My expectation ventures out her Horns again, upon the fresh Sunshine in our Family. Every Thing conspires to make my Uncle as happy, as a Man ravished from his own Plan of Life can be. The universal good will wth which he enter'd upon his Post, † a Thousand Pounds a Year additional, & pretty certain Hopes of greater Preferment, are pretty Alleviations of that Circumstance. My wishes turn towards your Country, & I declare to You I have a Meaning beyond Selfishness. I shall have the Family a little nearer to Me in ye Summer now, as the Bishop must take a House at Kew for the Summer. He lives now at his new House in Soho Square. My Father is but just come up from Northamptonshire; a good Friend & a good Fiddle kept him from us at Oundle beyond his usual Rustication (I had forgot, that word has a bad sound in an Academic Ear). Miss Heck who is become a Collar of Brawn, & asserts that I am shapely, has got a new Cantata for You; & if You come before

* Miss Jenny Croke.

† Dr. Thomas at this time became tutor to Prince George (afterwards George III.) and his brother Prince Edward.

her Pipe is quite stopp'd you may command it. Her Fate seems to promise to be quite the Reverse of Miss Echo's. I assure You my Girl begins to plump up a little. Pressy is a crock still. Ned sets Country Dances & Songs; & what is worse, writes them. Tom writes too but deals in Solids; I always thought Tom a good Prose Writer.

Jo Warton I see, is coming forth in a work which *has a Plan*; it is indeed only in ye character of a Translator,* but Mr. Pope has made that Character of a little more Dignity than it used to be. I hear that Dick Phelps is become Tutor to the Marquis of Worcester. I met Thomkins the other day with his two young Lords. I think of what You once quoted

Dulcis inexpertis Cultura potentis Amici.

Perhaps I never thought so much of it. I hear of two Trajadies Bonduca & the Gamester; which is Dr Young's I don't know. Mr. Richardson has heard ye last & admires it. I have lost my Harlequin-Parishioner Woodward, but he went off in a grand Scene. The sunny-featured Mrs Hayes has left Us.

I have no more Room, than to desire my Respects to ye Provost & Dr Bentham & all who enquire after me & to subscribe Myself

Your's Afftely

J. MULSO.

Letter 36.

Sunbury.

March 11, 1753.

Dear Gil:

By this Time You have seen the Circuiteers, & perhaps they have found You some Employment in keeping the Bucks of the University in Order. You have dined I suppose wth my Lords the Judges, & congratulated them on having fine weather on their Circuit; You have lorded it over the sweating Disputants of Ash Wednesday, & are full of the choice Turns & descriptive Epigrams of Christchurch. In short You have shewn your Sleeves in their great Majesty, & are now surfeited with Honour. With what Pleasure shall I receive my old Friend, when just freed from the Confinement & Form which Greatness demands? I reckon You will exult & wanton in your Liberty wth that Glee which we used to go down to Merton Walks to observe in the Horses which were turned out to their Spring Grass.

* Joseph Warton translated the Eclogues and Georgics for an Edition of Virgil which he had recently published.

I am glad to hear You name May for the Time of your Enlargement, because by that Time the Prince will be at Kew, & You & I will go over to dine wth my Uncle, thro' some of the most delightfull Riding in England. He will be glad to see You, & my Aunt will joyce in an Opportunity of tearing your flesh for secreting the female Divinity, which she never does but for those for whom She has a Value: Sr Philip has carried Chardin to wait upon my Uncle, but I do not apprehend that He has taken any great fancy to him, for your Story has given him a very great Dislike to Him. I suppose my father could not help telling You, how well my Lord likes his Employment, & how very agreeable it is to Him to find in his Pupills a very quick Capacity, & an Eagerness of learning every thing, added to this, a great Sweetness of Temper, & a particular obligingness to Him, which seems to arise from their liking of Him, rather than fm Propriety of Behaviour to a Preceptor. So that I hope his Favour there is well established, & if it please God to spare his Life, He will be a greater Man, & will endeavour to make me a happy One.

Do not reckon among the Ingredients of my Happiness the rolling in my Chariot, let me tell You that my present wish is getting a good sound genteel Gelding about fourteen hands who steals away wth an easy Trot, moves his Limbs smoothly, treads straight, & will go upon an easy Hand Gallop half a Day. This is a Treasure which I at present covet; for tho' my own is a good Creature, She is condemn'd to perpetual Lameness, & does not go safe. If She was sound, I would not change Her for the Horses of the Sun. Yet bad as She is, I intend to go to Town upon her on Monday, tho' I have the Offer of a Corner in Sr Philip's Coach. There's for You!—I cannot say that I compose on Horseback, that devilish Hich in her Gait would cripple me into Hamisticks. And tho', in travelling wth the Antients, I now then think that Pegasus was pricked, yet to compensate an occasional Lameness, He shows that He has not only Feet, but wings. Alass, mine has not that advantage! so I had as good say nothing of Her, or from Her.

I wish You Joy of your new Sister.* I called in at your Brother's Shop to wish Him Joy, & there stood a confounded Edition of Livy in my Way, which cost me two Pounds before I could get out again. He assured me that the Ladies would be glad to see me, so tho' I was as dirty as a Beast, I ventured over to salute ye Bride & your invisible Sister, there I found your Brother ye Apothecary† whom I have not seen a great while. Neither the Bride or He knew me at first, but when She recol-

* Benjamin White's wife, *née* Ann Yalden, whose father was Vicar of Newton Valence parish, adjoining Selborne.

† Thomas White, F.R.S., who was a member of the Apothecaries' Company.

lected me, the Countenances cleared up, & we plunged into Selbournian Topics, & talked all together wth a very agreeable Familiarity.

As to your new Line, it is rejected every where, & my Sister has absolutely refused to admit it into the Poem; not but that this Partiality to the Work has given her an outrageous Desire to see it, & as no One can describe better than Yourself, She expects it at your Hands, the thing will bear a great deal of Poetry. As to Herself She is seldom idle, & perhaps in Lieu of this Piece which You are to produce, She may trust You wth some little Eschantillon or other.

I will call You none of the bad Names which You ingeniously suppose for yourself upon your escape from your Exuvixæ, but above all, the Drone, *i.e.*, without a Sermon; because it shall not be that You come without such a travelling Equipage; It is a necessary Part of it to a Clergyman. Even my Uncle who intends to come & see me in the Summer, dares not come without such Aid and Assistance.

I hope all Friends are well at Oriell. My Respects to those who enquire after Me.

I am, dear Gil, Affectely Yours,
J. Mulso.

Letter 37.

Sunbury.
May 18, 1753.

Dear Gil :

I hope this comes Time enough to catch You at Oxford, & to let You know how glad I shall be to see You in our Part of the World again. Yes, I will hobble wth You, (for my Horse is still lame,) to different Scenes, if it please God that we meet in Health; & hope to make your Residence agreeable by its being rather less sedentary than it used to be.

I heard in Town of Dr Bentham's Success & am heartily glad of it, I went to York Buildings to compliment Him upon it, but could not meet wth him, & He was so kind as to return the Compliment the next Morning, but (more suo) his old Pupil was abed. I went to see your Sister White & Invisible, while I was in Town, & their Observation upon the Doctor's Preferment was that now He might declare the Love that He had long bore to your Neighbour at Alton, I think, Polly Bates.

It was there I first heard of your Aunt White's* Death, for Tom forgot it when He came off the Circuit. I was really concerned for it, & especially upon your Uncle's Account, for as he is inclined to Lowness of Spirits, He must sensibly feel the Absence of so dear and valuable a Companion. They told me too

* Mrs. Charles White, of Bradley, Hants.

what I was very sorry to hear, that your Brother Jack was coming to Town for Advice, & that he was in an ugly way.

That ridiculous Creature Harman Leece was married on May Day last, so You will have a Bride to visit while You are in Town. She is a good gentile young Lady of about twenty two, her Name was Lewis; She has a pretty Fortune, & a better Reversion, which if Harman is not deceived in it, will be very considerable. The Bishop married Them. Tom & Ned were Bridemen, & Miss Thomas & Miss Young were Bridemaids. My Father gave Her away. The Bridegroom gave a Supper that Night at the Bedford Head, where about two & twenty of Us sat down to about four & twenty Dishes & a Desert.

I am to take a Sweat next Tuesday at St. Martins Church, where I have the grinning Honour of preaching before the Bishop of London at his Visitation. I desire when You come that You will bring your Proctorian Speech, that I may have the Pleasure of reading it, and that You would bring your Selbourne Voice that You may be heard in our Church.

We have here a good deal of Rain, in heavy Showers, & often mixed wth Hail, which has beat off a good deal of our Blossom, tho' we have a fair Shew for Fruit this Year, which seems healthy and plenteous. This is the Season for Sunbury, before the stronger Heats burn Us up. Our Nightingales are almost tired wth Singing, & the Cuckow grows Hoarse: Yet have I not yet left off my great Coat in my Rides before Dinner, and my Fire wants stirring very often; so cold are the Rains. The East wind has put back the Grass so much that I can get None for my Horse at half a Crown pr week: so She is forced to stand on ye dry Stable, which is no Advantage to Her.

The Bishop removes to Kew on Monday next with his Family. While You are wth Me we must make a Visit there. Mr. & Miss Young are to be at Hampton this Summer, so that I shall be very much there, but they are not coming yet. Where my Father & his Family are to be I don't know. Poor Mr Young about three weeks ago was taken by a Stroke of the Palsey, which affected his Head & his right Side; but He is surprizingly well again, & finds only a Stiffness in his Hand, & weakness from his severe Regimen. This Complaint is much more common than it used to be, & as it is so, I hope it will become more tractable. Bating a Cold & a great Propensity to ye Toothach, I have of late been pretty well & in good Spirits, which I in part am willing to attribute to riding. Not but that my Stages are so short, that I by no means set up for a Horseman yet, nay I think I am more subject to galling than ever. However, I will exert Myself to give You all the Diversion I can. In the mean beleive me to be

Dear Gil, Afftely Yours,
J. Mulso.

Remember me to our Friends at Oriel.

Letter 38.

Sunbury,

Aug: 4, 1753.

Dear Gil:

I received Your's dated July 28th yesterday in a Frank in King Square Court, where I thought You had known that the Squire's Name was *Thomas* & not *John*. I likewise own that I thought the said letter was very long in Coming, it being now a considerable Distance of Time since You feloniously stole Yourself away from Me about a fortnight & some odd Days sooner than You had given me Expectations of such Departure; I therefore look upon You as Debtor upon an old Score a fortnight & odd Days Visit, besides what may be lawfully expected as a Visit at the Time when You shall next have it in Your Power to come hither. However I was glad to see your letter at last, which in many respects pleased me; & most, to find that the Waters* agree so well with You. I very often wish to be wth You, & do so particularly at the Place where You are, because I certainly want *crisping* as You term it, very much. I have been out of Order this Week very much & have been taking *Saline* Draughts for an inward Heat, being a burnt Child like Yourself. Yet I have been on Horseback every Day, & was yesterday at Kew wth two Potions in my stomach, & am much better today. I shuddered at your account of poor John Bosworth, whom I heartily pity upon his own Score; & whose Sufferings gave me a chill of Fear, lest I should lie in ye same Plight, having the same Distemper, tho' I thank God in no great Degree; but all weak Spirits are fancifull. I am charmed with the Description of the Place You are in, having heard it very slightly commended, tho' I must own from a female Description; where there not being Room for Routs & Assemblies, &c: the Praise was the more languid. But it *looks green* in your Letter; & when I say so, I say a Thing for which I have only a distant Idea & Desiderium, there being no such Colour in our Part of the World, except in some charitable Lady's Gown. My Mare has been stabled this Week & was near starved for want before, tho' I took her up almost every Day; but I don't know that there is a blade of Grass where She used to fatten. Thank God we have got a little Rain at last: I sat wth great Pleasure under a Tree in my way to Kew yesterday, escaping an introductory Shower; & tho' I was not clear of it's Violence, the Singing of it was like an Opera, while I consider'd it as washing away the Plague of Flies by which we have been Fellow Sufferers wth many Parts of England; & which have devoured all the green Fruits of the Earth. Miss Heck was some Time ago down at Hampton from whence She went to Town & was

* The Hot well at Bristol.

there very ill; but my good Aunt went and fetch'd her to Kew, where She revived, and where She remains. The Circuiteers are gone off; they set out on Fryday last; my Father, Mr Committ', had an emboss'd Nose, which was gained by stooping down for the two or three Days before He set out, & writing his own Name over *fourteen thousand times*; by which abominable Tautography he almost forgot it, he was so muzz'd; & when He recollected it, hated it. So he set out with more Pleasure than He has done some Years, as being released from a great & new Slavery. Heck I beleive will stay at Kew 'till their Return, & Pressy will spend some Part of ye Time of Pyry's Absence at Hampton. I carried your Lr to Kew, where it was read to Bishops, Priests, & Deacons. My Uncle laugh'd heartily at your *Hectic Heat*, & my Aunt said that half such a Joke was a serious Proposal, & we laugh'd before hand at the Fright we suppose You in at ye reading of this, by which You find that You have drawn yourself into a Praemunire. Hæ Nugæ seria ducunt in Mala. Not but that if You are Fire, the Ladies are Tinder; for they soon catch & fall a burning. As to your Rags and Chips, Heck totally disdains all sinister & Canidian Use of the same; & protests She trusts to no foreign charms for your Demolition. My Girl is very well and Mr Young pretty well. She is obliged to You for your Civilities, but length'ned her Face at your Mention of my Autumnal Elopement. Indeed I shall not accept that kind Invitation so slyly introduced. I have engaged in sufficient Expences for ye Year, without adding Journeys; & if I could bear more, I would be wth You now at ye Hotwells. I have dip'd my Fingers in Lime and Mortar, having washed up ye Front of the old Part of the House; & am now getting the great Parlour ready for Painting; the Wainscot is fixt, & ye Ceiling is whitening. These Phoenomenas are look'd upon by the neighbours as sure fore-runners of Matrimony; but that Matter wants farther Encouragement. I am sure it is not out of carnal Motives that I pray for Success to your good Wishes for me on that Occasion, but from much more serious & honest Reasons: and if I know Myself, I am willing to put my Success upon the Truth of that Assertion. Yet God knows what is best for us.

If I send You Franks in ye inside of my Letters I shall have None for ye outside: It is best to let them stick where they are. Write on & often. I grudge Nothing but that You are to write to me by being so much absent from me.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's
J. Mulso.

Letter 39.

Sunbury.

Oct: 18, 1753.

Dear Gil,

As you have used me ill in neglecting to write to Me of a long Time; I am therefore become Superior; & as it is incumbent upon Him that is stout to be mercifull, so in consideration of my own character I do myself the Honour to forgive You. I am well pleased to hear from Yourself that You are settled for a Time & in a Place to your Liking; I had a Hint of your Design (tho' not the Name of the Place) from Scrope, who made me a short Visit. I, who came to attend your Glory, when You glisten'd in your velvet & powder'd your grand wig every Day, find an equal Desire to wait upon the Weather-beaten Curate of Durley,* in his dirty Boots & dripping Bob.

Omnis Aristippum decuit Color, & Status, & Res. You are the Philosopher. Indeed I envy more your being equal to your present Employ than your former, for Health is the first earthly Blessing. I am heartily glad to find that you are so stout. I remember the hospitality of Gibson† in our way to Gosport from Winchester, & beg my Service to Him & his Lady. I likewise remember the romantic Scene which You mention in your Letter, which paid me for being more than half starved in going to see it. The Woodcocks which You speak of will be an acceptable Present, as I am very fond of them. As to the Commissioner in King Square Court, I have not seen Him or His this Month past. Mr & Miss Young have been going & going from Hampton at different Times, but are not gone yet. Next week I fancy they will go, & I shall be left to set alone in my new Painted Parlour; which when used by my self only, gives me about as much Joy as the Thought of lining my Coffin with a white Satten. I wish You could come to comfort me in my forlorn State. I shall make frequent Escapes to Town, 'till it pleases Providence to settle me in a married State & then I really beleive I shall be as domestic & constant as the Yew Tree in a Church Yard; at least it must be the Love of my Friends & not the Love of the Place that will draw me to London.

The Bishop & his Family set out tomorrow to attend the Motions of the Princes, who are going for the Winter; so that my rides to Kew which have been many are pretty near at an End, & I must make my Ride above Seven miles longer, for Kew Ferry is a little above Six Miles from Hyde Park Corner. I hop about a little still, but I long for a better Horse, tho' not an easier. I certainly do not ride in Safety, & therefore now &

* Near Bishop's Waltham, Hants.

† Rector of Bishop's Waltham, with whom Gilbert White boarded.

then make a Resolution of selling Her & leaving off riding; Yet the Benefit I have found makes me unwilling, & the Service I have had out of the poor Creature makes me think wth Regret of sending Her to a less indulgent Master. I am now at Sunbury waiting the lessening of the Storm thro' which I came to read Prayers, & thro' which I am afraid I must go to my Friends at Hampton. Why did not You mention the Curacy of your Brother? * I am glad that He is in Orders, as He has good Sense enough to quit every youthfull Folly which would misbecome the Order, & Learning enough to make a very good Figure in the Church. I hope it is not Chelsea where he is engaged, for the Minister there makes a very bad Master. I hope all Friends in Hampshire are well, & desire my Respects to them when You see them, which I suppose will be now & then, tho' I should call it a long Journey. My Uncle asked me how You came to take a Curacy? I told Him because I knew that it was your Sentiment, that a Clergyman should not be idle & unemploy'd. He likes You, Gil: & that is a Pleasure to

Your's Afftely

J. M.

Letter 40.

Sunbury,
Decr 2, 1753.

Dear Gil:

I am obliged to You for your kind Letter, tho' it came a little tardy; You having caused many Surmises & much Wonder in Town, by leaving them in ye Dark about the Founder of two Turkies. When I came to Town, I found the Bones of that which was designed for Me, at Mr Young's; for my Madam never lets any Thing of that Sort pass safe thro' King's Square Court. I set them right as I could, & hazarded a Lr of Thanks to your Father, & have gained a very agreable & obliging Lr from Him in Return, for which I desire You would thank Him when You see Him.

I am pleased with your Emblem; & did not conclude the reading of it, as You did the fashioning, by falling asleep. Why what a Flyer are You? You have prevented my asking after Mouse; † had You not given some account of your chusing a Post Chaise, I should have Thought that You had really bequeathed your Horsemanship to me. I have for two Reasons ceased riding this Week; One is the Hardness of the Frost, & t'other ye Softness of my Head, wth which I have been very ill for the last half of the week. For tho' it may be a good

* John White.

† A pony which carried Gilbert White for many years.

Prevention, it is more than I can bear after one of my Fits, & indeed the Weather has been too severe to do any thing but walk. You absolutely forbid me to sell my Horse; but will You ensure my Neck? She has made some very low Bows of late, and as I do not ride wth Security, so I must own wth little Pleasure. Yet I ride from Town by my Self, & without Stopping, tho' I came the last Time the King's Road & Kingston Way, which I take to be the longest. I was but 3 Hours and a half from Door to Door. I was overtaken by the Duke of New-Castle, but He You know has run ahead all His Life Time.

It is a Fortnight Since I was in Town. I have been there but once this Winter. The Small Pox is a good deal in my Parish & I find a Difficulty in getting aid, if wanted, to bury those who die of that Distemper. I was at no gay Places while in Town, for my Grandmother Mulso lay dead at Canterbury all that week. My Father & two Brothers attended her into Northamptonshire, and are safe returned. Ned is in a very poor way. We fear ye Stone, or some bad Case on his Kidneys. He suffers great Sicknesses & Pains; You will be sorry for the honest Lad. I do not know when I shall go to Town; Miss Young has a Visitor who usurps my Bed; but I will send Ned word about the Song, & get Him to send it, I suppose it will lie in a Frank.

Hubert has been some time gone to Bath, where You may write to Him, & possibly he may send You an Order to employ a Messenger to fetch down his Horses, which I suppose would hardly be delivered but to a written Order of his Own. I cannot do any Thing in it 'till I hear of Him, & I suppose He would take it as a Favour to receive a Lr from You, to know more particulars of Place & Persons, where the Horses are to be kept.

If I could get Time to make You a Visit, I should be as much to seek for a Conveyance as ever, for I would by no Means venture to ride my own Mare in your Hampshire. I fancy it would be but a vain Compliment to invite You hither, & therefore spare it. You know the Sight of You does me good. I write from my noble Room as You term it; Alass, while I am solitary in it, it is but a mausoleum to a poor piece of Mortality! Yet I hope for better Times.

I have some Expectation that the Monument, for which I am to have almost Fourty Pounds, clear, will be put up in ye Summer. I shall be glad of it as an Ornament to ye Church, as well as a private Convenience. Sr John Chardin promises—omnia magna—but will I beleive give £50 towards new Bells. Mr Dolben who called in upon Me the other Day offer'd very genteelly 5 Guineas towards them of his own Accord. Our Clock is not yet up. I was four Hours with Sr John Chardin at Knightsbridge, & heard as much proud Humility expressed as

could be crammed into that Compass of Time. He has another Present for ye Picture Gallery, it is his Mother, & done wth a good deal of Softness: She has no other Recommendation to public Notice, but having been a Sufferer for her Religion in France.

I have read Mr. Richardson's new Work* as far as it has been published. He presented it to Miss Young, My Sister, Pressy and the Miss Thomases. My Aunt is summoned to appear at ye Princesses Court. Prince Edward and my Uncle go halves in a Lottery Ticket.

Pray give my Compliments to your Hosts. Tell Gibson that I am sore with the Strokes of the Trowell & hope He has not occasion to feel so sensibly as I do. I cannot even bear to be touched with a Brush any more. I wish I knew what would be agreeable to You in Hampshire that I could send You from Town: sure You would be free enough to tell me; & how to direct any Thing to You. I do not know what You have not that we have. Freely let me know it, & I should think myself the more obliged. I am quite vexed at Dr Bentham's waiting so long for his Preferment, after I had heard that He was in Possession. I met Mr Noel, the Fellow of my Time, He shone this summer at ye Chapell at Kew, & Lady Irwyn strongly recommended Him to my Uncle. I asked after our Controll Noel, he told me he had a Living near his Estate, & was married, but I fancy he has been wild, for he said he hoped *now* he would be settled.

I have wrote a hundred Things at Random. Indeed my Head will not bear an Emblem, or any continued Ingenuity. It suffers by the length of this; I hope You will not say, So do I too. God bless You, my valued Friend.

I am Sincerely & Aftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

My Regards to all your Family.

Letter 41.

Sunbury,
Deer 24, 1753.

Dear Gil :

You find inclosed with this the Song which You desired me to procure for You; You may look upon this as a Favour from my Brother Ned if You please, but I claim no merit in it. He got it out of Young Cook's Hands (who adapted the third Part) & wrote it out Himself. Methinks I see your good Father

* " Sir Charles Grandison."

setting Himself to his Harpsichord & trying it above forty Times; for unless his Hand is more in, than when I saw Him, he will be some Time recovering so full a Tune. Harry turns up his honest face into the Air, & pours out his Part presently; Harry has a good Ear.

I wish You & your Family, & that You are with, many happy Returns of this good Season; it does not promise to be very happy or merry to Me, for I am alone here, & a good deal hipped by having a bad Cold. I had a good mind not to have wrote to-night for fear of mixing too much of the Sombre, but I thought You might by having the Song wth You get a little Band & help out a chearfull hour before the End of ye Week, so I set down to dispatch my Packett.

I was in Town last week, whither I carried your Letter. The Bishop amongst others laughed over the Conceit of the Post Chaise. I am afraid my other Grandmother is in a poor dangerous Way; She has had the Attendance of a Physician a good while, & finds little or no Benefit. I beleive I sent You word that my Grandmother Mulso is dead; if not, I presume You read it in the Papers. My Father is a good deal fretted, & as much frighted as is consistent wth a good Conscience. I found Him attending a Committee of the House of Commons who are calling Him to an Account as One of the Commissioners of the Lottery. The Anger of the House is pointed agst Leheup, a Man of great Riches, & few Friends; the Honesty of the two Others is not suspected, but being listed in the same Commission they are called upon in Form. It is not clear that they will find Cause to condemn Leheup, tho' the Cry is agst Him; but my Father does not relish an Examination before a Committee, tho' he is secure of his own Honesty; & has some fear of an undistinguishing Resentment. I could not get Him down wth me this Xmas.

Mr Young has had a small Return of his Complaint, & tho' He is got about again, he is certainly in a very low & weak State of Health, nor can I think that He will be long lived. He will, I hear, be order'd to Bath, or to Country Air. My Sovereign Lady was in extreme Splendor last week, her Jewells are now set into a very genteel Pair of Earrings & a Sprig for the Hair. It was necessary therefore to go into the Boxes for the *Benefit of the Air*, & thither She went wth a Miss Hicks a Kentish Lady who is in her House wth Her on a Visit, & the two Younger Misses Thomas. She was frizée in the French Taste without a Cap, & I really thought She made a good pretty Coxcomb enough: the Bishop turned her about, and turning to Me, "This will do, Mr Mulso, hey!"—My Aunt has been presented to the Princesses Court, & was received very graciously; a Ceremony which She dreaded & disliked, as much as any Lady

can dislike Honours of that sort. Miss Thomas, tho' invited, did not dare to go. I expect a Letter from You very soon, I have a double Claim upon You, & I have before desired a Commission of some Sort or another, which You are to point out in the manner most to your Liking. Heck and Pressy are rather in the Crockery Order than otherwise; Pressy has had very bad Eyes, & Heck Colds and vapours. Ned is but poorly. Harman & his Wife put in for the Flitch; I took up my Quarters at their House while I was in Town. I hope You have wrote to Mr. Hubert, for I have not. I put down things as they come into my Head, I am not well enough to be ingenious or Methodical. Mem: I went to Town & back on Horseback thro' one Sea of Mire, & thro' heavy Rains in Preference to a Coach: yet I own, I was very much tired both ways. Adieu! I am dear Gil,

Your's Affectionately,

J. Mulso.

Letter 42.

Sunbury,

February 9, 1754.

Dear Gil:

I looked at the Top of a Letter of Your's, & I see the Date is Jan. 7, 1754. I don't know whether I have ever answered that Letter; I have turned it over a good many Times & yet cannot be sure. However You will not take it ill that I write now, let that be as it will. I have never been in Town so little as this Winter; I have as yet made but three Journies thither. Heck asked me one of the Times if I had thanked You for the Partridges which She received, at which I could not but stare, as I had neither seen or heard of them before; and this is an Answer to your Qn: upon that Business; I was called *Monster* for not doing her Civilities; You know the Women, they take off their own Faults, & fling them to the first Man that stands near, (like their Capuchins,) & he is to brush them over, & clean them & put them by. I shall be in Town next week (if it please God) & shall then hear what the Committee have squeezed out of my Father, & what the Parliament has determined about Him, for as yet I cannot give You an Account of it. I shall not ride to Town: the extreme Severity of the weather makes it too unsafe for a lame Horse & a fearfull Rider, who dares not make Expedition enough to be warm. I have been but very little on Horseback of late: the Ground is covered with Ice & Snow, & the air is piercing to the last Degree. Our Boats have done going to Town, the Ice-Mares (so they call the Flakes of Ice which are now continually falling down the River) have made a stop at Fulham Bridge & the River is frozen over. Tho' I do

not ride, yet I do not confine myself; I have had a Walk or two in my Boots & defied a great Depth of Snow, & I sally forth every Day. Yet I can't keep myself quite well; I have suffered much, & yesterday had one of my severe Headachs, tho' I had walked about five Miles to disperse it. I am pretty well today, but too tender to think of riding on Monday.

I have dipt into Hebrew, but it is like a Cat catching Fish; the Language may have Tast enough in it, but I don't like it's Elements. I hang over the Fire & screen my face wth Petit's Grammar. Mr Aldrich came in the other Morning, & finding me over Pe-Nun & Pe-jod vowed I looked as grave as a Rabbi. Aldrich, who was of Merton, remembers You and asks after You as my friend: He is well acquainted wth Nash your Pro:* he was intimate wth Him abroad. I must introduce You when You come next, & I hope it won't be very long first; He is a Vertu & a very agreeable Companion.

I presume by your Enquiries after modern Copies of Diogenes & Aristippus, that You have imitated the 17th Ep: of ye 1st Book of Horace. If so, I look upon it as lawfull Prize & put in for a Sight of it. I look upon Myself to be very cunning wth Regard to Poetry: I never venture into Rhime, but when I get some domestic Subject, or one where some Friend being interested, I am sure to blind the Eyes by biassing the Heart. I lately celebrated the Wedding Day of ye Bishop, where every thing is well received that is well intended; but I don't like it well enough to send You a copy, tho' my Aunt's good Heart ran over at her Eyes, & ye girls protested I was a *dear Creature*. It is an odd time of the Year for You to see Gardens in; I had rather see them in your Description than in Reality; You have carried me round a very pleasant Tour without being baked wth Frost. I have at the Huberts heard of Mr. Guernier's Gardens, but they are not precise enough in painting, all is with them but a Schetch, & few Things wrought to any Life and Perfection. I am grieved to see young Jack Guernier lounging away his Youth at Bath undetermined what Course of Life to take, & I suppose looking upon *Orders* as a *dernier Resort*.

I hope Gibson & your fair Landlady are well, & all your Selbourne & Bradley Friends. I desire my sincere good wishes to them All. Good keep You in Health & Spirits.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

* *i.e.*, Pro-proctor.

Letter 43.

Sunbury,

March 26, 1754.

Dear Gil :

Am I to suppose that your Life has in it a great deal of Sameness, or a great Variety, that You are so bad a Correspondent? The first might make You imagine that I should receive little pleasure from your account of it; & the latter would not give You Leisure to tell it. But You know, You wretch, that at all events I should be glad to hear of You rather oft'ner than I do. I was in Town about three Weeks ago, & there saw your Brother Jack, & a very smart Parson He makes. He knew nothing of You & your Motions: Meanwhile You are like a Comet, who in your secreto Itinere & certo Errore are sucking in little Worlds of Knowledge & Funds of Light, with which when You roll this way You are to astonish & eclipse Us wth your Blaze. You will perceive by this furious fine Simile that my head must have been out of order lately; indeed it has been so bad, that I was set up wth all the Night before last. And I have now lost one of my Recipes for it, & a favourite One wth You, & that is, my Horse. You told me I might as well think of selling my Vicarage, & truly I get little more here than Hip and Headach, so that who knows what may go next? But I know now You are very angry, & cry pish. I am going to reconcile myself to You by Degrees. It will be your Fault if I am not on Horseback again soon. Jenny was grown so very lame, that I did not give her up 'till all the Neighbourhood assured me that I ventured my Neck every time I rode. As to the Shame of being seen on a lame Horse, I had outrode it. All this Frost She has not been able to stir, & has stood in ye Stable eating my two Feeds a Day; while I have been at the Expense of Coach Hire to get to Town. This You will own is rather too much. I took a last Ride on the poor dear Beast on Fryday to Laleham where I heard of a Horse to be sold: It was an excellent chair Horse but too strong for my riding. So I resolved (if You will undertake it, & can spare the Money, 'till I can reimburse You) to make You my Dealer. You know what I want; & yet I must give some little Hints of what I should chuse, & what I dislike. The Size then must be about fourteen Hands; She must be easy pliant of Limb, & not peck & set; not too bellied & coarse; nor at all Events of a grey or white Colour; Bay, or brown with a red muzzle, are my choice. Of all things not a Runaway & ill-tempered, yet by no means void of Courage & Blood; that if She ever makes a false Step, (which any Horse may chance to do,) She may be up, as it were, before She is down; which was the Spirit of poor Jenny. Now there are in my Language about Horses, in which I do not speak, ye Jockey,

two Sorts of Horses who have no Mouth: one, agst which You may pull 'till your arms ake; & one, who if You touch the rein, will fling her Head in your Face; neither of which are for my Money. I must have an easy, yet steady Mouth; which will be stop'd by the Curb tho' four or five Oxford men were galloping behind her; & which will bear to be of Aid to me in going up a steep Hill. I ride wth a Curb & Snaffle, but I chuse to use only the Snaffle: the Curb is of Use at a Trip; or where the Hounds are out; or where I myself am hunted; or where I am left by my Company & have not a Mind to follow, (as coming fm my Ld Littlefield's, which I commemorate not forgetting your Humanity). At these Circumstances You smile; indeed they are not in the Articles of every Purchaser. Now as to Price; I hope You could get such a Beast, as You would set me upon, (for I don't say as I shd like, since I will not promise to like any new Horse under a Month) for ten Guineas: & rather than be without One, I will go to twelve Pounds; which I hope in Hampshire is a tolerable Price. You are to bestir Yourself in this Business, because I lose my little Horsemanship while You delay. As to the advancing of the Money, if You are press'd by it, it shall be immediately paid to Your Brother Benjamin in London, who I suppose can remit it to You safely: You will give me Notice about this, & write to me to let me know whether You will & can undertake this charge with Likelihood of Success. I would not have the Creature too young & giddy. Now tho' I have made use of the Term *she* in these Descriptions, it need not follow that You must get me a Mare, tho' I have no objection to a Mare, if You like it. I need not apologise for the trouble I give You, tho' I shall be much obliged by the Service. I know it will give You pleasure to say ten Years hence, "ay, I set Him upon that Creature, & never any Man was better carried." I need not say that a Hampshire Horse will find her way into Hampshire, & go up & down Stairs about Selbourne. I sold Jenny for two Guineas, & picked a Purchaser who intends her for Breed; & if I had not thought that She would be well used, I would have had her shot out of Compassion; but I dare say she will make a fine Colt.

You would scold me, if You was here, about my Church Yard; but I hope without Cause; It has cost me thirty Shillings, & at last I am told that it is not mine. In short, one Mr. Daniel has a new Monument erected in it by his Widow, & on Application for Leave from me to erect it in my church Yard, I gave it for two Guineas, which Fee I learnt was ye common One at Hampton. But I have had Notice from Skelton the Register, that I and ye churchwardens are to be proceeded agst in the Commons for *suffering* a Monument to be erected without a faculty, & this at Mr Skelton's Suit. He sent me a Case, not indeed

quite to the Purpose, but in which it appeared that the Church Yard was in no Sense the Minister's; that He had no Leave to give, no Fee to receive for Tombs and Monuments; no Action consequently agst non-Payers after Leave required; no Grass there for a Cow; In short, nothing more in it than any other Parishioner. Alass! if this be Law, get me a Parish in silent Hampshire where the Commons are never heard of, & where a Minister is a respectable Character in his Parish, & not a Man hired to furnish them wth a half Hour's nap every Sunday. I am angry at this Cause; which will set me in the Light of having imposed upon every One of whom I have received a half Guinea for a Gravestone; In which I have followed the Custom of the Place.

— By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachma's, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peasants their vile Trash,
By any Indirection. —

I hope your Hosts and all your Friends in Hampshire are well. My Respects to all. The Circuiteers are out, Tom's Eyes bad. Friends in Town pretty well. The Bishop I hope stands well amidst the Changes and Chances of this mortal World. Let me hear from you directly. Your Health and Happiness is the constant wish of

Dear Gil, Your's Sincerely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 44.

King Square Court,
Apl 5, 1754.

Dear Gil:

I was very sorry to learn by your Letter the Cause of your Delay in writing to Me: I hope You are now on the safe Side, & that Mr White is out of all Danger; knowing Mr White as I do, I can testify the Truth of those Virtues, which You wth all the warmth of filial Piety ascribe to Him. No good Man can die without being a great loss, & I know in how many Respects your excellent Father would be so. Amiable Family! where the Parent is so loved for the Children's Sake, & the Children for the Father's! Let me soon hear again from You, for as I shall be in the Country, I shall not have it in my Power to call at Ben's to enquire about Him, & I shall really be solicitous about his Welfare & the Interest of You all.

I am extremely obliged to You for the Kind Offer of your little Horse: You must not suppose that my Pride refuses Your Offer. If You think such a Horse ought to content a Man who will often ride in Company of genteel Geldings, I will accept it:

But at all Events I will accept the Loan of the honest Creature. And the sooner You send Him the better, because in a Week's Time I shall have some Company wth Me who will be glad to have me with them to several of the Neighbouring Places. You will therefore be so kind as to let me know on what Day & about what Time he will arrive at Staines, by what Tokens I am to claim Him, & at what Inn He will be found if the waggon shd be gone on before my Messenger arrives. You must know that my Saddle was too wide for my last Beast, & if you have a proper One for ye little Horse, You will send Him accoutred if You can spare it; if not, I must equip myself here.

Chardin Musgrave was lately at Keinton Park. He told me there was a Summons of the Fellows of Oriele for the Saturday before Easter, to chuse a Minister for St Mary's. He mentioned Whiting and Blakes for Candidates, but seemed to think Whiting the Man because He has so long served there. If You go to Oxford on this Occasion (tho' I think it is a strange Time to summon Clergy fm their Parishes) You may chance to meet a Horse for me. I shall be heartily glad to see You whenever You can come to Sunbury, & it will give me a double Pleasure now, because I hope it will be the Consequence of your Father's total Recovery.

I have Hopes to avoid this Suit at the Commons. But if the Executors of the buried Family will not take out a Faculty, the Bishop I am afraid can hardly guard me from the ravenous Register.

You may see by my writing that I am in a monstrous Hurry, I am going to St Paul's Church Yard, but I would write today that You might have the Advantage of a Frank. The Parliament will be up tomorrow & dissolved soon next week.

Miss Hannah-Pannah sends her Love. The Circuiteers return tomorrow. All Friends here pretty well. My Respects & good wishes to your Friends.

I am, dear Gil, afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 45.

Sunbury,
May 7, 1754.

Dear Gil:

My Time will allow me to say but two Words. I was in Town all last Week, & confined from riding your *Grub* by his being bloodied yesterday. I am just come off his Back, & as I keep Him no longer will give but two or three Reasons for it in Short. First He is broken winded & wheezes so loud that my Heart Ach will do me more Harm than ye Air Good: next, I

was forc'd to carry his Head: Then, He is intolerably shabby; & will not go on a Hand gallop without constant Incitement of Spur & Whip. Nor can I conceive what wth Age & Infirmities too it is possible for Him to keep Company with a Horse fourteen feet [*sic*] high. Do not think that dislike to his Paces makes me object to Him; but really He is not fit for me at all; I like his Paces very well, & beleive when He was Young, that he was an agreeable creature. But would You have the P: of Wales know me by such a Horse? as He did by my lame One! —I am obliged to You for the Health You intended me in Him, I hope You will succeed for Me, & I promise to be pleased if I can reasonably be so; that is, by other People's Judgements, & not my own,

I hope Mr White is better; your Bro. Ben: had poor Hopes of Him last week, but my Lr was later than his Intelligence & comforted Him; I hope with Reason. I deposited a Guinea & half for Cyder, which for aught I know may be now at the South Hams. You are concerned in this Venture. The *Leaf is out*, & the Swallows, the Nightingales, & Cuckow have been a good while here. I think since ye 22 of last month in my Observation.

Jo: Sadler will carry ye Horse to Staines tomorrow in ye afternoon with Orders to leave Him at the Inn, from whence He took Him; where that is, I do not know. You will be so kind as to send for Him: & what little Expençe may attend the Tarrying at Inns &c: we will settle when I see You here: which by your Promise will be soon, if Mr White is in a right way, which I heartily wish. The post is just going out.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Yours,

J. Mulso.

P.S. Pray do the Bp's Franks come free, for it is a debated Point.

Letter 46.

To The Reverend Mr White, at the Rd
Mr Gibson's at Bishop's Waltham,
Hampshire.

Laleham
May 28, 1754.

Dear Gil:

I hope You have received your little Horse, by the same Method You took to convey Him to Me, safe, & I wish I could say *sound*; tho' if that has been the Case You would not have received Him. But most of all I hope that You have not taken it ill that I returned Him before I had taken, what I promised, a Month's Tryal. Indeed it needed not so much Deliberation; & my Father who was wth Me joined in the Opinion that he was by no Means fit to be kept. I am very sensible of the Kindness

& real Service that You intended me in Him, & wish He had succeeded so well as to have spared You the Mortification of an unsuccessful attempt to do me good. I now trust to my own Legs, which carry me about pretty stoutly, 'till You can set me on Horseback again. I am very fearfull upon your Father's Account; because if he had been in so good a way as I wish, I fancy I shd have heard of your Purpose to visit Sunbury; the Leaf has spread itself & expects You; indeed our Country is in high Beauty, for we have had fine Rains, & the Sun has not yet tanned Us into a dissagreeable Brown. Now is your Time. Miss Young is scarce yet returned fm Hertfordshire, tho' I expect Her at Hampton by the End of this Week or the Beginning of next. But what talk I of Miss Young? the half Hogshead of Southam Cyder was safely lodged in my Cellar on Saturday Morning last, so that You need not drink one drop of John Hill's Beer while You sojourn wth Me; a Piece of News which I hope will be a Temptation to quit with tolerable Spirits the pale Brewery of Hampshire. Whether your attempt to get me a Horse & to bring Him wth You succeeds or no, I will endeavour to find a Method to trot about wth You while You are in this part of the World, either by borrowing or hiring, & I will stand Bruises and any thing rather than not do You Justice in escorting You about our flat World. You shall compare accounts with the travelled Mr Aldrich, & by your Descriptions of your native Selbourne You shall

Shame Vallumbrosa & her Tuscan Glooms.

In Short, what shall You not do that You have a Mind to do if it is in my Power to accommodate You wth it? I hope therefore that your Father's Health will permit your Absence, & then I hope to see You soon. Let me know of your Coming.

My Father & all his Family have had a Feaver this Spring, even to Iron John; but they are well again. My Aunt Donne is still in Town, & I fancy will carry Heck into Kent, if She can stay 'till Heck has made a few Kew Visits; if not Heck is to follow Her. Mr. Baker has taken a House at Hampton this Summer in Order to be near my Girl. The Bishop has been at Kew some Time, & his Family are pretty well, all but the Servants. My Uncle has got a Horse, & it seems a tolerable good One; tho' with all its Accoutrements it cost but twelve Guineas. I hope in getting mine, You will consult Surefootedness, Ease, & Temper. I hope your Uncle White is well: I suppose He comes often over to Selbourne, for I suppose You seldomer visit Bradley than Selbourne now. I hope your Hosts are in Health & Happiness.

I am at the Burghs at Laleham for a short Visit: You shall see Laleham; they have a pretty Birth here, & abound in Human

Conveniences, & Mr. Burgh so far fits You, that he seems fondest of his Kitchen Garden. I wish You could be wth Me next Sunday, for You might assist me at a Sacrament this hot weather. I have more to tell You about all of us than comes within the Compass of a Letter. Come & hear. With my best wishes for your good Father, Yourself, &c.:

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Yours,
J. MULSO.

Letter 47.

Hampton,
July 23, 1754.

Dear Gil:

It is impossible to tell you how many trifling things have prevented my answering your Kind Letter, & thanking You for your Company: Serious Things have likewise had a Share, but None of absolute Moment. I have not been busy in disposing of the Monies which might have been expected from Mrs. Fuller by the Flatteries of Other People, tho' not from any Promises of her own. By all Accounts She has made a very judicious & generous Distribution of her worldly Goods, having bequeathed Mony to several Hospitals in large Proportions, & having endowed a large Family of ten People who were somehow related to Her with 5 hundred Pounds apiece. All the Particulars of her Will we do not know. But if She did not remember Miss Young in the way we could have wished, She did not entirely forget her: Knowing that Mr Matthews had equipped her wth all Parts of a Tea Equipage but a Tea Chest, She has left her her own: It is Japan, with Hinges, Lock, Feet & Canisters of Silver, ye last highly wrought, & is worth above 20 Guineas. It is not come Home yet, but Mrs Matthews mentioned it to Missy Herself, in a very short & cross way, and after a Fortnight had passed from Mrs. Fuller's Funeral. So the Damoiselle (who thanks You for the Compliment You pay her) is still a Favourite of Fortune.

But what will You say to your poor Friend, who tho' but a Bishop's Nephew, has been burnt in Effigy like a Pope? It is really fact that I have the Credit of this Martyrdom. It was by Desire that I preached here at Hampton the Sunday before last: and I put in my Pocket a Sermon agst Drunkenness: The Application was made to the Young Fredericks by most of ye Congregation, but especially to the Youngest, who is pretty remarkable this way: But the Satyr of the Parish was not stronger upon Him than his own upon Himself, for He has confessed the Self Application in a Manner that has done Me Honour, tho' in a very indecent Manner: For in his Fire Works of last Night, one figure was of a Clergyman in his full Habit,

which was immediately called by my name by the Crowd; & as I heard, gave great Offence. The Brothers had quarrell'd upon it, & divided their Fireworks: the Eldest would not be guilty of the Indecence & actually had his Share played off in another part of the Town. So I am indebted to Tom for this fiery Fame.

I preached a Charity Sermon at Kew on Sunday last. I have not been burnt there, and I hope not even roasted. The Collection was larger than it had ever been before; I received Compliments upon it from the Trustees of the Charity by the Mouth of the Minister, & I attribute it to the true Cause, a Curiosity of hearing the *Bishop's Nephew* preach. After Church we walked over the Princess Dowager's House & gardens. It is a beautiful Country Retirement, but not royal. The Gardens will be handsome when finished. The Lawn is grand, & ye only grand thing there.

But while I was burnt in Effigy last night I was sleeping after one of the most agreeable Fatigues I have ever experienced. The Princes went to see the *Dunkirk* launched at Woolwich, & told the Bishop beforehand that it would be a good Opportunity to see his Uncle's Improvements at Windsor Park, & desired He would carry his whole Family, for it would please them. Missy & Myself in a hired Chariott, Mr Young and Mrs Baker in her Chariott, & Ned on Horseback went from hence to Egham, where we met ye Bishop & his Family & some Acquaintance, in a Coach & a Landau & four & a Chair, wth led Horses; so we were a grand Party. We were guided over all the private Ridings thro' the Park & Forest, to Virginia Water, to Shrub's Hill, to Cranbourne Lodge upon the Forest, thence to the Park Lodge where the Duke resides & where He keeps his wild Beasts, in short to all the beautiful Points, by a Keeper whom the Duke had ordered to attend the Bishop: all Gates were open, & we rioted in a Variety of noble Scenes 'till five in ye afternoon at which Hour we dined at Egham. We went aboard the Chinese Yatch upon the noblest Piece of Water I ever saw under Shrub's Hill; at the End of this water is the most rocky natural waterfall that I could well conceive. The Tower on Shrub's Hill is finished to the Height, & the Prospect from it ravishing: Cranbourne Lodge stands on a Brow that looks down on Windsor Castle & is the most elegant Terrace I ever saw, tho' I have lately seen Ld Lincoln's. I cannot enter into the Beauties of these Places; they are not in ye pretty way in any Part, but in the Princely and magnificent. Whatever satisfaction the Eye can receive from hanging Woods, wild Forest Scenes, grand Lawns, finished Buildings, Obelisks, Bridges, & Water, are to be found here. I heartily wished for You at every Step I took, especially as I can never shew it You to such advantage, none being permitted to take ye Route we did without a special Per-

mission. Poor Miss Heck was not with us, She is attending my Father in Town & preparing for a Journey to Canterbury. My Father mends, but did not venture to go the Circuit, Tom is his Representative, & Mr Chapone is Clerk of the Arraigns in his Stead. They set out on Sunday.

I hope your good Father is got stouter, than your last Letter promised & that You are agreeably deceived. I should be very glad to hear of his established Health. My best Wishes attend Him and his Family. My Comps. to Mr. & Mrs. Gibson. *We* hope the *widow* is well. I have quite exhausted my Time. I wish I could have been more particularly descriptive; but I despise Ld Cobham's. C'est tout dire.

I am, dear Gil, Your's Afftely,

J. MULSO.

Letter 48.

Hampton,
Sepr 16, 1754.

Dear Gil :

Pray have You laid down a Rule of punishing me, when I have been faulty, in so severe a Manner? It is true that I was wrong in not sooner answering your first Lr & yet I gave a Reason why I chose to deferr writing. But You—well, but You own that You are a Wretch, so I will harangue no more, tho' I am very angry that You have neglected me so long.

Indeed I should be glad to hear how your Father does, & the general State of our Hampshire Friends; You last mentioned Your Father as so weak that there was Danger of his not getting any Degree of Hardiness before Winter, I shd therefore be glad to hear that You are agreeably mistaken in that Point.

I was in Hertfordshire for almost a week with Missy about a month ago. It is a Pity that there is not an Act of Parliament for widening all the Roads thro'out England. About Rickmansworth is really as beautifull a Country as the eye can desire to see; it is quite in your way; here, bold prominent Hills hung wth woods, gentler Uplands, rural Lawnds, & ever-green Vallies, wth a fine Trout-River running along them. More Park and Cassioberry are fine Spots, the latter is much the largest & finest. I told Captain Young that I would some time or other bring You over for a Night or two, and He gave You a very friendly Invitation. I have not of a great while spent more agreeable Days, or been anywhere more politely received. But my Visit ended bad for me, I caught a violent Cold by a late Walk in More Park the last Night, it became an Inflammation in my Face, by which I have suffered a great deal, & been so feavered & tender, that I was a prisoner for a week in Missy's

Room wth a great Fire. I have yet a black Patch which half covers my Face, & have not quite got rid of the Swelling upon my Jaw. Mr Y. & Missy are both well, & now (which among Friends I think is better than labour'd Thoughts) I am going into a Detail of ye Health of *my* Relations, & I think I may say throughout, of *your* Friends. The Bishop has been ill but is better again: my Aunt has been dying, but is better, tho' in an indifferent way, her Complaint is at her Stomach. My Father, Sister & Ned are at Canterbury with my Aunt Donne. My Father mends daily, he gets up his Looks and his Appetite & sleeps better. Tom is return'd some Time from his Circuit, which was a pretty laborious One, as he had a New Circuiteer to help Him, & is now very well in Towh wth his Pressy. Pressy is still a Crock: She drinks the Sea Water, & takes Pains to be well, but as yet she is like ye Swan,

" that cannot wash her black Legs white,
Altho' She hourly lave them in the Floud."

Jack Young has taken a House at great Marlow in Bucking-hamshire. Where are You now? Do You go to Oxford upon the Scheme You mentioned? Is there a Hope of it's succeeding? or are You to sit down at Waltham this Winter, & warm Yourself by the Widow's Fire? Let me know all Particulars of You. How goes on Shooting about you? our Shooters find the Benefit of the Association. We had three Brace of Partridge on a Dish at Jack Young's for Supper: a Turtle at Dinner: Grand!

Our Harvest is all in, perhaps it is not the same wth You. If You was here, You would redouble your Endeavours to sing that miserable Bit of a Cantata, *In my Dust Cart*, for it never can be dustier than it is. The Leaf fades & falls, while You I suppose are green & healthy. I have no Horse; but if I had I could not ride an Airing; our Atmosphere is impregnated wth Dust. The Prince goes to Town the 16th of next Month, & of Course the Bishop & his Family. I shall by that Time, I reckon, be a deserted Creature as usual; & must go farther than Kew to make a Visit to all my Friends. Can You not bring a Gun to Sunbury? Perhaps You will find it a better Winter Place than a Summer One. But indeed I do not deserve a Visit from You: I have no thoughts of Hampshire this Year. But I do deserve a Letter, & a Letter I insist upon having very soon.

Have You read Ld Bolinbroke's Works? I have not; nor I think of making a Purchase of what I am told is exceeding paulty writing. I am very glad to find that we have so weak an Adversary (since he would be one at all) in a Man of such boasted Abilities. He advances such outrageous Propositions as will revolt even ye most friendly Prejudice to Him; & of Course the Book can do but little Harm. The Price too keeps

Him out of the Vulgar Hand. I am glad of it: for tho' I do not fear the Truth of the Gospel's falling under any human Power, yet the general Depravity of our World makes it glad to skulk behind any temporary Bulwark that will stave off Truths which press too home upon it.

*Farewell. You will give me Spirits (which I much want) by letting me know that You & Your Friends are well.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

P.S. My Respects to your Hosts.

Letter 49.

Sunbury,

Oct: 4, 1754.

Dear Gil,

I forgive You the Sin of Procrastination: but it is upon the Hopes of your future Amendment. I have often thought as You do upon Disappointments of Schemes, which I had no reason to think would be frustrated; & if it is owing to a lurking Superstition, at least it is One that has a good Foundation: There is however a Modus, as I apprehend, in every thing, & as I am of exceeding low Spirits, I keep a little check over myself, lest I should run too far into a weakness, instead of a pious submission; which I find Myself often very prone to do, wth most other weak People.

Your Game came to Hampton on Monday last: I cannot say that it was quite so fresh as I love. It was unfortunately timed: for Missy went away that very Morning to Hertfordshire, where her Sister is brought to Bed of another Son. She returned again but yesterday: so that She could not partake of your Present, for which however She joins her Thanks to those of Mr Young and Myself. As they were barely in keeping Order we made Presents of two Brace, One to a Mr. Hatton in Hampton, & one to our Friend Aldrich at Sunbury. He came the Wednesday Morning, (knowing he should then catch me,) to thank me for them: He found them perfectly good, & they were a Regale to Him & Mrs Aldrich. I found a Midwife there the other Day, so I suppose She is near her Time, but She has such a fine Shape, that I could not guess it by my Eyes.

I wish your Dealer may put into your Power to furnish me with a Steed for many Years Riding, but still keep in Mind a few of the Qualities, (if I must not look for all,) which I set down in a former Letter: I cannot ride a Horse where I have not a tolerable Grasp. I was sadly disgraced at Rickmansworth, for Jack Young lent me a horse for a Jaunt, & I was obliged to dismount & lose my Ride & my Company; indeed

the Horse had so very tender a Mouth that he would not bear a Touch, & had a Sort of Bound over the rocky way, like a Deer; & I was pinched by a borrow'd Boot; so that I was held a small Matter excused upon these Considerations, but yet held as I justly deserved, a poor Horseman.

I am pleased with the Account You give of your Improvements; but do not deserve the Compliment which You, by Implication, pay me. As I know the Fields,* I have a pretty good Idea of them in their new Dress. Yet I could not help being diverted by One Advantage which You describe, for I believe the gaining of six Gates one above another in Perspective is full as new, as it is agreeable; Missy desires me to tell You that She is charmed with this happy Circumstance; a Six Bar Gate in the Country being One of her favourite Coups d'Oeils; but to have Six at once ye happiness of a Century. Aldrich too to whom I gave the particulars of your Horticulture, smiled at ye Oddity of the Thing, but envied & applauded.

We want but a little Rain & all our Leaves fall. We have had a little Sprinkling, but Nothing to satisfy our thirsty Farmers. But let ye Leaf stay or go, Mr. Young goes to Town for the winter next week, & there ends my Summer & my Care about it, for when I once settle at Sunbury, it may rain or Shine: all the Difference is more or less stirring the Fire—*nisi quid Tu, docte Trebati,—dissentis*—i.e. unless You get me a Horse, & insist upon stirring my Body more & my Fire less. Hay is here £3 10 0 pr Load,—& the Prebendaries of Peterboro' in good Health. All our Turnips kill'd & no Hopes of a Falling of price. A French War near at Hand, & four Shillings in ye Pound. I am in the Situation of Jemmy Leece & his Kite, which he was half fond of & half afraid of. "Take my Kite"—"Leave my Kite." So, if I did not think my Horse a *sine Quo non*, I should wrap myself up by my Fire, & hang up my Boots as Lumber.

I am sorry that Mr White does not mend faster. My Father is a good deal better. He, Heck & Ned are still in Kent, & have not fix'd their Return. I am glad of it, for Air & Riding does my Father good & when He gets to Town his Horse will be sent to Grass. It is a real Grief to me that I cannot bring a Female Party to see your green Gardens, your Zigzag & Lyth. But this, I hope, is *futuri temporis Exitus*.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

R. to all friends.

* What is now the pretty little park behind The Wakes at Selborne was at that time divided into several small fields.

Letter 50.

Sunbury,
Novr. 13, 1754.

Dear Gil :

I should have been very sorry to have owed a Benefit to your sufferings, & am very sorry to hear of your Accident. Such unforeseen Casualties are a good Argument to give Us Courage & Boldness ; for all the Precautions of the coldest Temper could not have prevented such a Case as this ; & many Others as odd happen to those who deny themselves a great & reasonable Enjoyment of Life for fear of Dangers which are more obvious. I don't know Any Body who would have felt the Severity of being a Cripple more lively than Yourself, for if You once come to Confinement You are gone. I look upon Myself to have many more Femalities than You have, & am more likely to breed for my Wife than You, & to relish the Comforts of a great Chair & Candle. And if You don't make Haste to get me a Horse, I shall be a more enervated Creature than I am now ; & yet I could be ashamed to tell You how much that is at present. I am sorry that this Task gives You so much Trouble, & I'll tell You how I will qualify the Matter to You. If Your Dealer is returned & has not brought what You like, send me Word, & put a Stop to your Search : then I will begin mine in Town, for this is a very likely Time of the Year to get them good & pretty cheap there : But I must not be going to one Markett while You are in Commission at another.

I had not heard the Circumstances of Whiting's Death. I hope the poor Man did not suffer much in it, tho' the Appearances were so bad : I heartily wish that All Party Rage had died with Him ; & that not so much because we have increasing Obligations to the present Family, but for a real Regard for the University, which is in a very low Consideration for the Sake of a Parcell of Fools who are a Disgrace to it in every View, & are of the most contracted Hearts of any Set of Men that I know. I am very glad that Dr Bentham is to have so long a Grace, but do not see how it naturally comes to pass, & if by an Interest it is a good Sign I hope that He is stronger in it than I once thought. Will not This give Him a chance if the Provost should die ? which, however, I wish otherwise, or does his going to Christ Church take away a Claim to the Headship of Oriel ? for I could not answer this to my Uncle who lately asked me about it. How did Whiting salve to his Conscience the holding his Fellowship six Years in Wedlock ?* Was this one of his indefeasible Rights ?

* This recalls the Cambridge story of a Fellow whose marriage was unknown to his College, until one day an application was received from his widow for a pension.

My Father is in Northamptonshire & pretty well. My Friends who are in Town are some well, some ill, but I hope None dangerously. I am glad Mr White is in so good a Way, I don't care whether You apply the name to your Father or Uncle, for I wish well to both, but indeed meant your Father by it.

I have given your Complts to Aldridge who was here wth Me this Morning; Yet we have not reformed our Ideas of your six Gates, which we conceive to be pretty but to sound oddly in Description: We take them to belong to Fields which thro' an Opening are seen in Perspective, One above Another, yet not so as to join; & the Image itself is not ridiculous in our Minds, but new to our Observations. I wish You well to wear your Doeskin Breeches, & should be glad if my Rams could keep you Company, especially if they would travel a little in Middlesex; the Duke of Argyle's Garden is a Winter Beauty: & Scott of Weybridge's Pinery is I suppose a Curiosity, for his Bills are adorned wth a Print which makes them Curiosities in their Way. Mr and Mrs Hubert are at present here, they talk of making Sunbury their Winter Residence; I believe Mrs Hubert will lie in here. But there must be Excursions for their volatile Geniuses. —I have been writing so long, that I cannot manage my Hand. We have had an Inundation of Rain, but the Farmers do not think too much. The Distemper amongst the Cattle is got into ye Hamlet of Charlton in my Parish, & has been at Walton some time. Everything is cruelly dear here, & a partial Evil will make a general Gain to our cut-throat Tradesfolk. I am in Hast to dine at Keinton Park. I have not been yet to Town: how good? nor have seen Miss Y. for above a Month: a goodly Reformation towards, but I shall be in Town next week, I fancy, so if You have anything to say about a Horse, decisive, say it quickly. My Complts to your Hosts & love to All friends.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 51.

Sunbury,
Dec. 30, 1754.

Dear Gil:

I dare not look back upon the Date of your last Letter, it is a Reproach which I would willingly spare Myself. Not that I have forgot You in this long Interval, but that I have not been provoked to write to You by any Incident that would mark out any Pleasure for You. I indulged Myself lately at Mr Hubert's, who winters wth Us, in talking of You, & I had no Occasion to exert my Rhetoric to gain You favour; You was spoken of in a very handsome Manner by Mr Hubert's Family, & Phil desired

to sum up the Character by saying, in short He is *the Gentleman*. I don't know whether You, who was always averse to a Distinction of Place's being made a Distinction of Merit, will be satisfied wth this Corollary; but I can assure You, it was, in the Sense of Him who used it, as perfect and compleat a One, as any of Euclid's.

You are vastly solicitous, & very kindly so, about my having a Horse this Winter. I made an Enquiry of *Pierce Clay*, when I was in Town, & so did my Bro:r Tom, who wants to make a Purchase; but either he was ignorant or would not do Us Service in this point; he said there was Nothing to be got worth crossing under a great Price; & several other discouraging Speeches. Yet I am not without a Horse, for Sr Phil: Musgrave has lent me an old Horse, a Bone Setter, for the Winter: the Creature is of use to me, tho' an indifferent Beast. My Hay, which but for You would have been given away, has lasted me 'till this week. I cannot say that it was hearty, but wth the Help of Corn the Beast has done my little Business upon it. I have new laid in half a Load at three Pound ten Shill: pr Load, which is not ye greatest Price in our Cutthroat part of ye World. I believe it is very good. But by the Time that ye Pleasure of riding comes, I must restore my Horse & be left destitute, having no Hope of fitting myself in Town, & chiefly for this reason because I have not one Friend who understands any thing of the Matter. Tom does not stand in my way because I would not buy so tall a Horse as he chuses; for I would not exceed fourteen but by very little.

We all thought that this winter would have robb'd us of my Grandmother Thomas; She has had a hard struggle for Life, but is again out of Danger; She bears up at her Time of Life against more than a Younger Body could do. My Father is mending, I hope, but he will never get over that Stroke, it has alter'd his Look, & he does not feel in his Limbs on the Side affected so quick as on the other. I hope Mr White is recovered entirely: his was a more tractable Illness, tho' severe, than my Father's. You doubted about his recovering his Hardiness & I am afraid this Winter has shut Him up. Ned has been wth Me these Holidays, He continues to complain in Town of Pains & Sickness, but seemed to be quite well while he was here, which makes me hope that his Complaint is partly Vapours & partly mismanagement. Dr Napier is not of Opinion that he has ye Stone. Miss Young is gone to spend the Holidays at her Brother's in Hertfordshire, but we shall assemble together by the 15th of next Month which is ye Bishop's wedding day. Mr Hubert asked me when I wrote to You, & desired that You would put Gibson in Mind that he promised Him some Cocks, & if he does not send 'em he shall look upon it as an Impeachment of his Gun, & set him down as a Spoiler of old Proverbs.

I have not seen any of ye new theatrical Performances as I have been in Town but twice & ye last Time check'd by my Grandmother's Illness, which likewise prevented a family Ball. I have read Barbarossa and think it is a tolerable Tragedy, but it has some main Objections to it. I don't know the Author. I should like to attend the Sale of Dr Mead's Collections, but a Man who cannot bid, makes but a poor figure. It sells exorbitantly. I think I have wished You Joy of your Brother Hal's Success.* You have establish'd your Character I presume of a Plotter. I am glad to hear of Dr Bentham's long Grace. The late Deaths of great Men furnish You I suppose wth some Talk in ye Country; Sr Thos Robinson is likely to go to France in ye Room of Ld Albermarle. If Mr Henley is in the Country, your Uncle I reckon picks up all such Sort of News wth better Authority than I can give it. I hope your Uncle is very well. This Letter has not the Connexion of a common News Paper. You will be diverted at it; but don't insult me, for I am often seriously afraid that my Thoughts want better Connexion than they have.

I heartily wish You a happy New Year, & very many of them. The same good wishes attend all your Family as much as Propriety will permit, & the Family You are wth. I hope You have secured a merry Christmas, that wish being now of the latest.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. M.

P.S. I have some Cyder left in ye Bottom of my Cask, it is not yet stooped, what must I do wth it?

Letter 52.

Sunbury,
Febry 10, 1755.

Dear Gil:

As I am just come off my Horse, I dare wth some Degree of Boldness write to You, as I would to a Doctor when I had taken his Physic, that I should decline doing it if I thrown his Physic out of the Window. I am obliged to You for your very friendly Repitition of the same Advice in almost every Lr, it does not lose it's Effect, as I have mounted upon the Strength of your Advice as often as upon my own Inclination. If You had not said that your Uncle knew no Difference of Weather, how should I have dared to have rode down from London on Saturday last, when I actually travelled the whole Length of the King's Road (which I very injudiciously chose) upon a glassy

* Henry White had been recently elected to Bishop Robinson's Exhibition at Oriol College.

Surface of beaten Snow? *Doctor Jack* therefore shall commence his Title in Imitation of *Doctor Mouse*: The Dr like his Brother *Frewen* has a rough Way wth Him, but has Abilities, & seldom makes a false Step in his Practise, indeed He is grown pretty old in it; He is a Sort of Sloven in appearance, like Sr *Samuel Garth*, tho' He takes his Fee regularly enough to make a Handsomer appearance in Cloaths. I tip twice a Day, & if he goes wth me to an Acquaintance I get Him a Third. It is wonderfull considering his Age & Experience to observe how cautiously he proceeds, & in some Cases has a Shyness & Timidity that wth some People would discredit Him greatly, but I who am acquainted wth his Temper forgive little Slips in Him as One ought to do by one's friends. This very Day upon the breaking of the Ice he seemed greatly alarmed, & advised me by a Jog which I very well understand to stick close to Him or I might come to Damage. In short, tho' I could object some things to Him, yet upon the whole I am so taken wth his Company, that I have a great Mind to make it worth his while to live wth Me entirely, for at present he seems to have a great Hankering after the Business of the Family at *Kempton Park*, tho' it lay chiefly amongst the Servants too, & they are a fatiguing set of Creatures to deal wth & would not mind worrying the poor Dr to Death.

I have been out to try if I could meet my Father, who gave me some Hopes last week that I should see Him if the Cold abated, which as it has done but little I was not very sanguine in my Expectations. Indeed, *Gil*, he is in a very poor way, he has never been well since his Stroke, & has now a horrid Cough & Hoarseness which alarm Us greatly: His Doctor *Napier* approves of Country Air when it is a little milder; He is in great Doubts about the Circuit, I wish he would not venture it, as he should be very welcome to *ride about* & take up his Residence at *Sunbury*, which is all the Good he could expect from his Circuit. The Bishop's Mother, I think cannot hold it long, She is in great Pain and Sickness, & in such a Way as make Us wish the Event speedily decided one Way or another. You are very pious in your Character of your Grandmother; * may You inherit the same Fullness of Years, with the same Simplicity & Worth of Heart, but wth masculine & larger Honours!

I saw your Brother *Jack* in Town last week, he was so kind as to call & drink Tea at Mr *Young's*, Miss *Y*— met Him in ye street in the morning & told Him that I was just coming to Town. I ask'd Him to come & see me at *Sunbury*, & he did not seem averse to the thing, but I believe is kept away by the same

* The widow of the Rev. *Gilbert White*, Vicar of *Selborne*, who had recently died in the 91st year of her age.

paultry Reason that holds good against the Schemes of us miserable younger Brothers, & which keeps me from Hampshire, where I assure You I long to be. Our Ladies in Town, except Pressy, are pretty well, & we talked about You, as usual, so I suppose your cheek glowed; we were to have had a ball at Pressy's, but poor Girl She has been very ill & remains too weak to think of such a Thing now, tho' her Spirits have their Flows, & then She is for setting a Day. Miss Young lately gave One, but I was not at it. Mr Young is very weak but otherwise pretty tolerable. The Russian Ambassador's Ball made the Town mad all last week, it was infinitely brilliant. The French Ambassadour was there, but shabbily dress'd, & the King took no Notice of Him. The Princes were there & outrageously happy.

The Fear of the Fleet at Brest is over; we have a great Force getting in Readiness & the Sea Officers throng to be employ'd, which is very pleasing to the Court. Captn Young has no Ship on this Occasion, as he only appeared agst he was wanted, but did not sollicite, but his half Pay increases upon it. If You have read a *World* lately upon the Hermetic Philosophers You may apply it to Jack Young, as I have no great Faith in the Secret, I am really uneasy to foresee that He must be quite *taken up* by it one of these Days. Tom is preparing for ye Circuit & is in good Health, & Ned is of late pretty well. As to your Oriell News, it affords a Prospect but I suppose You hardly entertain solid Hopes of any present Preferment by it; tho' it may make way for Harry. Young Mr Shaw of Cheshunt would yesterday have perswaded me that Dr Hodges was dead & You was going to be Provost in his Room; I should have liked one Part of the News very well if true, but I know you would have invited me to condole wth You upon the Death of the worthy Provost. Sunbury News is Nothing to You. You don't tell me when You will come & revisit the Place & interest Yourself more in it; You are at least sure of giving great Pleasure to,

Dear Gil, Your's Aftely,
J. Mulso.

Comps. to your Hosts & Family.

Letter 53.

Sunbury,
April 8th, 1755.

Dear Gil:

I think Mr Richardson values Himself upon fancying a Correspondence which is wrote to *ye Minute*; where things are set down just as they are warm from the heart, & of the first & uncorrected Impression; if he values himself justly, our Correspondence too has a Merit, if what You say of my Letters

is true, that they show the Spirits of the Day. You hasten me in this Lr; I had rather have deferred it; this is not a high Day wth me; & yet I do not know why it is not, for I have made my way home from Laleham about six Miles, & my little jaunt ended in meeting wth your Letter. Your Letter has several Pieces of Intelligence which give me great Pleasure; yet if I write from the Spirits of the Day, I should tell You that I shall not come to see You at Dene.

You would see that your Letters have an immediate Effect upon Me if You saw the Table on which I write, which is covered wth Maps of England, Compasses &c: Tho': I have not receiv'd your Letter one Qr of an Hour, I have measured the Distance between this Part of the world & Salisbury, & find it amount to about 70 Miles; perhaps the Belly Ach which has seized me has made me measure wrong. I hope your new Situation* will answer all your Expectations; I have heard the Environs of Salisbury accounted one of the finest habitable Situations in England, & my Uncle has looked hard that way for a Place to put his Mitre in. Perhaps it is better being a Bishop than a Curate there, but indeed I am not sure, for as a Friend of mine† sung,

About Content why keep we such a Riot?

'Tis here, at Cowbett, if we could be quiet—

so, it is ye Mind & not the Place or Station; at least I know my present Ambition is to visit the Curate of Dene & not the Bishop of Salisbury. But I am discouraged at the Thoughts of long Journies. I'll tell You why; I am not a *bottomless* but a *broad Bottomed* Traveller. I undertook last Fryday a bold Jaunt for me; for after Prayers & a Christ'ning, I mounted my Horse, & dined wth Miss Y, who went to Dinner at half Hour after 2; but the Clocks differed; I was 2 Hours & 50 Minutes before I alighted at Pierce Clay's Yard, I went the Kingston Way & King's Road. I returned on Saturday Morning to Sunbury; but ye Catastrophe must be usher'd wth an Alass! I was vastly bruised & tired: How then can I be bump'd for 70 Miles, who cannot bear 32 in 2 Days? *Resolve me That or unyoke*; as the Grave digger says. Well, but cannot You send me Word of a few Days to be spent at Sunbury? & yet it is too much to request, because I know You have much Ground to go over, possibly much Ground to improve, & of Course much Money to be spent. I doubt I shall not see You a great while, if not here. I had some thoughts of seeing our gallant Fleet at Portsmouth & of surprizing You wth a Visit, but they were but Thoughts: I could

* As Curate of West Dene, near Salisbury.

† The friend he was addressing.

sum up neither Resolution nor Viaticum. I now lay it aside; You are my great Biass when I *roll* that way, & You are got out. I cannot prove that Sunbury is the nearest way from Selbourne to Bristol; but it certainly is from Bristol to Selbourne; because the Round-a-bout way is the nearest Way *Home*: if You don't enter into this Logic, You may be an Oxford Man, but You are not the Man I take You for. I expect my Father every Minute, who will dine wth me, if the high wind does not blow Him back again. He is tolerably well, he did not venture going the Circuit, but was a good deal wth Me, which was of Service; He is coming for a few Days; our Scheme of Health is *riding*; we ride ten, 12, 14 Miles of *this Country*, but that is nothing to 70. Mr & Miss Y. will come to Hampton ye Beginning of June. Mr Baker will be there again. Your Brother Jack is coming to make a Visit to Harwood of Sheperton, & has promised to call in upon ye Vicar of Sunbury. I am glad to hear that John Bosworth is got so well again. You give me Pleasure in hearing of the Stand made agst the perverse Party of Oriel. I would the Provost should live 'till You succeed Him (if that is English; it sounds Irish) & then if I have a Son he goes to Oriel, if to College.

My Father is come, & wishes You well. You do not mention Your's particularly, so I suppose Him pretty tight & hope all your Family are so. I am reading ye Bp of London's 2: Vol: I am charmed wth his Manner; Dear White, come & preach for me; I despise all my own Trumpery Stuff.

Well, may all the Dii Lares have You in Protection; or seriously, may He before whom Milton describes their Flight so charmingly, while there was

A voice of weeping heard & loud lament—

I am, dear Gil: Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 54.

Sunbury,
May 28, 1755.

Dear Gil:

I hope the Hot-Wells* are of Service to you; & cool your Blood; since, like myself, You cannot afford to take unto Yourself any other Cooler. The everlasting Prebendaries of Peterboro' are all in good Health, as I am informed by the Bishop, from whose House at Kew I am come over this Morning to read Prayers. I am charmed wth your Description of the Site of your Parsonage House, I see it in Idea, &, if I did not fear to make You look grave, I should say, that is all I beleive I shall

* At this time Gilbert White made a second visit to the hot well at Bristol.

see of it: You threaten me if I do not send You word of some Preferment falling to me, that You will supplant me by making Love to my Cozens; truly (but this is entirely entre Nous) that Sap is begun or I am much mistaken; so that if it does not fall soon, I may chance to hear that tho' a Nephew is dear, a Child is dearer; which on such an Occasion would be a melancholy Truth which I could not gainsay. Not but that I am sure that my Uncle is so much a Man of Honour, that if a Prebend was to fall it would be mine, because he has promised it so often. As to being an Irish Dean or Bishop the only Reason I would wish for it would be to meet You at some Wells, if I could not tempt You cross the Channel; for the Hydrophobia, which You seem to think I have got, would be redoubled if the Water was salt; & I have no Inclination to Irish Preferment: tho' that Salt-washing might be the Cure of one of my great Distempers, which is poverty, as the Incomes in Ireland are very handsome. I hear Dr Lowth is gone over, but is not to stay there; Dr Waugh (I think that is his queer Name) will have a Bishoprick there, & Lowth his Deanery, if Opportunity serves: So we shall see Lowth an English Bishop, which I am glad of, as He is a very amiable & respectable Man. Cannot You drink Cyder after your Waters? I have employed your Brother to get me half a Hogshead of that Liquor of the old Dealer, which is now in my cellar; I have not tasted it, but your Cozen Yalden has approved of the other half. If any thing can lay ye Dust of Sunbury it is Cyder. Miss Young comes down to Hampton tomorrow & Mr Young follows her the next Day or on Saturday, so that your Visit will be a divided One if You come, for She must have her Share of You, which I hope would be no Objection to You. We might have a few short Rides together, for as to long Ones, I think verily I never shall compass them; and tho' I travelled very pleasantly wth You to the Hot-Wells in Imagination, yet your first Days Journey of 34 Miles would in reality I beleive have finished Me. My Steed pleases & plagues me: Sr Philip told my father that He should not reclaim it 'till I was tired of it. But he has a bad Cough & his Eyes are but very indifferent, so that I have been obliged to bleed & to rowell Him, & am afraid to turn him into ye Church Yard, which would save me Money, for Hay is yet 3 Pds pr Load & has been £3. 10. 0. My Church Yard looks pretty well. I have got near a Load of Wood fm the Trees, & shall mow soon, but a very thin Crop, for the Clover seems to be lost. I do not much approve of mowing, but my Horse's Eyes have almost forc'd me to it, as I could not graze it. My Hay of last Year almost starved my Horse: I wish you was always near me to advise me & overlook things, for I am a dismal Farmer, & should be ruined by a Rectory. I sincerely wish You had a Living like Dene & the thoro' good Sort of

Damouille that You mention, that your wishes might be completed, & that I might say I know & have a value for Mr White of such a Place, for now You are of no Place for a fortnight, a perfect Cup of unsettled. My Garden is walled round & I defy the Hogs. I send a Mess of Peas to the Bishop next Thursday out of it; the Blights are extraordinary this Year, & the Apple Trees about Us all faint. Apricots in vast Plenty.

The Pumble are pretty well: Pressy a Crock still. All at Vaux Hall last Night wth the Misses Thomas, who left me at Kew. My Sister is going wth Pressy soon to make a long Visit to a Mrs Dews in Warwickshire. My Father has a miserable Cough which is ye Effect of his Paralytic Disorder, but rides a good deal & I think it is his best Medicine; but he will not be regular in his Hours. He is certainly in a hazardous way, but he cannot turn over the Clerk of the Assizes Place to Tom which he would be glad to do.

Let me hear of your Health & Changes of Place; I heartily wish the first to You & all your Friends & am

Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 55.

Hampton,
Sepr. 18, 1755.

Dear Gil:

Whether or no I ever answer'd a Letter of Your's which I find dated July 10th, My Memory is not good enough to assure me. If I have, I have some Reason to be angry wth You, who by your Description of your own Way of Life must have leisure Hours in plenty. If I have not, I must plead an Excuse 'till about five Weeks ago, since which I have one to give, which, as We say in our Pumble, will *content but not satisfy*. I have had an Illness which began wth a Giddiness in my Head, which held me for about a Week in Spite of Valerian Draughts &c: but then turn'd to a Fever upon my Spirits, for which I was attended by Dr Hawley, & went thro' the Process of bleeding, blistering, emetic, cathartic, & so forth; I have outlived the Doctors, & am now pretty tight again but have a Bottle of Hysteric Mixture at my Elbow. I find Laughing-Fits are not half so good as Fits of laughing. I kept my Bed about ten Days, & was much more in it than out of it, for a great while; so that I have been very weak. You see that riding will not do every thing for me tho' it will for You; for surely this Sort of Illness ought not to have followed in Course after an observance of your Prescription greater & closer than I ever thought I should have paid. I think my Life was saved (under God) by my nurse;

i.e. Miss Young ; who kept my Room cool, & my Person sweet by giving me clean Linnen & open windows. My Doctor, who has succeeded Aldrich in his House at Sunbury, gave me his Attendance gratis as being Minister of his Parish, & perhaps as a Relation to Lady Musgrave, to which Family He is related, & very intimate wth them. I began doing Duty at Sunbury but yesterday, tho' I was at Church there twice on Sunday. This is the first Letter that I have sat down to write in Form, so You have a little Proof of Friendship in it. I hope it will find You well, & reconciled to your Situation ; which, tho' you have as much true Philosophy as any Man I know, yet is not to your Taste, if it is really solitary. You have I suppose by this Time made a small Acquaintance about You, & perhaps have a Friend or two who will help to scrape your Blade Bone, after clearing the way to it at Dinner. Methinks I hear your Wine-Cart at the Gate, I house it wth You, I assist at racking it off, but I am not so happy as to drink it wth You. To You the Distance between Us is as Nothing, to Me You might as well be at Naples. No, my dear Gill, tho' a Journey to You, (especially as You propose it, with my Nurse wth Me,) would be one of the happiest to me & perhaps one of the healthfulest Things that could be proposed, yet it is greatly out of my Power ; as much indeed as it is *in* my Wish. She is much obliged to You for your hospitable Intentions. Would to God we had it in our Power to go where we pleased, & to trouble a Friend for but one Bed, Your's should be one of the first Visits wth Us ; We have been hard Drinkers for ten Years in order to get at the Bottom of the Cup, where, they say, Hope lies : but they are confounded deep Cups, for my Head has been often giddy in the Time, & yet my Draught seems not near finished. My Uncle's marriagable Daughters now begin to set me, & before I get at my Hope I may be under the Table. Yet She is still alive, & tells me that if Something was not intended for my Good, my Life would not have been given me in this last Illness : If I remember right, I did not pray for it once during the Time, but as it might be somehow of use to his Honour & Service, & of Comfort to Her who has laid me under new Obligations. Do not You fix your Eye upon Cromwell & Tortworth,* or indeed upon any thing particular ; for the fixt Eye will be an aking one, beleive me. I have looked at Peterboro' 'till it now seems lost in a Mist ; indeed low Spirits are great Dimmers of the Eyes, for to tell You the Truth, at present I seem to see Nothing ; Even that which I have, I may litterally say I possess as if I possess it not. I have read Johnson's tenth Satire of Juvenal, I hope You have, it is a fine Imitation tho' not so close as the 3d. He manages the Conclusion very well, I

* Cromhall and Tortworth, Oriel livings in Gloucestershire.

subscribe to the End of it, but human Nature steps in & grows rebellious now & then. I have read Dr Young's Centaur, it help'd to give me a bad Night, it is like the rest of his Works, has great Piety & bold thoughts, but they are too bold, & magnis excidit Ausis. I cannot reconcile Myself to his Style in any of his Works; He means well, but will do but little good: The reading part of the World pique themselves upon their Reason, & will not accept of a pious Flight for sound Reasoning. There is a good deal of Liveliness & some wit in the Doctor, & great Vivacity for a Man of fourscore.

I wish Health & Happiness to You and your Friends. You will, I know, expect me to give some Account of my own. My Father & Sister are just returned to Town fm Canterbury: my Father is set out for Bath, he is pretty well for Him but has a dreadfull Cough. My Aunt Thomas & Miss Thomas have been at Bath a week, my Aunt has long had a great Complaint at her Stomach & Sukey in her Head. The Bishop has feavourish Heats, & as he never opens a window or Door gives Himself many unnecessary chances of bad Health, which, thank God, he has not naturally. Tom & Pressy are in Town & pretty well. Ned is at present in Essex, he has but poor Health, & manages that very poorly. Mr. Young, wth whom I live, is much broken & feeble, but has no particular Complaint. His Daughter weighs about three Times as much as She did when You saw her last, & her acquaintance who have been some Time absent, generally look at her Waste and make Conjectures which, alack & alas! are not true ones. But She is much yours & desires not to grow out of your Knowledge & Friendship. Nothing will properly reduce her but being taken down in her wedding Throes, which I hope in God I shall soon do.

Tell me how your Hopes about your Bro: Harry stand. I know Nothing of your London Brothers. Tell me of your Father, Uncle & Friends: I hear the Provost is pretty well. Has Dr Bentham a child yet & has he got it syllogistically; I suppose his wife hints, debes Servare terminos.

I am, dear Gil; Afttely Yours,

J. M.

Letter 56.

Sunbury,
Decr 6, 1755.

Dear Gil:

You have given me a great Temptation to send you Franks, by promising that You would write longer Lrs. But the Bishop is as stingy of his Franks, as old Hunkses will now be of Portugal Gold. It is wth great Difficulty that I can squeeze out two or

three, two or three times in a Year, & it is chiefly on your account that I try Him. But a Sheet, Gil, tho' it holds more, costs no more than a half Sheet in ye postage. You have paid your Debt in Gold, it is valuable & it lies in a small Compass. But I am very well pleased that my Letter reached You, which has given me Spirit to write again, tho' indeed I return to an old Direction now; but I had mislaid your Direction to West Dene & have not yet found it, tho' I have peaked among a precious Hoard of your Letters. Your Hare reached London, but as usual fell into ye Claws of that Harpy Miss Young; but indeed She had this Time a better Excuse for her Ravening than meer Hunger, for She knew that I was at the Bishop's at Kew, & the Beast was got to ye End of his keeping & was tout a fait hazardée. I am very much obliged to You for it, but am much more so for your Lr for I did not know but your Present might have been a handsome Reproach for not writing as I feared my Letter had miscarried. I am sorry that your Duty is so increased as to be grown troublesome, yet methinks I am glad that You are got near enough to be more a Comfort to Mr White;* I am sorry to hear that he is so tender; I can pity Him from fellow-feeling, which awakens Compassion to a very lively Sense. I have not been to London since last Spring, & am almost afraid to venture even to my friends, as I am pretty sure to suffer wth the Headach. I am afraid of a London Living, yet there my Hopes naturally turn.

Jack Adey (not the Captain) called on me ye other Day; he came from Town to sollicite the Bishop thro' me to recommend him to the Church of Rochester for a little Living: he has been 7 Years & a half Curate to Mr Frewen in my Uncle's Diocese, which was indeed ye best Strength of my Recommendation. I shall be very glad if I have done Him Service, for he told me that this was ye ne plus ultra of his Hopes: but I think he had a better Friend than ye Bishop, which was Dr. Hodges, who has interested himself for Him; I was glad to see a Lr of his wrote so steadily. It hurt me to see a gay old Friend so humbled; but thank God, he went away satisfied wth what I had done for Him whether it succeeds or no; and it is but a poor thing at best, God knows.

I do not remember what I said about riding, but I assure You that I ride on, a little at a Time; & I have broke the Ice this Winter wth my Horse's Hoofs. We have very deep Waters here, & a most dreadfull Winter, so that our Common & Roads are as bad as ye distant Counties; for ye Farmers had just ploughed up ye Roads, before the Wet came. My Horse is

* Gilbert White had temporarily undertaken duty at Newton Valence, as well as at West Dene for Mr. Edmund Yalden, senior, who held both livings.

broken-winded, & would not hold out, I am afraid, to Selbourne, if I had a Purpose of coming that Way: which however is no Winter Scheme. Yet tell me of your Vases and obelisks; let me see them in Imagination, if not in reality; I have a pretty good Idea of your Grounds, (all but the 7 Gates, which are mysterious) place me at my proper Distance, and let me see your Antonines & Trajans wth their Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

I suppose That which takes up the Conversation of ye Town engrosses that of the Country, the Fate of Lisbon.* It is indeed a common Concern, as well as to Numbers of English Families a particular Grief: tho' it is a peculiar Providence, that the Auto de Fé should save the Hereticks.

Cannot You make that idle Rogue Jack † (who has never been near me) change Duties for some Time, when he is disposed to visit his Father? He has but weekly Duty at Barnet, & only a Sermon at London; You might supply wth Ease for Him, & then we should have hope of seeing You a little more; It is very long in my mind since; I have grown several Years older in Constitution. I should be much mortified if You should stay 'till You do not know me. You see by this last foolish Sentence that my Spirits are not at the best.

My Father has been in Northamptonshire; I thank God, he holds up pretty well, but cannot get rid of his Cough, which is a frightfull One, & of the paralytic kind. My Aunt Thomas is returned from Bath wth Sukey & her Cicisbei: Yet she has had a Return of the Complaint for which She went thither. My Sister is pretty well, but as fat as Miss Young, yet I cannot suspect the Sincerity of either of them; & You have no good Reason, (or at least it does not pass current amongst us fleshly Folks) for they continue to mention You, as great a Stranger as You are, wth the same Esteem they used to do. Poor Pressy is indeed *faithfully* fallen away. She has sad health, & is a great Sufferer, but has Flows of Spirits at the Sight of a Friend. Come & do Pressy good; Tom will be obliged to You; & to give Him his Due, he is a Man worth obliging. Ned has his old Complaint & is often bad, but wth Youth on his Side is dying one Hour & at a Concert the next. Mr Young goes on feebly, but has no particular Illness. Harman has two Daughters, he is a fond father; & Mrs. Leece, tho' She expresses herself foolishly behaves well enough as a Wife & Mother in material things. You see I tell You about all my friends, I like those parts of your Letters which mention Your's. I think it the most serviceable part of epistolary writing; tho' You can add the Elegance which compleats it.

* The town had been nearly destroyed by an earthquake.

† Gilbert White's brother John.

Pray use Sheets, for You write a large Hand, & I grudge deferring what I long to hear to other opportunities, tho' the Phrase comes agreeably enough at the End of a dull Sermon. My sincere Respects to all your Family.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Yours,

J. Mulso.

Letter 57.

Sunbury,
Apl 23, 1756.

Dear Gil :

I see a Letter lying before me dated, *Selbourne, Feb. 21st.* What shall I say to this? the very Swallows reproach me, the Nightingale, the Cuckoo, (but He is used to reproach): I cannot compose my Conscience even in my Bed; the twittering in my Chimney puts me in Mind of You; & I say to Myself, I have not yet wrote to White. Well then, the Leaf is out, & so is my Confession; I would it were as acceptable; and now You begin to see the Effect of Your Vases & your Obelisk amongst the green Hedges; for as we have been some Time green, I presume it is the first delightfull breaking of the Bud wth You. Your Gates still remain mysterious, but your very exact & strong Description has set your other Improvements before my Eyes, & I am familiar with them. You see me wth my hand over my Brows & retiring to the prescribed Distance, I wave my head about, & take them in wth a critical Survey. But all these Things do not promise that You will leave these young Beauties, & your tender Plantations. Sunbury pines for you; I will set You in Velvet & Gold; You shall loll on a Cushion of prebendal Softness, & prelatical Pride. You shall here exert your Gusto. Captain Derby who married Mr Hardwick's Daughter, & has had a large Fortune left Him by an Aunt, is building a House. Lady Jane Cook has alter'd the House & Garden which was Mrs. Fuller's, my neighbour Rayner has laid out his small Spot. You shall give your Judgment on all; nay, shall find fault. We have lived sub Jove pluvio, but if it holds fair, You shall be indulged in singing, *in my Dust-Cart.* At present I cannot say that we look likely to be subject to ye Irony of that song. But You will hardly think of how great Consequence this sudden Flood had like to have been to me. Miss Young, who by the infinite Caprice of young Sr John Frederic is put to great Straights for Lodgings at Hampton this Year, came down in a Chariot wth Miss Nanny Thomas to see after them, the Day before Yesterday. In coming from thence hither to Dinner one of Sr John's helter Skelter Huntsmen run his Horse agst the Pole of the Chariot & broke it; It was patch'd up. They dined

wth me, & set out for London about five: but we were soon after alarmed wth the News that Miss Young & Miss Thomas were overturned into the Thames at the End of the Town. Out we flew, (for Ned is wth me) & to the saving of my Heart, which was almost broke with fright & Running, met ye two deplorable dribbling Misses in the Street. Had the water been as high on that Day as Yesterday, I think they had been drowned; for to avoid it the Coachman drove up a Bank; the new cemented Pole broke; ye frighted Horses jumped down the Bank & over they came into the Road which was become a Part of the Thames. I thank God they received no material Bruise; but were fairly sopped & well frightned. I had the Honour of their Company all Night. The neighbourhood sent in Cloaths, & George was despatched to Town for fresh; wth Intelligence of the Mischance wrote by Miss Young from Bed. Yesterday George returned wth Cloaths, & Tom who is returned fm the Circuit came down to see the *State of the Case* & to escort ye two Ladies to Town. They had a Post Chaise fm Hampton, & are I suppose safe in Town, for I hear no more of them: They set out at 4 in ye afternoon, & Tom was pressed into ye Chaise wth them, George Miss Young's Man rode my Brother's Horse: So careful were they of themselves, that if a like accident had happened, by having three in ye Vehicle the Danger had been enhanced; but this is Lady's Prescience.

Pray, Gil, let me know a Truth. You stand indited by the Name of Gilbert White, Clerk, for that You having the whole & sole Property of a Thing called a Sermon wrote by Miss M—o & keeping it from the Family of the said Miss, out of a pretended Pride of having a Manuscript, Value 10,000 &c, &c, &c: have yet let this Manuscript escape out of your Possession: Mr Proctor Trenley of Sunbury having proffer'd me to get Sight of the same; as we suppose, tho' not yet proved, by means of his Uncle Brown, Bookseller, who is acquainted wth Mr Whiston Bookseller, & B: White ditto, Brother of the said G: White ye Delinquent: who is mainly suspected of having made undue communications of these Lady-Favours; a thing unpardonable, & 'till this time unsuspected in the said G: White. Please to clear up these affairs, before Condemnation is passed in the King's square Court.

You know that Mrs Baker is long since dead & buried: Mr Baker is in a bad way: Mr Young very weak and superannuated; My Father very poorly wth a terrible Cough, a Part of his paralytic Disorder. My Aunt Thomas poorly wth a Complaint at her Stomach at a critical Time of Life, & Miss Prescott in a very doubtfull way, but has small Hopes from Dr Letherland that Time may set her up again. My Uncle pretty well, & in good Case & Favour. So You see we are a

Set of Crocks. Myself indifferent, but in waiting for ye Remedy which your Uncle mentioned, whereof however I have every day less & less Opinion, for I begin to think I am almost gone beyond that Cure. My Horse still *breaths*, for that is his strongest Mark of Life. I am glad your Uncle is so stout, & sorry that your Father has got into so unsafe a Method of health as Confinement: He did know better, but Time overpowers us. I am a proper One, am I not? to harangue when I am of Vapour Hall in ye County of Megrim.

There is an End of the Thresher's Labours. Stephen Duck drowned himself at Reading in his way from Bath: No one can assign a Cause but sudden Lunacy: & *this after a Ride?*

My best wishes attend You & Your's. Let me hear of You, if I must not see You soon. Ned's Respects attend you.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Yours,

J. M.

Letter 58.

Sunbury,

May 1st, 1756.

Dear Gil:

You will think it odd that as I have written so lately, & had before that been a tedious Debtor to You, I should write again so soon. But a very serious Concern demands it. I have invited You to come & see me: I now invite You *not* to come, yet never methinks more desired You to be present; for as I have made You share in my unsettled State, I would have You a Witness of my settled. I am going to be married, & as this Affair will keep me in a perpetual Motion between London & Sunbury, & make a strange Revolution in my House, I have no House properly speaking to invite You to. But the *Suddenness* of this Affair after a more than *ten* Years Siege will demand some Explanation. And You who interest Yourself in all my Concerns will forgive me for being selfishly particular on such an Occasion. You will likewise forgive me for making a great Pleasure give way to a greater, & almost the only greater, for the Friend of my Bosom can give way only to the Wife of my Bosom.

I remember the Turn of an Epigram, but whether it was my own or no I do not remember, the Merit of it, I think, consisted most in the present Application; & therefore I may without Vanity make the Doubt. It ended in these words

— flammis

Et Quem non potuit vincere, vicit Aquis.

I mentioned in my last Miss Young's being overturned into the River. That accident & the Difficulty of getting Country Lodgings engaged Mr Young to lay a Scheme to make Sunbury

Miss Young's & his Home, which our mutual Flames for so many Years did not prevail on Him to do. He is to live with Us as long as He lives (which I am afraid will not be long) & I am to keep his House in Town for a few Winter Months. No Church Preferment having as yet fallen, our Income will be very scanty: You who are an Economist will be sorry at this & shake Your head; but our Circumstances have at last compressed us together, which have kept us asunder in a prudent view a great while. We have had the Merit (if I do not speak too boldly) of Patience & Self-Denial a long while; we are called upon to alter our Plan now, & we will have the Merit of Faith: "God will provide Himself a Lamb, My Son." Words which would have engaged me to marry long ago, if Self had not drawn so strong as to make it doubtful whether I had any Trust or no. Now that I am grown callous in Self-Denial, I will answer a Call of another Nature & trust to God for a more ample Provision. If our Minds hold & no Accident intervenes, Tuesday fortnight, May 18th 1756, will call for the good wishes of my dear Friend upon it for our Sakes. You will then have the Friendship of two Hearts for You cemented by a mysterious & very sacred Tye: & Miss Young desires me to tell You that amidst all the Hurry of the present interesting Interval, she has not forgot that You bespoke a *White Room*, which when She is settled shall be settled too.

I am just returned from London very much bruised with going between Prayers & Dinner Time yesterday, & returning in a hurry to-day: I have been Master of this Secret but one Night, so that You partake of my pleasing Expectations very soon: & do not think me too grave if I beg for your most pious wishes that this that seems to me the greatest earthly Blessing may be really & in it's Events so. For We are little Judges of our true Happiness, & the Grant of our wishes may be fatal. The Bishop is to perform the Ceremony at St. Anne's, & we shall have a Family Attendance of upwards of 20 People, so that there is no Danger of incurring the Penalties of the Act for want of Consent of Friends.

You will think it seasonable to repeat your Queries about Lambeth, if I do not answer them now. At present ye Grass grows & the Steed is out of Flesh. But I think it is beyond the Reach of my Uncle, & his Aim; Yet I am not sure. At present, it is, *Nolo Archiepiscopari* with the same solemn Mendacity as it was *Nolo Episcopari*.

I am glad to hear that You are so high on your Oriel Roll, I wish Harry Success at the Push next Year. I wish Dr Bentham Joy tho' he does not know it: & am glad the Provost is so stout: I believe it is lucky to have no[t] any thing to do even with the Book of Job.

I have told my Tale & I think I may depend upon You to forgive me for counter acting your Motions towards Sunbury at present. My Respects attend your Family. As I shall be in Town for a few Months in Winter in Case of Mr Y's Life I shall want the Assistance of a Curate. If your Bro: chances to be unemployed, or any body of your acquaintance, You may be of Service to me perhaps on that Occasion, but this is antedating Events.

I am, My dear Gil, Sincerely and affectely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 59.

May 21, 1756.
Sunbury.

My dear Gil:

I am extremely obliged to You for your sincere and friendly Congratulations on the Ceremony of Tuesday last. Your conceptions were pretty lively in some Parts, which you describe as if You saw at the Distance of Sixty Miles; especially the Behaviour of the Bride, which was exactly as You relate it. But You are mistaken about the Company's not being ready; for tho' We were upwards of twenty People, besides Servants, all were ready at the Time; & the Bishop was released to the Prince before his Hour. So now your Friend is no more the pensive Batchelor, but a married man; and indeed so lately one, that He will not venture upon Ecomiums on the State; only thus much, that Mrs Mulso promises him, if possible, more Satisfaction as a Wife, than She gave Him as a Mistress; & we were then pretty remarkable as happy People. She is obliged to You for the Promise of your Friendship to her, & I am obliged to You for the Motive You give. When We are settled here, we shall be very glad to see You; but I cannot exactly say, when the Visitations that You talk of will be over: we shall have a fresh Cause to wish them over soon, that we may enjoy your Promise. We came down hither yesterday in a Chariot to meet the Upholsterer who is to fit out our Apartments in a plain Way: We return again tomorrow to Town, where I shall stay the rest of the week, but whether I can manage to bring down my family wth me at the End of it, I cannot tell. I have but a Minute to write to You in, being perpetually interrupted by the People of Business: You will excuse my being so abrupt. I beg my Respects to your Family with many Thanks for their kind wishes on this happy Event.

You have cleared Yourself about the Sermon, I shew'd your Letter to Heck, but I cannot conceive what Mr Trenby could mean. My Wife's Love and Mine attend You.

I am, Dear Gil, Afttely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 60.

Sunbury,
August 23, 1756.

Dear Gil,

Mrs. Mulso's short Letter of civil yet Sincere Compliments does not quite satisfy me; I will not be put from my old Correspondence for any Forms & Ceremonials: It is easy to write for Ages to a Mistress, & many pretty things may be said, as variety of Temper, or change of Situation may suggest; but the free & the nervous Style is calculated for Man to Man; & the Repetition of even well meant Civilities only cloyes the Genius & clogs the Pen. It is like a perpetual Return of Birth Day Odes, or Epithalamiums; which are wrote with Spirit once or twice but hang heavy upon the poor Muse when She has drudged on thro' a few Years.

I am as well pleased as my Wife can be & as proud of my Present:* the Bishop & Family & Mr. Baker had a Soupe out of it; & it is thought a great Beauty; but I am afraid it cost You a great deal of Money. It will be then best used when it is used for You. I am very sorry to find by your last, that your Eyes are still bad; Surely we have most uncomfortable weather, & your damp Country after these repeated Rains must be very bad for You. You remember what we told You, that we should treat You so much en famille that whenever it is agreeable to You to come, it will not be inconvenient to us to receive You, unless our Beds are taken up, of which We would give You Notice; & if all fails, we can make You a Bed in the Turene, for it is pure large.

Aug: 26.

I thought I had begun this Letter pretty pertly considering that I was recovering of one of my Hysteric Complaints: I rose at Seven & walked; yesterday I rose at Seven and rode 'till breakfast Time; but I had been poorly over Night, & was so in ye Morning, but at Breakfast I was seized wth a very strong Fit, & I am become a very poor Creature again: I was nevertheless resolved as I am better today to write to You. I am going presently to ride out, for I will persevere whenever I am able: yet I must say that my horse now does me less good than a better would do, for his broken windedness encreases daily, or I daily think so, & it vapours me as I ride. You will remember that You have two Commissions for Me; one to get me a Horse for ten Guineas, & the other to get me a Curate. This you are not bound to do by any Oath You have taken, but if it falls in your way, I had rather have both from your Recommendation than from any other Man's in England, because You are more

* A Soup Tureen.

able to see with your own Eyes than any Man I know besides. I hope I may say this of your bodily opticks by this Time, tho' they have been so teasing of late.

We pray for fair weather at Sunbury. If it does not please God to send it soon, it will surely be a general Disaster: The Corn is down all round Us, but the Farmer stands with folded arms & cannot get it in. It is little to lose a Ride or a Walk, (tho' now they become of Consequence to me) in Comparison of the Calamity which threatens the Poor next Winter.

Captn James Young is sent for home: the Admiral* pretends to fear Nothing that can arise from his Evidence, & to say that his Letter is not geunine: but I would not stand his chance for all his Money. Mrs. Young is brought to bed of a Daughter.

Jack is, I beleive, by this Time at Liberty, but how long it will last I can not tell, as I beleive it will depend upon the Game of Hide & Seek. Foolish Youth! his vapouring Spirit has not yet left him, as I hear; and I dare say he will make a Merit of his Retirement; but all is sold at Marlow.

How goes on the Pyramid? Have You clapp'd on the Handles to your Urns? Does your father like your Improvements, they must make a Sort of new Scene to him at home. I beg my Respects to Him & all your family. You will excuse my writing any more, I am ye worse for writing so much, & therefore must hasten to conclude Myself

Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 61.

To the Revd. Mr. White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire.

Sunbury,
Sepr 21, 1756.

Dear Gil:

I have been guilty of a Neglect, & I am a Sufferer accordingly; I ought I beleive to have answered your Lettr by the same Post, & by neglecting to answer it, I am afraid I have occasioned a Delay in your intended Visit. It never could be more acceptable, for I have been very ill, & have almost tired out the Patience of my Brethren; You could make a little Reprieve to them. I take nauseous Draughts, I go into the cold Bath, & I wear a perpetual blister. Nevertheless yesterday I was on horseback, it being one of my well days wth regard to my Back. We had company here on Wednesday when your Letter came. On Thursday my Back was flayed again, & I forgot writing myself or making Mrs Mulso write. Then I thought it too late for You to receive my Lr before you set out, & afterwards I have

* Admiral Byng.

continued to fret that I did not write. Come then, my good friend, & sacrifice your Pleasure to my Convenience as usual. I shall be happy if You have prevented this Letter, & are now travelling. Mrs Mulso joins me in Respects to your Family & wishes of a good Journey to You.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 62.

Sunbury,
Janry 10, 1757.

Dear Gil:

Our Letters were travelling so near the same Time, that it may be a disputable Point which owes the other a Letter, but as I do not desire that there should be any dispute between us, I shall not endeavour to recollect Particulars. Indeed You may have been in Doubt whither to direct to Us, & most probably would by this Time have directed to King's Square Court. And I suppose You have made some allowances to me for not writing an Account of my moving to Town and settling there. But here we are still, & now I am in Hopes that here we shall be for the rest of the Winter. Mr Young has found the Country more agreeable & convenient for Him than he at first imagined, & has chosen only one Jaunt to Town, at which time my Wife & I went likewise; It was before your last Letter came; so that Mrs Mulso has not had an opportunity of begging a Return of the Paper which You mentioned in your last. Mr Young goes to Town to morrow & we shall go next Monday. The Bishop's Wedding Day falls on the 15th which is Saturday next, but He has obligingly deferred the Celebration, 'till the Monday, to give me an Opportunity, (if we can conveniently) of being with our Friends assembled together. (Pray don't You observe that my Stile is a good deal embarrass'd, wth *me & Us*, *I & we*? It is a whimsical Effect of Matrimony to be ungrammatical; I should imagine that Matrimony and Syntaxis were nearer allied, for there are some *special Rules* in it.) Mr Young has been poorly & we have had a succession of Doctors, & have been shaken with the Quotidian face of Mr Boone. But it is some Comfort that we are in the Country: Your Friend Mrs Mulso is become a stout walker again, & last week we walked home from Charlton, between Eleven & Twelve at Night. The Frost has been intense here, but She is of my Mind, that stirring the Blood is better than stirring the Fire, (which however is one of her *special Rules*) & we have trotted about thro' the cold Air. I have not been on Horseback a great while, You know I always preferred walking in frosty Weather. But spare me, spare me,

dear Gil, & forgive a human Infirmity, I have left off ye cold Bath ever since ye first Frost: I have continued my Blister & have it now; & have once or twice been reduced to my Draughts; but am I thank God, pretty well, & have done all my own Duty of late, nay & on Xmas Day, when I administered the Sacrament to almost fourscore People. We have lost here two neighbours whom You must remember, Mrs Bythel, Mrs Minicom's Sister, & Mr Gamage who is not yet buried. You see I tell You of my Neighbours as if You was bound to know ym as well as myself: but if You do not know them, come here 'till You do. Whether our Gravell & River, or your Clay & Woods are the colder this weather I do not know; but it seems today to be breaking: Have You practised with your Scates this Year the Lessons of the Fens? Goddard's Boat is stopped by the freezing of the River at some of the Bridges below, & he plies by Land wth a Cart. I don't hear that any of the everlasting Prebendaries of Peterboro' are frozen this Winter; I reckon they are braced up for another Twelvemonth at least: I had some Hopes when I heard that Tryce the Treasurer was robbed about Audit Time, that the Fright of losing his Money might have affected old Russell; but he lives still. I hope your Friends are all pretty well, tho' I suppose your Father is shut up before now. Is your own Complaint got over? You did not use to be a Lingerer in these foolish Ways. If a Change of Air is advised to You, come here: Mrs Mulso is better able to help You than She was & full as willing. She desires her affectionate Compliments to You, & I join my Love. I presume You will not yet awhile think of your Oxford Journey. I have lost my Assistant, Pindar, i.e. Mr Gardiner, he is gone to Coll: for his Batchelor of Divinity's Degree, & was not sure whether he should not take his Doctor's; but I have heard Nothing of him since. Great are the Expectations about Byng's Tryal; Great the Alterations & Altercations amongst the Great: But I am one of the little, & my Concern is to keep off Cold Hunger & Nakedness. I wish only for the Chearfulness of middling Life & the Neighbourhood of my Friend.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

P.S. Many happy Years to You & Yours!

J. M.

Letter 63.

Sunbury,
Janry 13, 1757.

Dear Gil:

I am very well pleased to have got a Letter out of You at last, for I began to be in despair. However I was not so anxious as I should have been had I not seen Benjamin in Town, who

gave a good account of You. I concluded therefore that the mornings were spent in Riding, and the Afternoons in Burnet's History of the Reformation; and I had two Pictures of You before my Eyes; one was the Scene of Dr Bristowe's Parlour,* & the other your own: In the first You was a solitary Figure, & as hard at it as Duns Scotus; in the other I had represented the very pleasing Figure of Miss White, with some Housewifery in her Hand, & giving now & then an agreeable Interruption to your Labours. Harry was cast into the shade; & it was doubtful whether he was studying or no; but this Confusedness of my Ideas was owing to his being so perverse as not to confirm his Image in my Imagination when I was in Hampshire.

Tho' We are not confined to Home as yet, we are a great deal more so than we used to be. I read Rapin to Mr Y. & my Wife from Tea Time to Supper: By this Method I entertain them, & refresh my Memory in a usefull Way. My Father Mulso was to have been of our Party, but he has not yet recovered a violent Eruption upon his Face, from which he has suffered a great deal, but from which we hope a great deal of Benefit. Mrs Mulso desires her sincere Thanks to You & Your's for your good Wishes, & for your good opinion of her. As I am chiefly inclined to the young Woman, I am somewhat of your Opinion in the good Thoughts that You have of her. I thank God She is a very good Way & looks as well as ever. Lady Musgrave being brought to Bed (of another Girl) has made her easy on the Score of her Nurse who attends my Lady, & will now be at her Service. But We are both off our Speed about Exercise: She walks very little, & I have not been on any Horse since my poor honest Mouse, of whose Accident I was sorry to hear; Tom who is more imaginative than I am, & insists upon the Word *Reason* to Brutes, would have enter'd into your Horse's Disappointment as well as your own on that Occasion. I am glad that You got to some Success at last at Oriel, & I wish You Joy of Tiles and Thatch. You who can make £20 go further than I can £40 have a pretty little Increase by this Curacy. Nothing has as yet happened in my Favour any where, but I hear Nothing of Mr O.'s refunding the Sack. Another Thing was tried for in Lieu, but without Success; however it was no Disappointment to me, because This was not in the Power of my Friends as Bremble was. I am glad you are so well at the Grange & that my Lord is so open wth You.† If Expectation makes the Blessing dear, You & I are like to

* Gilbert White was curate in charge of Selborne for the second time, and was living at the Vicarage.

† Robert Henley (1708-1772), 1st Earl of Northington, Lord Keeper, and subsequently Lord Chancellor, lived at the Grange near Alresford, Hants. He was a friend of the White family and in 1763 was applied to unsuccessfully by Gilbert White for a living which was in his private patronage.

have ye dearest Blessings in the World. However, I certainly have one, & That material, I mean my Wife. I wish You to succeed as well; in the mean Time your curacy of Morton Pinkney* will go as far as my Vicarage at Sunbury. I have wrote out my Time tho' not my Paper; learn a little from me to answer on Demand. All our Comps.

I am Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 64.

Sunbury,
Febry 24, 1757.

Dear Gil:

I received your's from Oxford Jan: 28, with an account of your Election at Oriel; but the first Account that I received of it was from Sr Philip Musgrave, who had a Variety of Fortune happened in his Family in the Space of a Fortnight; for he had a Son & Heir born, his Sister Spragg left a Widow wth about £10,000, & Chardin chosen Provost: & since that Time died Mr Beckford from whom my Lady had I beleive Expectations of getting Something. Sr Philip spoke of Frewen's Proceedings as not very handsome upon the Occasion, & as putting them to the Necessity of applying out of the Colledge, when they would have had it determined there: How that may be I do not know; but as You have not been the Man on this Preferment, I am not sorry for the Success of Chardin; unless it may prove any Obstruction to your Designs for your Brother Harry, which I greatly hope it will not. If Chardin behaves in his Post with the good Sense & Judgement that Sr Philip talked of it, the Colledge will have no Reason to repent their choice. I have still a great deal to say to You on this Subject, but intend to say it & not to write it. By your Account of the late Provost's, viz: Walter Hodges's Legacy to the Colledge, the Chance of the Estate is very little during any Person's Time who is now born: I am sorry You mention no Remembrances to you & or your Family, but your Brother Harry has the greatest present Loss in this Friend.

I hope this little Journey & the Bustle & Employment that it has found You, have shock off your Indisposition; I did not in my own Mind attribute it to any particular Cause; but when an Illness hangs a good while & affects the Spirits, then ye Effects are something foolish, as I find; & it was on that Account that I abused the Lingering. I thank God I have been better this Winter than I could well have expected; but I wear my Blister

* An Oriel living in Northants, not valuable enough to vacate a Fellowship.

still, & am advised to it for a Month longer. Mrs Mulso is at present pretty well, She has been very tender & subject to Colds all the Winter which has been a very severe One here. Mr Young is pretty well. My Wife thinks with a great deal of Pleasure of the Promise You give Us of a Visit in the Summer; It will be a long One to Us without such friendly Interpositions, for our Family will be more dispersed than it had been for some Summers. I hope Mrs Mulso will not be ill again in the Way You saw her; at present there are no Expectations that Way, so that the Summer will be her own. I hope your Family are all well: My Aunt Thomas who has been very ill is better again; the rest pretty well. Tom is preparing for the Circuit by Rides in a Morning. I creep about a little in that way, since the Frosts have broke, with Mr. Whiteway & a Neighbour or two. Pray remember that my Horse is on his last Legs, and if You see a tempting Creature, be so disinterested as to let me have Him. Miss Thomas is busy chusing Household Furniture, but when She intends to use it at Burton I cannot yet say.

You say well that Ogle's Preferment* is a Gain to me; it is so: for I am convinced that 'till his Portion is filled up, mine must stand as it is; but I am very happy that it is as it is; Yet I should be very glad of a Stall at Peterboro', that little Belvedere I thought had been nearer to me than I find it; It showed prettily to the Eye, which passed over the Inequalities of the Ground between. But the Suddenness of my marriage when I least expected it, has taught me to hope on without much Impatience; I may come upon it or some better Seat, by a By-Path when I do not think of it. Mrs Mulso's Love with mine attend You and Your's.

I am, Dear Gil: Your's Affectionately,
J. Mulso.

Letter 65.

Sunbury,
March 19, 1757.

Dear Gil:

I have just been at Walton with a Party of Ladies, & Mrs Mulso was One; we walked, which is as much as to say that She is pretty well & stout; tho' of late much tortured by the Tooth Ach: & I am just sat down to answer your Letter, which arrived this morning. But first I thank you for the Hare, which by weight & Scent & Look was a very fine One; but by Tast is to be commended by Mr. Turner, to whom it was a very acceptable Present, & therefore You will excuse Us for having made it to Him.

* This preferment was the valuable living of Burton-Latimer, Northants. Mr. Newton Ogle was about to marry a daughter of Bishop Thomas.

I am the more in Hast to answer your Letter, because I hope to be in Time to thank your Uncle for his kind Congratulations & Prophecies. As to the Accomplishment, Time will shew; but as to the Probability, the Death of ArchBp of Canterbury has added Strength. The current Opinion is, that York, & Salisbury, & Peterboro' will follow in Succession; but We have no Hint from Town whether this will be so or no, or whether my Uncle will be in this Set, or be reserved for London. At least here is a great Opening & his Name is used for some of the Spoils. God knows what is designed & what is best for Us, but we are not so abstracted but that our Hopes kindle a little on this occasion. Mr Ogle having already obtained a very desirable Piece of Preference by my Uncle's Means, is partly out of our Way, which has been lucky; yet we feel the Maturity of our Cousens, for a few Years ago that Living had been mine. Yet I protest to my Friend, I see it as it is, without Envy, & with hearty good wishes for their long Enjoyment of that or better. My Turn, as your Uncle says, will come; & I am so happy in having obtained the great Point of being married that I am not craving for any particular Blessing besides; when it comes I hope to behave properly, & be properly thankfull to Providence for it.

You read in the Papers of the Accident at Worcester; my Bror Tom received no other Hurt than a Fright, being in the same Room but at the other End; nor any of his particular friends. Poor Pressy has been at Death's Door wth a Feaver, or She had been wth Us. She is thought out of Danger. All Friends also pretty well.

And now, my dear Friend, what can be the matter wth You? for Mrs Mulso and Myself think your Case, as You state it, unaccountable: You are not ill but in your Limbs, no Affection of the Spirits, & yet Blisters, Valerian & Assa Foetida: If any thing of this Sort remains, be a Man of a more constant Courage than your poor Friend has been, &, after Leave obtained to get into the Cold Bath, persevere in it. Tho' I do not think it a Cure for the Head, without Evacuations of some Sort, but those gentle. But it is a Friend to the Constitution in general.

With regard to the Affair of Oriel. I heartily wish that You had put yourself up from the Beginning, if anything we could have done would have given You Success. But yet I think you judge of the issue of Chardin's Election* otherwise than You will find it turn out: at least, I hope so. But I beleive this Subject will do better to talk upon than to write upon; for tho' we agree in Opinion pretty well, a little Error of the Pen may make a Discordancy, & I find that wth You Oriel Men, that goes farther

* Chardin Musgrave, a Fellow, was elected Provost of Oriel on 27th January, 1757.

than I think in Justice it should. As to your Brother,* Nothing in my Talk with Sir Philip had any Reference to Him; but to the Impartiality that he had advised him to observe, as the best Method of serving the College: upon which principle, if the Provost observes it, your Brother may be successfull.

I have no Time to say more at present: If Miss Prescott recovers, we shall have her here for the air for some Time. If change of air is good for You, and Sunbury air is agreable, we will let You know when the White Bed is unoccupied. Mrs Mulso[']s affte Compliments attend You & Your's wth mine.

I am, dear Gil, Sincerely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 66.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton Hants.

Sunbury,
May 12, 1757.

Dear Gil:

It seems to me to have been a considerable Time since a Letter has pass'd between Us. Where You are at this moment I do not pretend to determine, but I write at You as I can not be sure of my aim. Myself and Mrs Mulso were in Town from last Monday fortnight to last Fryday Ev'ning. We went to attend the Visitation, & to salute the Bride. Your Papers told you of the marriage of Miss Thomas who is now become Mrs Ogle. You may suppose that great has been the Fuss and Parade on such an Occasion & with so favourite a Child. We had likewise the Opportunity of wishing my Uncle Joy of Salisbury. But the Time past rather in Family Satisfaction than in Joy. As to Myself I was but poorly most part of ye Time. My own Father had a Feaver & as his Paralytic Complaint gives a Force to every incidental Complaint, he was more ill than a slight Feaver should have made him. Poor Pressy has been in so bad a way that not even my Wife could get a Sight of her while we were in Town; & is so altered, as we hear, that we should not have known her had we seen her. But we hear that since we left Town, both my Father & Miss Prescott are mended, & we shall soon have her to nurse at Sunbury. My Father too intends to take the air at Sunbury before Pressy comes down. My Sister is pretty well & ask'd after Whitibus very much as did all your Friends in Town, that is, all my Friends. Heck has wrote a very good Ode to Miss Carter, upon her Translation of Epictetus, which is now coming out by Subscription. Miss Carter is likely to be much encouraged in this affair, which will be of Use to her Fortune; the Bishop of Oxford is her hearty Friend. If You chance to see

* Henry White.

this Work & think the Language at all stiff by the Translation's being too literal, I give You Notice that You should spare the Lady, who was compelled into So narrow a Form: and indeed it is not the Lady's Fault to be oversparing of words; Witness Madam Dacier in her Translations. I saw your Brother Benjn in Town, he is plump & in high Beauty: We gave him a Commission for some Cyder: I have always an Eye to You in this Purchase; but yet I cannot set the Time in which we can give You a Bed with Us, tho' we can easily procure You one in ye Neighbourhood at any Time: So that when You will be so friendly as to take up wth that You may set your own Time for coming to us. Your Brother told me that You was or had been at Oxford; I suppose making some Settlement for Harry, but he gave me no Account of what was done in it, & That I expect from You: He told me that You was very well, which I hope is true.

I still wish, my dear Gil, that You would be looking out for a Horse for me, for indeed my own is now so very bad that as I cannot get upon him wth any Pleasure, & of Course little Profit, I purpose to get rid of a very expensive Animal. I cannot suit myself here under a vast Sum, which I cannot go to, & therefore, I keep the Commission in your hands, if by chance You light on such a Thing in your Travells. Curate or not Curate still I find You will travell; & a restless Animal You still will be 'till I find You squatted down in Fat Goose Living.*

Tho' we are starving by the Dearnness of Bread, yet the present Spring is very promising, & opens under God's Providence a Year of great Plenty. Nothing can be more beautifull; even my little Garden charmed me when I returned from London. We are saturated wth Cucumbers from our Neighbours; and if we have Rain we have hopes of a Dish of Peas from our own Ground next Wednesday, which compleats the first Year of my married state. On the Sixteenth of April I saw the first Swallows, tho' it was not the first Day of their Coming. I marked it in my Almanack for You. I have let you know a great deal of myself & Family, & expect You to be as particular about your own Concerns in which I take a Friend's share.

I am recovering of a bad Cold and Hoarseness for which I was bloodied on Monday. Mrs Mulso is pure well, & very much Your's, as She commands Me to tell You. Mr Young pretty well & sends Comps. I beg my own & Family's good wishes to all Friends in Hampshire, & am

Dear Gil, Aftely Yours,
J. Mulso.

P.S. I find I have never a Frank in ye House.

* This journey, however, was merely to Oxford upon the usual College business.

Letter 67.

Sunbury,
June 1, 1757.

Dear Gil,

I am the rather sorry that I have not heard fm You again, because my Letter was rather a Hindrance to your purposed Journey to Sunbury than otherwise; I mean so far as that we could not accommodate You wth a Bed, as We were used, and as we ever wish to do. So that it depends upon yourself whether You will take up wth that Inconvenience. As You know that I love to see You, so You may be sure that your Intention of coming is as agreeable to us as ever, & that the Trouble will only attend Yourself; and we should be the more obliged to You if You could dispence wth such an Inconvenience for our Sakes, especially as We can set no Term to the Time that You will be kept out by Miss Prescott. She came to us on Monday last, She is a very poor Creature, but greatly better than we could have supposed in the little Time She has been upon ye Recovery. She & Tom desire their Loves: Your being here would be, I think, rather an Advantage than otherwise to her, as She wants every means of enlivening, & as every Friend's Face is a Balsam to her; so that upon her Score You need make no Scruples. My own Father is better than he was before his last Indisposition, being rather less lethargic than he was, & better of his Cough, tho' he must never expect to be quite well. I am very glad that Yours is tolerable, & desire *my* Compliments to Him & ye rest of your Family, with *her's* who is willingly bound to be inseparable from me, especially in my good wishes to You and Your's.

But what will You say to Me, dear Gil, when I tell You that We are just returned from Oxford? Is it not the Perverseness of Fate that You should have been there so little a while ago & yet that it would not tally wth our opportunity! I will tell You how it came to pass. On Sunday Sennight Mr and Mrs Ogle came hither in their way to Oxford, whither Mr Ogle went to pack off his Goods to Burton, & so to go thro' to Northamptonshire. It was soon agreed that the Party would be more agreeable if it was more numerous, & Mr Young was so kind as to help us out in the Expence. So after Ev'ning Prayer we set out, (ye Two men & their Wives) for Salt Hill: the next Day to Oxford. Mr and Mrs Ogle in a Chariot, and Mrs Mulso and Self in Post Chaises. We lay one Night at the Angel, & all ye Time after in ye Queen's Room at Merton Coll: The Warden was so obliging as to deferr a Journey to ye waters in Worcestershire one Day on our Account, & left us in Possession. We were Custodes vigilantissimi, being up early & late, at ye friendly Invitations of several Friends, according to ye old Oxford Hospitality. We made one little Excursion to shew Mrs Ogle Blenheim.

I breakfasted wth the Provost, & had a Peep at John Bosworth who was booted for London. We were shewn about Christ Church by Dr Bentham, saw his Lady and one Babe; & liked them very much. But it was a particular Felicity to meet Jo: Warton at Oxford, we had great Joy in the Meeting; He is the same ardent Creature he always was, & when we parted it had like to have cost me the Bone-setting of my right Hand. We sat out for Home on Fryday Morn: near 8 o'Clock, & breakfasted at Henley, dined at Windsor, & drank Tea at 6 o'Clock at Sunbury: & so ended our Oxford Expedition; which indeed wanted a great Rhelish in your not being a Party in it, for You seem to belong to us at Oxford, but in other Respects was very agreeable: & I can now talk to You of your Pomp at Statues, & the Ceiling of Ch: Ch: Library, the old Prior's Dining Hall (now the Canon's): & of Vansittart's Chambers; all which were new to Me. Come then, for I have much to say to You on many Subjects.

Our Bishop is not quite compleat, but will be so in about a Fortnight, as to Salisbury; in all Probability he will but just see it at ye latter End of the Summer.

Mrs Mulso's Afte Comps. attend You. She bids me tell You that tho' the *white Room* is occupied, yet You will be welcome to make Visits in the Chambers in a Morning & to the rest of the House. Mem: Miss Prescot is not confined to her Chamber. Well, we hope to see You, and I am in the mean Time

Dear Gil, Aftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 68.

Sunbury,
June 19, 1757.

Dear Gil:

I received your kind Letter yesterday, & am glad that we shall have the Pleasure of seeing You soon. I shall be glad if when You have settled the Day You would let me know it, because if I do not part wth my old Keffle before ye Time, You may chance to meet me at Mr Frederic's Park Pales. I desire that You would use your Discretion about ye two Steeds that You have seen, but let me have One of them, if your Mind holds in their Favour. I cannot say that I am partial to a Horse whose worst Pace is that which I use most, a short Trott. I purpose to set about the Purifying my Stable when I have sold my Horse, & I have bid Jo: Sadler look out for a Chap. He may be worth a Guinea or so.

The Bishop was to be confirmed yesterday, so that now the Preferments of Salisbury are in his Hands, & he assumes the

Title. I am sorry to hear of your Father's Deafness. Excuse this being wrote in haste. Cannot You contrive to let a Boy bring up the Horse when You come and make Him serviceable to Yourself? Do if You chuse it. Mrs Mulso's Love &c :

Your's Afftely,
J. M.

I began the Cold Bath on the 13th.

Letter 69.

Sunbury,
July 2, 1757.

Dear Gil :

I have just received your Letter, & have a thousand Thanks to return You for the Care & Trouble that You have been at for me : I daresay that I shall be quite satisfied wth the Purchase, & if the Horse is good & easy, must think the Price extremely reasonable. I shall look out for a Chap for ye old nag, & rather demolish Him Myself than keep off my new One. I have already spoken to Vesey to hold Himself in readiness to pull down & cleanse. As to my new One I will send Him to grass 'till You shall yourself be Witness of my Precautions. But I beg of You to come, if You can, next Week, for I have been so ill of my old Complaint, that I was taken out of Church in the middle of Prayers last Sunday ; & tho' I got up Heart to attempt again on Fryday, I just got thro', & then was rather worse than on Sunday ; so that I shall give up to You, or some other Friend for some Time, for it is vain to contend, and I am now advised not to attempt it. If You can come to me next week You will put off the getting Help from these Quarters for some Time, for I know that You will undertake for me : & possibly I may go down wth you for a little Jaunt into Hampshire, when You have a Call to return thither ; but this will be Subject of future Talk when You are here. I presume my Weakness must be the Effect of the Air, as I have no other Cause to assign for it : I have never missed one morning's bathing since I began, & have had Recourse to my Valerian in great Quantities. I am told that the Bishop will not go down to Salisbury this Year : I don't know whether I told You that he is made Clerk of the Closet to the King, who spoke to Him in the kindest Manner when he did Him that Honour. These are great Things, Gil, but I could take Less wth Health, & your Purchase would carry about a very happy & contented Man.

I have had more Sickness in my Family. Miss Prescott's Maid, whom She brought wth Her, has had a violent Feaver : Miss Prescot moved into our Bed, & we to Mrs Chardavoyne's. Miss Prescot is very much recovered since She was here, & is

now the Companion of our Ev'ning Walks. They are not indeed very long Ones, Mrs Mulso is not so fond as She was of very long walks. She is very much Your's, & shall be very glad to see You. But if possible let it be this Week. However I must not trust, but must fix Gardiner for next Sunday. To give Him his Due he is always ready.

I would have You make the Horse of Service to Yourself in ye Journey; the man will be very reasonably paid by 5 Shillgs if he walks but one half of his first Bargain: let me hear of You & your Determinations by the first Opportunity.

I beg my Respects to your good Father & Friends.

I am, Dear Gil: Afftely Yours,

J. Mulso.

Letter 70.

To the Reverend Mr G. White,
at Selbourne, near Alton, Hants.

Sunbury,
July 14, 1757.

Dear Gil:

The Time now near approaches when I am to have the Pleasure of seeing You. I need give no Orders about the Steed, he will be of Use to You in your coming up, pray make Use of him. Mr Vesey is now hard at Work, & the Stall is quite taken down, & punctual Orders have been given for ye planeing of every board & Post, & of washing wth boiling water the Boards, the Wall, & Floor, & even of chipping the Wall. My late Steed, with his broken wind, & greazy Feet sold for two Guineas at a neighbouring Fair, & That without Jocky ship. Somebody has got a bad Bargain, as Dr Bracken observes *ut saepe*, which is with him the most favourite Citation out of the Classics.

We had the Bishop of Salisbury & his Family to dine with us last Monday, who all enquired in a very particular manner after You. They set out next Tuesday for Burton.

I need not have troubled You with this, if it had not given me an opportunity of sending my sincere Respects to your Uncle White & his Family as well as to your Father & his own. Whatever be the Occasion of your Meeting together, & whatever secret affair is in Agitation, I heartily wish the best Success to attend it, & as I think I partly guess at it. But I looked, my dear Friend, to have You nearer the Town before now, and beseiging the Portals of the Lord Keeper; I have great Expectations from that Quarter for You, & his Preferment* has given me particular Pleasure from knowing him to be a near Acquaintance & Friend to You and Your's. Sure there are more Ways than One of vacating a Fellowship!

* Sir Robert Henley, Lord Keeper, had become Lord Chancellor.

Mrs Mulso bids me tell You that She *longs* to see You, which I assure is a strong Expression, & one that I prick up my Ears at now whenever She makes Use of. As to the Visit to Selbourne We must talk of it when You are here & I beleive that is all that we shall do about it.

Tho' I have entered upon the Augean Labour, I am no Hercules. I thank God that I am a little better than I was, but the Weather is against me. This is the seventh Week of Drought. It is wth us the Fall of the Leaf, & the Song of the Dust Cart is again in Fashion. Judge therefore whether a most shatter'd Set of Nerves can hold out against such severe Heat and Closeness. Yet I persevere in the Use of the Cold Bath & have never miss'd one Morning since the 13th of last Month. As to Valerian it is my Daily Drink. We are Tanners ourselves. You will not now see me at ye Park Corner, as I have no vehicle. Your Wig is arrived & put into ye Care of Mr Webster. I wish You a good Journey, & a grey Day.

I am dear Gil, Aftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

P.S. Miss Prescot has left You her Compliments & her Bed : She is gone to Town to be wth Tom before the Circuit; he sets out ye 18th : My Father, Sister & Aunt Donne are gone to Canterbury.

Letter 71.

To the Rev. Mr. White,
at Selbourne, near Alton, Ha. ~~sp~~shire.

Sunbury,
Sepr 20, 1757.

Dear Gil :

I partly suspect by your Letter that You never received a long One which I sent You, directed to West Deane* near Salisbury : Your Summons has been too short for a Lady, but We purpose to be wth You on Monday next, if it please God to lend Us Life & Abilities. Your Patience, I am afraid, will be tried at the Swan at Alton, for it is impossible to say that We can come to any exact Time. I have been very ill lately, & am but poorly wth my Head & Stomach ; and if such Fogs as reign at present continue, I shall be afraid of setting out so soon in ye Morning, which is three Hours before they clear up here : However, we shall set out by seven. We have already borrowed Dr Fry's Chariot to set us on to Staines from whence We purpose to come in ye Road Carriages. You may calculate the Time when You may expect Us, for Banyard at the Bush calls it 32 miles to Alton fm Staines.

* During the autumn of this year Gilbert White acted as curate of Newton Valence and West Dene in the temporary absence of his cousin, Basil Cane.

As to sending a Man for my Horse, it need not be done, for the Beast is bleeding & rowelling for a sore Back & a Congregation of Humours, so that He is not fit for riding: but as soon as he is able to bear the Cold after the Rowell operates, he will be at Grass in Dr Fry's Meadow while I am absent, so that I shall have little Charge & Trouble with Him, tho' little Use of Him. I suppose I can hire, beg, borrow or steal a Keffle at Selbourne.

Mr. Young is much Your's, but does not much relish our Absence, for which I cannot blame Him. We think with great Pleasure of Monday & some ensuing Time, tho' Mrs Mulso has had a few Pannics about the Roads &c: &c: I am more solicitous about Health & that I may not be a Plague to You, & the Family. We pray for fair Weather & hope it is no unseasonable Wish to Others as well as Ourselves. God send us a happy Meeting.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Yours,
J. Mulso.

Letter 72.

To the Revd. Mr White, Sunbury.
at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire. Sepr: 24 [1757]
Dear Gil:

I don't know whether You will receive this, before You receive Us, but I write at the Instant that I receive Your's. The Portmanteau is pack'd, the Chariot borrow'd. Friends on all Hands wrote to & advertised to address Us in Hants. Some forbid to come hither. My wife's mind prepared for the Journey; & she is not quite so big as She will be some Time hence. All these Things together tell us that your warning comes too late. But as we shall make You a long Visit, we shall have the Pleasure of seeing all the Parts of your Family, tho' not for so long a Time as we could have wished. We shall be in sad Distress if We do not see Your Face, as soon as We see the Swan at Alton. We hope to meet wth every face cheerfull, & so to remain.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
P.S. Mrs Mulso's Devoirs. J. M.

Letter 73.

To the Reverend Mr White, Sunbury,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire. Oct: 25, 1757.
Dear Gil:

We could not satisfy our Selves in any Expressions of Gratitude for your—(I will not say Civilities, for it is a cold Word, tho' it means a great attention, but for your) Tenderness

to Us while we had the pleasure of being with You: which Pleasure was so great, that I will not tell You how much Pain it gave us to part from it: I shall attribute a good deal of Mrs Mulso's Success in her future Operations (if it please God to grant her Success) to this very happy Expedition. She joins wth me in begging that our most gratefull Returns may be made acceptable to your good Father, your kind Sisters, & to my dear Friend himself for all the Favours We received at Selbourne.

You will be glad to hear how we proceeded after parting from You & Mr Ben: White at Alton: Truly we made not so much Hast to get from You as we did to get to You: we past none of our Stages wth great Expedition, nor did we urge any of the Drivers beyond the Pace they had a mind to go: at Bagshot we sat down to a hot Dinner & a good Fire, both which we enjoyed very much, & stayed to make an End of at Leizure. It was half an Hour after four when we arrived at our own Door. You may let Mr Benj: White & Mr. Butler of the Swan at Alton know that we passed all the Turnpike Road at the Rate of Ninepence pr Mile (tho' not without some little attempt at Farnham to take us in for a Shilling, but not one word towards it at Bagshot) and tho' we paid 5 Shills for ye cross miles home, which are between 5 & 6, yet had they been seven we should have been asked no more, as Banyard himself told me, that being the lowest Rate at which they put to a Pair of Horses; but when in ye Traces a Mile or two makes no Difference. Mr Butler laid us under great Injunctions not to expose him for carrying us so cheap; so You may assure him that his Honour is safe. I thank God we had no accident, nor other Inconvenience than exceeding low Spirits all the Way: We found Mr Young very well, & surprized to see Us enter the Parlour, for he did not hear the Chaise; & thought we should have been prevailed upon by the Ladies to trespass for a longer Time, which we should very easily have been, had not we have given our word to Him to return on the Day that we did. Your Family will be the Subject of many Conversations & many good Wishes; even your Dogs are remembered wth Pleasure, in spite of Fleas. We beg our Complements of Thanks may be made to Dr Bristow & Mrs Bristow & the Yalden Family, who, I know, will add to many Favours that of enquiring after our Healths & how We got home.

We hope John, Carpenter, & Hercules* are both upon their Legs again; I do not take them to be congenial, tho' the Carpenter seems a *pretty Stick of wood* enough, & I wish he had no more Pain than the Subject matter that he works upon.

I do not think that our Leaf here is more fallen than wth

* This was a "board-statue" of Hercules erected in the grounds of The Wakes at Selborne.

You. Our Endive is in good Plight & our Garden smart. We have no News here, nor can I tell You about my Friends, as we have heard Nothing of them. Some Squabbles happen hereabouts about the Militia; Captn Derby has the Lot fallen upon him to serve & is mortified at some Jokes on the Occasion; a very low fellow said he belevied he & his Partner Tom Derby should do very well. He is got into his new House. We hear nothing authentic of public News, & Mrs Bristow would think me a sad Correspondent if I filled my Paper with such Stuff. You will be very sorry to hear that Mrs Chardavoyne is still bad at Times, & my wife in great apprehensions about her Visits. We hope Mrs White is better. If You go your Jaunt with Mr. Benjn We wish it a pleasant One, but we hear a strong North Wind & feel it a cold One. Harry is the only one of your Family that we do not love; & that is only because we did not see Him; tho' we presume he is like ye rest, & when seen must be admired.

I am Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 74.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire.

Sunbury,
March 9, 1758.

Dear Gil:

I am almost angry at You for never writing to me in so long a Time; and Mrs Mulso, who is a Logician, begins to draw strange Conclusions; tho' as Logicians are not always in the right wth regard to Premises, She may make a just Conclusion & yet be wrong in her setting out; as I hope You very soon intend to prove, for at present You barely deserve that I should send You the News which this Letter contains.

Oh, dear Gil, what has not your Friend gone thro' this week: and what a World is this, where our very Happiness & ye Indulgence of our Hopes is to give us so much Misery! My Wife brought me a fine Girl at half an hour after four on Tuesday morning, but her Pains began at seven o'Clock on Monday Morning; from Seven at Night they were severe, but from Twelve greatly too much for your Friend to be within the Reach of them. The Doctor had his Share of Attendance upon me, & I have been shabby ever since, & yesterday had a violent Headach & Hysteric Complaint, or I should have written to You, having got my Tackle before Me. I thank God my wife is as well as can be expected, & the Child is alive & pretty well, & reckoned a large & well shaped Baby: I think, if it is like any thing but itself, it is more like me than its Mother, for which I have a small Doubt about it's Judgement; however it is some

Comfort to ye Father, & a Sign that You played me no Tricks when You were indulged in being at her Bedside. She desires her Love to You, tho' You are a Viper, & is willing that You should have this opportunity of wishing us Joy, because it must extort a Letter from You.

Have You been yet at your Living? But do not put that upon us as an Excuse, because it is two Months & upwards: & there are Pens and Ink at Inns, & a great deal of Liezure Time, between the Visits to Mouse. As to my Horse I have sold him about 3 weeks ago at Chertsea Fair for six Guineas, after having kept him without once mounting him the whole Winter. Mouse is the last Horse that I was upon, & I am in no Hurry to buy another at present.

I am going down to Salisbury very soon to take my Place in the Stall of Alton Australe, a small Prebend under £20 pr an: but wth a fine upon a Life of £300, which if it falls in soon, would heal some present Wounds. I shall go staring down, not knowing whither: and shall spend a Year & a half's Income par avance. But I hope this is but ye omen of greater Things, for I am quite ready for all those Things where Something is to be got & Nothing to be done. Mr Horton still curatizes for Me; I have done nothing yet but preach on the Fast Day, & read Prayers once or twice in an afternoon, & assist once at the Sacrament, besides Xnings & Burials. So that You see I shall wth great Nature fall in wth the Indulgence & Indolence of *stall'd Theology*. Tho' would God grant my abilities of Mind & Body to be equal to my Will to serve him in my Vocation, not even a Methodist should have an Opportunity to reproach me wth the Love of Ease.

We desire our affte Regards to your Father, Sister, &c: &c: &c: I am sure they will do us the Favour to rejoyce wth us, for the accomplishment of those good wishes which they liberally & sincerely bestowed upon Us when we had the Pleasure of their Companies.

Captn James Young & Mrs Young are gone to Bath wth Mrs Leece for Health, they have all been very ill indeed, & the Burford was forced to be given up to another Captn to go wth Boscawen. Jack Young is made Fort Major of Sheerness in ye Room of his Uncle Walker deceased.

I know You will share in ye comfortable News of this Lr, as I am sure I do in every thing that turns out to your Satisfaction. Let me have a long Letter from You, & that soon or I shall be gone off to Salisbury.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 75.

Sunbury,
April 17, 1758.

Dear Gil :

Tho' upon looking upon your last Letter I find the Date of it March ye 14th yet I cannot reproach myself with not having answered it before. I have had many things upon my Hands, more upon my Mind. Did You come now to Sunbury to visit your Friend Mrs Mulso, alass, it must be a bedside Visit! Both my Child & my Wife have harrassed my Spirit wth the most cruel apprehensions; but I thank God the worst is past. The Child is likely to live & my Wife is in a better way than She was. Twice her Breast has been cut in a most severe Way after the Pain and Feaver that attended Suppuration; on Saturday it was opened wth a Caustic, much ye least severe Operation; we are still apprehensive, tho' willing to hope ye best, of another Gathering. She is thin & weak, but I thank God has her old Spirits; a little Ease sets them up, & She has gone thro' the whole wth a Resolution & Resignation which has dignified her character to me still more, tho' I before thought that I held it in the highest Estimation. My Sister has been with Us thro' the Whole; I have not had a Place in my House to lay my Head in for a long Time: if You come this Way in your Journey to Town, You must scramble for what You can get, there is no *White* Room at present, & I fear will not by the Time you mention; I have one Lady in my House more than I had; She is small indeed, but takes up more room & gives more Trouble than all ye rest, her name is Jane Mulso.

I returned in a Post Chaise on Fryday from Salisbury, to which Place I set out ye Fryday before in ye Stage & had two of the most tedious Days that I have born a great while. My Spirits low & my Bones battered. I had been installed by my Proxy Dr. Blake before, so I road in & took Possession of my Stall of Alton Australe or Alton Pancrass Value £20 pr an: wth little probability of Fines and Renewals. But I have stepp'd in, & intend to be very busy wth my Elbows.

Scrope wrote me a very friendly Lr lately, & lodged some Papers relating to my Prebend in ye Hands of Dr Gilbert; the late Prebendary was a Mr Lumby a Relation of his. I must shorten my Letter to go & take ye Oaths at ye Qr Sessions, which are held today at ye George Inn here. My Aunt Thomas has been dying, but is better at her Lodgings at Kensington. Mr Young pretty well. Fortunately for Us Bill Young is just come from N : America & has attended my Wife in ye greatest Part of this Misfortune. I am sorry to hear that Mr White suffers so much; we honour him extremely; I find great Pleasure in ye

Description of the Grot, & should be very glad to wait upon ye Ladies thither.

My Head is in a great Hurry wth frequent Interruptions, I had better conclude than go wth so unconnected a Lr. Mrs Mulso's & ye *two* Miss Mulso's Love attend You with that of

Dear Gil, Your sincere Friend,

J. Mulso.

Letter 76.

Sunbury,

June 10, 1758.

Dear Gil :

I hope You continue well since you wrote last, tho' You give but a poor Account of the Healthfulness of Selbourne at the Time You wrote : I had been 'till this last Week pretty stout, but the extreme heats have overcome me, insomuch that I am now writing to You while Mr Horton is edifying my Congregation : Yet I am not improperly employed, since I am always acknowledging one of God's Blessings while I am thinking of my Friend.

Mrs Mulso is greatly alter'd for the better since You saw her. She goes about again (tho' without Stays) & went wth me to Mr Pigot's at Windsor yesterday was a Sennight. Mr Boone has now little more to do even in ye healing ye wounds he had made. Her Nights are not yet good, but I am willing to place it to ye Account of the Weather. She desires to be kindly remembered to You & Yours.

My Father has been here a Fortnight, & goes tomorrow : I have had several Rides wth Him in a gentle Pace, since he has been here, but I think I have received more Pleasure than Profit from them, for I do not know when I have been so low as this Week, having fainted away in the middle of shaving last Wednesday.

Methinks I see You very busy at your Father's Map of France, tracing out the environs of St Maloe's and Brest. We have very favourable Accounts at present from all Quarters, & if it please God to continue them We shall stand high in the Eye of the World. Poor Captn Young cannot have a Share in any of these great Doings, being but indifferent in Health, & Mrs Young in a very dangerous Way. Bill Young is Surgeon to ye Duke of Marlboro' in particular, as well as to ye general Hospital, & is greatly pleased wth his Post. How providential was his coming home to Us, & the Time of his Stay, which just tallied wth the case of Mrs Mulso ! I hope he will find a Reward for his great Tenderness to her.

I gape for public News wth greater Eagerness than ever. The Russians at Olmutz ; the English in France ; money sub-

scribed wth the greatest Eagerness, at low Interest; while it hardly to be got in France at great Interest; all this looks well, so that I almost forget that I have got nothing myself but my little Prebend, which has cost me between 30 & 40 Pounds to get into it.

The Bp's Family are all at Salisbury; Mrs Ogle not yet brought to Bed. I have buried my Neighbour Mr Trot, who has left his Widow above £20,000 in her own Disposal.

The Year is as beautifull as ever I saw. I long to be in your Grotto.—gelidis sub Montibus Hæmi, is your Situation. All our Compltts.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 77.

[Sunbury,
July 13, 1758.

Dear Gil :

It is very true that I have not written to You of a great while; but I chose to suspend that Pleasure 'till I could inform You that Mrs Mulso had recovered in a very great measure her old Health. As her Breast varied in it's appearance & Feel for a long Time, I could not boast of an absolute Cure; & yet thought it near. But now I thank God there are no Symptoms of any Relapse, & Nothing left but many cruel Scars, a great Tenderness & a quick Sense of Changes of Weather. We were in London last week & came down on Tuesday last, Our Family are moving off to Canterbury next Week & so we went to make them a farewell Visit. The weather is so bad and the Rains so continual that we could go to no public Place of Diversion; but we saw the British Musæum, & were conducted all over it by Dr Mattie. You who have had the Supervisal of the Bodleian Library will perhaps think 50,000 printed volumes but a private Collection; but there are besides about five Rooms full of Manuscripts; & four or five Rooms where the Virtuoso & the Naturalist have high Enjoyment of Samples in their Way: The House is at the same Time royal, & the Prospect* grand & delightfull. I gladly compounded for the Loss of Town Diversions by this Entertainment. We were so fortunate as to have a Sight of Bill Young, who is going to Germany. We went stifling in a Hackney to Clapham to see Miss Prescott, who is there with Dr Hinkly; You remember him of Pembroke; She is tolerably well for her. Tom is on ye Circuit. I had an Intention of calling on your Bror and Sisir Benjamin, but the

* The view of the country N. of London, as far as the Highgate Woods.

Weather would not let me, so I was forced to send for the Life of my Founder & Benefactor Wm of Wikeham.

Mrs Mulso & Myself join very heartily in condoling with You on the Loss of Dr Bristow; & think of Mrs Bristow wth great Commiseration. I suppose You have the Care of the Church upon You 'till the Successor arrives. I beg of you to contrive to get a great Estate, to be enabled to live on at Selbourne, to be the Friend of the Poor who have now lost one & may in a few Years lose another; & prevent that Sweet Place, which is already sunk from a great Town to a Village, from decaying into the very Den of Poverty & Misery: Capable as it certainly is of the highest Improvements, & of being one of the most enchanting Spots in England.

Mrs Mulso has often thought of your good Father's & obliging Sister's kind wishes & concerns for her in her Illness, & imagines it will give them Pleasure to hear that She is much recovered. She was last Night wth Mrs Donne, who came down wth us, at the first Walton Assembly for this Season. My little Girl thrives & will do very well, & by a significant Leer of her Eye promises to be a Droll. Mr Young is but indifferent, having at this time a feavourish Complaint & an Inflammation in his Eye, for which I know You pity Him: but he is upon ye Recovery. Friends at Salisbury pretty well, Mrs Ogle not yet brought to Bed, but expecting every Day. The Girls inflaming the Hearts of Clergy & Laity, & killing away at a great rate. I hope all your Friends are in as good Health as You can well hope for; it would be too negligent a Compliment in me to suppose your Father (& Uncle to be quite well, when I know them to be but Invalids at best; but if they are not quite well, it is not owing to want of good wishes in Mrs Mulso & Myself, for You & Your's are secure of them always.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's Afftely

J. M.

Letter 78.

To the Reverend Mr. White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Sunbury,
Aug: 28, 1758.

Dear Gil:

I thank You for your agreeable Letter from Deane; * but as I find that You think that will content me, (tho' You found One from Me on your Return to Selbourne), this comes to let You know that I am not so easily satisfied:

* Gilbert White visited his cousin Basil Cane, the Curate of Dene, from July 4 to 15.

" By Jove, I am not covetous of Gold ;
 " Nor care I who doth feed upon my Cost ;
 " It yerns me not if Men my Garments wear ;
 " Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 " But if it be a Sin to covet *Friendship*,
 " I am the most offending Soul alive.—

Of Consequence, I desire to hear from You & about You, rather oft'ner than You have of late let me do. I have not seen You within this Twelvemonth for above three or four Days, & we are got into the Month of August. How long will this Sequestration* last & how do You settle your Matters? You said You wished (without Prejudice to any Body) You was set down upon the Living of Deane: I wish You was with all my heart; for ever since You mentioned the Isle of Wight, I have been Sea-sick at the Thoughts of crossing the Water. And yet I know it would be impossible for me not to come to see how You would improve any Place that You was settled in: But pray, if You can, let Fat-Goose Living be upon Terra firma.

I wish You Joy of our Success at Louisbourgh, I suppose You read the thanksgiving for it yesterday: I take it to come from the Pen of our new Arch-Bishop. I wish we had occasion for another for the Taking of Crown Point, but I do not despair of it yet. Great Blame lights upon the Engineer Clark, at Coffee Houses & Places of much Talk & little Wit, & some on the General; but the first has quitted all Scores by Death, & the Other I hope will wipe out this Impression by Victory another time.

You will be surprized when I tell You that Mr Garrick & Myself have had a little Correspondence. He is about to dedicate his Temple to Shakespeare; the Lines which I struck into my head from Virgil seemed so very apposite to the Design, & so descriptive of the Place with a small alteration of the Names of *Thamesis* for *Mincius* & *Shakespeareus* for *mihi Caesar*, that I could not resist the Inclination of giving them to Him for a Scroll upon his Building—

Viridi in Campo Templum de Marmore ponam
 Propter Aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
 Mincius, et tenera praetexit arundine ripas, &c :

I will show You how I prefaced this Citation to him when I see You, & his polite Answer to it. But pray tell me if I am right in conjecturing that *tardis* is an Epithet of commendation, & not of dispraise; considering that the other Rivers of Italy run with too strong a Current to give the peaceful Otium to the Imagination of a Poet.

I must now speak of my Family: Mrs Mulso will be quite

* Of the Vicarage of Selborne.

offended if I do not tell You how much she longs (tho' not in the way of last Year) to see your alterations at Selbourne, neither has She less Curiosity to know your ingenious Brother.* Every hot day She wishes for some sage Urganda to transport her by the easy Conveyance of an airy Journey to the peacefull Hermitage. She desires to be kindly remember'd to Yourself & the Family. Our little Jenny thrives & entertains Us vastly; She is a sweet-tempered child, tho' no Beauty; but She is just going to be weaned & to cut her teeth, which being cruel aeras may alter her for the worse, 'till she has got over them. The Bishop's Family have undergone a severe Dissappointment in finding out that Mrs Ogle is not with Child at last; all hopes are over & She is returned to Riding for the re-establishment of her health. My Father & Sister were well at Canterbury when I heard from them last. Bob Young having an Itch for going into Scotland set out for Edinborough last Saturday. Bill Young is wth the Duke of Marlboro' near the Rhine. Tom Mulso & Pressy are in Town, but Tom sets out for Salisbury when the Bishop returns from Bremhill, & stays there as Mr Secretary 'till the Family come to Town.

My sincere Regards & good wishes attend your Friends.

I am, Dear Gill, Afftely Yours,

J. M.

Letter 79.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire.

Sunbury,
Sept 12, 1758.

Dear Gil :

There was a little agreeable Paragraph that lay lurking in the last Folding of your Letter, which is what I shall take Notice of before all the rest of your kind Letter. You give Us hopes that We may see Miss White as well as Yourself at Sunbury. You seem to be confined by the Sequestration,† & yet this detached little Piece of News seem to mean that We shall see You before You are released from that Confinement; else, what means your stingy *Week*? it seems the very limits of an ecclesiastical Tether. But Mrs Mulso sends her Comps. to Miss White & will be very glad to see her at Sunbury for whatever Time She can be so good as to spare to Her, & wishes it may be in her Power to make it as agreeable to Her as She found the Time that She spent at Selbourne. You know my Territories; & that now I have

* Harry White personated the Hermit of the Hermitage.

† Of Selborne, to which living Mr. Etty had succeeded on the death of Dr. Bristow in July, 1758. Gilbert White undertook the duty for him until October, 1759.

got a little Girl, who already assumes an Apartment to herself: but if You will give up the *White Room*, & take up with such accommodations as our neighbourhood can afford You, Miss White may pass her Criticisms on Mr Rayner's Garden out of the back windows. But You will be so good as to let Us know more punctually the Time You intend to be with Us; because as We have many acquaintances that do Us the Favour to take a Bed with Us, We may be full at a Time that You make a chance Visit.

I have been looking over that Copy of Verses which I have in my Possession under the Title of the *Invitation*, in Order to insert the beautifull Lines which You have added in Honour of your Hermitage, & to alter the two Rhimes which I thought abominable, but I can find no such Lines as begin wth "Oft on some Ev'ning—&c: and I beleive that You sent some to Miss Mulso that are different from what I have by me, which came out of the Fens of Cambridgeshire. The Alteration is exceedingly good, & pleases me more than the last two Lines of the Hermitage, because they are more of Nature.

I met Mr Garrick coming to see me. He thanked me much for my Hints, for there were two: but as I did not like ye last, I beleive I did not mention it to You. He told me he had a Hint of the first from another Gentleman; but he seems to intend to use but a Part of the Citation, & does not seem to be taken wth what You think is descriptive of his Situation, & which I think so too.

Our Swallows & Bank Martins have long been dashing into the Aights, as if they had called their Convocation to debate upon departing from so ungenial a Climate as our's has been this Summer. You know You was struck with this Sight last Year.* We have fared but indifferent in the Fruit Way this Season, it has been a wretched one for wall Fruit: However Mrs Mulso has not had such urgent claims upon it as She had then, & we have had enough to satisfy reasonable Creatures. Jenny is already weaned being six months old, but I cannot answer that She will be good Company, as the Affair of Teeth will soon come on; as yet, She is as quiet a Baby as ever was born, and that is her only Beauty. Her Mother is certainly fond of her, & I hope You will bring Cotton for your Ears, for there is a blessed Tintamar wth them every day. I also behave very like a Fool about her, but it makes for me in the Opinion of my Wife, which is a material Consideration. I am very sorry that You like to lose your good neighbour Mrs Bristow; She has cost Mrs Mulso and Me more Uneasiness than She thinks for; for no Body could have a greater value for her in so short an Acquaintance, &

* See the 'Selborne' Letters 12 and 13 to Pennant.

for the truly worthy Doctor. You give Us great Concern in telling Us of Mr White's sufferings; He is one of my Wife's Tip top Flames. I thank God We are pretty well here; bating our Man Harry who is dangerously ill; tho' I have suffered severely by a Head ach since I wrote last. I always think Myself interested in Mouse's Distempers, because I think they prevent my seeing You, when perhaps You did not otherwise intend it. Our Respects attend you and Your's.

I am, Dear Gil: Afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 80.

Sunbury,
Oct: 5, 1758.

Dear Gil: -

At all Times & on all Occasions I find in You the Marks of a true Friend; and I find a strong Instance of it in your so immediately opening your Heart to me on this very melancholy Occasion. And my dear Friend has so much of the Complacency of Mind & christian Temper of his valuable Father, that I need not suggest to him many Subjects of Consolation even in this very afflicting Event. For as the Hand of his God was over him during his Life, so was it visibly in his End; for Mr White had a Strength of Body amidst all his Infirmities to have subjected him to much greater Struggles than it pleased God to try him with at his Death: This *Euthwasia* was what was greatly to be wished for after so good a Life. With Regard to his Family, who will always remember him with the Tenderness & Honour due to his Memory, he was spared to them 'till they were all grown up to such a State, as to be at no Loss for a Method & Settlement in Life; & what little is wanting to Harry would have naturally fallen to your Care, had he lived longer, from his retired way of Life. So that his worthy Heart was recompenced with a great Reward of his Care, That of seeing his Children in a Train of Prosperity in the World, gratefull to his parental Providence, & sensible to the Principles upon which he acted in all relations.

And with this little & imperfect Eulogy I take my Leave of a Man, whom Mrs Mulso & myself very much respected & valued. And tho' the Thoughts of him, my dear Friend, are at this Time grievous and painfull, yet they will be a Balm & a Comfort in future Reflexion. For solid is the Blessing of having had a good Parent, it surely attends his Posterity; & no observing Man has seen the Righteous forsaken, or his Seed begging their Bread.

And now, dear Gil, if any thing lies in our Power to be done for You & Your's, we beg You to let Us know; & when your

Hurry is over at Selbourne, & Affairs a little settled, if a Change of Scene will be agreeable to You, we shall be glad to have your Company at Sunbury. Our Respects attend the Family, for whom we at present feel a more than common Tenderness: But
 I am, My dear Gil, Constantly & afftely Your's,

J. M.

Letter 81.

Soho Square,
 Novr 29, 1758.

Dear Gil:

Tho' I have talked wth your Brother Ben: and wth Mr Cane, I can form at present no Judgement upon what Plea You can keep your Fellowship wth your Estate, so that I cannot give advice of any Value to your present Purposes. I cannot but conclude from my Knowledge of You, that the Reasons must appear very strong to You; & that You could not be tempted by Interest to do anything contrary to the Statutes of the University, or of your particular Society; and not only so, but that You can never forget that Fellowships are a Sort of temporary Establishments for men of good Learning and small Fortunes, 'till their Merits or some fortunate Turn pushes them into ye World, and enables them to relinquish to Men under the same Predicament. I am in no Doubts about what You owe to the present Society in this Respect; I speak only as to ye general Intent of your Founders & Benefactors, & as to what You owe to Yourself; in which Views I dare say You would be cautious of appealing to a Visitor unless the Affair was absolutely clear & creditable on your Side. For Visitatorial Decrees being (tho' statutable) something tyrannical, must make the Person appealing ill looked upon by his Brethren unless the Case turns out quite fair & clear on his Side. But what I now say is a Caution which is unnecessary, because I have had a long Experience of the Candour and Honesty of your Disposition, & can make nothing agst the Reasons that You must have, & which are quite unknown to Me. I have a good deal of Curiosity to see your Letter to ye Society.* You certainly at present owe them

* This letter is not now extant. It must have contained a statement of his pecuniary position, since by the College statutes the Fellowship would have been vacated if he had possessed an inherited fortune yielding a larger income than its total emoluments. It is certain that this was not the case; for, though White's position at his father's death as tenant in tail in possession of a portion of his mother's settled property (he only received £20 from his father) had apparently given him the reputation of wealth, he had to sell the estates at once in order to defray a mortgage and the (proportionately) very large sums charged on them in favour of the numerous younger children;

no Compliments to your own Disadvantage. Can you not, now that one of your Opposers is gone, make a Push for Harry at the next Election? I cannot help feeling sorry for Tom Mander, tho' he did not turn out ye Man I could have wish'd; for my Memory, you know, turns back

— to his happier Hour
Of social Freedom, ill-exchang'd for Power."

We have been here at the Bishop's ever since last Monday was three Weeks, Mrs Mulso miscarried here the first week of our coming to Town, & we are obliged to stay till next Saturday, when I hope She will be able to travell without any Prejudice. Had it not been for this accident I might have been the Father of *two* more Children; but it better suits wth a Vicarage to have but one at a Time; so if it will be of no Prejudice to my Wife's Health, it may be better as it is. Our little Jenny is very well wth her Grandpapa at Sunbury. Mrs Mulso has here an Opportunity of mentioning Betty Baker, but has not yet met wth anything that would fit her.

I have had some little Returns of my old Complaint, but not very severe: The Season is chilly & dull; the chearfull leaf is gone, & the Poor ravage even the Bough.—But, alas, why do I speak of this only? With You, my dear Friend, the good Tree is fallen that shelter'd so many under his hospitable Arms. Non deficit Alter indeed; but if he was a little more *aureus*, your poor neighbourhood would perhaps never miss their old Patron, so riveted is your natural Partiality to Selbourne. You tempt us wth your kind Invitation, but it is a long Time to look thro' to next Autumn; tho' when it is past, it will be but as a Moment. I hope your Bror Thomas recovers apace, & that your Fire Side is well; I pray God not to take away, but to increase your Friends & your Means; such friends as do not Come meerly for ye Increase of your means. I called on your Bro: & Mrs B: White last Sunday after I had preached at St. Bride's. I was pleased to be remembered by little Ben: & Jenny: I admired Mr Yalden's Widow who was there, She is very handsome.* I had an opportunity of asking after all the Branches of your Family.

I wish You Joy of our having finished the Campaigns of this Year wth a good deal of Success; & of ye King's being restored by a slight Fit of the Gout to good Health, which is a very material Circumstance of public Composure and Happiness. Have you seen Dr Blackstone's introductory Lecture, as Vinerian

and only retained one farm, the gross rent of which was £34 at this time. Except £800, which Mr. Holt left him in 1746, he had no other "patrimonium," and consequently was legally entitled to retain his Fellowship.

* Mrs. William Yalden, née Mary Leach, was married to Thomas White, her late husband's partner in business, shortly after the date of this letter.

Professor of civil Law? It is a very creditable Performance indeed.

Mrs Mulso's Love & best wishes attend You, & the Comps. of this Family.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

P.S. Why did You call me *Sr*: in ye Beginning of yours?

Letter 82.

Sunbury,
Febry 4, 1759.

Dear Gil:

In what Manner to answer your Last I am at a Loss: we have no towering Hills, no elegant Nests to copy, such as I found inclosed in Your's: Neither am I Painter enough to give You so just an Idea of them as You I beleive have conveyed to me of your Hermitage by the handsome performance of Miss Culverton. But indeed You have shewn a right picturesque Imagination in ye Choice of the Motto; in which, without ye Scratch under ye last words, I could have found not only your poetical Fancy, but your filial Piety. I am obliged to you for it; & it is now in the Hands of Briginshaw, our neatest Carpenter, to be framed. I have been very much out of Order of late wth frequent Returns of my Fits; & a far greater Sufferer by the Piles than ever I was before, & in a way in which they were not so serviceable as sometimes they are said to be. I must hasten to tell You a Piece of News relating to Myself, lest I be too much tired wth writing before I get at it.

Mr Stevens tells me that my Name is in one of the Papers, as being newly made Chaplain to ye Bp of Sarum, and it is true that I have lately enter'd myself in Form at ye Commons; and upon this odd Motive; Mr. Trenley wrote me Word some Time ago that one Mrs Palmer was his Friend & Client, & had ye Disposal of a good Living just vacant, & had offer'd the Disposal of it to him for any Friend, & he was so kind as to name me. So I went to Town, & have proceeded so far as to lodge the Presentation in ye Hands of the Bp of Winton. But as I hear all the affairs of this Lady are not clear of Law, I stop now where I am to see if no other Claimant can give a better Title to an other Man. None has as yet done it, for we lodged a Caveat at the Beginning. Yet I do not set my Heart upon it; I find Jesus College has been a Party in the Concerns of this Lady, & I am not Hercules enough to encounter such a Hydra as a College is, tho' You are. So I stop to give every Body fair Play, & Leizure to claim their own: that I may not climb over ye Sheep Fold, but go in honestly at ye Gate. The Name of this Living is

Nutfield, You will find it between Ryegate and Blachinley in ye S:E: quarter of ye Map of Surry. It is a Rectory & I am told ye Value pretty good; But ye Proof must determine that: It is called £250. So You may think my entering my Chaplainship is to enable me to hold it wth my first Love, my Living of Sunbury. I have not set my Mind much upon it, because it is doubtfull; but this last Circumstance of being tenable wth Sunbury makes it a good Thing to me, tho' ye Value shd be less than what is named, as I always suppose.

And now if I get this Thing, will it not be strangely and providentially flung in my way, at a Time when Mr Young's life grows every day more & more precarious: and shall not my Wife & Myself have Reason to love Old Women as long as we live?— I have mentioned this affair here in Sunbury more than ye Chance of it at present warrants; but I thought I owed it to ye Kindness of Mr. Trenley, to whom I am equally indebted, whether I succeed or no. The late Incumbent died in ye month of January, so that it is a long Space to find all quiet, & gives me the greater Hope. But, my dear Gil, delay your Congratulations, lest they be premature, like your Description of the Situation of Bremhill. Yet let me hear from You, for You are very stingy in this Way. I met ye Provost in St. James's Park lately, & just cursorily asked him what He intended to do wth You, & he said it was in your own breast to keep or leave your Fellowship; for Nobody meant to turn You out if You did not choose it Yourself; so I suppose that affair is settled.* I called on your Bro:r Benj:n in Town & he told me all were well at Selbourne, he told me he had got another Son.

Mrs Mulso sends her Love to you; my little Jenny is well, & very lively, but has no Tooth yet, which keeps us in some fear, lest Pain change her Note & ye extreme Quietness and Goodness of her Temper. Our Comps. attend your Family.

I am, Dear Gil: Afftely Your's,

J. M.

* It may be concluded from the following extract from the Memoir by Mr. Bell that Dr. Musgrave was entirely satisfied that Gilbert White was entitled to retain his fellowship.

"A letter from Dr. Musgrave, then Provost of Oriel, to Gilbert White, dated December 24, 1758, clearly intimates that some representations had been made to him that Gilbert White had 'succeeded on his father's death to a very large estate,' and that, on this account his retention of his fellowship and, consequently, his presentation to the College living [?] were inconsistent with his present position. The Provost, however, declines in the most positive manner to listen to these misrepresentations; for such they undoubtedly were, and probably made from interested motives." See Bell's Edition of the 'Selborne' vol. i. p. xxxviii. Mr. Bell left the family papers, which he borrowed from the late Mr. Algernon Holt-White and Mr. Field, in much confusion, and this letter has been lost.

Letter 83.

Sunbury,
March 23, 1759.

Dear Gil :

I am very glad that you see my Sollicitude about the Propriety of holding your Fortune with your Fellowship in the Light that I could have wished : It was owing to my Jealousy of your Honour, not my Suspicion of it : and I was satisfied that You could supply me wth an Answer to those who might ask me about it, tho' I could only give one by Guess before, to ye same Purpose. As You are satisfied of the Legality of holding it, I think you are quite in the right to hold it.

My present Prospect of the Living of Nutfield is so clouded, that I am persuaded I shall never find my way to it. The Behaviour of Mr Trenley upon the Occasion has been unaccountable to the last Degree. For tho' he has been 3 Times at Sunbury, I have never had any Circumstance of the Affair from him. I have learned *from Others* that Jesus College have presented their Man ; *from Others*, that the whole Estate is disputed wth the Lady my Patroness, so that it is a moot Point whether She ever had any Right in it at all : and other Particulars which take off from the Friendliness of his first Recommendation ; but I must have further Insight into the Truth of these before I mention them in a Letter. So that your poor Friend is just where he was, bating a few volatile Pounds that have taken their Flight on this Occasion.

Every fine Day makes Us think of your Alterations, & the Beauties of Selbourne. Mrs Mulso longs to see the Hermitage, the Opus Operatum of Harry, but more to see the Man. We often talk of your Sisters ; and indeed ye News Papers gave Us Occasion to talk of your Sister at Linden, by the Mention of the Death of old Mr Barker. We talk of them wth Pleasure & Gratitude for the Kindness wth which they entertained Us, & the Interest they seem'd to take in the Welfare of my Wife. She desires her affte Comps. to You & them &c, &c :—She has not been quite so well as I could wish since her Miscarriage, being subject to Pains in her Back & Sides. I am not so *desperate a Fellow* as to desire to have her Show any Marks of my Prowess yet a while : Indeed without farthur Recruit of Constitution, I should be afraid of their ending in Miscarriage, & a farther Hurt of her Constitution ; & I am well pleased to tell You that She is not in that way now. We can be contented wth little Jenny, if it pleases God to spare her to Us ; She is very well at present, but busy about Teeth & fretfull now & then wth Pain.

We expect a Visit from the Bishop & Family next Month, & from Mr & Mrs Ogle the latter end of this in their Way to Salisbury.

I have been ill of late wth my nervous Headaches, but am now better again. Your Friend Dr Fry is going away this week, & has let his House to a Jew: I am sorry for the Neighbour's going, & the Neighbour's Coming. If your Hurry is over, write oft'ner, & do not defraud Us of a great Pleasure.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 84.

Sunbury,
May 7, 1759.

Dear Gil:

Your very kind Invitation to Selbourne has put Mrs Mulso & Myself into a great Fuss; because it has aroused all our Inclinations to that agreeable Retirement & heighten'd them into Desires, but it has likewise made Us find a great many Difficulties, which will make this Letter no satisfactory & determinate answer to Your's. If We come (which I assure You We desire no less than You do) We shall stay for no little Time; & two Things discourage this Absence; Mr Young's Impatience, which We are afraid of; & the Leaving our little Girl; who being employed in the arduous Business of cutting Teeth, may be sick & recall Us, if not prevent Us: tho' at present She has got Five, & is very well. Then I must tell You (but whisper that) that in Spite of what You heard of Mrs Mulso in the Winter, She behaves very ill in a Morning; & it is a Quaere, which You that are a Naturalist must settle, whether Danger or Advantage would accrue from mounting Hills & climbing Stiles in her undetermined State. And I cannot say that I would willingly treat You either wth a Miscarriage or a Groaning; tho' to be sure we were very well taken Care of at the Bishop's in the first of these Cases. In short, Mrs Mulso sends her Love to You, & desires You not to think her Lady-like & coy, if She desires You, as yet, not to hope,—yet not to despair. I should think your best way would be to take your Horse one of these days, & come some of your sly Ways, which I beleive are now inexpressibly green, & determine for Us this Point, & convince Mr Y: how good it would be for Us, & what a fine Opportunity of having our Parlour painted.

As to Nutfield, I have now a Letter in my Pocket, which, (if I understand it right, as I very much doubt, it being perfectly Law Language) informs me that if I & my Patroness had lived but one hundred Years ago, She would have had an undoubted Right to give & I to possess the Living; but that for Want of a proper Seizing at a Crisis (for this same ἀρπαγμός is of wonderfull Energy in Law) the Right slipp'd away into another

Branch, who had the Wit to *seize*: So that instead of being near the Living (as I once thought) I find I am only a hundred Years too late.

Sunbury is in high Beauty; we have had a long & severe East Wind, which set our poor Swifts and Swallows very hard; but it has been succeeded by such charming Rains, that our Verdure is quite strong & clean. I never heard more Nightingales; our Foreign Birds came this Year on the 2d or 3rd of April.

My Father has been but very poorly, having had a Feavourish Complaint not unattended wth some of his old Symptoms; he is better again; but I beg You to let me know if You can call upon Us, that I may not have You want a Bed wth Us, as I intend to ask Him to take the Benefit of our Air for a short Time. We have had the Bishop's Family from Monday to Thursday the week before last. The Bp confirmed some of my Parishrs, So that We have had the Credit of Lawn Sleeves at the Vicarage. Miss Prescott has taken Lodgings for the Summer at Uxbridge. Capt James Young has the Command of the Mars of 74 Guns, but is not order'd out yet.

You lay strong Temptations in our Way when You tell Us that Miss White & Harry will be at Home to oblige Us if We come down. You don't know how favourable an Impression her elegant & sweet Manners have made on Mrs Mulso already; I protest I would not have Harry keep pace wth her, for I am not the man that he remembers me, but one a good deal broken wth some real and some imaginary Ailments. I hope Harry has diverted You wth his Scrape at my Father's about Mr. Kirkham, if he has not, reserve it for a Roast agst We see Him, (if We do see him). Do not mind the Date of this Letter; it has taken me three days, for I have been poorly of late & Mr Boone calls & takes me out in his Cnaise, and mightily interrupts my Mornings.

I am pleased that You have got back from Oxford wth a Mind impregnated wth Poetry, as in former Days; & not troubled wth Party & Contention; You brought back our old happy Feels over Milton, by those few words—"now my Task is smoothly done"—& I congratulate that Placidity & Academic Turn of your Mind.

Farewell, my dear Friend, let me hear soon from You; think of all the Disagreeableness that You may bring upon Yourself before You repeat your Invitation, & remember that Mouse was the last Horse that I rode upon.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Mrs M: & Mr Y:'s Respects to yourself & Family.

Letter 85.

Sunbury,
June 8, 1759.

Dear Gil,

Mrs Mulso & Myself are both very much obliged to You for your friendly Letter. We need not half the Arguments that You make Use of to incline Us to accept your offer, but Mrs Mulso still desires me to tell You that She cannot absolutely fix a Time, yet that it cannot be before the Middle of July at soonest, & desires to know whether your Fields &c: are passable by a Carriage at that Time of the Year; I hope by that Time the little Person will be settled in his Mansions, & that a Journey into the Hill Country will do Him as much Service as I think it did his or her Sister Jenny. In the mean Time We shall be glad to see You at Sunbury, If You will let Us know; for now my Father is wth Us, & next week we expect Mrs James Young, whose Captain is gone out in the Mars: How long She will stay I do not say. The Bishop & Fam: set out for Salisbury next Monday wth my Aunt Donne. My Father & Sister are to follow them about the Time that We hope to set out for Selbourne, where our Minds are already revelling in the wildest & coolest of Scenes & foretasting of Pleasures that are Pontificum potiora Caenis. When You come here You will miss two Places that You used to like to call in at: Dr Fry's, where we have as yet no Acquaintance; & poor Mr Trenley's, whose wife now lies dead here; & He is Himself a dejected & unnerved Man, & very probably will never recover this Shock. Lady Musgrave is brought to Bed of another Son. So much for our Sunbury News. As to the Poetical Turn of your Letter, I cannot answer You in that Way; I have been looking over Duncombe's Translation of Horace; He has been so kind as to give Us most of the Satires & Epistles in Blank Lines, for I will not call them Verse. I cannot but say that You did Him great Injustice, but Yourself great Justice, in not letting me insert your Imitations amongst them. They would have been amongst the Things that, if He knows Himself, he desperat tractata nitescere posse, & so leaves them to halt in Blank, but they would have ornamented the Book. Some of his Notes are good; but it is offensive to me to see so bad a poet set up to fell Mr Pope; He has had the Audacity to find Fault wth your Favourite Simile of the Moon.

Dear Gil, let Us hear of You, let Us see You, & I hope in God we shall be able to return your Compliment. I fear about it, because I long for it very heartily. Mrs Mulso is not angry at your applying to Her what was designed for a Horse, for She knows that it is your favourite Animal: My Bones are now aking with two Rides only a Foot Pace upon my Father's Mouse,

whom I mounted partly to reconcile me to a Saddle, that I might not be quite lost to Goodness when I come to Selbourne; If You had seen my stiff Figure after so long an Interval of Riding, You would thought that I held Riding to be solenne Viris Opus.

Our Compliments attend your Household, whom we very much desire to see & be a Part of. Stevens has forsaken me without warning & is gone Chaplain to a Man of War. Mr Richd Gardiner has undertaken my Curacy: I like the Man, & am glad that this little affair will be serviceable to him, but I am not satisfied in all Points, I take Him to be

—much Divinity without a Noths.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 86.

Sunbury,
Sepr 12, 1759.

Dear Gil:

Mrs Mulso & myself have a multitude of Thanks to return You, for your long & kind Course of Hospitality & Friendliness that You have shown Us; to Your excellent Sister, your Brothers, Mr Cane, & all who help'd to make our Time pass very happily away, & one of the most agreable of Places still more agreable. And these Thanks ought in Ceremony to be deliver'd in full Detail; but I am not good at Compliments, and the kind Offices that You have all exercised to me & my wife sink deeper than to be poured out in verbal Expression; the Feel that I have for them is amongst the Things

—Quod nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum.

I therefore pass on to let You know that Mrs Mulso's purple Gown caught no manner of Harm by our Journey. We did not get Home 'till Six o'clock, but we made a long Stop at Bagshot where we dined, & began to regret your Bread, Beer, & Southampton Port. We found Mr Young & our Child very well; Mr Y: enquired after You, & seem'd rather to wonder at our Coming than to expect Us. As the Day cleared up, & we left our Friend *Harrey* very well, we hope He got no Harm by his wetting in the Morning. I find Myself rather the worse for being jumbled & heated by setting so long, but otherwise pretty well.

We meet as yet wth no great addition of News; the Quantities of Stores taken in America are amazing; No news of Quebeck yet, but great Expectations.*

We find our Neighbours here very well, & a roaring Trade

* Quebec was taken on the day this letter was written.

of Weddings. Jenny has broke her Nose, but she cannot well spoil it, so it does not signify.

We beg our Compliments to Mr Etty, & our good Friends at Newton. I have no more Time to add any thing than that I am,

Dear Gil, Yours afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 87.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton Hants.

Sunbury,
Novr 6, 1759.

Dear Gil :

Sure never Man who wrote so well as You do had ever such an Abhorrence of writing! We rack'd our Imaginations to invent an Excuse for your Silence. I thought my Lr had miscarried, & that you was supposing it odd & ill-bred in Us to have given so much & so long Trouble without returning any Thanks, but a Lr from Salisbury & ye Sight of my Sister set me at Ease; I heard You had been there again & had mentioned the Receipt of it. In short You will imagine, tho' You begin to hate to describe, how uneasy We were for near two months; when at last your Letter came, without any Apology, or any Notice of so unkind a Silence on your Part. It is well for You that You mentioned so engaging a Party as that of Miss White's, Your Brother's and Your's at Sunbury: It is so agreeable to Us, that it should have had an immediate Answer, if it had been in my Power to have given it: But an Accident has happened that obliged me to demurr for a while: Mrs Donne & my Sister have been here some Time, and my poor Sister has been seized wth a Feaver, of which She is still ill, but upon ye mending Hand; She has put off the Fit by the Bark, & we hope has little more than Kitchen Physic now to go thro'. If this had turned out a more serious affair than it has done, You will guess how we must have been distressed, especially as Mrs Mulso draws near her Time: But as it is, supposing my Aunt & Sister do not go, which in all Probability they will, before You set out, we can still provide a bed for Miss White, & it will give them an additional Pleasure to see You here. But *remember*—& pray Miss White jogg your Brother, & pray, Harry & Captain, worry ye Gentleman, till He writes us word of the exact Day, & whether We shall expect You to spend more than One night, or whether we shall secure the Stage or Copland's Chaise, that our Time may not be spent in the disagreeable Circumstance of providing for your going away. Write therefore ye Day & ye Time of Day that You will be here: If You come in Chaises, there is no Doubt that if You will set out in good Time & not have too much

to say to ye Marquiss of Tullibardin that You may dine wth Us at three o'Clock. So let us know: for we may have an Engagement to Keinton Park or somewhere, if You do not. The Chertsea Stage goes from hence only on Monday's, Wednesdays & Frydays: Copland often engaged: Be punctual for once.

We have had the Pleasure of a short Visit fm Mrs Bristow & Miss Culverton: we were glad to see them, & thought it much too short. Mrs Mulso's Love and Services, wth mine, attend Miss White, Yourself & Family. We wish Harry Joy, rather of his Prospects than his Gains.* But it was quite right to take it. I have a Hurry of People about me, and write miserably; I have suffered agonies since I saw You wth my Complaint & have been to Town wth the Fear of being cut for a Fistula, but I was released fm that Fear, & am now better for the Medicines prescribed. Mrs Mulso pretty well, Mr Young, & Jenny. Our Visitors desire Comps. and we desire that You would not out of an Excess of wisdom think of going by Us, as You will rob us of a great deal of Pleasure & give Us no Trouble in coming at all Events.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 88.

Sunbury,
Novr 17, 1759.

Dear Gil:

Tho' You gave me an opportunity of being idle wth Regard to writing, by letting me know that You would come to Sunbury if You heard nothing more from me, yet I will not take advantage of it, & be deficient in letting Miss White know how glad Mrs Mulso will be to see her at Sunbury on Tuesday next: Mrs Donne & my Sister left us yesterday morning; my Sister was pretty well recovered of her Feaver, but weak in body and Spirits: Miss White will now have a Bed in our House; as to You & Harry, I must bespeak a Bed for You at ye Flower-Pot, or some such genteel Place; for as You know, I have but one spare bed. I am glad to find that You have some apprehensions of my wrath; but as it is good to have a Giant's strength, tho' not to use it like a Giant, so my wrath is entirely appeased since I have heard of your Coming & bringing your Sister; for I should be ashamed of falling aboard of Parsons & Magpies before Her, whose Temper seems of ye sweetest & most pacific Kind.

I desire You to be so kind as to bring Gibson's Letter wth You, that we may hear it, if there are no Secrets in it. I

* Harry White at this time, apparently, became curate-in-charge of N. Tedworth, Wilts, with residence there.

suppose You come to Banyard's at ye Bush at Staines whose Drivers are ye best at crossing ye Country; tho' our cross Roads will not inspire You wth so much fear as ye Selbourne Roads gave to Mrs Mulso: She has a great many Thanks in Store for Harry for suffering a Sopping with so much Patience to escort her to Alton.

The Bishop & all my Friends are arrived in Town; a Piece of Intelligence that You may perhaps be glad to know, as perhaps Harry's Business may carry Him to ye Bishop.

Nothing at present remains but our hearty wishes for a good & pleasant Journey & a safe meeting at Sunbury. Our Compliments attend the Yalden Family and Mr ETTY'S.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 89.

To the Revd Mr White,

at Mr. White's, in Thames Street, London.

Dear Gil:

Sunbury

Dec: 6, 1759.

I have great events to acquaint You wth if You are as yet ignorant of them. Mrs Mulso was brought to Bed on Saturday Morn at Nine o'Clock of a Boy; She & ye Child are very well; & I have delayed giving this Information to You & Miss White, who was so obliging as to desire to be informed of it, that I might add at the same Time what I hoped would be ye Case, & what, I thank God, is so, that her Breast is very well, & She has had no Inconvenience from it at all.

As I told *More Harry* when he was here, that tho' he had a new Living, yet I had an Ivory Bilboquette, so now I must tell You that I have the Promise of a new Living too; but it will carry me far from my Friends; tho' I hope not from their affections, for That would be a poor Exchange. You must look into ye west Riding of Yorkshire near Wakefield for *Thornhill*, a Living of Sr George Saville's & called £400 pr an: but loaded wth Chapells, & I am afraid not so much in Income, yet certainly a great One; £40 in ye King's Books.

Yet, my dear Gil, my Spirits are quailed; so weakly constituted are my Nerves; the Distance from my Friends, the Roughness of ye North, the Delicacy of my Wife & Self, & ye Infancy of my Children, & the Age of my Father-in-Law—But all these still, my dear & worthy Friend, are under ye Hand of God, & I am thankfull for his Bounty—Plenty He has given & He must give me Peace; & in Him alone I trust for it, & not in ye Goods of this world.

But You, my dear Gil, who are an Œconomist, will give an immediate Loose to Joy for me on this Occasion,—and will

You never see Yorkshire when You have so true a Friend there? I will send You my best *Hunter*, (for I shall be a *jolly Dog*;) or take any other method of conveying to me a Friend, the Thoughts of whom seems to aggravate ye Distance & abates in that thought the Satisfaction which as a Father of a Family I ought to feel.

Mrs Mulso knows not of this affair, or of my writing to You to-day; let me have a Lr by Tuesday next; by that Time She will know it & You may speak your Mind on ye Contents of this auspicious Letter, from

Dear Gil, Your's afftely

J. Mulso.

P.S. My Comps. to Miss White & your Brothers & Mrs White. Let us know how She goes on wth her Time.

Letter 90.

To the Reverend Mr White

at Mr T. White's in Thames Street, London.

Sunbury,

Dear Gil :

Dec : 21, 1759.

I thank You in my own and Mrs Mulso's Name, & all the Friends that You are with, for your Congratulations upon our late domestic Successes, & we return the Compliment to Mrs White on the Birth of her Daughter; I hope She has as good a Lying-in as Mrs Mulso, who is very well. I have not yet received my Presentation from Sr George, but Congrats. on all Hands upon ye Promise, which is supposed as valid as Possession: yet I wish it was mine in Possession now; for so many troublesome Circumstances would be over. You are an inquisitive Man, & fall into ye Company of many People, Let me know therefore which is my Road to this same Thornhill? I should be glad it was to be got at by ye great York Road, because I have a very friendly Letter from Mr Fisher at Peterboro', which invites us to bait for a Night at his House, which I should be very glad to do: Ease Mrs Mulso of her apprehension that her House is not to be got at in Coaches, Secure Us agst Fords & Rivers, & carry us safe over Mountains & by Precipices; make us easy about Drowning & breaking of Necks. We have great Faith in your Topography, as if in Fact You had been everywhere: If we can come up by Stamford, You shall hear of it; but if we execute our Purpose of lying at Peterbro', You will find that our Stay there will be only for a Relay of Horses, or so.

I did not think that You would have increased my Damp at the Thought of going so far, by supposing that we should be more separated than ever: what are a few miles more to You on a cheap Road? Linden* must be half way or more, & a Horse

* Lyndon Hall, Rutland, the residence of Gilbert White's brother-in-law Thomas Barker.

can go any where. It is impossible but that your very curiosity must bring You to see Us: what! the brave Mercians, & ye Castella Brigantum left unseen by a Man who will send Miles for a huge Stone or a knarly Root of a Tree? Nothing but Death or Marriage will make me beleive it—I was going to say I hope You are not near either, but I mean the first; as to the last, remember that *Journies are good for breeding women* (your own Plan,) & You will have but a bad Excuse 'till your Children multiply. I hear good Things of my House & Situation; & some of my Friends have set up my Post Chaise for me; but I rein in my Fancy more soberly, & leave this hard driving to the fiery Geniuses of ye warm South, who precipitate ye Race too eagerly for me,—*Neque audit Currus habenas.*

I hope Miss White's & your Constitutions have by this Time amicably met in a reasonable Medium & that You will set out for Linden in good Heart. You have our good wishes for a happy Meeting of your Friends in Rutland, to whom our seasonable Comps. They attend likewise the Friends You are now with.

I am, Dear Gil, Aftely Your's,

J. M.

P.S. Mr Young's Comps. He is impatient to go to Yorkshire.

Letter 91.

To the Revd Mr White
at Mr White's, at the Bridge Foot, Thames Street.

Dear Gil,

Sunbury,

Janry 18, 1760.

Mrs Mulso having been extremely ill wth a Rheumatism in her Side and Hip has prevented my being in Town, as I find You expected. I should not have thought of the Pleasure of seeing You, if I had come, for I imagined You got to Rutland this Week or more. I shall be in Town next Monday & at the Bishop's: I do not know whether Mrs Mulso will be able to accompany Me; but as I hope She is now in a Way to be well, She will soon follow me, for we must use the present Opportunity of having a Bed at the Bishop's, as my Wife would be afraid of going into Lodgings; & as we have a very kind Invitation 'till ye Ogles come, which will be the Beginning of next Month. I am sorry to hear your Sister is so poorly, & that your young Niece is so unpromising; but let not Mrs White despair; for Nothing could be more so than my Jenny, & She has never had a Day's Illness since that first Struggle.

Sr George is not come to Town & I have not yet got my Presentation, so I cannot tell when I shall set out upon my

Travels. I hope yet to see You in Town; & shall say no more now than that I am, (wth Mrs Mulso's Love)

Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 92.

To the Revd Mr White
at Mr White's, near ye Bridge Foot, Thames Street.
Soho Square,

Dear Gil : Jan: 26, 1760.

Mrs Mulso and Myself arrived in Town rather better than I expected from her feeble State. I found a Lr from You wth a very obliging Invitation from Mr & Mrs White; but I am sorry to tell You that I cannot accept of it, tho' I have as great a Desire of seeing as much of You as possible, as You can have of my Company. To say Truth, my feet will not bear me so far, & I cannot bear a Coach so far: So you will make my Excuses, & accept them Yourself: There is Nobody here that would not be very glad to see You, when You please.

I have just lodged my Presentation in the Hands of the Arch Bp of York, & on Monday shall go for Institution; &, please God, shall go up to see ye Premises within two months; but, at what precise Time, I cannot tell: I shall return to fetch my Family, but they cannot move yet, & will find Indulgence wth my Successor at Sunbury.

I wish You a good Journey when You go to Rutland if You will not let me see You here; & will endeavour to let you know the Time. Mrs Mulso & Myself purpose to spend a Day at Peterboro'.

My Comps. to your Brother & Sister's; I hope ye little one is better. Mrs Mulso's Comps.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 93.

Thornhill,
March 2, 1760.

Dear Gil:

It is impossible for me to tell You that I shall peremp- torily be at Stamford on Fryday Night next, but if we can push on in two Days so far from hence Mrs Mulso & myself shall be glad to see You at the George Inn. I am the easier fm what You said, about it's being no Inconvenience to You if we dissappoint You; but if we do not see You that night I desire You to leave word at the George where You may be found on

Saturday mornng. I am just going to write to Mr Fisher at whose House we shall repose all Sunday: & I shall mention to Him that I have given You an Invitation to his Table while We are there: as to his Bed, I know he has none to spare. I know the Difference of a few miles makes Nothing wth You, & perhaps You would make light of the Inconvenience of lying out a Night or two. So that Somewhere or another we hope to see You.

You are impatient to have me say Something of Thornhill: but I shall say Nothing at present, that I may leave the greater Impetus to come to Us. Only that here are such Capacities for Improvement, that it is absolutely necessary that You should come hither at least before I have money enough to begin them. *Daggers* there are in Plenty, for we were forced to walk a Mile & a half tho' we had four Horses to our Chaise. But while the Roads are worse than yours for a Carriage, a Horseman does not dirty his Boots. We have some Scenes almost Selbournian, but not your Turf, or soft woods or wild Hangers. But I break my Resolution.

I have, thank God, gone thro' the Duty of reading the Prayers, the Articles, & preaching to near a Thousand People to-day, & am pretty well after it. But my Wife is but poorly wth her Pains in her Back & Side, & a very bad Appetite indeed. The Sight of her old friend will refresh Her. Let her have that Satisfaction, & give a very great Pleasure to

Your's afftely
J. Mulso.

My Comps. to your Brother & Sisters & the Family.

Letter 94.

Thornhill,
June 28, 1760.

Dear Gil:

Being now a little composed after the first great Business of entering upon a new Habitation, I return with great Satisfaction to my old Custom of letting my dear Friend know my Situation & my Sentiments upon it.

My Family consists of my Father-in-law, Miss Chardavoyne, my Wife and Self, my two Children, Four Maid Servants, Two Livery Men & a Gardiner. Mr Young is but poorly, tho' he bore the Journey surprizingly well; we cannot have much Dependence on his Life. Mrs Mulso gains Ground tho' She has not entirely got rid of her Cough; as to Myself, I have had some Returns of my old Complaints, but I think I should have had at least as much of them, if not more, at Sunbury. We had like to have deferred our Journey on Account of little Jack, who was left at Sunbury, & as was supposed, had got the Small Pox, but it

turned out only a Rash: The Children are very well. Miss Chardavoyne proposes to stay with Us a great while: She is a great Comfort to Us, for We have no near Neighbourhood. In that Point & ye affair of Roads we miss poor Sunbury sadly; In all others (except Distance from Friends) we have the advantage. But that You may not think that I purpose to set down in my Study (which I have already paper'd & painted & am now writing in it) with a Fear of moving at all, I must carry You to my Grounds (for Horses at present have very little to do with Stables, tho' I have Stabling for ten or twelve Horses,) & there shew You my Beasts. Imprimis an old white *Hackney* about Twelve hands high, Kitty by name, which I have twice mounted, & upon which I purpose to meet You at Wakefield, when You tell me You will be there. Perhaps toward the general Election next Spring, for then I must go to *York* to vote for Sr George, if it please God that we live & do well: But before that Time, if You please, and then too. Next, an old *blind* or *blinn* mare with a little *Colt*; By Names *Snip* & *Snap* (*Snorum* is yet to come): A *Bay Mare* named *Damoselle*, which cost me 8 Pounds, for ye Team, & to carry Double: A *Shaft Horse* for ye Cart, named *Spark*, value Nine Pounds. I have likewise two Cows, by name, *Nancy* & *Halifax*, to the great Joy of Mrs Mulso, & I hope great Benefit, for She drinks warm Milk from them every Morning. Hogs, Ducks, Chicken (or *Pullen*) & Pidgeons fill my Yard.

But You will not be quite satisfied if You do not go into my Garden: Sit down in ye Hall; You can see ye Ing & ye Cattle grazing & a Grass Plot or two: Sit down in my Study; You see something of ye Garden & the *Hall Stead*, & ye Moat of the old Hall, & a Glimpse of the Calder, & the opposite Hills & the fertile & arable Fields upon them: What Need to go into ye Garden? You are a Connoisseur, not easily contented; Better sit still.—Yet we eat of our Strawberries & our cherries: There are some Apricots, Peaches & Nectarines on the Walls: Apples, Pears, Plumbs, & Nuts on ye Trees. There are Cucumbers of ye *white* Sort, tho' few. Some Melons just set, tho' few. But Sallads & Cucumbers in Plenty & of the best: and the Promise of a Succession of proper Esculents thro' the Year. I have above twenty Acres of good Pasture in Hand & at Hand: above twenty Load of good Hay in my Stables of the last Year, & some of the best in the Country; the present Year promises but ill; but I am as well off as my Neighbours, and I beleave I can depend upon four hundred pr ann: to make the Pot boil.

And now, my dear Gil, having given You some little Account of my Possessions, let me add, that tho' some disagreeable Circumstances attend my Situation, I should be very ungratefull to Providence and very unworthy of all that I enjoy, if I was not greatly sensible of his Benefits: My Time of Life & growing

(tho' not *at present increasing*) Family, call upon Me to look more to ye Comforts & Conveniences than to the Gayeties of this World: and if it please God but to keep me in Health & to preserve to me the Blessings that he has given me, I can find Myself in happiness enough in a Thankfull Enjoyment of them.

In my next perhaps I may give some Account of the Environs & ye Neighbours. In the mean Time let me hear how & what You do, & how you new modell & adorn your own beautifull Fields, to which We have Nothing comparable: Your Zigzag hangs over my Study Door (the *Hermitage* I mean) & puts me in Mind of Selbourne, if indeed I wanted a Monitor. The farthur I am removed, consider me as more eager to know what concerns my Friends: The Northern Air is in all Respects a *Whetter*. Our Posts are slow, therefore do not You be dilatory.

Mrs Mulso's affte Comps. & those of this Family attend You. I have told my Gardiner of You and he longs to see You; tho' he grows old, he hopes to avail himself of your Knowledge, which at least is modestly said.

I am, Dear Gil, Your sincere & affte Friend,
J. Mulso.

Letter 95.

Thornhill,
Aug: 11, 1760.

Dear Gil:

By the assemblage of the Family at Selbourne we have some Suspicions that Miss White has changed her Name; if so, or whenever that Event may take Place, may all the Happiness that the married State can give fall to her Lot! You put Us to great Pain in reading ye account of your Uncle's Accident; the Escape was indeed providential, & may give Mr White Spirits, by supposing that God Almighty who spared him in that dangerous Moment, may prosper Him for many Years in his late Acquisition: I am glad to hear that Tidworth is agreeable, more I think for Harry's Sake than your Uncle's, for He seems to have a Chance for most residence. I have been recollecting & watching for five Days, since the Receipt of Your's, but if You have the same Course of weather that we have here, You have not yet dined in the Hermitage. The Image of that Place, & the Pleasures we enjoyed fm the Circle that belong to it, are so strong in our Minds, that we feel your Dissappointment as if the Case was our own. I look up to ye Picture of it from ye Chair I now sit in, (it hangs over my Study Door) & fill my Self wth many a friendly Thought. I enjoy your new Purchase* extremely; I see ye Alteration, I could draw it now, but

* Some orchard ground adjoining the house at Selborne.

I want Paint for deep Verdure of the βαθυκολπος Meadow, and I remember the old Trees, that would embarrass the Expressions of Mr Garrick.

And now for Ourselves; which (as You are more Master of the other Subject than We are,) I presume You would have me speak about.

And now suppose Yourself, (as Bob Young was on Wednesday Sen'night, for he has been with Us since then, & will be some Time longer) upon Horbury Bridge, near two miles from Us, & that there You met your Friend (as he did) in the Quality of Conductor and Master of the riding School to his Ladies; Mrs Mulso behind her John, & Miss Chardavoyne riding single: Can You have an Idea that would more divert You? "Madam, You sit very well, but pray give your Horse his Head more free, as he steps over the Stones"! "My Dear, think yourself safe, & you will sit more easy; Don't fix your Eye on ye Hedges, let it range over the Prospect; enjoy the Country; Don't think of Safety but Pleasure," &c:—at the same Time thrusting myself back in ye Saddle by ye Pommel, & disconcerted at my little Nag's trotting too fast. But You will be pleased with these Circumstances, because you will find that Mrs Mulso has taken your advice; (no *Purple Gown* interfering.) She has rode several Times, a good Way; and you may suppose our Country, (where I know no level Piece of Ground so long as my own *Grass Plot,) a Sort of *Dagger* Affair: She is not compleat, but ye great Distress is over in ye first getting up. She has great Pleasure in ye Thought of escorting You from Wakefield.

I have been to return the Visits of some of my Brethren: of Mr Scott of Horbury, Mr Scott of Battley, Mr Woollen of Emley, an Oriel Man; & am in Debt to Mr Allet of Kirk-Heaton, to Mr Venn of Huddersfield, & Dr Lee of Halifax. But some of these are quite out of my Beat.

Indeed, Gil, You will be pleased at our Country. It is much in your Goût, tho' not so wild as just about Selbourne. We have more Lanes than open Country, yet our Prospects are very pleasing & very extensive: The Turns of ye Calder, tho' a small River, yet serve to diversify; & here and there small Woods enrich ye Sides of the Hills, but they are of short Timber, stiff and motionless, void of the Grandeur of your wavy Beeches. (Mrs Mulso here interferes with her Love & desires me to let You know that She has just sold a Score of her Tythe Geese: we have between 40 & 50.)—How much we long to see You here! I cannot but hope that You have Earnings towards Yorkshire. Bob: Young made it four Days to Doncaster, which is just 26 miles from Us, and just 160 from London: He came

* 130 Yards long. J. M.

entirely alone in his one Horse Chair, which he bought for ye Purpose. You will naturally break ye Way by a Visit in Rutland: and let me caution You not to come on immediately after a Glut of Rain, for ye waters of Newark are then *three miles broad*, & in some Places five foot deep. I hear that my Brother Ned intends You a Visit this Summer: Harry & He will caroll away bravely. We were much entertained wth your Short Sketch of Harry's Fuss, and his accurate Provision.

I thank God Myself & Family enjoy our Healths here as well, if not better, than we did at Sunbury. For the Neighbours, & the Vicinity to Town & many Places that contained friends, I feel ye Desiderium for Sunbury; but for ye Place, I am as well where I am; I think better. My Church is old, but strong; not very large nor small; a large, not a learned Congregation. We have here an old Figure of a Knight Templar wth his Legs across; and a decent Place of Tombs for ye Savile Family. A tolerable Tower, and three Bells in it, so no Temptation to ringing, which plagued Us much at Sunbury.—But my Cart is come wth Coals. About a Cart full & half is a Chaldron, & is Value 3 Shilgs at ye Pit. At Sunbury, 40: *Dreadfull Alternative!*

Our very sincere Love & good Wishes attend You & Yours & Congrat's to Mr ETTY, & to Yourself on a new Neighbour:

I am, dear Gil: Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 96.

Thornhill,

Novr 3, 1760.

Dear Gil:

I remember from our first Acquaintance that You always had a Reluctance to set Pen to Paper; I fancy chiefly occasioned by a Slowness in Writing, I am sure not of thinking, or for want of any Sensations that warm the Writer. As to Myself, who put down the Medleys of an unmethodized Brain just as they rise uppermost, I always feel a strong Propensity to set down to answer a Letter just when I have read it: for my Mind & heart are then enlivened by the Images that are conveyed; and tho' It may very well bear frequent Repetition & Perusal, yet certainly the first Coup seizes the Fancy in ye most powerfull Manner; & some Things will fall out of ye Memory by Delay that at first reading would have been the principal Subject of an answer. I cannot instance this more strongly, than in your last Letter; for is it possible for You to recollect without the utmost Compunction, Dejection, Shame, Contrition, &c: &c: &c: that tho' I had told You of Mrs Mulso's *riding under your Auspices*, & according to your own *strict Injunctions*; tho' I had told You

of her Housewifry, her *managing* and *marketing*, her *Pullen* & *Pigs*; (all which, I am sure at ye Time of reading-gave You great Pleasure & tickled your Fancy) yet by that fatal Habit of laying aside a Letter 'till it is grown cold, you not only have not taken ye least notice of these *interesting* & *uncommon* Events, but have not *named the name of Mrs Mulso* from one End of your Letter to the Other—Oh no Sr — let us have no setting down now and squeezing out more Excuses—No Sr, it is all too late—You have shown out your Show—and if You had not said some handsome & friendly Things (That must be owned) about coming as far as Montreal to see Me, it would have been all over wth You. What!! a Lady, who always—but I say no more. You must be now struck stupid; numbed; torpid with Consciousness.

As to Franks, your sending for them from hence is a Joke: our having them at all is a Chance, & owing to Bob Young's leaving Us a few: But that this may be no Excuse, hear, Mr Anti-Cacoethes, my Determination: If I have a Letter once a Month it would not cost me Ten Shillings in the Year; & if it cost me Ten Pounds I would not go without them.

I had a Letter lately from my Brother Tom, to acquaint Us with ye News of the late King's Death, a Circumstance that our Family must hear wth a more than common Concern, his Majesty having been so great & personal a Friend to my Uncle. In this Letter He tells me that he made Selbourne in his Way to Town from Wilts, and that he stayed a fortnight with You. But he complains of the Weather, which I suppose has been bad in all Parts of England of late. We have here great Rains & very high Winds; but our Situation being high, perhaps we hear more of them than You do in your Snug Bottom. Yet I must say, that in winter we beat You, for we have so pleasing a View from the House & Garden, & the near Spots, that in the shortest Turn of fine weather we see a Country, without going out for it, that is extremely striking; & is not so much alter'd for ye worse by winter as Your's, because it's Beauty does not consist so much in Woods: and we have more View of water than in Summer; & that at a pleasing Distance; for when ye Calder is out, as it is after Rains, it spreads over a great deal of Meadow Ground & I should not chuse to be too near it. I thank God we have our Healths here very well: I congratulate You on having a pleasing Neighbour in Mrs Etty, it being a Blessing that we want. I enjoyed your Day at ye Hermitage very much.

I ask Mrs Mulso whether She is exorable: She desires me to give her Love to You, and She will forgive You if You will be good & write oft'ner: and that She longs to show You about to our Places & Possessions, to return You in Part some of those

Pleasures that You was able to give her in greater Abundance at your Selbourne.

We desire our sincere Respects to Miss White & to all your Friends.

I am, Dear Gil : Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 97.

Thornhill,
Janry 13, 1761.

Dear Gil :

You see by the public Papers, (if by no other Intelligence) the Revolutions that have happen'd in our Family. The long expected union of my Brother & Sister Mulso, & of my Brother & Sister Chapone has at length taken Place. You may find the first Couple at the same House in Rathbone Place, which is now my Brother's : But You must look for my Sister Chapone in Cary Street near Lincoln's Inn, amongst the Lawyers. To these Brides & Bridegrooms I know You will give your good wishes, that as they have long waited for *this happy State* (I don't know whether I speak to be understood by You who continue an old Batchelor) they may long continue happy in it. This affair, which was in Agitation at the Time my Brother was in Hampshire, might account for a Part of the Seriousness & Resverie that You observed in Him, with the addition of the Complaint that You mention. But all is Joy now in Town, with the addition of Mrs Ogle's being near her Time & safe arrived in Town where Mr Ogle has taken Possession of his Place of Deputy Clerk of ye Closet.

Mrs Mulso has felt earnest Desires to be in Town at these Solemnities, & I could have well liked to have seen all these good Folks together & happy. But I thank God that I feel such a happy Increase of Health in my present Situation, that I should revisit London with Fear & Trembling. Our Winter has for want of Company been very dull for the Ladies, & many Severe Frights have they had from Wind, especially in a late Storm, which has done me a good deal of Damage, tho' I had just done *pointing* and *mossing* my Dwelling & Out-Houses ; It has demolished some Trees, & blown down my Rails before the House. But it did little Harm to me in Comparaison of my Neighbours. Tho' my Walls are three Quarrs of a Yard thick, they rocked all night like a cradle. How much did we blame the heavy Hand of my Predecessor who cut down the noble Elms & Oaks that would have just stood between Us & the Storm !

The very wet Winter that we have had has long unhorst my Ladies : and the Steed that Sr George gave my Wife does not

turn out so good and quiet as we could have wished, but we have thoughts of exchanging it, & I hope by the Time that we may expect You here Mrs Mulso will be again in Order to meet You at Wakefield. As to Myself I am out almost every Day in my little Galloway wth a neighbouring Farmer, who is of a very sweet & obliging Behaviour, and whom we are very fond of. But on Saturday next we are to entertain a neighbouring Bart, Sr John Kaye, at Dinner. He has already sent us some woodcocks, as has Mr Beaumont, a Gentleman who has one of the genteelest Seats hereabouts. So that by Degrees our acquaintances will refine a little.

I am pleased wth your Dream ; (not so much for the Painting, which is rather too high for Us,) as that You think of us in your Sleep, which generally is supplied in it's Ideas with what we think much of in the Day. I am heartily sorry for your Sister's suffering so much from the Toothach : I can pity that Complaint very much, as I can wth Difficulty be brought to wish a Person Joy of the Gout. I am pleased to hear of your Dividends being so handsome ; & wish your Parishioners may bring the Scheme to bear at Morton Pinckney. I am glad your Oxford Journey ended so much better than it began, and that the Provost & You begin to have your old Feels for One another, such as You had before Competitions divided You. I hope to find in the long Run, that wth Help of the public Coalition of Parties, & his own Interest, Dr Musgrave will prove a very serviceable Head of that House, & as I know You have the Good of the Foundation at Heart, it will make You forget what was once disagreeable in his Election. I am glad our good Friend Dr Bentham perseveres in producing himself as a Defender & Ornament of the University ; I have not yet, but should be glad to see his Piece. I think nobody will accuse Him of a Design of going higher by his writings now. I am glad to hear that your Brothers & Mr Cane are well, & hope your Uncle is so tho' You do not say so. I have not seen any thing of late that has pleased me more than the address of the University to ye new King. Was it drawn up by Dr Brown ?

Mrs Mulso sends her Love to You, & is glad that we have extorted some Praise from You. My two *Selbourne* Children are in high Health : Jack is an absolute Beauty, as fair as Alabaster : You should have contrived their Sexes better, for poor Jen : is cut out. She has widen'd her Dialect already, & Jack I suppose will be a Tike, for all our Servants are right Yorkshire. We all join in sincere wishes of many happy Years to You & all Yours, & our Comps. to Miss White.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. M.

P.S. I have not told You of our Waissalling & our Mummers &c : for want of Room.

Letter 98.

Thornhill,

April 29, 1761.

Dear Gil—

(for I cannot bring Myself to write Dear Sr as You do to me, at least 'till You are a Dean, Arch Deacon or Bishop.)

—You give Us a great Satisfaction in hearing that your Sister has got so successfully thro' her Inoculation, I heartily hope She may never feel any ill Effects fm it, but only the happy Security it brings wth it of not being mawled by that cruel Distemper ye Small Pox. We have had it very near Us, but my Children have escaped it as yet: The *Young Farmer* that You recommend as my Physician (who by the by is some Years older than Myself) has had his three Sons down wth it; which has a little interrupted our neighbourly Intercourse. I cannot say that I have been well of late, & am now writing wth a red Cloath on my Face, having been afflicted wth a Sharper Toothach than I ever felt before; and I assure You it is no Joke, no more than many other *Love Pains* that are commonly held as good Ones. I am willing to shift off the cause of my ails upon ye weather which has been very unkindly; insomuch that I have lost all my forward Peas & I am afraid my wall Fruit, having had dry N.E. winds, & frosty nights for a long Time.

I think I may say that I do not indulge in a phlegmatic way; and the worst Symptoms & most Disorder that I have felt of late, was while I was at *York*, where the novelty of the Place & Gayety of the Time would naturally have flung it off, being the Election, where I attended to pay my Compt to my Patron Sr George Savile. I was there bloodied & dosed & all the Time, (as well as before & some time after my Return) *deaf* of my right Ear, from which no one that has not had ye Complaint can tell what Trouble Stupidity Confusion and Vapours I felt. Perhaps You would think it a Blessing to be deaf at an Election; but it did not feel like a Blessing. I intend now to be better again: there is a little Rain & the wind is got into a softer Corner: and the *first Swallows* that I heard of were seen by my Gardener on Sunday Apl 19. I have seen many since. Do You expect I shd say something of my *York Journey*?—Well.—I rode away between Eight & Nine, like a Person of some Figure wth my two Servants in Livery to Pontefract (or Pomfret) which is near 15 miles, without drawing Bit; for which I was a fool & suffer'd accordingly. I stayed 'till past Twelve & saw a neat Church & a neat Town; but of ye old blood-stained Castle, little Remains are to be seen; nor any habitable Thing but a Pidgeon House; (alass for me! the only thing of mine that is not inhabited.) There is an old deserted Church that looks well at a distance. Here I took Post Chaises & wth One of my men

proceeded to York, thro' Tadcaster, a poor Town, where we changed Horses. We past over Ferry Bridge before That, where is a good Inn & a handsome River. We arrived at York before Four a good while, tho' wth bad Horses. From Pontefract to York is 24 M. York is situated on a flat Country, of a poor aspect, not seen to any advantage fm the London Road. The Streets 'till You come to the Bridge are large enough, but in ye most frequented Parts of the Town narrow & poor. There are about 26 Churches, but all of a Heap; poor Incomes, ill served, & thinly attended. The Minster is beyond any that I have ever seen; perhaps Some are larger tho' I am not sure: But none so clean, so fair, so properly proportioned; & where ye Painting of ye old Glass is so well preserved. Nothing of That Kind ever gave me so much Pleasure: You know that I have seen St Paul's, Westminster, Winchester, Salisbury, & Canterbury, & Oxford, tho' the last need not be named but for some of ye Glass.

The Castle, where the Prisoners are kept & assizes held, is I beleive the handsomest in England, finely situated, wth a large base-Court, & very handsome Buildings in it. But it was so truly cold & Myself so ill, that I could not pay it a due attention. The Assembly Room is famous, You may have seen a Print of it in London. It was designed by Ld Burlington & is very striking for a long Gallery: I saw it to advantage full of Ladies & Lights: But I made an Effort to bear to be there & retired in a little Time thro' a violent Mob, who afterwards made a Riot & stopped ye Diversions of the Night. These Northern Swains love Riots dearly. I returned on Fryday morn, staying from Tuesday, in private Lodgings. I met my Horses at Wakefield. Nobody ever saw Home wth more Delight. Indeed I saw no Place so agreeable from the Time I set out, except Sr George Dalston's at Heath, esteemed one of the prettiest Villages in England, a mile fm Wakefield, but I was not up at ye Village.

I have built new Gates; new floored a Room, in short I am the busiest of idle Men: I have sold above 13 Pds worth of Hay at 4 pence pr Stone, & 6 Stone to ye Pound.

We expect your Congrat's upon my Uncle's being your Bishop.* The affection of his Majesty's manner exceeded his Gift; & I beleive gave my Lord the greatest Pleasure of the Two: He was content before. And now—You will say—have we no Hopes of drawing You to ye South?—I almost love Thornhill so well as to determine never to leave it. It must be something very great & very charmingly and healthily situated: But I think not of it. And I assure You that while I read the account of this Preferment my own did not enter into my Head,

* *i.e.* Bishop of Winchester.

Yet Something of advantage must accrue, if it please God we all live. But I leave it to Time & my Uncle's tried affection to determine how, where, & what it shall be.

I congratulate You on having got the *Angulus iste*: I observe that You are not for Us this Spring; There is a *wall* between us, but I hope no Gulph. Indeed we long for ye Sight of You.

Mrs Mulso's & my Love & Comps. attend Yourself, Sister & whole Family. Mr Y's & Miss Chardavoyne's Comps.

I am, Dear Gil, Your affte & faithfull Friend,

J. Mulso.

I have bought a few flow'ring shrubs for an odd nook or two, but cannot afford to turn my rough garden into a modern one.

Letter 99.

Thornhill,

Sepr 7, 1761.

Dear Gil:

I am very glad to find that your Sussex Air has had so good an effect upon your Nerves as to enable You to hold a Pen; for I was in a bare Expectation of ever hearing from You again. I hope You have bottled up some of it to carry into Hampshire, to refresh your Imagination when it is languid; (as the Gentleman of Grey's Inn did by the Hampstead Air) that You may not relapse now You are returned to Selbourne: tho' *by Hercules!* & by the *Dragon* on the Cynic Tub I swear, I ought not to be forgotten upon Selbournian Ground!!

How different am I now, from what I was, when our Correspondence first began? I should then, from ye Metropolis of human Glory, have been delighted in sending You the daily Chat of all these Scenes of Grandeur that are now taking Place; with Accounts of my own Hopes & Fears, of seeing or not seeing a Part of the Whole.—I am now felicitating Myself in Yorkshire upon a Distance that robs me of all Temptation to join in this noble croud; & which I prefer to any Employment that would oblige me to reside in London. Perhaps You find Something languid in this Thought: To say Truth I have not of late been so well as I hoped to be; & am to Day confined wth the Remains of a violent Head ach of last Night, which forced me home to Bed from a Neighbour's where I was spending the Ev'ning wth Company that was the more precious, as I can have it but a very short Time, viz: my Father's, my Brother Tom's, & Miss Chardavoyne's. Yet this Day is not lost to good Thoughts tho' I cannot go to Church, since I seriously thank God for preserving so valuable a Friend to write to, now in ye twentieth Year of our Friendship.

My Father came to Us in ye Beginning of May & will not leave Us till ye Beginning of Novbr or thereabouts. My Brother came off the Circuit from Stafford, & travelling by Manchester saw some of the wildest & finest Parts of our Neighbourhood. But he & Miss Chardavoyne set out for London next week. Tom has found Employment for his Pencil, here, as well as he did at Selbourne; & thinks the Face of this Country one of the finest that he ever saw. I hope to show it to You next Year, since I am not to expect You this Year. As to your Improvements, I see them all: I know your Spot so well, that I trace you thro' all your alterations. But you are happy to get so many Friends about you to see them; You are not much out of Luck that my Sister Chapone was not one of them; for She has been but poorly lately, & has been in Lodgings at Islington with my Sister Mulso, for ye Benefit of Air and Water.

Your Bishop will be at Farnham Castle in ye Summer, but will be at Chelsea, I fancy, the greater Part of the Year. He is at present confined near London to be in Readiness to attend his Majesty's Wedding, or he would have been now in Berkshire to attend his youngest Daughter's.

Mrs Mulso & Miss Chardavoyne set out to-morrow Morning & go into Lodgings at Wakefield to assist at ye Diversions of the Race Week: Their Cloaths were yesterday carried over in a Cart, for they exceeded a Horse Load a good deal: The dear Creatures not only always travell wth a Bundle, (as Mr Richardson observes) but a pretty large Bundle too. My Fathers, Brother, Self and Children keep House. My Girl & Boy thrive in this air, & are stout & active for their Time of Life. My Harvest is pretty well got in; but if not, this week being always a Time of eloping for the Servants as well as my Wife, I should not have advanced much, if Mrs Mulso had not left me. I opened ye Campaign of Coursing yesterday: we killed only one Hare; & as we were on Horseback three Hours, & found only a Brace, Tom thinks but meanly of the Diversion: as to me, I look upon it in ye Light of the pleasantest Physic that I take. My Father has had a sad accident, for his riding Mare has been lamed this quarter of a Year, & there is no Prospect of her being able to carry him home, if She ever carries him again: It is a great Pity, for I think he never was so well mounted.

I desire that You would make a better Use of this Winter than You did of the last. How can *Mice** & You sit on one Side & t'other on the other Side of the Fire, when You ought to be both at ye great Table in ye middle of ye Room, she writing to her Lover & You to your Friend? I mean after your Journal

* Miss White, Gilbert White's only unmarried sister.

Book is filed for ye Day, for I do not expect to be served first.
All our sincere good wishes attend You & Your's.

I am, Dear Gil, Affectly Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 100.

Thornhill,
Oct. 29, 1761.

Dear Gil :

If I did not sooner answer your friendly Enquiries about my unfortunate Sister Chapone, it was not only that I had no Frank or means of getting one (which however on such an Occasion I know You would not have minded) but because our Accounts of her have held Us in such Suspense about her Life, that I thought it no proper Time to give any Description of her. Her cruel Loss She bore with the most patient Resignation, but tho' in her Distress She *sinned not, nor charged God foolishly*, yet it was of that deep kind, that her Constitution, before hand weak, and additionally hurt by a close and mournfull attendance, was incapable of resisting it. Mr Chapone died at Lodgings at Islington, where my two Sisters were retired for the Benefit of the Waters there, & of ye Air. A sharp Feaver carried him off in about ten Days. I may venture to say that He was a very great Loss to his Profession, as he certainly was an irreparable one to my Sister. Upon moving to my Brother's House in Town She caught Cold, which flung her into a Feaver, under which She had suffered so much, that Our last Account was that She had just begun to recover her Memory & Understanding, & the Doctors thought it probable that She would recover, but by very slow Degrees. I intend to leave open my Letter, 'till the Post comes tomorrow that I may, as I hope, insert a more favourable Account.

My Brother Mulso left Us yesterday, after having pass'd a Summer that would have been a very agreeable one to Him (as he was so kind as to say,) if the latter Part had not been embittered by these sad Tidings fm Town. It was very fortunate for Him, & of course for Us All, that he was at such a Distance from such a Scene : my Sister Chapone is greatly his Favourite, & I think it would have had a cruel Effect upon his Health to have been within Reach of Her. As it was, he continued, thank God, in good Health; & by Riding & Company, beguiled some thoughts that might have otherwise hurt Him. He will yet be above three weeks before he arrives in Town, as he visits Mr Fisher at Peterboro', & afterwards his Estate in Northamptonshire.

Your Employment has of late been of a more chearful

Nature; the entertainment of your Friends, in which You shine; & in ye Disposal of your Sister. Our hearty Congratulations attend her, & all of You on this Occasion. May She have long & lasting Happiness in her new State. Her Temper & Conduct must, I am sure, very much indear her to ye man, whom She has honoured with her Choice. But what will you do for a Housekeeper? or have You look'd 'till You have found One who will more than supply her Place?

Mrs Mulso & Myself are now beginning to try how we can live alone, in a Country Place, at a great Distance from all our old Friends. I fancy, if it pleases God to let us enjoy our Health, that we shall do very well. Our neighbours, such as they are, are very obliging & chearfull. Our Children are lively & entertaining: Our House substantial, roomy, & well situated; our human Conveniences plentiful & good. With all this, we must be wanting to Ourselves, if we repine at our Lot.

Mrs Mulso has sold her Horse to my Father, whom we were forced to accommodate with One, his own Mare remaining a Cripple in my Grounds. But She has not learnt much of the Yorkshire jocky-ship; for she let him go for ten Guineas, & he was worth more, tho' he has had a Stroke of ye Palsey in his Mouth. Our Hares are not in such Plenty this Year as they were last, which makes me get on Horseback with not so good a Relish; I have killed but 7 brace & half as yet; & I have been out 3 Hours without seeing One. I still paddle on wth my little grey Mare: I am afraid of this animam Sulphure tinctam in a new One.

I am very sorry for ye poor Account of your Uncle's Household, & Mrs Mulso enters deeply into ye Situation of poor Miss Bracebridge, as I am sure I ought to do myself, being very far from being recover'd of the same Complaints, of which I have lately been very poorly. I long to see your alterations & Improvements at Selborne, tho' I have a pretty strong Idea of them. If I was to do anything here, I must do so much that I should be ruined. I therefore content Myself wth my Farmer like Garden, which has it's Beauties fm without itself, by being a hanging one and calling-in the Country. We were very successfull in our Harvest in this Country, it being all got in very well and long ago in all Kinds of Grain. We have had Inundations of Rain of late; Some mischief was done near Sheffield, but none near Us, tho' the Papers mentioned the neighbourhood of Wakefield.

We have bought a Bell, so You may use Our's 'till we come to fetch it. It may be a good Item to your Hermits to come down & fetch their Pittance.

I thank You for recording our Friendship with so much warmth. It is, in my Esteem, One of those Blessings of God,

which partake of his Nature, & are therefore inestimable. Mrs Mulso's Love attends You and Your's, with That of,

Dear Gil, Your's afftely

J. Mulso,

My Sister Mulso's Lr of today Oct. 30, has these words. "The Doctor finds my Sister Chapone considerably better than "before, her understanding & Memory are recovering & She "begins to feel Hunger."

Letter 101.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton Hampshire.

Thornhill
Febry 5, 1762.

Dear Gil :

On Monday Jan : 25 early in the Morning died your old acquaintance my father in Law, Mr Young, aged 75, after a Life the greatest part of which was attended wth a great Share of Health & Spirits, & no Part afflicted wth much pain, he quitted it for a better in so easy a manner as was to be envied ; integrâ Re, salvâ patriâ, Suorum planctus inter & Oscula.—We have great reason to wish that the same may be said of Us at our Deaths. Mrs Mulso has been troubled with a good deal of rheumatism this Winter, & I have had a great deal of Head Ach ; yet I cannot say that I find ye Cold of Yorkshire more intense than That of Sunbury. It happen'd that my Wife had less of her Complaint lately than for a good while before, which made her bear the Loss of her father better than I could well have expected. His having no particular Illness that required long & melancholy watchings was very providential, as it might very well have hurt her Mind & Body.

We wish you Joy of your Sister's Wedding, tho' it is now almost an old Hystory ; as I remember I did before it was solemnized.—But what a Huzzar Parson do You still continue to be ? and how did you giddy me & hurry me along wth your account of your Journey ?* as bad as Tristram Shandy's Calculation of the Quantum of Genius thro' all the Northern Nations. It is well for me that you are set down quiet at Selbourne, where I suppose ye Coming-on of the Spring will confine You 'till you have set everything in Order for it's Summer Perfection. As soon as That is done I think I hardly know You if You do not set out on a Ramble, and then remember that Yorkshire is not so far as the East Indies, nor do You twice cross the Line, or need You fear Shipwreck or Calentures ; all which one would think had been in the Heads of our Southern Servants, so perfectly were they dismayed at the Thoughts of

* To Moreton Pinkney, Northamptonshire.

coming hither, & so little Idea had they of one of the finest counties in England. Here You will find your old friend inhabiting with great Contentment an old dirty Stone Hall in an old stone parsonage House; the good woman feeding her Bantams & her Pidgeons; & two noisy healthy Children who make ye Room ring again: Two or three plain Neighbours who relate domestic Occurrences; & have no Prejudications or Pannicks, tho' England has seemingly set her face agst the whole World. But come, before that happens to me which will be as the Falling of your Hanger would be to your Selbourne, & more irremediable: The Calder is discover'd thro' two or three openings fm my Garden; the new Navigation will carry it's Stream an unseen way, as soon as they open the Passage of it. I need say no more, I see You pity me. I who had been used to ye Majestick Thames, & had consoled Myself with ye Miniature Representation—well: let me reflect on Uncle Richard & Noar Hill.

I am sorry to hear your account of your College Curacy;* It is as provoking a Disappointment as any I have met with a great while. I must talk with you about it when You come, for I do not at present see why they should set apart Land for You without your concurrence, or why You did not prefer Tythe to the Incumbrances You mention.

You wish Us joy of our Admiral; but by this Time You find that He is still a Commodore; However if ye Admiralty place him in a good Station, he may advance his fortune in this Spanish War, & then I shall say, Aliquisque Malo fuit Usus in illo.—But I must talk to You of this when You come; at present I do not conceive—"Lord, cry You, why You do not conceive at all!"—No, nor my Wife neither; which She is extremely glad of, I assure you.

I am almost demolished as a farmer in my Stable affairs. My best Cart Horse is lame, my next is sick, my third is old and blind; & the best Horse I had, I was forced to sell under price to my father to carry him Home. A fine Yorkshire Man indeed!—

My poor Sister Chapone is I am afraid hurt in her Fortune by her Match; my Cozen Chaloner Ogle† much advanced in her's by Ld: & Lady Kingston's Death; by which ye Capt'n has got, I suppose 20 or £30,000. He is to make Worthy near Winton his Place of Residence.

* The Perpetual Curacy of Moreton Pinkney received a small augmentation from Queen's Anne's Bounty at this time, which was invested in land contrary to Gilbert White's wishes.

† Bishop Thomas's youngest daughter had married Captain (afterwards Sir) Chaloner Ogle, R.N.

The Post waits for my Letter. I am sorry I have no Frank
Our Loves & best wishes attend You and Your's. *Write soon.*

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 102.

Thornhill,

April 18, 1762.

Dear Gil :

Your chearfull & ingenious Letter has been a Reviver of my Spirits, which has been in a very indifferent State of late, being kept under by a constant Complaint in my Head: I have been bloodied & dosed secundum artem; & tho' not so stout as a Yorkshire Blood should be, yet I hope I am in the way to hold the Rectory a long Time. I hope my Brother Rector of Fifield* will change his for a better under the Patronage of my Ld Chancellour; in ye mean Time we sincerely wish him joy of the present Preferment. How agreeable do You Men of Tast make every Place You come at? Your Description of Tidworth made me think of your Prints of the Antidiluvian Ages; & they conveyed simple & rural Images, which amuse & deceive the Fancy; but yet Tidworth may be exceeded, & perhaps none since Adam have seen so fine a Scene as Mr Morris's Gardens. We have a young Lady at Wakefield who is just returning into your Uncle's Neighbourhood, her Name is Burleigh, & She is the Daughter of a Clergyman, I think Minister of Chilton; † She is a very agreeable sweet tempered Girl, & She is very fond of us & we of Her; Your Lr lies before me, & the account of your Ewes & Lambs reminded me of Her, as She lives upon the Downs.

And now, my dear Friend, Mrs Mulso & myself do beg the Favour of You so to contrive your Matters that we may see You at Thornhill this Summer: that is, at any Time from the Receipt of this Letter: It is true I am just going to new floor a Bed Chamber, but it is not there that I would lay You. I have now, putting down, a *Melon frame* above ten feet long, which with ye Glazing, &c: cost me three Pounds twelve Shillings; I hope You will think yourself sumptuously situated, for I assure You it is the most extravagant Room that I have belonging to me & the most in modern Tast: This is to be your *Bed*; the Room is hung with Green, a little enlivened; for the Hedge is composed of Yew & Holly that surrounds my Frames: I shall call in upon You when the Heat is not too intense, but I am afraid

* Harry White.

† Chilton Candover, Hants, 4 or 5 miles from Bradley, Charles White's living.

of only giving Rise to a Metamorphosis,* without being able to describe my own change so well as You do. I like your Verses extremely; the Thought is happy, & the Execution entirely in the vein of Ovid. The 4th line I have some Objections to: the 19th wants of Smoothness, but is easy & careless. I am pleased to catch You versifying: You will never be Old. I have now & then a rising Thought; but, *like my unfortunate Fish Pond*, it runs off & is lost before it properly fills my Head: Yet Mrs Mulso still vows that She will stew You some Tench, that shall make You hazard a Feaver or an Erysipelas, as much as the Eels did at Sunbury.

If we are rightly informed, on This Day Miss Thomas gives her Hand to the Revd Mr Bullar. This You know is a Bar in my way of the eligible Things in Hampshire; Yet, would to God that every one of them had married Clergymen, if it would have made them happy!

[But of this—in ye Melon Ground!]

I am sorry the Abbess of Quedlingburgh has any Complaint but what She ought to have, & that her Husband is liable to Complaints which are so much ye Effect of his way of Business. I hope your Sister Barker & all her family are well. I take the more immediate notice of her now, because I hope You will soon pay my Compliments to her in your way Northwards.

I wish you joy of Martinico, & hope soon to do so of the Havannah. Commodore Young has, alas, no Hand in all these things; In a Post of Trouble, & no Profit or Honour, He is not the Gallinæ filius albæ.

I would add a good deal from Mrs Mulso, but as I hope I may now look upon You as a Man coming this way, it may not be so proper to tell You how much She loves You and longs for You, as little yellow as there is in my proper Colours. It likewise gives me so much Pain in my Head to write on, that You will excuse my adding only that I am (with due Comps. to all your friends)

Dear Gil, Affectly Yours,

J. Mulso.

P.S. My Pond is again broke down since I began to write.—
Pounds & Patience!!!

* Gilbert White was always an enthusiastic melon grower. "The Gentlemen's Magazine," in 1783, printed some verses, written of him in 1748, describing his being changed into a melon, under the heading of "The Metamorphosis."

Letter 103.

Thornhill,
Oct : 9, 1762.

Dear Gil :

Nothing could well exceed our Dissappointment at the Receipt of your Letter ; it was so very, so unusually long before it came, that we concluded we should see You at our Gate, instead of your Handwriting ; and my Heart beat several Times at seeing men of clerical appearance riding along ye Lane, which is at a little Distance from my House. I desire that you would not aim at Wit any more ; it seldom succeeds well, when it's Design is to *impose* upon any One ; Mrs Mulso is so angry at You that She almost gives You up. Let me see an immediate Reformation in You, or She vows that this is the last Letter I shall write to You, 'till I have seen You.

Yet how, as You have stated ye Case, am I to justify my Hopes of seeing you, since you tell me it depends upon your Uncle's Death ? 'Tis true a Change from a State of weakness & Pain, to Life & Immortality would be a Happiness to Him ; but what Friend here who has known Him & respected him, ought to dictate ye Time in their Minds, or would willingly part with Him ? That I long to see You is certain, but that I wish Length of Days in Peace & Honour to Mr White is as certain ; and tho' it makes against my wishes in one way, I cannot but enter into ye Feelings of you & your family in regard to a Man, whose many good offices have deserved your Affections. I leave therefore this Event to Him who best knows how to dispose of us, & beg you in ye mean Time to let me see You often in Black & white. This too my Wife insists upon ; if She did not love You well, She would not be so angry at You as She is.

You tell me of an Alcove at ye End of your Terrace. Which is your Terrace ? for you had no Walk of that Denomination when I saw Selbourne ; Is it the North Side of Bakers Hill ? or is it near ye other Bench, where the opening & new Bastion was, facing the Cynic Tub ? Clear me up : for I am lost in ye Grandeur of your Outlets & ye Multiplicity of your Improvements.

We are so far like you that we have hardly a field about us that does not deserve an Alcove ; but I content myself with plain Benches. I have lately put up one near my house, & it is call'd *Fisher's Bench*, for it was at his Request that I put it up, tho' I had before designed it in my own Mind. You will hereafter, please God, know it for one of the most delectable Spots that You have seen. Mr Fisher stay'd but for ye Christening of his *eighth Son*, & then set out for Thornhill. His Stay from so large a family could be but short, but he was so kind as to seem delighted with everything he saw here. I have some Flower roots coming by the waggon from him. My Garden is

allowed to be a Place *capable* of Improvements, & few Gardens *want* it more; but it is never in Order tho' it costs me fifty Pounds pr ann., because my Gardeners are likewise Tything men & Labourers, and at the most luxurious Season of weeds are forced to neglect it. You will be displeas'd at Us; but we cannot help it. However, instead of a Bottle Rack, (or *Cratch*) & a large Growth of Docks, I have now a little Shrubbery under my Study Window. I have in my fore-Court, or upper Garden, instead of a narrow & barren Border, a little waving irregular Shrubbery; it is now fronted wth China asters, a flower introduced here by Myself. I have likewise enough in Pots to set along a Gravel Walk before my Hall windows. And I have stow'd a Variety of pretty Flowers & Shrubs in ye *Box Borders*, for *such* is ye Genius of Gardening here. Of all ye Trees, ye Laurustinus is ye hardest to get to grow; which makes me wonder, as it is a Winter Tree. I have just put in two, having lost all ye first, which were planted in Spring. Did not you once tell me, as we sat on the Bench fronting Hercules, that a Maple was not a Tree, but a Bush? It is a strong Timber Tree here. I have here a Cherry Tree, as big as almost any of ye Beeches on ye Hanger. We have a peculiar Elm; when Mr Morris of Monmouth Shire was here, he carried away a good deal of ye Seed of it. We have had a very irregular Year; no Hay, little Barley & Oats, cold weather in ye extremest Drought, & wet weather in the latter months, whereby our *Edish*, or *Fog*, or *after* Grass, is very plentiful & will help to carry ye Beasts thro' ye winter months; I have Six Horses to keep & 3 Cows. But we had the Rains before they had them at Peterboro', Mr Fisher left his Country bare & brown, & found our Hills deep in Verdure. I have been at Leeds since I wrote last, wth Mrs Mulso & Mr Fisher; we made a Party wth Major Burton to go to ye Review of our Militia. That Part of ye Country is agreeable enough, but not comparable to our's, except for Roads. It is the best Town that I have seen in Yorkshire; I think I told you I had seen Halifax, whose Situation is odd & surprizing, but ye Town not a good One. Pontefract is a small neat Town, but dull for want of Trade, & ye Roads whit'ned with perpetual Lime Carts. We have extended our acquaintance, 'till we are quite satisfied; it costs too much Trouble to return Visits. Miss Burleigh is now returned to Hampshire, if You meet & talk to her of Us, you may mention us as People that have a Regard for her, tho' She lives *in a Cottage*.

I thank You for your Account of your family, never neglect to mention it even down to your Melons. We have had a great many bad ones this year. My Gardener does not understand them. It is well for You that You have kept out of the Way,

I have one Child coming that You can lay no Claim to. Mrs Mulso 'tis true is sick, but it is not wth the Sight of You. I expect your Congratulations on the taking of the Havannah. I wish Commodore Young had had a Share in it; but as they will not let Him take Places, he is going to take a Wife. I must hasten my Conclusion, even after so long a Letter. I wish you loved to write to me as I do to You; methinks while I write I am conversing with You; and even this Deception is Something, when it is all we can. My Wife desires as much Love as is consistent with anger, if You remember your Ovid as well as Scrope you will remember that is a great deal. I think you have used me ill, yet I am, as usual,

Dear Gil, Unalterably & afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 104.

Thornhill.

Febry 26, 1763.

Dear Gil,

You must not attribute my long Silence to a Resentment of your often serving me in this way, tho' I had threat'ned it in one of mine; there was a Feebleness in the Threat, & my own Vanity only could make me believe it carried any Terror. I have passed a bad winter, having been much troubled with rheumatic pains, & greatly in my Head, and having been ill of a worse sore Throat than ever I had in my Life, wth much Tooth ach; which Transition fm one Pain to another, & often a Complication of most of them together has made me too much a Grumbler for a Correspondent: You may have slept out the winter, harmless & snug in your Aurelia State, but I have been kept much awake by my own & another's Pains. But now Mrs Mulso has doffed her purple Gown, & this is the fourth day after her bringing me a Thumping Yorkshire Tyke; the Boy is noisy & lusty, & the Mother, I hope like to do well, & hopes to be *all the Mother* in Spite of the accident that once happened to her Breast. But, my dear Gil, I hope, (and She desires me to add her Hope to it) that your Sister Woods has had, or will have, a better Time than She had; which began on Monday 4 o'Clock, Morng & did not end 'till Wednesday after Six, morning, wth inexpressible Pains. She is now however, beginning to be the chearfull Creature that She ever was, & to chear that Heart again that You will easily think has been upon the Rack for Her.

I saw in the Papers that Mr. Snooke* is dead; Mrs Woods †

* Mr. Henry Snooke of Ringmer near Lewes, who had married Gilbert White's aunt Rebecca.

† Gilbert White's youngest sister.

had expectations from Him: has he answered them? What a Winter have we had? Such keen Frosts, such Snows! My Gardiner had a dangerous Illness just before, so that my poor Garden will be more forlorn than ever: I wish I had your knowledge & application. You asked me in Your's if we had any Grapes last Year: To say ye Truth, I have eat none in Yorkshire of any Ripeness & Flavour, except fm the Hot House: Sr Wm Wentworth had some of the finest I ever saw but they were not natural. My Soil dissappoints all that my walls might chance to do for me; in the Beginning of Summer the Fruit bids fair, but it rivels & dries & becomes ye prey of wasps & vermin before it reaches ye Table. What there *may* be North of the Trent I do not know; but I hear Fruit commended in this Neighbourhood, that I look upon as poultry; which seems as if in general it was bad; wall Fruit, I mean; particularly Peaches & Nectarines; I might add another Sort of fruit, your favourite Melons. But Apricots, Strawberries, Rasps, Gooseberries, Currants, Plums, Orleans & Greengage, Figs, Mulberries, Cherries, Pears & Apples; we have them in great Plenty, & in full as large Size & high Flavour as ye Southern: My Table is every day covered with these in their Season; & my Apples are *now* as good as at first. So that Mrs Mulso, (whose desires, you know, are of the commodious kind,) prides herself in her present Abundance, & forgets the greater Variety of our Sunbury Gardens. She has behaved very well in her present Breeding, not longing for any Thing that was out of her Reach; She had exceeding bad nights but tolerable days; and was as much out, & on Horseback as ye weather would permit, & used to go up to her neighbours on her Horse when She was too heavy to bear to tug up hill on foot; ye Ground rising pretty sharply between Us & all we visit: I know You will love her ye more for This.

I shall desire, nay I insist, on hearing soon from You, for Mrs Mulso having felt much for herself, feels for Mrs Woods & will be glad to hear that she is safely rid of her Burden.

I congratulate You on the Peace: I like it well, but it is not the Fashion. I am told that London is much divided upon it, & on the Interests of our Ministers: To me it little matters whether a Northern or a Southern Pilot steers, so that ye Vessels goes right. The City is wanton wth abundance, while ye Country starves. The Toe of the Peasant galls the Courtiers Kibe; to say Truth he goes next him, for the Sugar Merchants & China Merchants press before Him.

It is Time to have done: I am got upon a Subject that I do not understand; but I am perfectly clear that I am ever,

Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

Comps. to all ye family.

J. M.

Letter 105.

[? April, 1763.]

Dear Gil :

Your last Letter was indeed a Letter of Business. We had learnt the Death of Mr Snooke & Mr White from our Papers; but the private Circumstances could be only learnt from You. As to what You mention of the first of these Gentlemen, it has confirmed me in an Opinion that I always held, that *odd Men* are very seldom valuable Men: neither will I ever thro' Life (if I see with the same Eyes that I do now) ever pay my Court, or trust to a Man of that Character, for any thing that He does not give me better Assurance of than his own Word & Promise. I am heartily sorry for the Vexation, that it must be natural to Mrs Woods to take, upon being used in so scurvy a way. Mrs Mulso & myself join in wishing her Joy of her Son, (as also Mr & Mrs Etty :) I am as much pleased with ye Dispositions that your Uncle White has made of his Fortunes, as I am displeas'd wth Mr Snooke. I am sorry that *the Patron** refused You what You asked for, as it would have brought your matters within Compass & You might still have resided at your beloved Selbourne. I hope to hear that Harry has had better Success in his Applications. You are now arrived at that happiest of human States, Independence. For tho' You may be glad to have an Addition to your Fortune, especially in Lieu of your Fellowship if You find Yourself inclined to marry, yet as You have all in your own Power, without a Necessity of attending & solliciting any Body, You are in an enviable Situation by ye greatest part of Mankind.† By the last Paragraph in your Paper we have hopes of availing Ourselves of your Freedom some Time this Year when your Affairs are put into Train. As therefore You show a Desire of seeing Us, and will soon, please God, have it in your Power, I will tell You ye State of the Case with Regard to what we know of next Summer. In July we have a Promise of the Company of the Bishop, Mrs Thomas, & Dr & Mrs Ogle. Either after or before them of Admiral Young with his new Lady (who is a valuable Woman) & perhaps his Brothers. While These Folks are wth me, I would not wish to see You, because if I know them right, they will not have a Relish for ye same Sort of Entertainment that You would have. As soon therefore as I know more of these Visitors' Intentions, I will let You know; and hope that You will then take up your abode with us for

* Lord Chancellor Henley. The living was the small one of Bradley, distant about 9 miles from Selbourne.

† Charles White had bequeathed some small properties in and near Selborne to his nephew, including the house the latter occupied, the Wakes at Selborne, for which he had paid £5 7s. a year to his uncle.

some Time: I am sincerely desirous of seeing You, as it is now very long since I had that Pleasure; I am literally grown grey since then: and hearing of, seeing, and feeling so much of Mortality, I look upon every Year lost as a cruel Defalcation of the enjoyment of our Friendship.

Mrs Mulso had a very severe Labour, as I wrote You word, but She never recover'd a Labour so well; I thank God She is very hearty again from it. She went to Church the Day Month, when we christ'ned my Son by the name of *George*; it was ye Bishop's choice in Respect to ye King; He & ye Admiral & Mrs Ogle were the Sponsors. So now she hopes by ye Blessing of God, & if nothing of *this kind* happens again to be able to ride about wth You, which She is more able to do, & better equipp'd to do than your humble Servant; for we have this Day, by the death of Mrs Sandford (the widow of the last Incumbent, with whom we have lived in great Friendliness) enter'd upon Possession of a good, tho' an old, double Horse; whereas my own little Dob: is worse & worse, & I do not ride without fear of his falling; & rid but little Ground in a long Time too. I shall be glad to be able to suit myself wth another before I see You; but one may almost as soon fit the Moon with a Suit of Cloaths.

I wish You Joy of the *Peace*; I am afraid it will take from your Brother John's Finances,* but hope he has made Friends by this Time who will take some care of Him. Pray, did You ever tell me any thing of Gibson? for I have forgot.

Be so kind as to let me hear soon from You, that I may know of your Proceedings, of Harry's Business, of the Time of your Excursions, & what You design wth Regard to Us, and remember that if I have laid an Embargo, it is wth Regard to Yourself, in Order that we may be more at your Service, when You do come: but do not let what I have said put you from *any Opportunity* of coming, for we can manage well enough, if You come when the Rest do. Our best wishes & sincere Love attend You.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
John Mulso.

Letter 106.

Thornhill.
July 12, 1763.

Dear Gil:

Learn of me to be expeditious in answering Letters. I shall not take it as an Excuse that you have your House full; That very Thing, circumstanced as it is, will make me more

* John White was at this time a military Chaplain at Gibraltar.

eager to hear from You. I long to be under a Roof, where such interesting Characters are so well preserved as those of Friends & Brothers. As to ye addition of my Sister Chapone's Company, that will be as her Hosts please, but I can answer for her that her Heart, like mine, will be with You. How busy will you be when This reaches you, in showing out your delightfull Places? My Sister Mulso, if She has Strength to reach them, has a Soul to enjoy them; my Brother's picturesque Genius will find Food: Yes, I see you upon ye Area of ye Hermitage, the arm extended & the Finger pointing out ye happier Lights & Shades of ye Prospect! I see You under ye Beeches of the Lythe, You are in more soft & mild attitudes, a Sort of Pastoral Spirit possesses You, You hardly want to look over ye blue Forest, so contented are You in your green Recess; you see even ye *possible* Lake before You, & almost hear ye Waterfall from ye imaginary Rock.

But how will all your walks be spoiled, & your Prospects clouded if You should be, as we are, deluged sub Jove pluvio. Yes, Gil, that deplorable medallic Image, with his long Visage & sweepy, dripping Locks, stares me in ye face, & threatens me with the Loss of my Hay, which is almost all Soaking. Whence have You had your Drought & we our Deluge at ye same Time and with ye same Winds? I do not understand it: we have never had so rainy a Summer as this has been hitherto. Put not your Trust in Almanack Makers, nor make your Hay by weather-Glasses, for there is no Help in them!

My Brother, Wm Young, has made a Visit here, like a Dream. He pretended to come for a Month & is gone in ten days. But he has given me a fresh Occasion of showing my Regard for You, in thinking of you when I am seeing agreeable Places. Your Letter met us at Wakefield in our Way to York, whither he carried Mrs Mulso & myself & a neighbour, Miss Allot, in Post Chaises. I have formerly spoke to you of York: but at ye Inn there we fell in with a Mr Tierny & Family who were going on to Scarborough & purposed to take Castle Howard in their Way: Thither we accompanied them: there we dined, there we lay at an Inn in ye Park that looks like a Pallace. Indeed I thought of you: ye Place is Princely. Our Country, tho' populous & rich in natural Scenes, is not at all elegant. Even our Gentry do not deal in ye high Tast: we therefore ye more relish'd ye Grandeur of Castle Howard. There are noble & almost endless Woods around the mansion, at proper Distances, & falling one behind another in a beautifull manner. The first View of ye House & Environs from ye Turn of a Hill chilled me, like Blenheim when I first saw it. The House, ye Inn, which has a Pyramid in ye middle of it, the Castle Gate in ye Bottom, ye Temple, ye Mausoleum which is a vast Peristylly with a Cupola,

finely disposed on improved Ground of great Extent, rush at once on ye Sight. They are not without water, but they want it to a Defect. The House is not quite regular: ye right wing which is now finishing is to contain larger rooms than were in ye old House, & therefore is wider & of a different Plan, but ye whole is so magnificent & elegant at ye same Time that you forget & forgive it. The Stone work is curious on the Outside; ye Views from ye House various, grand, & endless. The Hall sumptuous, in Carving, Painting, Statuary most antiques, of which there is a great Collection & some of it admirable. The Rooms of a fine Size tho' not very large, ye Furniture very fine: the Pictures beautiful in general, Some extraordinary: an Infant Duke of Parma playing wth a Dwarf, & a Gregory ye Great, struck me most: They are in ye Tip top order: The young Duke has I think more Life in his Face, than even Rubens's Child in leading Strings at Blenheim. The Thought of ye Painting in ye Cupola over ye Hall, of giddyng Height, is happy; it is the Fall of Phæton: It is done in a Sort of airy Colouring, that gives it a still greater Distance: I was pleased wth it; but as my Company found Fault wth the Faintness of the Colours, I held my Tongue: There are almost too many of Canaletti's Views of Venice, but they are fine. Zuccherelli's best Landscapes are here. It is indeed altogether a princely Place. We had Thunder and Rain several of ye Days in our Expedition, but they happily came when we were housed, & as we had Chaises & a Coach to attend us from Place to Place, we chose our Walks only where we had Gravell: as we had more Time at York than I had last Time I was there, I took a better Survey. It is not so large a Town as many in England, tho' it has ye Name of ye Second. The walk by the River Ouse is very pretty. I did not see it before. The Cathedral is always a Novelty. The Assembly Room faded on a second View; it is in fact a Grecian Temple, but it is a meer Slip. We set out on Monday Ev'ning & returned to Thornhill Saturday mornng. We had a very pleasing Scheme; I must repeat, I wished you with Us.

You terrify me when You say that you do not find one Assistant to favour your Escape to Yorkshire: I cannot bear a Disappointment of That Sort. I have had a Lr from Mr Fisher at Peterborough. He desires me to urge you to take his House in your way; I the rather desire you would, & that you would give him timely Notice of your Journey, because I have some Hope that he will be your Companion to Us: He might safely advertise himself an agreeable one: & I think you would be vastly happy in that part of your Excursion.

I have advice from my Aunt that the Bishop hopes to be at Doncaster, 26 miles off, on Thursday Night. I may possibly take Mrs Mulso to meet him there & escort him home. Dr

& Mrs Ogle go on to ye North & take Us in their Return, but we may chance to see them there and alter ye Plan, as Mr Young has left Us; tho' to say ye Truth we had rather have them seperately. Tomorrow I preach at ye Arch Deacon's Visitation at Wakefield; these are busy Times, but I hope to be the better for them. Mrs Mulso is *pretty well*, only She has a Tooth ach where She has no Tooth; her complaints, you know, were always odd, but I must say severe enough. I am glad for you & your Company that you have not such a *lousy Pate* as her's in Hampshire. What a bold Batchelour are you! So many Beauties and so many Thousands,* & Integer laudas? Very fine!—abominable I mean. As to poor Harry Tinderbox, I pity his Liver. Our Thoughts & Hearts & best Wishes may well turn towards your House, which contains so many that we sincerely love & value. Desire my Brother to use his pen as well as his Pencil, & let us be ye better for it: he has now a short Leizure: But, *ὁ ζωγραφῶν ἄριστε* pretend not to match my Hercules & Dragon—Trita quidem, sed Mea sunt.

I am, dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 107.

Wakefield,
July 28, 1763.

Dear Gil :

Mrs Mulso, myself & little Girl arrived here last Night, accompanying the Bishop & Mrs Thomas thus far on their Northern Journey after a Visit of Twelve days, which they were so kind as to say had passed away very agreeably as far as it was in our Power to make it, but we had constant bad weather the whole Time. Amongst other Subjects of Discourse, You was One: I showed my Lord your last Letter, from which I imagine that You did not purpose any other good & present Effect should arise, than a general Disposition to serve You at some future happy opportunity. The Bishop, who is on all Sides beset, did not chuse to enter into any Sort of Promise of this kind; but as I had before returned him my particular Thanks, as well as Your's, for his Interposition wth my Ld C——, [Chancellor], and as I stood for You, as far as I thought would be serviceable to You, I cannot think you will have ye worse Chance with Him for this Visit. I found him a little inclined to blame you for not having managed your Cards with Ld C—— better. But

* Mulso refers to the three handsome daughters of Dr. Battie, a well known London Physician, who were visiting their cousin Mrs. Etty at Selborne Vicarage.

tho' he blamed you to me, he defended you to Him. As I could not but express a great Surprize at your not being better in that Person's good Graces, (not having ever suspected it,) I asked my Ld if he knew the Cause: He said, very well; It was given him by himself ye first Time he spoke to Him about You: You *did not* vote for ye Bp of Durham at Oxford.* My Uncle being better informed in this affair before ye next day at the House, went up to him & told him that You *did* vote for him; to which he answer'd to *this Purpose*, "that it was in so ling'ring, cold, & disobliging a manner, that he could not but beleive you disinclined to any Services of that Nature." Now what my Uncle thought faulty, was, that knowing his Pride & Expectations you did not enter with a more sanguine Shew into his Intentions, if You enter'd into them at all. I answer'd for you, that You had taken ye Journey on Purpose, that you thought *voting* was all that my Ld wanted fm You, which You had done: and that if you did not come in 'till late, He who was an Oxford man could not but know, how exceeding disagreeable it was to stand the Brunt of a Majority in your College of ye opposite Party, as I supposed you must, longer than was needful; that you had always express'd the highest Respect for my Ld & his family, as ye Patrons & friends of your Uncle & his family; & I was sure that tho' you might not know ye ways of great men enough, to behave quite to their Expectations, you had such a Principle of Gratitude in You, that You would always carry your Respect for your Benefactors as far as you could understand the Propriety of it, & would never be deficient from Design. This & much more I said for my friend: You will collect from ye whole what one great Man may expect as well as Another. As to East Meon, which is rather better than you think it, it was promised before my Ld left London.

I recd a Lr last night from my dear Bro: Ned. If he is still with you, I beg You to thank him for it. I gather from it that you find your Guests† in a Variety of Entertainments, & keep them constantly employed in Gallantries. They are now reduc'd, by ye Departure of the *Sorceresses*,‡ to the Elegiac Strain; and must at least hang Verses on the Beeches of the Hanger & ye Noar, if they do not serve themselves in ye same way. But do not forget ye absent thro' your attachment to ye Present: It will be high Time for you to fly your Country after so bold

* There had been a contested election for the Chancellorship of Oxford University in 1759, between the Bishop of Durham and the Earl of Westmoreland, in which the latter was elected.

† Mr. Thomas Mulso, jun., and his wife, Mr. Edward Mulso, and Miss Harriot Baker were visiting Gilbert White at this time. Henry White and Basil Cane came to Selborne whenever their clerical duties permitted.

‡ The three Misses Battie above mentioned.

a Scheme of Entertainment: I think I told you about calling on Fisher.

Be so good as to disperse Mrs Mulso's & my Love thro' your numerous family: as I think my Ld Bishop will be returning from the North about ye latter end of Sepr or Beginning of Octr, and as we have promised to meet him at York, it will be a good opportunity for You to meet him wth Us & see ye Place; I premised ye Likelihood of this Event to him & my Aunt, & they will be glad to see You.

I am, dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,
J. M.

Letter 108.

Thornhill,
Oct: 3, 1763.

Dear Gil:

I have seldom been so long in answering any Letter of your's, as this last, which bears date Sepr 7. But I have been a good deal from home, wth Mrs Mulso & my two eldest children, at a Friend's House at Wakefield; we went to be present at ye Races; but ye last week was chiefly taken up in going to York to meet my Uncle & Aunt, & accompanying them from thence to Doncaster, in their way Southward: we had then 20 miles to Wakefield. We got safe home, I thank God, on Saturday last, & found my little George a little better, who had been suffering much in cutting his first Tooth. I read to ye Bishop your Letter, wherein you relate your Proceeding wth your Patron. He was a little disconcerted at my dear father's having given you so much Information, as to make it appear to ye Ld C——, if it ever comes to be known, that it must come from my Uncle; so you must be very cautious for his sake (& Mine too) how you let this affair transpire. But I said, if no Body would be friend enough to explain these Fracas to the sufferers, who went on in total Ignorance; how shd they account for these changes, or how alter an offensive Conduct, which they themselves did not perceive? You know ye Bishop: He is ye most cautious & fearfull of interfering & giving offence of any Man in England. I repeat it therefore, be cautious for him that he is not called in Question in this Business. You need not doubt that I urged my own Opinion of you to him, as far as was decent: & tho' not one word was said in Return, I hope it will operate in Time. I heartily wish it may; that my Friendship may not have been quite unfruitfull to you in point of Interest. You express a great deal more thankfulness than ye Case requires. I could not do less, if my Professions of Love for you were sincere; I only am sorry I can do no more, to show

they are so. Your affection which has always shewn itself in every possible Instance, demands a constant Desire in me to please & serve you: It has been one of the Blessings for which I am ever thankfull to Divine Providence; as it has greatly helped to enliven & sweeten ye painful Passage of human Life.

That I might give you some account of my last Interview with the Bishop of Winchester, was ye principal Reason of deferring answering your last, for otherwise I shd have been quicker to quiet your apprehensions of our ever suspecting that You had not done all possible to make us a Visit in ye North. The Time of visiting is now over; & now we are glad you did not come, because the Time is over: and indeed I hope for a more favourable Season to shew You our country in, than has offer'd this Year. We had some good days last Week, but it is again wet & stormy: our Harvest is not yet in: & I stand at great Expençe in Labourers. However, I thank God, I have enough of last year's Corn to sustain my family 'till ye next Harvest. Mrs Mulso will (by God's Blessing) have happily increased it yet more agst You come to us in ye Spring: I think it will be about a Year from the last Lying in, which was in Feby. So I hope she will be up & stout to receive you, & able to accompany you in a few Jaunts. I heartily pray that I may not be dissappointed of this Pleasure, at least in some part of ye Year. The Bishop so earnestly press'd Us to come to Chelsea, when Circumstances would give Leave, & so obligingly beg'd for what he might command in his Chaplain, that we shall certainly exert ourselves to pay our Respects as soon as we can: But we will advertise you of all our Intentions: and if such a Thing happens, it may be no disagreeable Journey if we can contrive to make it together in our Return. But it is now too far forwards to settle any thing. I envy my Bro:r Mulso, who is promised your Company this Winter. It is our dead Time, & we think of every Congress wth some Envy.

I wish you Joy of your two new Nephews:* But I could have wish'd one at a Time, as they seldom thrive in pairs: however it is a Pleasure to have Males at any Rate, where an Estate is depending. I am glad so many of my Relations have seen Selbourne: They all express the highest Pleasure in their Visit. As to ye Consequences to ye young Gentlemen, it will be no great Matter, especially as it purges off in Poetry: when Passion is fancifull it is not dangerous. Ned requires these Brushings; being apt to have torpid & viscous Blood, if a Love Fit now & then did not quicken his Pulses. It would not do you so much good, unless it was once to ye Purpose; for we, my Friend, begin to grow into a more serious Age, & to mean

* Twin sons of Thomas White.

a little more what we profess. I beg you to get as much this Winter as possible into ye gay World ; for it will be of Prejudice to your Health & Spirits to employ a Winter in putting on Wood in a Country Village. At all Events, & wherever, write to me often : for when ye Mind alone expatiates, the Body is something ye better for it. And You will really befriend Mrs Mulso & me in giving yourself this Exercise. I have little at present to add, but Mrs M's & my best wishes for ye Health & Success of You & Your's.

I am, dear Gil, Ever sincerely & affectely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 109.

Thornhill.

Decr: 7, 1763.

Dear Gil :

By looking at ye date of your Lr I find that ye Tables are somewhat turned, & that you are like to be ye Complainant, & I ye person complained of as a bad Correspondent. But to say ye Truth, I was not in a Hurry to write an answer to your last which contained bad news,* which affected you so much ; & indeed I thought it likely that you would take ye first opportunity to quit Selborne, & take up your Residence in some of ye many places, where you are & ought to be welcome. I am very glad to address myself to you in Rathbone place ; a little of ye Bustle, and Talk, & Variety of London is absolutely necessary for you, and if you should have any *further Knowledge* of ye Miss B's : it might have rather a salutary than a dangerous Effect ; for it is my Notion that they may be very safely taken either full or fasting. I hope ye Town does not disagree wth you after so long an Absence fm it ; I know you used to be sorely beset about bread and Beer in London. We sit at a Distance & are but little troubled here about Things that wear a grave face wth You ; but perhaps a little of ye *wiser* Business of London may not be disagreeable to you, after having been so far from it as Arcadia. How very different ! and how many people did you make happy last Summer ! Some indeed bear some Scars ; for even ye sweet Rose-bush has it's Thorns. I endeavoured to laugh at some of them as meer Scratches, but alas poor King Lear† was mad in his last Lr, ye Paroxysm was upon him & he complained that He was *cut to ye Brain* ; so I have not dared to say a word yet, 'till ye *heated Imagination* is

* The death of Mrs. Thomas White, a fortnight after her confinement.

† Ned Mulso.

grown cool. I hope ye poor Curates at Lurgishall* are come to themselves again; It is generally reported that a Hunting Seat is a better place for ye Cure of Love than any private Mad house: we have several in this neighbourhood; the owners were very bad I suppose once, but they are so well recovered that they never mention women now but to abuse them, and are now as Heart whole as ye Boar of Nulburger Wood, or a Westphalian Bear. So if any Accident should happen to you in this way that you don't chuse shd sit too heavy, please to take—a trip into Yorkshire; for here are several *forgetting* Places for young Men, and a *taming Town* for wives, at which I propose soon to take Lodgings.

My Mrs Mulso (who, by ye by, cried over your last Lr, so you need not hate her so bad as you do, whatever I may) has ye Sin of Envy upon her, because my Sister has got you in her House. Yet I am very glad my dear Sister has some Comfort in you, for I find by a very kind Letter fm her, that she has been very poorly of late.

I wish ye exceeding *affability* & *Condescension* of a certain great Person would express itself in some more substantial Form than a Compliment to your face, & Complaints behind your back. Dr Tarrant I see, by ye Papers, has got ye Deanery of Carlisle in ye room of Dr Bolton. Was not he an acquaintance of your's? & ye Gentleman who wonder'd his Horses shd be unable to perform a Journey, when he had kept them six weeks in the Stable without stirring, by way of Preparation?

Mr Bror mentions in his Lr that you propose to write to me soon: you are very good, & I hope you will keep up ye spirit of it, for we are *greedy of news* here of all kinds, public & private, to enliven a Scene very dull & a Time very *laborious*. Yet this is not to be attributed to any want of wit in Ourselves, for you know it was ye very Turn of the Athenians, and they were as witty as any body except Ld Chesterfield, Mr Townshend, George Selwyn, Mr Nugent & Mr Wilky, who are all allowed to *say any thing* so it is but *new*.

We have had a vile Summer, & a vile Winter as yet. My Barn however was never fuller, if ye Contents do but turn out well. My family encreases apace, if my Income would keep pace wth it: It will be a new Scene to you to see me so busy in keeping my Brats in Order; I make most Noise, but Mrs Mulso speaks more to ye purpose; Jack is a wild boy, & I think he will make a horseman, the Genius of ye North is in him. I shall encourage him in it, tho' I do not shine in it Myself, I have a little Horse on Tryal, but have had ye misfortune to have him lamed by a Kick from one of my own: so I have not

* Basil Cane and Henry White.

backed him. I am just going to take a little Ride on my old Galloway wth Mrs Mulso; "*with Mrs Mulso?*" Yes, Sr, why how shd her Children ride, if She does not teach them before they are born? it is ye way to have *Life & Opinions*.

I am, my dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 110.

Thornhill,

Jan 6, 1764.

Dear Gil :

Do not regret ye not having heard from me for some Time. That Time has been spent in a Manner very disagreeable, and indeed I would not at this Time convey to you all my feelings. Mrs Mulso has been unusually low & poorly; Myself a Sufferer wth all my Complaints; & my little George is still struggling for Life agst the Pain of cutting his Teeth faster than his Strength will bear.

Mrs Mulso is much better, & it has given me Confidence to sit down to answer your last, which is very chearfull & gay. You see what I say is true; a little Bit of London now & then is not a bad Ingredient in Life. One may sit in the Country 'till one's Ideas extend no farther than to Pigs & Pullen. Of late, indeed, in our Part of ye World, & perhaps in Yours, the Storms of Wind have been so violent that my old Parsonage cracks again, & they have raised in me some Notion of the Sensations given to ye Character of Claudio in Measure for Measure, when he fears

—To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,
And blown wth restless Violence round about
The pendent World——

for sure such Hurricanes, & Torrents of Air, such Roarings of waters, such Drifts of Rains & Hail, & such Battle of the Elements, have not been known before in ye Memory of Man; & can only be well described by the Devils Persecution of our Saviour in Paradise regained.

This has confined Us within doors for many weeks, except Sunday, & on several of them. I sit in my Study, & as I look up to see the Hermitage over my Door, drawn by ye fair Hands of ye quondam Nanny Culverton, I almost see the *well-deplored Stump*, sung by Miss —— Gil White, I fancy, & no Lady.*

I am glad You have got Mrs. Snooke wth You; for I remember that what wth snuffing the Candle, making up ye wood-fire, & paring your Nails, you could seldom get thro' ye writing

* "*Kitty's farewell to the stump beneath the Hermitage*"; verses written in Miss Catharine Battie's album by Gilbert White.

of one Letter in an Evening: Now She may do a good deal of this for You. But She must not talk; for then You will think of Nobody but her; & That must not be; for I expect a Letter every now & then. I have but little Hope of your thinking much of any particular absent Female, because when You say—"while *I*, doing no good in my Generation, am still single!"—you did not insert the Lover-like word *Alass!* after *I*. There is a Sort of sentimental Sorrow in ye whole Sentence, but there is not Feeling enough for a Man in Earnest without the word *alass*. So that I find ye Miss B's are still Ladies that You know but little of.

Mrs Woods & Mrs Etty have both my good wishes for their affairs of next Month, & we expect a Return of the same for the same Month, & ye same Occasion. As to seeing ye South after this, it is a Dream that has possessed our Fancy, but will not, I apprehend, be really executed; for not only ye Viaticum will, as I imagine, be deficient, but there will be a Difficulty in leaving two such young Babes as George if he lives, & the new Comer will be, in the Care of Servants. Jenny would be with Us, & Jack shd go to an occasional School. We look on wth stronger Hope to the Coming of our friends hither. We cannot be averse to any Scheme that will bring them, but if You shd All come together, it would force You to Inconvenience in your Lodging—*In ye worst Inn's worst Bed* would be your Portion. Then I expected You should have brought a Horse when You came, for I have only a Stud of Cart Horses, & Those busy in Hay & Harvest & Coaling thro' ye Summer. To say Truth, I have some Expectations of seeing You, but not the *Rathbonites*; The Party is too numerous ever to succeed in all it's Personages: Yet I will hope ye best. I am in strong Contest wth a Parishioner about ye Priviledges of Coursing: Could You have ever thought of seeing your friend involved in a Contest of this Nature? Absurd—but necessary.

I must conclude. I have Major Burton's family, & two of my Predecessor's children now in my House, but I have stolen away to write to you. Our sincere wishes of many happy Years &c: from Myself & Mrs Mulso attend You.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever affectionately Your's,
John Mulso.

Letter 111.

Thornhill.

Dear Gil:

Febry 9th, 1764.

I beg'd my Friends in Town to inform You of the Loss of my Son George. You will excuse me for not making it the Subject of a Letter. The Situation of Mrs Mulso was at that Time so alarming, it followed so hard upon a very dangerous

Indisposition of her's, & She was so near her Time, that every Circumstance then combined to give my Mind a Turn, that I did not chuse to commit to Paper for a Friend's Perusal, unless it was where I could not in Propriety neglect writing. She has been so unusually dejected this whole winter, that I could not but be kept in a constant Dread of her approaching Time. But it has pleased Almighty God to give Us Good, as well as what appeared Evil & tasted very bitter; This Morning at near One o'Clock Mrs Mulso was delivered of a Girl. She had a very painful Time, but supported it with her usual magnanimity, & greatly better than could be expected from late Sufferings. As this Event has happened a Fortnight or three Weeks before She expected, it has given her a great Flow of Spirits, which I hope in God She will now have every Cause to keep up to their old Tone.

I feel as if I had rather have had a Boy to have replaced my sweet little departed Infant: & to have strengthen'd the Family by Male Branches. But short-sighted Mortals as we are, Our own wishes might prove our Curses, and our Dissappointments Blessings. So I do not in ye least repine. And here, if it please God, I would cease to enlarge my family; for Mrs Mulso is so great a Sufferer, that I hardly endure the anxieties I go thro' on her account.

I hope the Ladies you name for Mothers in this Month either have already or will safely & happily arrive at that Title.

I have had little Rest, but great Torment of Spirit for two Nights & ye intervening day; but I thank God it is turned to Joy. I would communicate this News immediately, because I know You have been anxious about Us, and now you will write to me wth more Spirit. You cannot expect a longer Letter, for I have already this morning wrote Myself into a Pain in my Side. Health & Happiness attend You.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

P.S. I find Phelps had a Mind to be Warden of Winton. Is it Harry Lee that has it, or what Lee? Perhaps not a Contemporary of Mine. If so, I do not know Him.

Letter 112.

Thornhill.

Apl 2, 1764.

Dear Gil:

The dreary Season which You have so naturally & feelingly described both in Verse and Prose, has given Place to one more comfortable & inviting; and as ye Power of moving about with Convenience & Pleasure returns, the Inclination to use it

naturally returns too. I think myself therefore now bound to give You some Account of (what I am but just enabled to do,) ye Determinations of my Southern Friends upon a Journey into Yorkshire. I remember in a Lr of your's, from Rathbone Place, You made mention of your taking a Share in ye Plans laid for this Purpose, & of your Intention of being one of the Party; if therefore You have not had Intimations of this Kind from London, I shall be ye first to acquaint You with the Scheme on foot, & leave it to you to act as You think proper upon ye Representation. My Brother & Sister Mulso, & ye Two Miss Bakers will be wth Us about ye Middle or latter End of this Month, & stay wth Us 'till ye Autumn. The precise Time is not fixed for their Return, & You may be sure that we shall take Pains to lengthen their Stay as much as possible. Now You are to know that my House, tho' it stands upon a pretty large area, is very inconvenient in the Disposition of it's Rooms, especially wth Regard to Servants: And Many Circumstances oblige Us to be very free wth our Visitors, in point of moving them about ye House, & even out of it. Our own Room we cannot well give up, because it is unhappily a thoro' Fare for ye necessary Litter of ye Others. Besides our own & two decently furnished Rooms, up Stairs, we have no more for ye Use of Strangers; The rest are a Nursery, & Servants Rooms, strange, uncouth, & more promiscuous than in Propriety they ought to be. We have one Room below Stairs where a Friend might lie, but he must be a Friend *indeed*, (Do not You know such a One? I have him in my Eye:). It is in ye Midst of ye Noises of Servants; more noisy in this Country than in any Other. It is, in short, every Thing disagreeable. Here in tolerable weather, a man might lie; here he might breath, for it is not very small: and to this, if Sr George Savile comes, the Ladies must be removed for a night or two; & ye Inhabitant must move to some Neighbour's.

Can You give up the Thoughts of seeing Yorkshire this Summer for such Inconveniences? If you retain your Purpose of coming, it must be for these Reasons only that I would seem to make a Demurr: it refers to Yourself. I cannot but be impatient to see You, & indeed desire it may be for a considerable Time. If You wintered wth Us after a Summer's Residence You should be welcome. I do not know whether, turbulent as ye winter Season is wth us, Thornhill does not beat Selbourne for a winter Situation.

You see then, what Inconveniences You may be subject to by coming as a *Friend*; but at ye same Time take wth You how much I long to see You, how usefull a Priest will be in my Church & House, how much You may add to the Pleasures of my Friends, in Short, how many ways You may gratify Us,

whatever You may bring upon Yourself. Every Year's Loss is a severe One; and every new One brings some new Embargo, that unless broke thro' would be an annual Hindrance & a successive Procrastination. I cannot therefore bear the Thought that the Filling of my better Rooms, should prevent your occupying one in my House. I hope You retain so much of your former Self, as to be indifferent to accommodations; if not, your Health must be alter'd, & You are in that Sense, a worse Man than when I saw You; which I hope is not the Case. Mrs Mulso joins wth me in referring to Yourself, after displaying the Nakedness of ye Land, whether we may expect your Company this Summer or no. You will be so Kind as to let me know as soon as You can.

I thank You for your Verses: * They are as good as ever You wrote. They are full of lively Description, of natural Painting, of Tenderness & Elegance.

I have got Lowth's Grammar, which I had long determin'd to have, before I recd Your last Letter. It answers what You say of it. It is in it's present Shape too long, & too full of ye Defence of itself; but that by a less ingenious Head might be reduced into ye just Form, & Decisiveness of a Grammar, and the Notes put at ye End. A Foreigner would by that Means be sooner Master of our Rules of Language, & afterwards see the Accuracies & Inaccuracies of ye Authors in it. Yet ye Examples are, to Us, the most entertaining & improving Part of ye Book.

I have read Collins's Life.† Not enough is said, if it was right to say any Thing at all: His Genius is not enough called forth to Light, to whet ye Reader to buy one of his Works. As to Hampton, we had always a Dislike to ye Man, tho' ingenious, & his present Life does not take off that Prevention.

We cannot recover ye Disadvantages that ye long Rains have laid our Environs under. Little as I am of a Farmer, You cannot conceive how many ways my Folks are employed, & how much One Thing treads on Another's Heels. My Peas are but a Foot high, & my Cucumbers are but just planted out in the Hot beds. My beggarly old Wall Trees are just in Blossom. My Fields but just fencing in; an annual & heavy Expence & Loss of Time.

I hope Your Neighbour Etty is safely brought to Bed, & your Sister in good Heart about her Turn. I thank God Mrs Mulso

* Probably "Selborne Hanger, A winter piece," addressed "To the Miss Batties," which was written in November, 1763.

† This refers to a biographical notice which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine of January, 1764, of Johnson's character of William Collins in the Poetical Calendar, Vol. xii. Hampton, the writer of this notice, was cotemporary at Oxford with John Mulso & Gilbert White, and well known to both of them.

is very well, & all my Brats. We go over to Wakefield tomorrow to spend a few days. I was indulging Myself in writing at my Leisure to you before I went, & now I have a neighbouring Capt'n & his Lady come in to dine, which obliges me to hurry to a Conclusion. Our best Loves & wishes attend You & all Friends of Hampshire.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 113.

Thornhill,

June 29, 1764.

Dear Gil:

It is very true that I have not wrote to you a long Time; But my Brother has, from my House. You have therefore had some Account of our Proceedings. Of late I might have taken up ye Pen, but I did not know whether I might not be writing to a Man, who was on the Road to visit me. You have most grievously cut off that Expectation. I now set down with more certainty of my Letter's being received in Hampshire, & more Sorrow that your perverse Curacy makes it so certain. As to Mrs John Mulso & myself, it is more agreable to Us to divide our Friends into different Parties, by which means they enliven different Seasons; but for your own Sake I could have wished You wth my present Party, especially as my Brother would have made a more able & agreable Companion in Jaunts about ye Country, than Myself. But it is over for this Year; say no more: I am content, i.e. I cannot help Myself.

I am now, & have been for near a week, seeing six or seven acres of Hay spoiling under the Rain. You enquire of my Brother whether I have a proper Patience for such a Sight. I learned it last Year, when all my Acres were in the same Condition: at present I have half not cut down, which is a great Comfort. But I did not learn it of Farmers; I never heard of their being proper School-Masters on such Occasions, who are universally Grumblers. I have just bought a Barometer, but I bought it a day or Two too late; Had I been possessed of it Time enough to have been advertised of the Change of Weather, I should have saved my Hay. In Times past I could have taken Heart at ye Sight of a Gleam of Sunshine, & hoped for an Opportunity of housing; but this devilish Glass—sink, sink, sink!!—But why don't You look off from it, say you?—The Question was put to a Man who was sp—wing his Heart up at a nasty Something under a Wall:—Oo-ak, Oo-ak, Oo-ak! Pox on it—I can't look off it, Oo-ak!!—

You tell me of your soft silky Scenes at Selbourne. We have

fine Views here, but no such Scenes. We want your Cultivation. My Garden is never in order from one End to the Other. The Master is no Gardener, & ye Gardener is no Master in his way; besides that, I want Hands, & cannot afford them: & when All would be done, it is an old fashioned Ground, pieced together, & would want totally a new Disposition to make it tolerable. If I did not *call-in ye Country*, I should never think of calling in Any Body to take a Walk to the end of it. My Brother has described to me your new alterations: I long to see Them, as well as You.

My Brother has been very poorly ever since he has been here, but I think he is now much better. My Sister & Miss Baker have had their Ailments, & my dear Wife, who used to be Heart of Oak, has been subject to very alarming Complaints of Giddiness & violent Sickneses, *without a Cause* that one would hope would make them but temporary. However with all our Complaints the Ladies have been at Balls at Wakefield; & last Thursday Sen'night we had a very agreeable Ball in my House. Seven or Eight Couple of genteel Figures, Six of the He-Things Officers. There's Comfort for the Lady-Birds in such a Retreat. I did not get to Bed till between Four & Five in the Morning. Yet I do not find that any Body was the worse for it. We diverted ourselves wth the Thought of your falling in wth Us that very Night. How would you have stared!! & what Music Book must I have got for You to have studied in a Corner?

I thought I had got a Horse to my Mind. A young Thing, under four Year old, quiet, & sure-footed: but upon good feeding the Quietness is over, & it's Paces are so shambling that I cannot think it safe at all. Sr George Savile who was here lately, ordered one of his Stewards to buy me a Horse; there is a Gentleman in Nottinghamshire, who had a little Horse that he used to shoot from to dispose of; he grew too bulky for it. This Horse is to be sent for; but I have not yet got it, so can tell you Nothing about it. I shall part wth the other as soon as it comes. I am sorry to hear that You are, as you once called me, not a *bottomless Traveller*. I have no Idea of a Separation between You & a Horse, who were once the *Centaur not fabulous*.

I wish You Joy of your Sister Woods' being safely brought to Bed, & of the Arrival of your Nephew: as well as of the Health of your Neighbours, & your Brother's agreeable Purchase, & of all the favourable Circumstances of your Family concerns.

I see by the Papers that the Storm that has raged in some Parts of the South has been as near you as King's Clere; I do not know exactly where that is, but I hope it came no nearer. Wo to your Melon Glasses, if it has!—I have now some Melons near upon cutting. Beans, Pease, & Cucumbers, are old. We are not here so fond of ye Cantaleupe Sort; tho' we have some

of different Coats ; some much netted, but large & speckled. I know none of their Names ; I had hope to have seen You, peeping at & pinching them, & laying your Head wth my Gardener. We had very good last Year, in spite of ye wet weathers. Our Corn looks well here, but ye Fruit & especially Apples make but a bad Shew. I have lately parted wth almost all my Wheat of last Year, having nearly enough of ye Year before to keep my Family, 'till the new Crops come in ; which considering the constant Company that I have in my house, & ye Quantity of Mouths in my Kitchen, will give You a good Idea of ye Tythe-in-kind of Thornhill Township only.

I enquire, but Nobody here has any thing particular to say to You (except Tom's thanks for your Lr) But we all agree to think of You, to talk of you, to wish for You, & to love You.

I am Ever, dear Gil, Afftely Yours,

John Mulso.

Letter 114.

Wakefield.

Sepr 14, 1764.

Dear Gil :

You will imagine by the Name of the Place that I date from, that what You observed of the Solitariness of my House, is true, & that the Departure of so many dear Friends has bred an Impatience of the deserted Spot. It is true that Mrs Mulso & Myself were very sorry when the Time came that we must part with them ; they had given Us sincere Pleasure, & of Course their Going created Grief. But We have not had Opportunity to complain of Solitariness yet a while. Upon their Leaving Us, We went to a Mr Allot's of Kirkheaton, (a Place which I hope to bring You acquainted with) when we returned, Young Mr. Baker came to us in his way to York Races ; when he went, the Allot's returned our Visit : Before they left Us Mr Baker returned, & is but just gone ; & my Brother Will : Young (ye Surgeon) came in upon Us, very unexpectedly. He is still with Us, & will be some little Time. We thought it fortunate that the Wakefield Races fell in with his Time of being here, as it enlivens a Country Journey to see a Place with it's gayest Face. We are at a Dr Hodgson's one of the worthiest of Men, and wth whom I have no Fault to find but that there is no Table in my Room to write upon except the Dressing Table, which cramps my Hand, & makes me write scarce legibly. Mrs Mulso is very well & gay here, (but a little sick in a Morning) tho' She has sustained a prodigious Misfortune ; the *Trimming of her Sack* did not arrive Time enough to appear at the Assembly. Yet She lives—& desires her sincere Regards & best Wishes to you, & thinks of You

in the Midst of all this Fuss. My Brother Mulso received a Kick from a Horse in his way to London, that has laid him up ever since; but of this you will hear more fm London than I can tell You, having heard but once. I find by your Hints that You are determined not to die an Old Batchelour, if You can help it; tho' You are not yet fixed. Well, Speed you well! but look well about You; Consider You are beyond your *octavum Lastrum*; which tho' it is (I hope) not quite Time to leave off the Ladies, is full Time to begin with them. (I have received some anecdotes of your Family in the matrimonial way, which coming a round about way to me, have, I hope, gained Something in the telling: the rather, as You are totally silent upon the Subject yourself.)

Our Harvest is now getting in: It begins to be Time, for I have been eaten out of House & Home. Our weather has of late been very fine, and I beleive the Corn will, upon the whole, be well got in; tho' it is now inclining to Wind & Rain. I had good Plenty of Hay, & not at all spoiled, tho' I had almost all the Rain upon it that fell at that Time. I have lost a good Neighbour in a Mr Beaumont of Whitley Hall; These are heavy Losses in the Country.

My Patron is at Wakefield, but so much out of Order as not to be able to bear the Heat of the public Room; so he has not appeared but upon the Course. The Horse that he employ'd his Steward to get for me, proved a batter'd Jade, so it is returned, & I am yet mounted on my Dob: I had bought a young Horse in the Spring, but it will not do, I want to get rid of it but it is at present lame.

I wish you Joy of Mrs Barker's safe Time. She has as good leave off now, unless She has a Mind to another Boy.

I must now lay down my Pen, because it will obey my Hand no longer, & because the Company are all come below, & the Concert is begun. Complots to all chez vous.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your's afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 115.

Thornhill.

Janry 7, 1765.

May my dear Gil see many Happy Returns of this Season; May his Years be multiplied, his Health established, & his Generation encreased. May every Blessing attend him that an old Friend can wish; or his own Heart desire!

It is a great while since I wrote to you, but You have been upon the Ramble a good while, & I have had no precise acct yet of your Return to Selborne; but from the Season of ye Year I guess that you are at home: To say Truth, from a Hint in your last

Lettr & your patient acceptance of *my* Hint about matrimony, I suspected that your Journey to London had a View to that Change of your Condition ; especially as You shew an Inclination to detach yourself from College by accepting of so moderate a Living at Cholderton. In Town you could hear of me, & my Directions are all for Selborne, so I would not write to you there, especially as I have not been much in Heart for it. If you can be dispenced wth for residing at Cholderton, any little thing added to your own Fortune would make you comfortable. Wilts is under Salisbury, & the present Bishop is a reasonable Man. I hear heavy Complaints of my Lord of Exeter for obliging his Clergy to reside whether they have a House or no, so I am glad it is not in that Diocese.

I had a Letter lately from my Sister Chapone, in which She tells me that She has laid a little Plan wth You for a Visit this Spring or Summer. I really long very much to see my Sister, as well I may, it is almost a Lustrum since I left her, & many interesting Circumstances have happen'd to her since that Time. But yet She is not the Person that I could wish to come wth You. It would be with great Difficulty that I could ever get her beyond my Gates, whereas the Method in which I propose to entertain you here is in being always upon the Go, to one little Point of View or other. This is all I can do ; for a Journey I never take on Horseback ; seldom in any Manner. At present I am quite unhorsed, but I am making Enquiries about such a Thing, & have a Friend to make the Purchase upon, & That is Sr George Savile's Estate, for he has order'd his Steward to pay for one if I can please myself in it. The Difficulty, therefore lies with me, but I assure you it is no small One. I hear you are not so sanguine a Horseman as You was ; you will therefore be ye easier contented wth the Smallness of my Rides.

Your old Friend will be up again before you come, & I hope quite alert, & will challenge you to ye Field ; at present She is very heavy, but goes on as well as we can expect, considering that She has not had much Respite these last years, & begins to think that she has done enough in this way. She desires her Love to you & will be glad to see you at all Times ; but You must be sure to let Us know of your Designs before you come ; for when the Year mends, we get out sometimes ; & have had Invitations to Sr George's in Nottinghamshire ; which if repeated in a proper Season we might perhaps accept, if we knew of no Company coming towards Us.

How old shall we appear to you when you see Us !! wth *Spectacles on's Nose & Pouch on's Side* &c: It is true ; we are thus armed for seeing ; nor can either of us do without it by Candle light, except the Print is remarkeably good. The weather has been of late exceedingly proper for keeping at home. The

Sun has not appeared this Month, & we have had black Frosts & Fogs and dark Weather for ye longest continuance that I ever remember. Mrs Mulso has rejoiced: It has been free from winds & has pinned me down to ye fireside; so we have alternately taken up the Spectacles to read to one another, the Boxes of the *sounding Gammon* or Cards. But this let me say for ye Credit of Matrimony & to encourage You, that I have not found this Confinement irksome. Let me enjoy my Health, & be free from the Plague of having Rogues about me, & I want few Enjoyments from Home, & relish None so well. I have been forced to make a Reform in my menials: I have dismiss'd my old Gardiner, whom I take to be a consummate Villain, and my Livery Servant. I have now Two in their Room, who are sober & I hope honest; I have prayed as much to find such, as ever Priest did for a Bishoprick, or as ye present Irish Clergy do for ye Primacy of Armagh. I hope I have: my Footman is low, slow, & fat; but he is sober & of good Report, & Nature; & a Darling of ye Maids because he plays on the Fiddle; so we have had old dusting of my Stone Floor this Xmas time. My new Gardiner sets about work vigorously; but I cannot judge of his Abilities in other Respects, as I have none Myself; & this I am the more convinced of because he has shown me that my last Fellow ruined my Trees by his Manner of pruning, in which I took it for granted that he excelled. I have sacrificed almost all my wall fruits for ye present, & replanted my Walls, convinced that I had better be without for some Time to have more Plenty hereafter, please God I live to see it.

I have had a Lr from Dr Scrope wth some Subscriptions &c: You have heard fm him on ye same Subject I make no Doubt. I had but 4, which I have disposed of. I am glad he is got so clear-headed again: The Nature of ye work savours a little of Dejection, & the Occasion of it is some Reflexion on You Gentlemen of Oriell, but he kindly hides it from ye Public. Let me hear from You soon.

I am ever, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 116.

To the Rev. Mr White,
at Selbourne, near Alton, Hants.

Thornhill,
March 9, 1765.

Dear Gil:

As Mrs Mulso has been of late in ye groaning way, I was resolved to stay 'till ye Affair was over, before I answer'd your last. I have been always better to you than you deserve in this Subject of writing; You were ever dilatory. Take Care of That, it will increase wth age. Now I can acquaint you that my

dearest Wife was safely deliver'd of a Son the Night before last after a short but sharp Time. She has still Pains & Penalties, but they are in Ordine, so that She may be said to have had a good Time. I am now again Father of Two Sons and two Daughters; & if it please God to bless & preserve them, I shall be glad to close the Poll here. It is ye most agreable of all Sets. If you do not make Hast to be married, I shall begin to tell You how many Cares of Fears, as well as how many Species of Satisfaction attend Paternity: but if you are upon that Plan now, you are singing,

I prythee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Pains but all thy Joy!

and I will not introduce any of the consequent Troubles to your View. I hope to see you according to ye Plan you have laid down; I have had a Lr fm Mrs Chapone in which She seems to think, that, if Business will permit, She can not have an Opportunity of a fellow Traveller more agreable than Yourself, & that at her Time of Life She may set off with you without the Imputation of being driving away to Scotland. I desire you to stuff your Portmanteau wth Sermons; my Curate & Self are worn down. I have been very ill of late, & do really beleive that the Air of this Country has a peculiar ill Effect upon me from Janry to ye full warmth of Spring. But perhaps I talk like an Invalid, and carry that about me that would make all counties alike. Mrs Mulso will, I hope in God, be in full Strength to challenge you to walk or ride; She will have recover'd all her Pertness, & will swing along wth ye Dignity of a Mother of—*five*, I would have said—*four* Children. I have not yet met wth a Horse; it does not as yet signify much, for neither has ye Weather tempted Excursions, or have I been able to perform them if it had. Besides my little old Horse can still carry me a little way. Sr George Savile is very kind to me; when I have finished this Lr I am going to write to Him. He has been ill of late, but I have had a chearfull Lr from him since his being better. Tho' he is not entirely on the Side of the Question that I have been used to, yet I am so sure of ye Goodness of the Man in point of Intention, that I am in no Danger of being ill thought of by any Body for giving loose to ye Partiality that his obliging Behaviour naturally gives me. Sr George is a *Christian*, & when I say that of a Man, tho' opinions may vary in minor Points, the Basis of all is Sound Integrity, which never can consent to Evil.

I did once in a Visit look into Ulloa's account, & thought it promised well, but was disappointed in not finding any Solution of the System that he went to establish. For tho' I could not have regularly attended ye analysis of his Position thro' it's arithmetical Probation, yet I would have taken up wth the Result of the whole & supposed him right 'till somebody else had proved him wrong.

I am very little of a Farmer this Year, having little to sell. As a Gardener I am a Sufferer, having lost some new Peaches, & (a much less Loss,) my forward Beans. My new Gardener is industrious, but I cannot answer for his skill. I am happy in ye Sobriety of him & my Footman. Remember that I have not one riding horse to accommodate you wth, I will keep your Horse, but not find you one. If Mrs Woods is wth you, my Comps. & good wishes attend her & her Bearn. Your Description of your sitting in your dining room reminds me of your old Situation in the Fens. For Shame, Gil! this Vacuity ought to have been filled up. Mrs Mulso's Love attends you, She can hardly yet beleive She shall see you; Five years gone! & a Batchelor, & find no *Time!* I shall be impatient to hear more of this Design, & do eagerly long to welcome you to ye Mansion of,

Dear Gil, Your old & affectionate Friend,
J. Mulso.

Letter 117.

To the Reverend Mr White, Thornhill,
at Selbourne, near Alton, Hants. May 19, [1765.]
Dear Gil:

The Spring is in full Glory, ye Year goes on, the Time of my expecting you is every day nearer, & yet I linger in my Answer to your last Letter, which I have had a good while by me; It seems unkind, it looks as if I cool'd in ye warmth of my Invitation. It is all otherwise, & I am sure you think I have another Reason. Good God, my dear Friend, what will say, when I tell you that I have been kept in doubt whether you would or would not have a kind Hostess to find at Thornhill! My dear Mrs Mulso has been excessively & dangerously ill; and indeed She is still very much so, tho' I hope on ye mending hand & out of Danger; and this, not in a violent way, but by a slow creeping feaver, which has wasted her flesh, demolish'd her Spirits, & kept her in a State of Giddiness of head, violent Sickneses &c: 'till it took her off her Horse & off her Legs, & almost off ye present Scene. If that dreadful Event had happen'd, (which I can but just bear to put down on Paper, tho' I thank God I seem past the present Fear of it) could I for your Sake have ask'd you to Thornhill, whatever I might have done for my own? You see therefore that I have had a terrible Reason for my Silence. But now Mrs Mulso begins to find Benefit from getting on Horseback, tho' her Rides are very short, & come when you will, you will I hope find her able to receive you with Pleasure & Satisfaction. She is still taking medicine 4 Times pr day, & has not got over ye Hurry

& Eagerness of Spirits which attends every thing to be done, & gives her an Impatience as if She was afraid the least Delay would totally prevent the doing it: Her Cravings for Nourishment are sudden & vehement, & if not immediately supplied, She is dejected & hurt. She has undergone Emetics & Blister. She is still in great weakness, but our Faculty say her Cure must be a Work of Time, tho' they do not doubt of it. Her three Lyings-in, in little more than two Years, have undoubtedly been too much for her Strength, & tho' She seem'd to recover well of this last, She is now suffering for it.

My Sister Chapone, I find, will not be of your Party. She cannot leave London 'till July, if then: & has another Plan of Conveyance: as to your Stay here, I desire it may be as long as it is possible for you to be spared from ye South, Sine Die. I hope your next will give some account of your setting out, & of ye Time that you expect to arrive near Us, that my Horses may attend You; However if you arrive at Wakefield & do not find them there, it is but six Miles to Us, & a Post Chaise will bring you in less than an Hour, rough as they run.

I am now in so much Pain wth ye Rheumatism that I write in great Pain; but I am alive 'till it gets to my Head & then I make a bad figure; it is pretty near it for it is in my Shoulder. Mrs Mulso's sincere Love & Desiderium wth mine attend you.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Mem: married 9 years yesterday & not repented. Where's my Bacon?

Letter 118.

To the Rev. Mr White

Thornhill.

at Selbourne, near Alton, Hampshire.

June 24 —65.

Dear Gil:

I remember you stigmatised one of my Letters that recorded something that did not please you, wth the Title of my *croaking left-handed* Letter: I beg Leave to return your Compliment. I am beyond Measure vexed that so kind a Disposition as you shew to make a long & expensive Journey to see Us, should be so often & so provokingly defeated. However I am pretty confident that if poor Ned Acton gets better & can spare his Assistant, or if any Other *Hand can be got to be employ'd in your musical Affair*, that you will set off for Thornhill in a Moment, in spite of ye new fronting of your Stables. You build like rich Men, who generally take Care of their Horses Conveniences before the rest of their Family: Mr Lascelles began in this Neighbourhood Stables, that were the Glory & Envy of this Hobby-horsical Horse Country, & then went upon a House for himself: The whole will be a £100,000 Pds Jobb.

To whet your Inclination to come Northward, I let you know that my Sister Chapone is now wth Us, & will I hope stay wth Us as long as a Southern Visitor can well bear, 'till the winter threatens to lock us up, & we look sadly in each other's omb'er'd Faces over our Seven-Month Fires. My Sister very kindly hast'n'd her Coming to be a Comfort the sooner to my poor dear Wife, who is still in a very weak way both in Strength & Spirits, but gets out on her Horse for about a Mile out, every practicable Day.

I have a Horse which Sr George gave me, & I should have thought Myself fitted, but ye provoking Creature takes Fright & turns short round wth me, which is especially dangerous in this Country, where we are often mounted on high Causeways only wide enough for one Horse, which is our only Winter Ground. Do not you think that it was a bold undertaking in Mrs Chapone to set out alone from London & be hurried away in Chance Company in the Leeds Machine. This Machine comes to Wakefd about 7 in ye Ev'ning of ye 2d day; the charge is about £2.5.0, & ye Expencc on the Road very little, because you have but little Time to stop: My Sister bore the Fatigue surprizingly well; I met her last Fryday Night at Wakefd & conducted her Home in a Post Chaise.

I saw in my last Paper that Dr Blake's Death has vacated the Living of Tortworth: pray is not that in your Option as Fellow? I am impatient to know whether You are Rector of Tortworth: if so, clap in a Curate as Soon as possible, & come away after Institution, Induction &c: They can better bear your Absence before they are well acquainted wth You than they can afterwards.

Mrs Mulso & I were very much shock'd at the Accounts of the Accident & End of the poor little Boy. It seems however to have settled you in your Debates upon Matrimony, & confirmed you in your State of Celibacy: for you observe wth a Formality of Stile, which you drop in the next Sentence, that wedlock hath also numbers of Cares &c: as if you had *excerped* the Observation fm a Treatise upon the Expediency of dying an old Batchelor.

Our Soil being something like your's, we suffer wth You in the Depredations which the unseasonableness of the weather has made upon Us. I shall be forced into cutting some of my Grass next Week: for tho' we have now a mixture of Cold, wet, & Sunshine, yet my Grass will grow no more. My Fruit is blasted & blighted & ruined utterly, except Apples of which there is a great Promise. Whether we could rival you in Vegetation, I doubt; but here they have a Hatred to a great Tree; they cut away at 20 Years' End, & have no Respect to the Glory of an Oak in it's honourable Hundreds. This totally prevents the

Face of our Country from looking so grand as Your's. Yet Mrs Chapone is much smitten wth it.

My Wife & Sister desire to be remembered in a kind manner to you. My Sister challenges You to fetch her back, after a long stay here. This last is what your old friend Mrs Mulso & Myself insist upon, if you can come at all. We love ye word *Come* & hate the word *Go*.

I am sorry I have no Frank for You. Sr George was lately here, but I could not ask him to my House because of Mrs Mulso's being so ill; & I could not so well set Him to franking in the little Time I spent wth Him in other Houses. I am but middling in Health Myself, but ever, my dear Gil,

Perfectly & afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 119.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Thornhill.
Aug: 28 —65.

Dear Gil:

I have not yet caught my Baronet to get a Frank, & yet tho' I have Nothing to tell You worth eight Pence, I never feel disposed to omit writing for so long a Time as you do; Your answer of Aug: 2d was to a Lr of Mine of May 19th. Now tho' I must agree to that necessity which has set us at a Distance & therefore render'd our personal Conferences very difficult, yet I can not resist the Desire of making Use of the happy Inter-course that Letters give to Friends.

I give up the affair of seeing You at Thornhill in the Year 1765: but not the Hopes of seeing you entirely. And I desire you now to suspend your Intention of Coming hither unless you can do it very soon; because, if God grants Us Life & Ability, I purpose to pass most of this winter in London or Chelsea, wth Mrs Mulso & my eldest Daughter; & am settling my affairs accordingly. I shall therefore hope somehow or other to get a Sight of You in the South. As to coming to Selbourne it will be out of the Question; for as I do not purpose to go Southward 'till the End of Octr & return cum *Hirundine prima*, the meer Spot of Selbourne will not be so inviting as the Thought of seeing the Master of it, which, as you have many friends in Town, I hope You will contrive to give me the Pleasure of. In the first Part of my Time I intend to sojourn wth my Brother Mulso, & the latter wth the Bishop of Winton. I speak of this, because I shall be more my own Master in my Brother's House, than the Bishop's, tho' I know that You would be well received at Both. I suppose You may have seen my Lord at Farnham, as I find he is there, & has been some little Time.

Mrs Mulso, your old Friend, recovers but very poorly of her Illness; & I principally meditate my Journey to Town upon her Account. For London is no favourite Spot of Mine for any Length of Time; but I hope the Tout ensemble will be of Service to Her. We were last week at Wakefield, but neither my Wife or Sister were well there; & I have been very ill since I came back, & it is wth some Difficulty that I write this; yet I would not delay, for One Opportunity lost is generally the Cause of Failure thro' Many Posts.

It will be well to get out of this Country this Winter. There is Plenty of Nothing. Never was my Dairy in such a Condition. The Hay was short; but of after Grass hardly any: so long was it before Rain followed upon Mowing. I shall leave a Family behind me, & therefore go on wth Housekeeping, tho' absent.

I have had a very dreadfull accident lately in my House, for my Gardener fell fm a high Walnut Tree, & we thought him at first dying of a generall *Mash*; but he escaped wth two broken arms; one a Simple, the Other, a compound Fracture. They now knit apace, & he goes about the Parish, directing (tho' not able to labour wth his Hands,) in my Harvest affairs.

I have never seen the works of *Stillingfleet** that You speak of; & indeed it is a Subject that I am not so engaged in as Yourself. I have so little Health, that I have no Temptation to out-door work. Exercise is my Bane instead of my Medicine; nor am I ever so free from Complaint as when I take next to none; which to you would be a real Illness. It is not my Laziness that makes the Observation, but my Apothecary is obliged to confirm the Sentence by an Attendance upon my Constitution for these last five Years & half. I therefore can give you but little account of the vegetable world in Return for your's (which pleases me much); I only know that as my Table has not wanted Beans, Peas, Carrots, Onions, Cabbages, or French Beans, when Mrs Mulso has order'd them, I suppose that Yorkshire has not been so severely used by this Season, (which certainly has been intemperate every where,) as Hampshire; where You say they have been demolished. My Melons are but just come in. As to Wall fruit, I have little or none: my walls are not well supplied by Trees; Some are young; & Some I have lost since I supplied them, which I have done more than Once. There are great Crops of apples this year. I hear that Wheat & Barley run short this Year; but I beleive it is only that in the Tytheable part of Thornhill Township they have put but little in the Ground: Of Oats there is Plenty. Our Springs are exceeding low all around Us; & I have never

* The "Miscellaneous Tracts" of Benjamin Stillingfleet, the Naturalist, published in 1759, which Gilbert White refers to in his 10th and 13th letters to Pennant.

known so bad water at the Parsonage; for One of our great Conveniences is Plenty of Water. But this Year it barely serves Us; & my Fish are great Sufferers. I find the Swallows already begin to troop together. However I cannot but look forward to the ensuing Winter wth some Expectation of Gratification, since it is to bring me to ye Sight of several Friends, whom I cannot easily transport to Thornhill. My Sister stays to travell wth Us; we shall fill 2 Post Chaises: But as we are all but in the Crockery Order, we shall be forced to take 3 Nights Lodging on the Road in Spite of the Velocity of that Voiture. I shall sell off my nag, when I leave Yorkshire, for he is so skittish that it is quite unsafe for me to ride him: so I shall have one the less to feed thro' ye Winter. My old little Dob is quite useless, being lame as well as old, I keep her on Charity.

The Ladies return your Civilities. I wish Mrs Woods a good Time, & Health & Prosperity to You & Your's, & a happy Meeting to us this Winter, & am,

Dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

I observe that you have chang'd *Dear Mulso* into *Dear Sir*. Do you chuse that word in ye place of *Gil*?

Letter 120.

Apl. 25, 1766.

Dear Gil:

I certainly ought to have thanked You for the Favour of your Company in Town, as you undertook your Journey more especially upon Mrs J. Mulso's & my Account; but as my Brother sent another Invitation, which I had hoped would have fetch'd You up again, I deferred doing it. It certainly gave me very great Satisfaction to see & embrace you, & to find you better than expectation had formed You. It likewise makes me more sanguine in my Hopes of seeing You in the North. As to seeing you at Selbourne, according to your very kind Invitation, that you will find to be impossible; when I inform you that we troop off Bag & Baggage for Thornhill, on Thursday next May 1st Mrs Mulso, Jenny, & Self, make a Sort of Visiting Journey; for we stop at Admiral Young's in Hertfordshire; & afterwards at Histon near Cambridge at Mr Ekins's: So I cannot say on what Day we shall arrive at Thornhill, but by God's Blessing I hope to be there before the Middle of the Week after we set out. Both Jenny & Myself have been ill, since I saw You, but I thank God we are pretty well again. I begin this letter & shall possibly send it from Chelsea. I sent a little Message from Town by Miss Littleton to excuse me to you: as a Part of our Family will

be wth You this Summer, you will hear the more about Us, tho' possibly not so much immediately from Us. In the latter Part of the Year I shall expect You. When your own Nest is empty, You will be more glad to take a Flight to a new Habitation.

Vegetation thrives apace now, & I suppose You are quite intent upon your new Study:* You will not perhaps relish a Prospect the worse when we force you to look up, as I presume You will go wth your Eyes fixed on ye Ground most Part of the Summer. You will pass wth the Country Folks as a Man always making of Sermons, while you are only considering a weed. I thank you for your learned Dissertation on the *Canker* or *Stink pot*. I knew in general that all Flesh was Grass, but I did not know that Grass was Flesh before.

I beg my Comps. to the Ladies that are wth You. I called on Benjamin & made my Inquiries after the Branches of your family, but have had no Time to call on Mrs Woods. Benjn was in much Concern about Jack, but I hope it is now cleared up.

I know we shall have your good wishes for a safe Journey. It will not be very long before I shall write to you & hear I hope from You.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Apl. 27. Returned to London.

Bror & Sister Mulso's best Services, they cannot set the Date of their Coming, but hope to keep to the Time proposed. Dr Stebbing has his Choice of the Living wish'd for, so Miss Littleton will be married soon, we suppose.

Letter 121.

Thornhill,

July 3, 1766.

Dear Gil:

In vain I called for your wishes of a safe Journey into Yorkshire, in vain I called for Congratulations upon our safe arrival at our own Home: nothing can force a Letter out of You.

* At this time Gilbert White was making a serious study of botany, composing with almost daily entries, month by month, during this year, what he termed "FLORA SELBORNIENSIS, with some coincidences of the coming and departure of birds of passage and insects; and the appearing of reptiles for the year 1766." "The Plants are according to Mr. Ray's method: and the Birds according to Mr. Willoughby's ornithology; the Insects according to Mr. Ray's 'Hist. Insect'; and the Reptiles according to Ray's 'Synopsis Animalium Quadrupedum.'" This MS. which is contained in 61 quarto pages, has never been published. It may be regarded as the first idea of a natural history of his native parish, which was afterwards superseded by his correspondence with Pennant, commenced in the following year (1767).

I suppose You now wait to tell me of the arrival of my Brothers & Sisters at your House; but why need you do that? I shall force them into a Course of Letters, as soon as I hear that You are all got together. I want to hear from You; I presume nevertheless that in your next you will be able to give some account of my Family, for I cannot know Any thing certain from Them, who (at ye time of their last writing) were themselves in Uncertainty as to their Motions. They were to make a Visit at Farnham in their way, but then they were not to set out 'till they had recd your Summons. I owe a Letter to my Brother Mulso but I could not return an answer to London. I sent a Lr to your House long ago for my Sister Chapone, of which no notice has been taken, so I conclude that you detain it at Selborne. Let me however have a Lr from you, that I may know where to address my own Brother & Sisters. Let me in it know the State of your young Folks that were ill of ye Meazles; & pray mention in it your Brother John, & whether he is alive or dead. These Summer Visitants of Your's are great Hindrances to a certain Scheme, which you once told me should be soon undertaken, if it was ever to be undertaken at all: It was a Scheme to prevent your marrying your Maid when You was Sixty or Seventy.

I shall not let you go above a Year or two more, before I begin to take ye other Side of ye Question, & inveigh agst your undertaking this Yoke of Wedlock at all; & that, because the chances will go more agst You, whether You may or may not live to see your Children Christianly & Virtuously brought up.

We have had an Accident which has put a Stop to Population for Some Time wth Us: for on the 16th of last month Mrs Mulso miscarried. She is very well again; I really think much better than She was before. The Concern is not very great, tho' the name of Mulso is of such Consequence to ye world; for Two of a Sort was just my Choice, & That is just what I have, thank God; & may he preserve them to Us as Blessings, & we will not desire More or less. I have not given a formal Intimation of this to Any, but Admiral Young & ye Bishop's Family, because I did not know, as I said before, where to catch my Brother; & I desire you to let them know, that this was the Cause & nothing else.

I hope I am recovering again from a very bad Bout, but I have still a Deafness in my left Ear & Confusion in my Head, which I take to be of ye nervous Order: I am afraid You will begin to find Something of that same Confusion in my Stile & Manner of writing: but You must accept of an old Friend with all his Infirmities.

Invalids are always finding some external Causes for their Failures, which are, as I always held, laid in wth the Stamina

of Life. I am complaining of ye weather; it is here perpetual Rains, wth worse than Winter Roads, so that Riding is quite disagreeable. I have but this Day adventured to begin my Hay, which groaned for ye Scythe. My Glass rises a little, & so I took Courage, & hope for Success. If I can get my Hay well in, there is a greater Plenty of it than has been known for many Years. May I hope that you will put my Horses upon it after our Rides in the latter End of this Summer, if we live to see it? Come, my dear friend, Time is precious. Some how or other it has enter'd into my Head that I shall not stay long in this Country: Let me have ye Satisfaction of shewing to you a very pretty part of it. Sr Philip Musgrave took Us in his way into ye North, & is pleased wth our Place. We had some Item about Dr Ogle's calling, but have heard or seen Nothing of him. I had a civil Message from my Patron the other Day, but he stayed hardly at all in these Parts this year; he was twice called from Leeds in the little Time he could give to his Militia, of which he is very fond. Pray tell my Sister Mulso that her Brother & Sister whip'd over here in a Tim Whisky the other day, & gave Us a very kind Invitation to Wakefield; which we were not well enough to accept, tho', I assure You, Vaux Hall Gardens are opened at Wakefield, which must be a strong Temptation. Tell my dear Sister Chapone that if She has recd my Letter & it's inclosed for some Time, She is not very polite to a new Correspondent, nor gratefull to me who tired myself to Death in the Quantity of words that I wrote for her; tho' I do not repent, if it gave her Pleasure.

Farewell, my dear Friend, I am going wth my Wife & Children into ye Hay Field. It has an Arcadian Sort of Sound wth it, but to say Truth I am too dunder headed to think poetically or in a romantic way. Serious things best suit me now, & therefore seriously, tho' not sadly, I am,

My dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's

Jno Mulso.

P.S. Mrs Mulso's Love &c: & Jenny's.

July 4. I have just recd a Lr fm my Brother & beg You to give him the Inclosed.

Letter 122.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selborne near Alton, Hampshire.

Witney, Oxfordshire.
Apl. 13, 1767.

Dear Gil,

Tho' it is long since I heard from You, yet I determin'd to keep Silence, 'till I knew ye Issue of ye Affair of this Collation of ye Bishop of Winton. I have the Pleasure of dating from ye *Blanket-making Town*, now my own Living, as I have received

Institution, Induction, & yesterday read in; an arduous Task to me, which thank God, I went thro' much better than I could expect. I am upon my Return today as far as Oxford, Tomorrow I go to Chelsea, & on ye Wednesday next Week I set out for Yorkshire.

I have a large & handsome House, & a middling good Garden here: but I have ten thousand Cares upon me, & as many Expences, so that I do not know which Way to turn me. Neither does ye Place strike my Fancy or suit my Temper: But I hope to reconcile myself by Degrees. My large House is in a strange Plight at present, & when We shall be settled in it God knows. Nor have I sufficient Ground about it for Cattle, which is a sad Change to me. Mrs Mulso is wth me, & much Your's; I do not know what I should have done without her: a Lady does more Business in a Hour, than a Man in a Day.

Our Communication, my dear old friend, will now be more easy, but I hate you for never having seen my Thornhill. I shall have a thousand Reasons to regret it; but I shall love Witney by Degrees as I have done every place where it has pleased God to place me.

I hope this will find you well. Dr Bentham did me the favour to sup with me at ye blue Boar on Fryday. I was very glad to see him look so well. He was in Spirits, & had an Opportunity to divert himself at my Expence, & to help me out wth advice, which was an old Method with him.

I am surrounded wth People coming to me, but I was resolved to keep my Purpose of writing to you from hence.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's (as ye Bishop calls me)

Witney John.

Letter 123.

To the Reverend Mr. White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.

July 21, 1767.

Dear Gil:

Among the Friends whom I am glad to advertise of my nearer Approach to them, You my old Friend, certainly claim to be consider'd. We are at last, thank God, happily arrived, & descended from the Heights of Yorkshire to ye *Sink* of Oxfordshire; for so Witney is called; *Willowy*, as well as Blanket-Making Town. It's Summer Face however is tolerable, & my own little Domain very agreeable. You are therefore hereby summoned to make your personal appearance at Witney before ye Time that contristat Aquarius Annum; because I do not chuse to be found by You as Phaeton in ye Suds. You are therefore to take Us in your Way to your Alma Mater, rising by a just Gradation from ye Child to ye Mother. Bring with you

a Heap of Sermons & your best Voice, for my Church is large. I am very angry at your Behaviour to me while I lived in the North; I can never shew You such Scenery again; alas, this is but a COUNTRY Barn to Pompey's Theatre: Leave however your Tiburni lucum, & deign to visit Us, for why did I change Situations if You will not avail yourself of ye Change? Let us however know at what Time we may expect you, because We hear of a Jaunt to Farnham, but it's Date is not set, & I would not be out of your Way. Mrs Mulso sends her Love, She wants to shew you her Firs & Larches. I thank God we are all well. Comps. to your family.

I am, dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 124.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.
Octr 13, 1767.

Dear Gil:

I was yesterday over at ye Arch Deacon's Visitation at Woodstock, & there I was informed that Mr Frewen died last Week. This you have known I presume by a speedier Intelligence. But it is not so much the thing itself, as the Inferences, that affect me. You are said to be likely to take his Living; if You do, Two or three things will happen; You will come soon to Oxford, tho' You are not press'd in Time. You will keep a Curate on that Living, & therefore not be so tied by the Leg as you are by your serving a Curacy yourself; a Circumstance very hatefull to a Man whose Inquisitive Genius makes him love to change ye Scene often & search for Curiosities in various Regions. This Living* is in Gloucestershire as I understand: I lye in ye very Road: So that upon ye Whole, I conclude from these Inferences, that I may see you soon, & I may see you often. I shall have you routed out of that Recess of Selbourne, where your Affections are too much engross'd for Yourself, & your friends at a Distance. I am afraid that this is not the best Living of ye College: but nevertheless I think I collected by our last Confabulation, that You was inclined to secure to yourself the first Thing that fell, & get rid of your fellowship before your Fellowship got rid of you.

Let me hear from you soon; very soon. Mrs Mulso joins me in being glad that you have at least got an option. I hope all will be for the best to you, which is the constant wish of,

Dear Gil, Ever Afftely Your's,
John Mulso.

* The Rectory of Cromhall, an Oriel living.

Letter 125.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.
Deer 7, 1767.

Dear Gil :

I am glad to find by Your's, that you got safe home, from which place I order'd you to send me an Account of your Journey & safe arrival very soon ; as You did not obey me, I was afraid that, as Horace says, You had made a false Step & broke my Commandment. I wish you Joy of ye good Success of your Nephews and Nieces in ye Inoculation Scheme : I wish my children were as well thro' it ; but We have made no Determinations yet about it, tho' your Account has very much prejudiced Mrs Mulso in it's Favour. John Bosworth asked me if I knew your Inclinations about ye College Living, but I told him it was impossible to give him any Satisfaction as I was sure that you had not made your own Choice. I collect from hence either that Bosworth will take it if You do not, or that he interests himself for Perfect.* I shall soon know, because ye College will have your Answer, for as ye old Song says " Christmas is a Coming." I am sorry that you quarrell wth our Roads, because it will be one Argument agst a Gloucestershire Living. But Dr Blackstone has carried his Point to have our Bride Road under his Direction to be enlarged & made a Part of his Turnpike ; so We shall have Another Road for You. He wanted to set up a temporary Toll upon Magdalen Bridge, under Pretence of widening the Eastern End of it, & opening ye Entrance of St. Clement's, but in fact to put Money in his Purse for ye new projected Road to us ; but he was defeated in that Design. My Horses have been ill with the generall Infection ; That which you rode was very near dying ; my own Mare cough'd, but it went no farther ; I had taken Blood from them about a Week before they caught ye Distemper. They are both well now. We have ye same miserable Weather that you complain of, & I have not been out to course since you left me ; indeed the Employment is mournfull enough as We have no Plenty of Game. But I have been on Horseback pretty often : I suppose our Farmers have been put back in their sowing ; but as they must now have got an Opportunity, I do not think that they will be much Sufferers by That. I have gone no farther in my affair of letting my Tythes. I wish Mr Etty Success in his Pursuit. Poor Mrs Chaloner Ogle has lost her eldest Daughter ; it is a very severe Stroke to her ; but her Fortitude seems unconquerable. Her Misfortunes have enlarg'd her Mind, & sweet'ned her Disposition, & Reflexion has made her courag-

* John Perfect, elected Fellow of Oriol, 1747.

ious upon Principle: I hope God will be pleased to make her future years happier than the past, & if so, He will have height'ned ye Relish of her Satisfactions.

I have had Accounts from my poor Thornhill of great Damages done by ye Rains in that Parish & it's Environs. You do well to get a few friends about you this Winter. What we may do in ye Summer in regard to Visiting I do not know, nor can I promise: but I have a Desire to see Selborne, & love ye Master of the Hermitage too well to let proper Opportunities of seeing him escape me. It was a great Gratification to me to find that You approved of my new Place, I wanted your Sanction to grow fond of it; It is not come on quite, as yet. But I hope to have Reason in Time to be thankfull for my Change. My Uncle has got a Mr. Rennell for his domestic Chaplain in Fisher's Room, who is wth great Joy retiring to his Island & family. (Among Friends, I am mistaken if ye new One does not prove a very different Man fm the Old, for he is the most pragmatistical of Puppies; but lively & ingenious. This is a new Spoke in my Wheel, but so it must be; and I trust in God & not in Man. Mr Buller has made another Change of his worst Living for a better, but I know not it's name. Mr *Hoskins* sends his Comps. and Thanks for your Kind Remembrance of him. Mrs Mulso, Jenny, Jack &c join in Desire of being afftely remembered to You. I am ever,

Dear Gil, Your's afftely,

J. Mulso.

Letter 126.

To the Reverend Mr White

at Mr. White's, Bookseller, in Fleet Street, London. Witney,

Dear Gil:

Jan'y. 30, '68.

By a Letter which I reed last night fm my Brother, I am left in doubt whether this will or will not find you at Selbourne, yet I am determin'd to write thither, & to Town to my Brother, that if my Intelligence misses you at one place you may receive it at the other.

The Provost of Oriell is dead. My news arrived here last night by Mr Hoskins fm Oxford. And I am out of Patience that this is not Post day that This might reach you the sooner. *How* He died I shall not say 'till I have more certain Intelligence of it, I am much shocked at it; but shall be much comforted, if Any thing shd turn out to your Benefit from it.

You have *used me ill* in not letting me know how you had proceeded about ye Living. I suppose this Demise will at least bring you to Oxford, but I do not know whether you can have ye Assurance to shew your face at Witney: nevertheless I

should be glad to know when you will be at Oxford & whether you will peep at Us.

I find you are going wth a large party to London. I had hopes of meeting you there, but Mr & Mrs Stebbing have taken Possession of my Nest, so I must delay my Flight, 'till I hear of your being gone from London, which is a severe Tryal, because meeting you in Town would have been a double Pleasure.

I hope you will have ye Grace at least to let me hear from you, when you see how sollicitous I am about You, & that in spite of your Neglect of me, I am ever,

Dear Gil, Your's affectly

J. Mulso.

P.S. Mrs Mulso's & ye family's affte Comps. to you. I have not been on Horseback these 5 Weeks.

Letter 127.

To the Rev. Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney,
Apl. 23, 1768.

Dear Gil :

I think it very long since we have continued the Correspondence between Us: I do not know where it stopped, but I have a Reason why I have not wrote of late, which is, that there have been several Calls upon You to give your Attendance at Oxford, and then I had Hope of seeing you here, as the Distance is very little, & Conveyance various & easy. I hope to hear you are well, as I have been dissappointed of asking the Question by word of mouth: Let me know what is your family & how You go on. Have You been a Sufferer, as I have, in your Shrubbery by the Severity of the Winter? I have lost several of the Trees that You admired so much: great are the chasms where flourished my Laurestinums, the roots are left, & a few only promise to revive: my beautifull arbutus has it's Head lopped off, & is, I fear, gone beyond recovery. My Jessamine Trees, which shelter'd my Parlour have been forced to be cut in. My late Gardener has left me, I have agreed wth another to take Care of every thing, find Seeds, & live out of my House at Twenty four Pounds pr Year. Half my Trees are spoiled by the Carelessness of ye former Scoundrell, Some were not pruned for three Years. The broad leaved Herb, which you enquired after which has a hoar Leaf is the Moth Mullin or (as the Gardener pronounces it) *Hactaper*, but I think it sounds as if there was some Error in ye last word.

I see by the Papers that your neighbour Etty has outlived his Sweat at the Arch Bishop's & Has got Possession of his Living. I saw him in London.

I have a peculiar Business in my Church tomorrow. To

receive a Convert from Popery to the Communion of our Church. I have my Form from the Bishop of Oxford. He will visit here on June 3d & Confirm. The Bp of Winton has deferred his Visit 'till the End of the Year, which I am not sorry for.

My Yorkshire Servant is about to leave me. I do not beleive you can help me wth a *genteel & faithfull* Servant from your Parts at not above ten Pounds pr an. & no Vails, but washed at home. If you can, do. He must know Something of Horses, tho' I have another Servant to take part of ye Trouble off his Hands.

Mrs Mulso presents her Love to you, & says You have forgot her. My Children talk of you. I thank God we have gone on pretty well in ye main, tho' Mrs Mulso was very poorly while I was in London, & like a good Wife did not let me know it that I might be the easier.

Tom Mulso stands venal as an Author.* Ned has a little Advance as Secretary of the Lying-in Charity. I write in a great Hurry, but I am very desirous of hearing about You, being now as ever,

Dear Gil, Your's afftely

J. Mulso.

Letter 128.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.

June 2, 1768.

Dear Gil:

I received your kind Letter from London; I find by One from my Brother that he had a Peep at You & that was all; I am sorry that we could not be in Town together. Mrs Mulso joins me in many Thanks for your kind Invitation to Selborne, but we must decline it this Year, *many Causes us thereunto moving*, as the Lawyers say. As to ye Time that you mention, it would not suit us at all, as we shall have Company at the Time wth Us; & in the latter part of ye year We expect the Bishop of Winton. Our Servants too are of a Sort, not to be left at home without a Mistress, one is gone, another going, & I do not hear of one that I like at present. In short, tho' no Man beats you at playing the Master of a large family of friends, yet You do not yet know the Difficulties of managing a family of Servants & Children, & how hard it is to leave them prudently. So that We are under a Necessity of waving your Favour at present; but this You may depend upon, that I long to see both You and your Improvements; & that I will not slight a good Opportunity when it offers of coming to Selborne.

* Of a very dull romance, "Callistus; or the Man of Fashion, and Sophronius; or the Country Gentleman, in three Dialogues." Benjamin White was the publisher.

I could wish you to see my Garden now, for it is in Beauty: tho' I have had severe Losses in my Shrubbery, & have had some fine Trees hurt, so that I doubt of their Recovery. My Laurestinums are gone, & tho' there is Life in the Roots of some of them, it will be many Years before they can grow to their old Perfection, & cannot bear the Shape that they had before: my Bay Tree is wither'd & gone; my Strawberry Tree which was a Beauty; & one of my finest Cypresses in the Grove looks like a Caxen, & spoils my Green Screen; & many of them look bad. My House Wall & West windows are robb'd of their umbrella of Jessamin, which shaded my Eyes, & regaled my Nose. My cover'd way to ye Temple of Cloacina is laid bare, & the Ladies scream & run back to take Refuge in the place, which they affect never to go to.

We expect my Brother and Sister Mulso here soon, but the Time is not fixed. Tomorrow will be a busy day wth me, who am to preach before ye Bishop of Oxford & the Clergy, & attend a vast Croud at the Confirmation, the Dinner &c: but my Lord has not accepted my Invitation to take a Bed here. Poor man, he has lost a Daughter, who died but on Sunday last! & I imagine, a Man such as he is, must have delicate Feelings. Poor Hoskins has lost his eldest Son in Inoculation, & he is exceedingly hurt & alter'd by it.

I hope Mr. ETTY rejoices in his agreeable Accession of Preferment; I wish you had attained your Views in that Neighbourhood.

We are all tolerable well, tho' the Changes of Heat & Cold have not failed to affect Us. I have been hardly on Horseback at all lately; my Horse is lame & I beleive from Want of Exercise. They nibble in ye Yard; but I much miss my Yorkshire Plenty of *Ings*.

My Wife & Children are all well & much at your Service. Pray, is our not coming to Selborne, when We cannot, a Reason for your not coming to Witney when you can? You had not forgotten any Commission from Mrs Mulso; but she hates a friend who will not write now & then; so She thought You false because You kept too long a silence.

Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit Silentium. We shall be glad to hear that you are well, & that You do not hold us cheap for declining so agreeable a Proffer as a Visit to Selborne would be.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 129.

To the Revd Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hampshire.

Witney.
July 26, 1768.

Dear Gil:

I received your very obliging Letter of July 12, but I have had no great Inclination to answer it as yet, since I could not have told you of much Health & Happiness or Diversion of my Household, but merely the Satisfaction of our being together. I have myself been very poorly with my old Complaints, my Sister Mulso kept her Room many Days wth a violent Rash, my Sister Chapone had a violent Cold, my Brother not quite right, besides the perpetual Imprisonment from the stormy Weather, which prevented all Attempts of Excursions.

My Brother & Sister Mulso & Miss Shutter left us on Fryday last, to go to Streatly. The Doctor there has, I find, made an Exchange of his Wiltshire Living for Beaconsfield. My Sister Chapone is with us, & not the better for the close Weather, which has of late come to a Height & then ended in strong Storms of Thunder & Lightning wth Deluges of Rain. My little Portion of Hay is spoilt, tho' it cost me above 2 Guineas to get it in. My Sister Chapone is to stay wth Us 'till Mr Burrows has settled himself down at his Living near Southampton, & then he is to cross the Country and come hither to fetch her to see it. If he does not, She will stay wth Us 'till ye Time that the London Birds congregate in their Winter Habitations.

I long to know your Determination about Cholderton; Dr Bentham was of opinion that You would take it. He talked something of the Vicinity of it to Harry, as if he might avail himself of your Curacy, or be at Hand to take the Parish Duties. How comes it to pass that You, who want to make Selborne your Residence, are afraid of a Living where your Residence would not be required? This is one of those Paradoxes in which you have always delighted. For it does not follow that you may not visit your Parishioners very often, tho' you do not inhabit the Village; and that is more than you did at Moreton Pinkney. If you once make your Living your Residence, farewell poor Selborne! Not that I am at all solicitous about your taking the present Thing, if you have a good Prospect of the *Principal Object** of your Expectations: It is certain that you can very well wait, if it would tally at last, & be a Gainer instead of a Loser. As I cannot therefore judge for you or guess at your Decision, I long to have it from Yourself.

As to your seeing Us at Selborne this Year, I do presume it will not happen. Indeed it does not follow that tho' I cannot leave my family this year, that I never may be able hereafter;

* The Berkshire living of Ufton Nervett in the gift of Oriel College.

So that I do not despair, on that Head, of seeing you; tho' you seem to think that ye same Cause will be a perpetual Embargo. However we are much obliged to you for giving so large a Latitude of Choice in Point of Time: You cannot want to receive Us at your sweet Place more than I do to have the Beauties & Improvements of it pointed out to me by You.

Our next Objects of Visitors here are Mr Burrows, & the Bishop of Winchester; when those Visits are over we shall have closed the Poll for this Summer; unless you deign to honour those, who are so obdurate & mortifying to themselves as to decline your Invitations.

You will be sorry to hear that I have almost lost my Horse-ship; I was made so ill by a Ride of 3 Miles out, that I am tamed 'till the sultry weather is over. I hope after that to recover it again. My Brother Tom was witness of my Imbecillity, & tho' he would have been glad of my Company & he knew I longed to be his Escort in his Rides, he never asked me any more. I think I saw your little walking nag at Farnham & your Man was on your Winton Galloway; Your Nag was very pretty as well as usefull.

Bon Voyage to Mr Banks! What a Fund of Entertainment will he have laid in for you, if he lives to come back! The Bishop made a successfull Trip to ye Isle of Wight & came back very well after having confirmed above 4000 People.

I do not know where this will find you; if wth any of your family, we beg our affte Comps. to them. Accept the Loves & best wishes of all here, & beleive me ever,

Dear Gil, Your Friend & Affte humble Servt

J. Mulso.

Letter 130.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.
Nov. 19, 1768.

Dear Gil:

I have heard of your perfidious Behaviour, before your Letter informed me of your having been at Oxford. If it had been a better Time of ye Year I should have been more enraged at it, & thought it a Retort for our being so near Selborne as Farnham without seeing You there. I hope the Turnpike, which you are now so angry about, will reconcile You to itself when You travell over it at your Ease in your way to Us. As to our Excursions to London or elsewhere, we must have got our family on another footing than it now is before We can leave it: It ties us by the Leg as much as a Curacy. You are very kind in enquiring after the Branches of it. I have all my Children at Home. Jack goes daily to School at the next Door. We have

no thoughts of sending Jenny to a School at present, nor am I very fond of a School for Girls. I heard that besides the Company that you tell me of in your Lr You have had the President of Trinity & his Lady with You. What can that Fool Parfeet mean? Is this ye Effect of a London Life? Is this urbanity?

We are fellow Sufferers in point of Weather. It has touched all Invalids severely. I have had a sore throat & bad Cold a great while. Mrs Mulso has been but poorly. I do not get on Horseback once in six Weeks: there is nothing to tempt my Rides out. No Coursing in the fallows, & ye Roads wet & slabby.

My Brother's Book thrives wonderfully; and one of the principal Places where it has been demanded, is the Bath, which one would not think of because Bath Waters & Dissipation used to be prescribed together.

We have several Invitations to London; when we can find a Method of getting thither, it would be a great addition to our Pleasure to meet You there, but whether we can contrive our Schemes so well, I much fear; Perhaps you are at Liberty at one Time, as well as at Another.

Dr Ogle has left Bremhill & has got in Lieu of it a Prebend of Durham of £400 pr an. This lies very conveniently in his way to Kirkless* in Northumberland, & is not encumber'd with a Curate.

I am curious to see how the American Affairs will turn out. It is of Concern to ye Blanketers of Witney. We have some great Patriots here, I'll assure You; & I think I could pick out a Club, as considerable as That in the Memoirs of P. P.

Health & Happiness attend You; I shrink at the Approach of Winter; I miss my Laurestinums & several Shrubs that made my Garden look less dreary. But at least We have a better Neighbourhood here than in the North.

Mrs Mulso & all here join me in good Wishes.

I am, Dear Gil, Very affectionately Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 131.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.

Jan: 28—69.

Dear Gil:

I thank you very kindly for your Letter of the 13th. I have given some Time for your Return to your own House; for on a Visit, many Amusements & Avocations make an Inter-course of Letters less material to our Pleasure: This I say as a

* The seat of the Ogle family.

general Observation, tho' not entirely true in my own particular, to whom Letters from Friends are at all Times & in all places equally agreeable. I am glad to hear that Harry enjoys the Blessing of increasing & multiplying; for tho' it makes a House strait, it makes it chearfull. This you know, tho' still a Batchelour; for no Man is more free to fill his House than Yourself. Mrs Mulso joins in Thanks for your Invitation to Selbourne; nobody in ye month of January can well tell what He may do in the Summer. It is Odds, whether when we see you at Easter, we may be able to give a positive answer; & I will not judge by what I feel at present because then I am sure it would not be in Favour of your Request. For your old Friends, my dear Gil, have really been very ill in several Ways. As to Mrs Mulso She is still in so weak a way, that the most She can do is to get down to her Parlour; She made an Effort or two to walk the Length of the Garden, but She was much the Worse for it; & this is not the Effect of low Spirits, but of a Weakness in her Body, which has held her for these two Months; & for which all Exercise is extreemly prejudicial. As to Myself, I have had some severe Tryals of late, besides ye seeing my Wife suffer, having had some dreadfull attacks on my Spirits; and a Degree of Rheumatism, which has greatly weak'ned my right Arm, & now & then turned upon my Stomach & Head. With regard to Riding, I am now selling my two little Steeds; I am sure I have not used them nine Times in nine months & I have every Time found it less conducive to my Health; for what the Nature of my inward weakness is I do not know, but I am not able to bear ye Pain of the Shaking which ye Horse gives me; so I shall quite abandon that Sort of Exercise. It happens fortunately that I am now situated where it is not so necessary a Conveyance as it was in Yorkshire: But the Affair is determined; I ride no more.

I thank God, my children are very well, except my younger Boy who has bad Eyes, but he is lively & stout in other Respects. I have not very lately heard from London; as to the going thither, it is an Affair not at all settled; nor can any thing of that kind be thought of 'till Mrs Mulso is in a better State of Health. It would give a great addition to the Pleasure of the Scheme to meet You there.

My Brother has really got Credit by the Publication of his little work; Dr Bentham sent me a high Commendation of it lately; at the same Time, a new Publication of his own, selected Funeral Orations, Greek & Latin. His Preface has a great deal of good Sense in it, & that Candour & Humanity which he has always maintained.

I am not at all surprized at the Pleasure you take in your Pursuits of natural knowledge; very far from it; I know nothing

more capable of satisfying the Curiosity of the human Mind, which is allways searching after Novelty, for the Subject is inexhaustible. But some Circumstances have the Appearance of Minutiæ to ye Ignorant, which are certainly material to ye Philosopher.

(I beleive Captn Ogle's chief Reason for accepting his Knight-hood was to make his Wife take Place of her eldest Sister; for he is neither Sr Toby Belch, nor Sr Andrew Ague Cheek, but Sr Boreas Bubble, & ready to burst wth Pride. As to ye Doctor he is not so delighted wth the Conveniency of his Durham State but that He would gladly have relinquished it for the Deanery of Winchester, if Dr Shipley would have made a Vacancy there. But all this is entre Nous.)

I shall endeavour to remember to say Laurustinus hereafter, & you may farthur inform me, how I may with Propriety use it in the Plural Number.

If this should follow you to Fyfield, or your Brother be with you, pray give our Complts to him, for whom & the rest of your family I have a constant Regard, & I am, as I have long & sincerely been,

Dear Gil, Your affectionate Friend,

J. Mulso.

—quod et hunc in annum

vivat, et pluris—! is my wish to my old Friend.

Letter 132.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.

Aug: 27, 1769.

Dear Gil:

Tho' your Letter is dated ye 10 Instt and contains an exceeding kind & urgent Invitation to your House, yet I could not answer it before this time; & I am sorry to say that I cannot answer it now agreably to your friendly Intention in ye Writing it. I have a very strong Desire to comply with your Request; Mrs Mulso wants much to see you & your Improvements; & Jenny is not only desirous to improve in simpling & to have your Company at a new place, but She has a most violent Curiosity to see the Hermit. I have really found moving very healthfull to me, which is an additional motive, if I wanted one to come to You, which indeed I do not. And yet with all these Propensities to ye Journey, I cannot give You any Hopes of seeing Us this Year. The unhappy & unsettled State of my Household makes it impossible to think of moving to any Distance & for any Time; & I think it very unfair to keep you longer in Suspence, who may make other friends very happy in ye Invitation that We are obliged to refuse. We have some Hope of getting upon a better

Method; but as it cannot yet take Place & the Year is much upon ye Decline, I think it properer both for you & ourselves to decide that this Visit must be put off, tho' even to ye *tenth Year*: I feel unhappy at ye Date.

We wish you Joy of your Sister's having succeeded so well in the Inoculation of her Children: would to God mine had passed that Ordeal in the natural Way: I cannot yet reconcile myself to any other. As Mrs Woods has now left you, I will not charge you wth any Complts to her. I am glad you have had the Company of Mr Skinner and Mr Sheffield;* The World will, I presume, be the better hereafter for your joint Labours.

My Brother Mulso has lately been wth Us, & unfortunately, chose to turn his Horses out to Grass. His Portmanteau & double Horse in endeavouring to get over a Ditch broke his Thigh, & was obliged to be demolished that ev'ning; so that he has sustained a considerable Loss & so has my Sister Mulso, who availed herself much of this poor Creature. You heard, I imagine, of his House in Town being broke open & his losing his silver Candlesticks & some other Things of less Value: So poor Tom is out of Luck this Year.

Your Quotation from Mr Pope's posthumous Pieces came in a little abruptly, but has it's Beauties: Yet I cannot quite convey Myself naturally to ye *Evening Colonnades*; the Thought seems to be foisted upon ye Fragment since the Improvements at Vauxhall.

My Brother William Young is now wth me & seems pleased with this place, which is new to him. My Brother Mulso returned to my Sister at Streatly a week ago after a short stay here.

Do not, I pray you, let our disappointing your kind Expectation of seeing Us, put you out of Conceit with our good Intention: I assure you that I could have stepp'd into ye Chaise with vast Glee to begin my Journey. And I hope we shall see You whenever Your Convenience serves, to settle the Operations of an ensuing Campaigne. I hope to hear from You soon, meantime wish you all Health & Happiness, & wth the sincere Affection of all here join That of,

Dear Gil, Your's Afftely
J. Mulso.

P.S. Aug: 28.

I recd your second obliging Lr last night, I am glad that I had got this ready agst it came, as my Conscience has a less Load, having acquitted herself before this last Demand came upon her. Nothing has happened since last Night to make us change our Necessity of Refusal, tho' this new Instance of your

* Naturalists; the former of C.C.C., and the latter of Worcester College, Oxford, who were visiting Gilbert White.

Sollicitude to see Us adds to my Regret for my Inability to comply.

Letter 133.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Witney,
Nov: 1, 1769.

Dear Gil;

You are a Man, as I have long known, so very much Master of your Passions, & so guarded in your Behaviour & even in your Expressions, that when I see a little Ebullition I guess there is a considerable Fire beneath. Thus in your Letter that lies before me, I see that You was more than commonly dissatisfied in not having my Wife's & Daughter's Company & mine at Selborne this Summer. But to appease You, I do assure you, that it was a Thing, tho' much in my Wishes, yet entirely out of my Power. What another Year may produce God only knows; but I dare hardly give my wishes Vent, having almost always found Myself dissatisfied in them, tho', I trust, for the best, in the whole. Yet You hardly now know what you ask, when You ask for our Company, & for a *good while*. We are expensive & we are troublesome Guests. We both cry out, "Non Sum qualis eram," Mrs Mulso no longer walks like a *Woman with Child*, & I have forgot to put on Boots, tho' with the Direction of *left Leg*. So that we are greazy, sedentary, potatious Inmates. Take us therefore if you dare; but let there be some agreeable Female Companion at hand to sit with Mrs Mulso in the Bottom, while I once more wheeze & sweat to arrive at the Top of the charming Hanger. My Jenny will be an almost indefatigable Companion, & an assiduous Scholar in your Botanic Searches: You have already taught her to be peering at the Bottoms of old walls tho' a S-r r-v-rence lies close to her Foot.

I am glad to hear that your Brother John has made so handsome a Contribution to your *Feet Measure* of Nephews & Nieces, & that you all approve of the Mother of the Boy. I wish him Success & do not wonder that he is tired of the Rock, but yet I think he is more like to *lay up* there than in any Place that he can change for in England. However he is an Emeritus & has deserved Indulgence. If he proceeds as a Southern Naturalist, he ought to be under the Pay of his Brother Ben: for he has had fine Pickings out of your Naturals—I mean your *Naturalists*—of late Years. Pray who is Osbeck? for you never made Mention of his Name before, & who is his Translator, & what is the Nature of his Work?

I congratulate you upon this fine Season that we have enjoyed. It has been one of the pleasantest Years that We

have known of late, & thank God, one of the most plentiful. We have now some Rain, but it comes down in a gentle Manner, interrupted agreeably by Sunshine, pleasant to Travellers.

I caught a little Cold yesterday, for I preached before the Blanketters Company, it being their *Feast Day*; You may find my Text in St. John C. 11, V. 56, and being now an old & sagacious Hunter in Divinity, You may easily guess which way the Sermon took. I then had to dine in their Hall with near 100 People, where I did not arrive 'till ye first Course was over, & where I applied more to mopping my face than clearing my Plate. However, I was kindly received, & my Labours well accepted.

I envy every body that has the Pleasure of making a Journey, especially a *sucessfull* one along the Sussex Downs, a Country which I have long wished to see; but I have lately heard an Anecdote relating to it, that has a little damped my Curiosity, which is, that they are subject to such sudden & excessive Fogs, which hold a great while, that many People have been in imminent Danger before they could find their way to a Town.

We have recd an Invitation from my Bror & Sistr Mulso to come to Town in the Spring, but wth some Doubt whether they may not be forced to retract it by being obliged to change their House. It does not however follow that we shall accept the offer, let the Event of that be what it will. It is a Temptation to me to take that Season for a Jaunt to London, that I may hope to meet You there at the Exhibition Time.

We have furnished You with a new Dean of Winchester,* & I should be glad to furnish you wth a new Prebendary: but the Dean has better Petticoat Interest than I have, Non sumus ergo Pares.

Many of my Trees are quite stript & bare: I endeavour to comfort myself with the Variety of Tints in those that are left, but yet I shrink & the Pain in my Elbow & Arm warns me of the approach of Winter. Think of threescore Pounds a Year for Fuel, & a rheumatic Man who cannot do without Plenty. I observe that You do not give me a Word of Politics in your last; how little would poor Perrot beleive we are Friends, who can converse without such Communications; Nevertheless I am as I have long been

Dear Gil, Sincerely Your's,

J. Mulso.

P.S. My Wife, Daughter &c join in Love &c: Mr Hoskins begs his Service. We have lately spent a week at Mr Pinnel's at Ducklington.

Since writing ye above I hear fm Town that my Sister Mulso

* Dr. Ogle, son-in-law of Bishop Thomas, who was also collated to the valuable living of St. Mary's, Southampton, at this time.

is very ill & obliged to go into Lodgings at Chelsea, & is in a very dangerous way, tho' always revived by Country Air.

Letter 134.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney,
March 18, 1770.

Dear Gil :

Tho' it is a great while since I have written to You, I do not know that You have been much a Loser by it. A Winter is now become a serious Thing to me, who find that I cannot get thro' it, without Sufferings of one Kind or Another. Yet it is most certain that my Constitution has undergone some Change and that I am not subject to such frequent Returns of nervous Fits as I was. But I have been long ill with a Giddiness in my Head, for which I have gone thro' the whole Circuit of Physic internal & external. I am now better, but not well enough to lie down in my Bed without a Whirl, or to look Up to any Object without being ready to fall. I have therefore been obliged to discontinue any Study that requires a Chain of Thought; & writing to any Length. I gain Strength gradually, & hope, if the Weather would favour Us, to throw off the Remains by walking a good deal in ye Air. But I have bethought me that as the Easter is not far off, your Time is near to have a Call to Oriell, & if so, I hope You will take some Time for a Visit at Witney. You may there enliven my Hours, & enlarge my Ideas; and You who *ascertain* every thing, may ascertain my Health; for I am but as Grass & as the Flower of the Field.

Dr Sandford of All Souls spent last Fryday with Us & took a Bed in his way home from Oxford. He has had a very long & severe Illness, & we all thought him gone. But after wearying Medicine, he has been at Bath, & it has restored him prodigiously, he is going again next Week. He recovers his health & *quaint* Look. I see more of him than of any of my old Acquaintances. He is really a worthy man, & I have felt a sincere Regret at the Thought of his Death, which appeared very likely to happen. The Doctor saw our Concern, & it has endeared Us to him.

I had Hope of sending You a pretty good Account of Mrs Mulso; but unfortunately a Cold She caught yesterday in visiting a sick Neighbour has given her so violent a Toothach, that She has been in agonies & in Fits all Night, & is not yet out of her Bed; & what is worse, the Pain has laid Hold of a Stump, that She dares not confide to the Care of any of our Witney Operators. But She hopes to come out with the Butterflies & to be ready to receive You with great Pleasure, when You let us know that we may expect You.

The Secret is out with regard to *the Old Man of ye Hill*. My

Wife thought it improbable that it ever would be brought to bear that She should see Harry at Selborne, & therefore She explained the Matter. But Jenny is highly dissappointed; She had amused her Thoughts with this uncommon Expectation; & tho' her Curiosity longed to be satisfied, yet She enjoyed more from her Curiosity than She has done from the Solution of the Affair. I was sorry that my Wife judged it best to put a Stop to her Inquisitiveness, for it was innocent & often ingenious; But her speaking of this to Others, & our being obliged to disguise the Truth before her, gave Us the Air of Romancers. However, this has not taken off her Desire of seeing your Retreat. But her Mother gives her no Hopes; because the very Plan of her Pleasures is quite in Opposition to the Sedentariness to which Mrs Mulso is now confined; for her constant weakness in her Back, will give her Leave to walk no more than two Turns or so on my Terrass, before She is obliged to turn in; and it would be too great a Mortification to restrain the Amusement of the Company or to be left to reflect alone on her own Inability. Not to say that we cannot now visit you at Selborne, unless *another* Scheme takes place at the same Time, which is not in our own Power. However our Hearts are much with You, & you are often the Subject of our Conversation.

Let me hear from You soon, & give Us Hopes that We shall see You. (If you can let me know that a Vacancy is likely to happen in ye Stalls of Winton, it would be good News; for my Uncle having lately provided for Mr. Rennell, I have Hope of being next in Succession; but this is *sub sigillo*.)

Shall You visit London in ye Spring? My Sister Mulso is gone to Dr Stebbing's at Beaconsfield: She always reaps Benefit by Country Air, & yet has an Abhorrence to ye thought of settling in the Country. This is owing to ye Love of Cards, to which She affects an Indifference. The poor Creature suffers extremely; but She has naturally strong Stamina; a little Return of Ease gives her a violent Flow of Spirits. Her Maladies operate like the Gout; but I think She cannot hold out agst them long. They are very undetermined about their Stay in their House at Rathbone Place. Let me know of the Health of you & yours. It always gives me Pleasure. Receive the Love and Services of all here, with those of,

Dear Gill: Your ever affte Friend,
J. Mulso.

Letter 135.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selborne near Alton, Hampshire.
Dear Gil:

Witney.
June 30, 1770.

I think I have given Time for your Purpose to have taken Effect since You left me; That You have performed your Journey

to London, & are now set down at Selborne, thinking before hand on the Trouble that You have cut out for Yourself in receiving me & my family for a Month at your House. If You are not terrified at the Apprehension, & hold your Mind, I must tell that there are those here that are impatient for the Date of this Visit's being settled. I determined in my own Mind to set out for Selborne on Monday the 6th of August; & I must wait to know your Acquiescence with this Date. My Brother Will Young & my Niece Sukey are wth me, & I have desired them to fix their stay according to ye Term of your Acceptance of Us. Ned Mulso has wrote me Word from London that he will come from Town on July 11th to Us, & that He could stay 'till the 13 of Augst, but I have sent him word that I purpose to set out on the 6th which is the first Monday in August, if You do not disapprove of it.

The Summer is so bad that we have constant Fires; I therefore expect, as when Things are at worst they mend of Course, that the autumnal Part of the Year will be fine. Now the hottest Weather does not misbecome Selborne; the cold Season does. And I had as lieve be from home in the hot Weather, & take my Ease, & hear Somebody besides Myself & Mr Hoskins; therefore if it suits You, I prefer coming to You at the Time I have mentioned: It is possible that We may hitch-in a short Visit at Farnham in our Return from You, & therefore chuse to have fine Weather & longer days than can come to our share later in the Year. All this is at your Option & I shall desire You to send me an Answer very soon, because if You deferr Us, I shall lengthen Ned's Tether, & let him know it, that he may have the stronger Temptation to come to us.

Now as the dear Creatures always have large Bundles, & as My Daughter encreases in Bulk, we must send Goods by the Waggon, for no Post Chaise could take Us in wth great Boxes & Trunks. So You must send us Word how we are to make Waggons meet to convey our Cloaths to you. Our Waggon gets to Town on Wednesday Noon or Morn: Have You one that Our Fardel can be turned over to? In short, You must make Us very clear about this material Point.

My Brother & Sister Mulso are at Bath, but I have not heard how they go on lately. She was better when we heard last. You have got your Bishop into your Diocese. I am afraid that Mrs Thomas is in a poor Way. I hope that You & all friends are in good Health. Dr Bentham & Lady & 2 children, after long deferring, have done me at last the Honour of a Visit; the Doctor was very obliging as usual: But They did not come 'till late, & we were afraid that They would not have come at all, & began to be really uneasy, as no Messages came, & the Day was tolerable. They had been hind'ed at Oxford by Company.

My Sister Chapone is on her way to Northumberland in Company with a Mrs Mountague, & is like to see many fine parts of England in the highest Gusto. She was to go first to Ld Littleton's in Worcestershire, then to Buxton and Maitlock. I hope the Journey will be of Service to her, She was but poorly before She set out.

I have not yet overcome my Giddiness, but have been better lately on the whole, yet I really beleive the Weather is in a great Measure the Occasion of it. We have much ill Health here, & frequent Funerals. But, please God, we shall meet well in Hampshire, & I hope great Benefit by the Excursion, & I am sure it will give me great Pleasure to see You at your own Villa again.

I expect to hear soon. The Complts & Love &c of all here on You.

I am, dear Gil, Ever Afftely Yours,
J. Mulso.

Letter 136.

Witney,
July 28, 1770.

Dear Gil :

I write to-day for fear Time should fail me tomorrow, tho' I have not all the Materials of my Letter : I shall be more knowing *at Night*, having employed our Waggoner to make Inquiries how he may best & safest *deliver over* our Goods in his own Person, (We having Nobody now in Town that can see to it,) and take a Receipt from the Hampshire Waggoner. He knows the Driver of the Odiham waggon, but he inns at ye *White* & not the *black Swan* ; however I will mention the Issue of his Inquiries in my Postscript. We determine to send off our Cargo on Monday next, & to follow it (please God) on the Monday after. I had a Design to have lain at Farnham ; but as They know nothing of my Day, & it is very disagreeable to Mrs Thomas to be taken by Surprise, I have now alter'd my Plan, & intend to lie at Hartford Bridge, & next morning to *breakfast with the family at the Castle, & proceed to Alton, so as to reach it between Twelve & One. If therefore you will let some able Guide meet us at the Swan in Alton (I think that was ye old Sign) we may, I presume, God willing, reach our Journey's End by a reasonable Dinner Time at three o'Clock. If upon this Plan You think we cannot reach Selbourne by Dinner Time, then I request You to give Us the Meeting at Alton, that We may take our Ease at our Inn, & proceed leizurely in the Afternoon.

* Mem : ye regular breakfasting Time is a Quar after 9, so I hope to set out [the remainder is undecipherable]. J. M.

And now, my good old friend, I have only to wish that God would grant us a safe & happy Meeting; for I look forward to your Selbournian Scenes with great Pleasure, after a long Absence from them.

I have found an old Frank in a Bundle of Thornhill Papers directed by Sr George Savile; You will wonder why I did not sooner employ it, if I give no Account of it: or perhaps You think that I have lately seen him. Indeed, to my great Sorrow, I have not: I look upon it as an Hiatus valde defendus in a very valuable Connexion.

I have now with me My Brother Young & Niece; my Brother Ned from London: My Brother & Sister Mulso from Bath, in their way to Beaconsfield; These last leave me on Tuesday; when the others go I know not; but my Brother Ned will not stir 'till we do, & sets out for London the same Day and thence to Essex. So You see that we have been in ye grand Family Way for some Time. My sister Mulso is much restored by the Bath Waters, but nevertheless is a very weak & emaciated Figure; I tremble for the Effects of London upon her, when She is obliged to return, & the Severity of Winter. She is very lively here, & my Brother stout & hale. All here join in best Compliments to You. I will here close my first Part wth an Assurance that I am,

Dear Gil, Ever Afftely Your's,

J. M.

P. S. The Information that I receive by our Carrier is that the Odiham waggon puts up at the White Swan at Helbourne Bridge, & the Bookkeeper's Name is Stevenson. So we shall send off our Cargo tomorrow to be so transferred, & to be left at the Swann at Alton. So it will reach You next Saturday, if your Neighbour will be so good as to claim it for Us. My Wife has been very ill all yesterday & all Night wth a Pain in her Stomach & Bowells, but I shall call in Mr Batt to her Aid presently, finding Rhubarb has not removed it.

Adieu jusqu' au revoir.

Letter 137.

To the Revd Mr Gilbert White,
at Fifield near Andover, Hampshire.

Witney,
Sepr 16, 1770.

Dear Gil:

I would have written to you last Night, by which means You would have had this a Post sooner, but I really was not able. I brought home a very bad Cold, & I was obliged to write to my Aunt Thomas by Candle light, which fatigued my Head & Eyes. That I might keep my Promise however of writing soon, I begin today, tho' This will not set out 'till Tuesday by the common

Post. I likewise got a Frank for You, but it was directed to your Home, & therefore shall be used hereafter. I will let You know what happened after You left Us at Farnham. We did not set out from Farnham 'till the Fryday Morning at Ten o'Clock. Mrs Donne, who was to have returned to Chelsea on ye Bishop's leaving Farnham this Week, agreed to spend some Time wth Us here: so we stayed for her, & we travelled wth 2 post Chaises instead of One. I went wth the Bishop on Thursday all along ye Guil Downs to a Mr Gathwait's, where there is a very genteel House, but a poor Situation to my Fancy; the Road to it pleased me more than the Place: the Views on each hand are very fine. We got late into Oxford on Fryday; it was indeed a dark & rainy Evening: We came on next morning at Ten o'Clock & got home about Twelve, safe & well, God be praised for it. Our Journey must needs have been a pleasant One, as well as successfull, since we found, where we went, such kind & affte Hosts, & obliging Acquaintance. You have, my dear Friend, our most particular Thanks for your very hospitable Reception of us, & for all the kind Care that You express'd about Us. My wife & Daughter join me in them; *Niecius atque tuis* has learned such a Curiosity from You about Zoology & it's Genera, that nothing but providing Some Systema Naturæ hereafter for her will be able to allay: If any Errata should come of it You are concerned to look to them, for it is all Your own Doing: As to my wife, I don't beleive She cares a Farthing about the Difference between a Penguin & the Coloptera. [sic]

We found my Brother & Sister Mulso here: my Sister wears a much better face than She did when She left Us; She has taken to drink Sasafras Tea, which has restored some warmth to her Blood, which was chilled by the weakness & poverty of all the Draughts that She dared to take. I think with Country Air She might yet recover: Tom looks hale & well. And all here desire to be remembered very afftely to You. We left Mrs Thomas very poorly & the Bishop but low; but I think if She gets better, that his Change of Place & the amusement of different Companies will have a good Effect upon him. The Bishop of Dromore has promised to take as much of his Business off his Hands as he chuses to get rid of.

Mrs Mulso depends upon your Promise of taking an exact Survey of her House in Dome Alley, Winton. (Nothing more was said about the other affair, but to my Aunt, who promised to keep a Look out on this Head.) I find my Garden here very disgusting to me, after the extream Neatness & beautifull Face of Your's; I will not leave out the Bishop's at Farnham, which I think was very well kept: Mine is a Wilderness, and the Rails are so much more broken that I have determined to take them

down this week, if the weather will let me, all by the Side of the Grove, and repair & paint the rest next Spring.

I hope You found your Brothers & Sister well, & that You told Harry how much I was mortified at not seeing him; I hope we shall not be such great Strangers hereafter.

Our Neighbour Mrs Smith is in a miserable way: but I was glad to find that the Man who died of the amputated Limb was not my Neighbour wth a family, but a Relation, & a Batchelor, which, pace vestrá, is not of so much Concern to Society. I saw no Mortal of my Acquaintance at Oxford, but I sent to let Mr ETTY know how & when we left his Bror & Sisr.

I here conclude wth repeated thanks & Love fm all, especially,

Dear Gil, Your obliged & affte Friend & Servant,

J. Mulso.

P.S. I shall send this tomorrow to Oxford by Robin, who goes from me wth a Haunch of Venison to ye Bp of Oxford.

Letter 138.

To the Revd Mr White,

at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire.

Witney.

Decr 8, 1770.

Dear Gil:

I imagined that when You received the Account of my Accident, all those Horrors would seize You that were natural to arise upon ye Recollection of your Uncle's Misfortunes. But, I thank God, mine was not any thing like so dreadfull a Case as his. The Dislocation of ye great Bone was as great as was possible, as it totally left the Ancle, & protruded to ye Side of ye foot; but the Fibula was broken, but not displaced much, so that my greatest Ailment is from the Dislocation. But small as this Accident was upon Comparaison, yet it confined me 5 weeks to my Bed, being only once moved out of it to a Couch, where I lay extended; and I recover but slowly, the weather & my own Time of Life making agst me. Yet I am assured that I shall walk as well as ever, tho' I hobble upon Crutches to my Study, & cannot get my Knee strait, or my Heel to ye Ground, and am urging these points several Times a day with considerable Pain to my Self. If the Montacute Family should lose their excellent Picture, I could sit for a Beggar of Antwerp. I am got no farthur towards Exercise, tho' my Fall was on Octor ye 6th. But I hope that I am duly sensible of God's Mercy in ye Gentleness of this Visitation, which might have been very dreadfull to us All.

I thank You for your very kind Letters on this Occasion, which express the warmth of our old friendship:—(I am interrupted—oh, it is Dr Sandford hurrying to Cirencester; he has brought me an Oxford Almanac & a pot of Sausages. He is gone

again. But left his Services to you, as I told him I was writing.) —But Mrs Mulso charges you with being unpolite in not answering a Lady's Letter before you wrote to any Body else, so You must get out of that Scrape as well as you can. I am obliged to you for the care you took about my prebendal House, but I am now determined to take Mr Lechmere's, as Mr Ashe has declined it: I was in it; it is a very queer One, but it's Neighbourhood to the Church will make it now doubly commodious to me. I must make my Appearance there towards the Beginning of June, tho' We have not made one Step yet towards furnishing & disposing ye Mansion.

We send our Congratulations to you on the Recovery of your two Nephews, & to Mrs ETTY in her safe going out again & ye Health of her young One; & our Affte Compliments to that family as well as your own. I am afraid Harry will be tugged back by ye Leg before this reaches You, & will not be told how much mortified we were at not seeing him; but we are glad he is now recovered from his Indisposition. Have you sent my Fly to Jack?* & has he acknowledged the Receipt? & was he pleased to see a little Effort of an old friend to amuse him? Why do you not tell me of all these things, & of what he says of the Spanish Camps & the Apprehensions of the Garrison about it, or whether these things are all the Monsters of the Stock-jobbers?—I desire You to get You some Spectacles; I own, as a Batchelor, that it may have an awkward Look before Ladies, but I should get a great deal more out of You in half a Sheet of Paper, for You now write a Hand so preposterously large that One of my Pages contains more than three of your's: and as You now write alone by ye fire side in ye Ev'ning before You go over to Mr ETTY's, You may unpannell your Nose, taking Care to rub ye Sides a little, & No One be the wiser for it but Myself. The new Almanac has for ye Subject of it's Picture Magdalen Tower wth the adjoining Buildings surveyed from towards ye End of ye Bridge near the Physic Garden. The Engraving is elegant enough, but I had expected *the Entrance to Oxford by the Castle*, which in it's present State would have been grotesque enough & a newer Plan, for Virtue had done Magdalen Tower very well; yet it is so pleasing an Object that it never tires.

We have been rather Mexican by ye floods, which broke ye Bridge at long Hamborough near Bladen. I expect Snow, as I hear of it from the North; & from Norfolk by Miss Allot, who is there. I feel ye Influences of the Weather tho' I cannot go out of Doors, but bating my Limbs pain, I have been better these last 3 months than for any three months before, so well does Confinement agree wth me.

* Gilbert White's brother John, of Gibraltar.

My Daughter is honoured by your Notice; She has done some Ruffles for her Mamma, & is now on an Apron like what She worked wth You for Mrs Thomas, but I have no natural Curiosities to amuse her wth & break the Taedium of her work, poor Girl!—All here well, tho' many Deaths around us by Meazles &c. All join in Love & Esteem wth,

Dear Gil, Afftely, Your's,
John Mulso.

Letter 139.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hampshire.

Witney.

Decr 27, 1770.

Dear Gil :

There is not upon Earth a Man so hide bound in point of Letters as your honour. I wrote to you on ye Ninth of this Month, & I thought you would have been so glad to see my Hand-writing again, that you would have mechanically caught up a Pen to thank me for it. But You preserve your old Sang froid. Have you been penning a new Sermon against Christmas Day? As to Charles ye 5th, I finish'd him in three Weeks, & You have had three Months, a solitary House, & a Fire to yourself: So that unless You purposely interrupt yourself in Order to prolong your Pleasure, It must be finish'd in all this Time. But you have an inexhaustible Fund in your Systema! true: but as That will never be over as long as you live, I will not admit it as an Excuse for not writing to me: taedet harum quotidianarum formarum. Miss Allot, who is one of the truest Correspondents I ever had, wrote to me in the Midst of the Storm, that happen'd on the 19 at Night, & very dreadfull is her Account of it. It was indeed Six in the Morning when She was writing, the Elements in the extreamest Hurly burly, & the Table rocking as She wrote, but She chose the Time to shew me that no Seasons kept me from her Mind, or prevented her Design of thanking me for writing to her. "This Prebendary of Winchester, say You, is grown proud!" Indeed he is not, he is grown humble; he is more than ever solicitous about the Attachment of his friends, & more jealous than ever of their Coldness: perhaps a little piqued, or so: perhaps a little low-spirited: Forgive Weakness in a weak Man!

My Son Jack has the Meazles; but the crisis is over, & he is to be taken up today, & is now singing & whistling in Bed in joyfull Expectation of it: the rest of my Children will certainly sicken wth it; It has gone thro' the Town, & we may look upon it as very providential that it's approach to my House was forbidden, 'till the great Attention necessary to my Case was pretty well over. For now, my dear friend, tho' I cannot

get my Heel to ye Ground, from ye Contraction of some Sinews in my Ham & in my Heel, yet I can venture to hobble about the Room a little without my Crutches, but not after I have set a great while. But this Contraction is so stubborn, that tho' I am promised it by those that should know, yet I can hardly flatter Myself that I shall ever walk again in a natural Step: quære, whether when I come to Winton I had not better learn to dance? The Storm did us no great Harm hereabouts; Miss Allot writes fm Burnham on ye North Coast of Norfolk, where She & her Father & Mother winter, being detained by a pleuretic Feaver upon old Mr Allot, which is so well cured, that he was out Coursing by way of amusement, tho' in a State of Convalescence at 77 Years of Age. What Stamina! What Spirits!

Pray let Us know how your shelter'd Village escaped from this Storm, & that You & your good Neighbours the Ettyes are well. Mrs Mulso thinks me too good for writing a second Time to you; at least allow me that it is no Mark of my Pride. Let Us hear of the Welfare of your family. Jacky talks much of being your Neighbour at Mr. Willis's* at Alton: & I bespeak him ye friendship of your Nephews, especially Gibraltar Jack.

My Sister Mulso loses Ground in London; we had set her up purely at Witney; & have had some chearfull Letters from her since She went; but it will not hold out there, & it will be well if She can stay to the Spring for her Bath Journey. The rest of my friends are well: Sisr Chapone was at Chelsea when She wrote last.

Great are the Altercations about the paving of Oxford, & the enlarging the Bridge, but I beleive it will be done, as Dr Bentham told me it would a great while ago: the Dr has enquired much after me, but has not been over. Dr Sandford calls & enquires often, & generally asks after You. I find his Father left him litle or nothing, depending upon his Aunt who is supposed to intend to give him £10,000. But I think it foolish in a father to defeat a Certainty for an Uncertainty; especially as the Aunt might easily contract her Bounty, & leave the Eldest Son the Proportion that was given by the Father to the Second. But what have I to do with these children of avarice? a Vice, from which our old Acquaintance has got loose, tho' it runs in ye blood; so that he will be the happiest Man of his family.

It is almost too late to wish you a merry Christmas. God knows, it is no merry one to Us. But may you enjoy many happy Years, in Health, Plenty, & Content, to the mutual Enjoyment & Satisfaction of,

Dear Gil, Your's ever Afftely,

J. M.

My Gardener has given me warning, my Garden is in ye most

* A School at Alton.

wretched of Conditions. He leaves me in Spring, but I do not intend to have a Gardener in Form 'till I return from Winchester, where I imagine I shall sojourn fm next June to ye Spring after.

Letter 140.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Witney.
March 7, 1771.

Dear Gil :

I take it as a strong Mark of your Friendship that You wrote to me so soon to acquaint me with your severe Loss in your Sister Woods. But I perceive in this Instance that You are much hurt by it: We fly out of ourselves for Consolation & Instances of Affection, when the Death of one we loved has made a Vuide in our Hearts. And You do me a kind Piece of Justice in supposing that I shall be very glad to be a Means of administering Comfort to You, by assuring You that all that is in my Power is due from the Truth & Constancy of my Affection for You. You have so just a Way of thinking, & so religious a Sense, that You need no moral Periods upon Subjects of Grief. I only know that the more Losses we sustain of Friends, the more it is incumbent on those that remain to increase their Attention & Regard for Us. The Heart made for Humanity must have it's Quota of Love supplied. I shall be rejoiced if you find my Assurances answer your Demands upon me. If You find Change of Place will relieve your Mind, we shall be glad to see You at Witney, it will not be long forestalling the usual Time of your visiting Oxford.

You cannot need any Aid from me, I think, with Regard to any Application to the Bishop in the Exchange of Livings for your Brother Harry, if it is to take Place. His Lordship would, I dare say, be glad to serve You upon your own Address, without Intermediation. If You think otherwise, I am at your's & your Brother's Command.

Last Night's Post was the Messenger of much Sorrow. We had a Couple of Letters, one fm a Lady at Sheffield, the Other fm Sr George Savile with an Account of the Sickness & Death of our dear Clare Sandford. Mrs Mulso is quite oppress'd with Sorrow, and we make a poor melancholy Figure tho' it is the Birthday of my Daughter Jenny & my Son William.

We have been much concerned at Mrs Etty's Illness. Mrs Mulso is in Hopes of hearing that She has received a Letter from her, & that She has tried her Medecine with Success. The Person here is quite recovered, who tried it when in a strong Jaundice. Her Colour & her appetite are restored, tho' the Remedy is easy and simple.

I am much retarded in my Recovery by this weather, & have

severe Touches of ye Rheumatism ; it is now dreadfully near my Head, where I dread it's Attacks the most. I write in Pain, yet I would not delay to answer your Letter, & to assure that I am,

Dear Gil, Ever afftely your's,

J. Mulso.

P.S. Mrs Mulso's Love & That of my young Folks attends you.

Letter 141.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.

Sept 1, 1771.

Dear Gil :

I am very much obliged to You for your Letter, as it is a Mark of the Assiduity with which you watch over my Interest, & the friendly Concern that You feel for my Welfare. The Bishop of Winton dined wth Us last Monday, & we have seen him several Times since, but nothing has transpired with respect to Meonstoke. It is three Weeks since it became vacant. As to Myself, I am entirely out of ye Question, as far as I know & beleive: not being even thought of in ye whole Affair. Mr Buller would certainly take it if it was offer'd to him. You will say Nothing of all this: I hope there is more feasible Scheme in Agitation wth Regard to my Bror T. but it is immature, & he knows nothing of it himself. Therefore I pray You not to hint it to any Body. We had a Lr from Sisr Chapone lately, who has been much hurt by ye Death of Dr Sandford who married Miss Chapone; but She is better, as I hear my Sister Mulso is; Tom is very well.

I thank You very much for your Kindness to my Son; I hope he behaved well wth You. He has never wrote to me, except once, since he left me; So that I hear of his Excursions by other Hands. I hope to see him tomorrow, as Mr. Willis said that he could bring him over with him; He himself comes to attend the Event of the College Election, where his Son is One of the Candidates: I shall then hear more by word of Mouth.

My Brother Ned has been in these Parts lately, & left us yesterday: My Bror Wm Young is now wth Us. Mrs. Mulso, Myself, Jenny & Ned went to Mr Baker's at Houghton; we stayed about 5 or 6 days, & left Ned there when we came away. We had a very agreeable Time of it, the Country is very pleasant on One Side of Houghton, but too plain & raw for me on the Wiltshire Side. Can You avoid coming over this Week to our Oratorios? Are You obturatis auribus?—If You are not, I am. For I have relapsed into my Deafness, which is always attended wth Confusion & low Spirits; & I am now writing to You, while

Others are at Church ; Mr Rennell & Dr Balguy officiate, & Dr. Pyle & Myself lie by as Invalids. However, if I do not flatter Myself, I am rather better on the whole today.

I have had a sick House ever since I came ; for my Cook has had a dangerous Illness of great Length, & now my Wife's Maid, her Sister, is in a Feaver, which has been upon her above Twenty Days. Their Lives have been saved by the Kindness & extraordinary attendance of Dr Smith, who has been a great Friend to Them & Us. I am almost sorry that your House is full of Company as it prevented your saying more, but I hope You are amused & happy : If I know them, present my Regards to them ; if not, only to your Neighbours ye Ettys & Yaldens.

I am still uneasy about poor Mr. Hoskins, who has been dangerously ill ; & I cannot get Intelligence out of my Witney Neighbours about him : He has had a low but wasting Feaver. We have sent to invite him hither, as he can do no Duty, but we get no Answer. It is provoking.

Harry look'd jolly & well, & eat cold Beef with Us very heartily in his Way to You, but We saw Nothing of him in his Return. I hope your other Brothers & family are well. We all join in affectionate & sincere good wishes for You.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your Friend & humble Servt,

J. Mulso.

P.S. I have seen my old Friend Tomkins this Week ; I thought him very solemn & grave, & *Every Body* has made the same Remark ; viz : ye Warden, Dr Warton & Mr Blackstone ; he look'd well & glad to see me.

To the Revd Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire.

Winton.

Oct : 27, 1771.

Dear Gil :

Please God I live, & the Bishop, to the End of this Week, I shall be Rector of Meonstoke, Mr. Weston will be Rector of Witney, & Mr. Baker Rector of Bishop Stoke. In the utmost Haste, I subscribe Myself wth all affection & Regard to You & Your's,

Love fm all.

Affectly Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 142.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Winton.

Deer 9, 1771.

Dear Gil :

The Date of your Letter is Novr 22. I have looked at it several Times, & have as often put it up again, deferring to

answer it because I could not determine your Quaeies. But as I find that I am not likely to be able to answer them all soon, I may as well undertake what I can, for I hate to deferr addressing You for a long Time, tho' I think You have not the same Abhorrence.

I have not settled my Matters at Witney wth Mr Weston, nor have I reed my Goods from thence; I was there ten Days, and took Leave of my Parishioners, from whom I have not heard one word since, tho' I have been in daily Expectation of it. Meonstoke Parsonage House remains as it did, unfurnished, desolate. It appears to have been miserably neglected by the last Incumbent; & to be as ruinous as a House so lately built is capable of being. Nevertheless the Situation is agreeable & the Mansion commodious for a few, there being only four Rooms on a Floor: The Rooms are rather low; So is the look of the House in Front; but to ye Garden it has a good genteel Appearance, as it is built on a Side of a Hill. This Front is view'd from the Gosport Road (ye Turnpike) at about 17 miles from Alton, as I am informed, tho' I shd hardly guess so much. As You love your Friend, & Geography too, I imagine You will not leave this Point in so undecided a State.

My Garden displeases me much; for it is too large, & yet unfruitfull; & this was the Case of my last. It has not one Barrow of Gravell in it, so that I shall be at a Loss how to stir out Mornings & Evgs & after Showers; & the Country is a Clay & very greazy. My fore Parlour &c look agst a dull Hill, the Back Rooms have not a Prospect, but an agreeable rural view: which in my old age I like better, as I grow less & less romantic. I cannot tell you the value of my Living. If Nicholls let it for £420 He had his Curate to pay: There are great deductions. I have the hatefull Circumstance of a *cum Capellâ de Soberton*. My Church at a Mile's Distance, & my Chapell at three: I lose by the Exchange considerably, but I have the Convenience of Vicinity, which is a great Consideration to a Man wth a family: It will, I trust, repay me in the long run. In it's most extended Value it stands at £475, including House, Glebe, &c. But this is between Ourselves. I give Sixty Guineas & Surplice Fees to my Curate: I found him there, a Mr Gregory; a good modest looking, sober young Man. I know little of his clerical Performances, as I did the whole Duty when I was there. I pray God that I may live to make this Exchange a Blessing to my family, for it is for them only that I am carefull.

We are in full Business at Winchester; It is our Chapter. I hear that our Rents are like to fall very short this Time, which is inconvenient. I am almost dead with a Rotation of great Dinners: I have a large Company today & the Head Ach into the Bargain. Tomorrow at the Deanery we shall be above 30.

The beautiful Season seems on the Decline. It has been lovely. We were favoured with it in our Journey to Witney: we now hear of Storms abroad, & of Floods that seem occasioned by Earthquakes. The Rain sets in with a brisk wind. But why do I describe weather now to You? Are we not both in the same Latitude?

Mrs Mulso and my Fam: are well & desire to be afftely remembered to You & by You. Jack comes home this Week. Mr Willis has asked me whether it would be agreeable to me that he shd comply with *Advice of Friends* & raise the Board & of his School to £20 pr an. What can I say? It certainly is not; but he would take it ill if I said so, nor would he alter his Plan. I thought him reasonable before, I do not think him so now: If he keeps up his School in Number, he must be a great Gainer as it is: Could he not do That, he would want the Advance; but he forgets that he will thin his School by this Advance & therefore in the End lose both in Profit & Credit. As I am interested, this Item would come with an ill Grace; but it will be found true in the long Run. I have a good Opinion of Mr. Willis & shall not take away my Boy from his Tuition for the sake of £4 pr ann. Yet I think him wrong.

Pray pay our Comps. to the agreeable Mrs Bassett, if still with you. I am glad She has got a good Husband.—How do I know it?—why You told me so; & you know that I am strangely guided by your Judgement: Did not I give up my Species & Genera & all my Latin for You? It was no great Sacrifice however. I hope You have set me right about Mr Bassett.

Farewell. I have comprehended more words in one Letter than You do in Ten, but You have the Advantage in Sense.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's most afftely,

J. Mulso.

Comps to Mr & Mrs Eddy, the Yaldens, &c.

Letter 143.

To the Revd Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.

Feb: 27, 1772.

Dear Gil:

I last Night recd the inclosed, with a Desire of furthering it to You, & of using what Interest my Friendship with You could give me in Behalf of a Candidate at Oriell College. By the strange Revolutions in political Connexions Mr Woods may now be in a Capacity of helping forwards any Wishes of your own, for ought I know; &, upon my word, that Suggestion is the strongest that I dare to use to You on the present Occasion; for with Mr Wood I had not more than a Neighbourly Acquaintance;

& as to Principles, we were, thank God, of a different way of thinking. So that tho' I should be glad to bind any *worthy* Man to me by a good Office (& *Such* I take Mr Wood to be) yet as I do not know the Young Man at all, I must leave it to You to judge how far I ought to urge your Kindness to me on this Occasion. He refers me for the Merit of his Son to ye Judgement of the Society: & there you can be determined better than Myself. It is a sincere Grief to me, that my perpetual Desire of serving You, & my Efforts towards it, have had so little Success as to give me no Claim to ask Favours of this Nature of You: but I should be glad to hear that the present Canvass falls in wth your own Inclination. If it does, let me hear of it, that I may at least tell Mr Wood that what Interest I have in You has been exercised for him.

We have been All bad here, wth Rheumatism & Aguish Complaints, but are better. Mrs Chapone has not left us.

I hear Nothing of West Meon, but that I am *not* to have it. I do not *ask*, but I might be *prevailed* on to take it. You are morally sure that *I* have not the Disposal of any of the Bishop's Preferments.

I hope you & all friends are well. I had thoughts of seeing You again at the Election. Our joint good wishes attend you.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Aftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 144.

To the Revd Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,
May 6, 1772.

Dear Gil:

I do not know whether you are acquainted wth my having lately had some Communication by Letter wth your Nephew Gibr. Jack. It was to recommend an Officer's Lady to ye Favour & acquaintance of Mrs White at Gibraltar: I thought it would introduce her well to carry a Lr from her Son, so I begd Jack to write One, & wth it sent One from Myself to your Brother: It was a Niece of *Mrs Pool's* of Winton, a Mrs Agnew. I fancy ye poor Lady cannot now avail herself of this Recommendation, for you fill me wth very joyous news in telling me of the Goodness of ye Arch-Bishop to Him. The Living of Blackbourne belong'd to Mr Woollen, who was my Neighbour at Emley in Yorkshire, He was an Oriel Man. I always understood that Blackbourne was a very good Living but overcharged wth Duty, & therefore eaten up wth Curates. However it must have been poor if it had not been worth £200 clear; for as a Reward to ye Chaplain of an Ahbishop it ought to have clear'd That, & he had it of Dr Potter in that Character. Mr Woollen

resided most in Yorkshire. I wish your Brother long Life & happy in it, or in a better, & more conveniently situated for seeing his Friends. In Propriety he ought to have been placed more Southerly after 16 years Residence in Andalusia, yet I hope he will receive true Pleasure in this present Call home. Your Nephew Jack seems to know but little about You, tho' he is so near, for he said not a Word of your Illness, which I am sorry to hear of. How did You manage about Mr Wood? *or rather*, I may presume, in Mr *Luce's* Stile, you did not manage at all. That Gentleman has been here lately, & is to be so again in a short Time; I fancy he will place his Son wth Dr Warton.

I am glad You are to have my Sister soon, because after ye Visit to Selbourne, She is to migrate to Us, She says indeed for *two* or *three* days, putting a Scratch under ye words, & pretending to be peremptory, but She knows a *Person* as peremptory as herself, & *almost* as *sawcy*; & I hope he will be *able* to make her *alter that Note*, so his *Scratch* may be as strong as her *Scratch*. I have a Chaise building here, & I should have been glad to have lodged it for her at Alresford, but it will not be finished by the Time that We may hope to see her, which is fatiguing enough: tho' as my Cattle are exceeding old, it might be more fatiguing to ride in it. I am afraid it will cost me £70. I could have liked to have joined the Income of West meon to that of Meonstoke, but I hear that a Mr *Prior* read in there last Sunday: This Gentleman is *quite a Stranger*, so that—&c &ca.—Miss Letty Sandford is wth Us, but She will return to London soon. There is a young Gentleman fm Oxford who came only to deliver a Lr from her Cosin: was not That polite? We receive him as a polite Man, & are very *commodious*. He is made welcome to our Board; as to *Bed*,—no, it is not *come to That* yet.

Mrs M. joins me in affte good wishes for you. I began to think that You had forgot that we were moved into Hampshire. We *meet* my Sister Mulso with our warmest Love, & desire our Comps. to your good Neighbours.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 145.

To the Revd Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,
June, 19, 1772.

Dear Gil:

My Sister Mulso informed us, that you left her in Possession of your House, & was gone to see the Issue of an Illness of poor Mrs Snooke's. I think I have allow'd Time to have it decided whether She is to take a farthur Lease of Life or no; & as I do not see her Death in ye Papers or hear of it

from you, I begin to suppose that you are returned to Selbourne, and are setting again under your beautifull Hedges. Mean Time I have not forgot You. I had lately Occasion to write to Sr George Savile at Thornhill & as I knew that he had been a Patron to Mr Woollen, & that his Widow was probably at Hand there, as She was an Elmsall, I took the Liberty of desiring him to get me from that Family what Information he could about the Living of Blackbourne. He is not quite satisfied yet, & has set Mr Elmsall to be more particular, but I will extract out of his Letter what he say of it: As your Brother has ye Choice of Two Livings, I thought he should know the worst of taking the most distant; when I am fuller informed I will give You the whole of my Search; I hoped to oblige You in it, & I am sure Sr George has obliged me. I begin to transcribe—

“Mrs Woollen does not *certainly* know the Value of ye “Living of Blackbourne, but thinks it is about £200 a Year. “And when the *Vicar* does *not reside*, the People are not pleased “without two Curates, as there is a *great deal* of Duty there, “& Mr Woollin always had two there that there might be no “Complaints of any neglect. He gave them £35 pr an. each, “besides a Collection made for them for reading Prayers twice “a Week, but Mrs Woollin does not know to what that “amounted.

“If this Account be not satisfactory there is a Person, whom “She names, who is well acquainted wth the Value of the Living. “That Person is at Blackburn & Mrs Elmsall will write, & You “will have a farther account from Mr Elmsall when the Answer “comes. But as there have now elapsed since Mr Woollin’s “Death (which happen’d Feby 1st) *near* 4 months & a half, I “thought it best to send You the above acct now; especially “as the Elmsalls seem to beleive it is pretty near the Mark, “altho’ Mrs Woollin says *She does not certainly know the Value “of ye Living*, for this Uncertainty does not probably exceed the “Limits of £20, vizt, running between £190 or £200 or £210.”

This is the Extract fm Sr George.

I hope to hear that your Brother & Sistr are safe arrived & well very soon. Poor Jack Gibr must cast a longing Eye towards the Sea, & You too must rejoyce in seeing a Brother so long removed from You. I wish You a happy Meeting.

I am not got to Meonstoke, it will yet be some Time first, but I cannot tell how long: It may be the second or third week in July. But I hope not quite so late.

Let me hear fm You, that I may know where you are, & whether my Information is of any Service, & whither I may direct the Residue when I receive it.

I hear Mr Wood succeeded at Oriell.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever afftely Your’s,

J. Mulso.

Letter 146.

The Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
June 27, 1772.

Dear Gil :

I have this Moment received a Letter from Mr Elmsall inclosing a Letter to Him from a Mr Bolton of Blackburn. Mr Bolton reports that the Living is now worth £250 pr an. being improved since the Time Mr Woollin set his Tythes. *Out of this* 2 Curates are now kept at £40 each: the Parish being large & troublesome. This is All of the Contents that regard You. If Jack White can thrash for Himself, & bear our Climate, the affair may be near £200 clear. I am sure I wish him all Success in it. I was alarm'd by the Papers wth the Name of Another Clerk put into the *rich Vicarage of Blackburn* by the ArchBp. You can explain this affair; perhaps he may be a Stopgap to prevent a Lapse to ye ArchBp of York, but Conjectures are endless. I presume you will see your Brother on his arrival; pray present my Love to Him.

The little Peep which I had at You is better than None: I love to have ocular Demonstration of my friend's health. Mrs Mulso & All here are much Your's. Comps. to ye Neighbours.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever affectely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 147.

Revd Mr White,
Selborne.

Swan at Alton.
Monday Sepr 21, '72.

Dear Gil :

Could I have been secure of being here at this Hour & of ye Regularity of the Post, I would have begd to have seen You here to Dinner, wth Mrs Mulso & my dear Boy. But I have been so ill of late that I was forced to deferr my Visit at Farnham, to which Place I am now going, tho' I was to have gone on Thursday, & ye Bishop's Time is short, so that we cannot stay long; & my Sister Chapone is there in waiting for us. My Complaint has been ye Piles, which wth Phlebotomy & ye natural Haemorrhoid (which I was glad to obtain after much Pain,) has given me Weakness & a Pain in my Side. However, here, thank God, I am, without any great inconvenience: and it seems to me very queer to be here without a Purpose of taking Selborne in my Way: but so it must be.

I recd your Lr last Night, I am glad that Jack has settled the Affair so cleverly for Harry. I was ready to have carried any Petition to ye Bishop, but am more pleased that it is needless, & so soon expedited. As to Mr Woollin, he was neither

rich nor poor: He had married off his two Daughters, & placed his only Son in Trade; but I beleive he had little to give wth the Ladies, & his Son is only apprentice & not set up. So the Widow & Lad will be glad of what is left. Nevertheless I do not see why your Brother should abstain from a moderate Demand; I mean, according to ye Golden Rule of "Doing as He would be done by."

I hope I shall see your Brother wth You this Winter. As to Meonstoke, I shall be gone before he returns, for I intend to get into Winter Quarters about ye middle of next Month. This however need not prevent our seeing You, if You have an Opportunity. I think Myself in a Way to be likely to give You much Trouble, if I shd get to You, so that You will be *safer* without me, & *Home* is ye best Place for feeble Folk. Not but that it was a great Pleasure to me Today to think that I could dine wth You wth Ease after travelling a very pleasing Road 'till Newton Lane End. I enquired after You of Master Ogbourne, but he has not seen you lately, He told me he had seen your Neighbour Yalden.

Congratulate Harry from me,* and present Mine and Mrs M's Services to all your good Neighbours.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your's affetely,

J. Mulso.

Inn Pens & Ink & great Difficulty to write wth a Scewer.

Letter 148.

The Reverend Mr White
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winton.

Jan. 10, 1773.

Dear Gil:

I am obliged to You for your kind Letter, & am joined by all of this House in returning You the Wishes of the Season. May our Friendship continue to a good old Age, (let it be cruda viridisque,) & give us as much Satisfaction in it's latter Part as it has done 'till ye Year 1773.

I suppose your Brother John & his Lady are put up in Cotton with some of the Andalusian Rarities, for how they can stand agst this severe Weather after their broiling on the Rock so long, I cannot imagine.† I very much long to see them: should You stare very much if You saw me come tottering down the Hill supported by my Man? And would You allow me, as a Witney Man, an additional Blanket? and, as an old Soaker, a double Portion of your Spirits? For I fancy the North Side of

* This perhaps refers to an exchange of livings, but I am unable to trace it.

† John White had arrived in England from Gibraltar in July, 1772, and with his wife was spending the winter at his brother's house at Selborne.

ye Hanger to be pure & cold, & to demand every Succedaneum to Comfort & Warmth.

I should be very glad to see You here; You know however that I can offer no more than a *Board*; a *Bed* fitted up for a fair Lady we have not. But as far as we can receive You, we should do it gladly.

You told me of Harry's Success in his small affair: I am glad of it. You know how glad I shd be of an Opportunity of serving You & Your's: But You know too that my Power is as small as my Will is large.

I reckon You have pure hospitable Christmas Doings in *your* three Neighbourly Families.* Be jovial & refresh your Hearts, & forget not in your Cup your old & faithfull Friend

J. Mulso.

Jack's Love to his Schoolfellow.

Letter 149.

To the Revd Mr White
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.
Dear Gil:

Winton,
March 27, '73.

In a late Letter from my Son, he tells me that He has had the Pleasure of being with You, & how kind both You & my Friend John had been to Him. He likewise reminded me from You how excellent & Summery the Roads & Paths now were about You. I understand You; but this last Season is, like most specious Things, deceitfull: and your poor Friend, who is subject to the Skye'y Influence, is caught by an Attempt to recover his Liberty in walking; The East Wind met me on the Top of St Giles's Hill, & angry that it was not a Female, whom he might compress, and impregnate wth Plague, Pestilence & Famine, He seized me by the Nape of the Neck & inflicted his Rheumatic Pains on that & my Shoulders & Arms; of which Contest I have been the Martyr and the Prisoner for several Days past & am so still: So that this dry Weather has been lost upon Me, & I am but just now able to tell You why I have let slip so fair an Occasion. I am mortified at This; I had hoped for real Pleasure in your's & your Brother's Company.

Pray let me know, whether, when my Jack was wth You, You thought Him so bad wth a Cough as to suppose it a Hooping Cough; for he now tells me that he hoops in his Coughing & has frequent Sickness, as is constantly the Case in That Distemper. I grow the more uneasy about this, as, if it is that Illness, I cannot well bring him Home, because my Two youngest

* The Whites and Ettys at Selborne, and the Yaldens at Newton Valence.

Children have not had it. Mrs Ogle, who went to Town Yesterday, promised to call, & She will let us know whether he is now ill; I shall guess by what You tell me *how long* it has been upon Him. I think I shd have heard from Mr Willis, as it is a Distemper which is seldom welcome at a School. But Jack may easily be deceived, for we have had a great deal of this Complaint here & it has ended in a meer Cough, but very like ye Hooping. He likewise could not hope to deceive in Order to be sent for Home, because he knew that I shd the rather keep him at a Distance.

I am yet undetermined about my Journey to Town. It will a good deal depend upon an Answer to a Letter that I have sent to Sr George Savile. If I do go, & have not an Opportunity of seeing John while he is wth You, I will endeavour to see him in Fleet Street; tho' my Stay will be but short in Town. My Jaunt will be about ye middle of next Month, if at all; in the Second Week of May, I hope to get to Meonstoke: There I am your Neighbour, tho' I own that I am undeserving & not Neighbourly.

With Love to your Brothers & Mrs White & affte Comps. to your Neighbours.

I am, dear Gil, Your old & Sincere Friend,

J. Mulso.

P.S. Mrs M joins in Affection &c.

Letter 150.

The Rev. Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,
Apl 20, 1773.

Dear Gil:

I have paid your Subscription* to last Michaelmas & have inclosed the Receipt; I did not pay for Mr Etty, as I was not desired, nor is it at all material, his Acknowledgement of it's being due will settle ye Accounts as clearly as the Payment, & after next Michaelmas he may advance the two Years together.

Instead of passing my Time in the agreeable Manner that I had hoped wth you & your Brother, I have passed it in Illness; I have now the latter part of ye Influenza to struggle with; but my Complaints began in a different & much more violent Way. I have little Hope of being in London now, while the Rector of Blackburn is there; My best wishes however attend him & his. I congratulate You on the fraternal Congress & beg to be afftely remember'd to them.

My Brother Ned finds, as is usual, some Drawback upon

* To the County Infirmary at Winchester.

human Happiness: His Preferment was very agreeable, but he has been at Death's Door: I hope he is now out of Danger. I thank You for your favours to my Jack. I write wth Difficulty, & therefore haste to subscribe myself, dear Gil,

Ever sincerely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Mrs M. & my Daughter's Love &c. I had ye Receipt but last Night at 8 o'Clock.

Letter 151.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hampshire.

Meonstoke.

July 5, 1773.

Dear Gil:

I waited to hear from you, & have expected it a great while, or else the Sight of You at my Gates: I imagined that You would go wth your Brothers to London, & was doubtfull about ye Time of your Stay; however, your last Night's Letter has cleared up your Proceedings. Admiral Young and his Lady & Part of his family are to come to Us on Thursday, & purpose to stay about a fortnight, which Visit we shall naturally endeavour to prolong: During their Stay I shall not have a Bed to offer You, for they fill up my House: This I tell You, that You may not depend upon it. After that I expect only single Tens, & as I have two Beds, One of them shall be at your Service.

Mr Airson informed You truly of my Illness at Winchester; I have never been perfectly well since, having had a Share of that surprising Sort of Cough that You mention. But Mrs Mulso, who brought it from Winchester, has been so ill with it, that I think her Life has been in Danger, & we were forced to call in Dr Smith, to whose Prescriptions She is still conforming, & is but very indifferent. My Children cough on, but are better, & do not take Medicine. Jack has been at home wth Us & returned but last Fryday to Mr Willis: He came home very ill, but we set him up by Degrees: He sends me word that my old Acquaintance Mr Hinton was very obliging to him on the Road, & has invited him to *Chawton*. I have thought Mr Willis very much to blame in not giving me better Notice of ye true State of his Health; for it was not likely that the Boy should play the Hypocrite, so near the Time of breaking up. Mr Mill of Bentley Green lent him a Horse for the Holidays, which wth the Help of Bark and other Medicines set him up again. I suppose Jack Gib is gone up into ye North wth his father; if he does not chuse to instruct him himself, there are, I beleave, very good Schools in his Neighbourhood, & pretty reasonable. I presume he will squat himself down in *Fat-Goose Living* for some Time; but

if he chuses to range about hereafter, I have paved his Way for a Visit at Thornhill by a Letter that I lately wrote to Mr. Mitchell on that Purpose, if he is curious about the West Riding of Yorkshire; I do not know what peculiar natural Curiosities it may produce, but the general Face of it is the most beautifull that I ever saw. The Mention of that County puts me, in Course, in Mind of Sr George Savile & what You mentioned of his Print: I fancy You mean That, where he is sitting at a Table wth a Plan of ye new Navigation of ye Calder before him. The Dean of Winchester has that Print, & if no better Picture of him comes out, I shall be glad to have That; but I think the Engraver or Painter has given him the Look of a Madman; The appearance is in high Deshabille, & the Resemblance is very unfavourable. I am sorry that You are dissappointed in your Building & in your Hay-making: we have not begun to cut, & as my Lands lie low & moist, we can stand more Sunshine than this nominal Summer has afforded Us: we are however, at present, ripe for ye Scythe: Fires are not yet expelled from our Parlour, especially towards Ev'ning. If all other Circumstances agreed as well, I own that I preferr even this ungenial Coolness to extream melting Heats: Your Brother John will think England strangely alter'd. You tell me surprizing News of Dr Hawkesworth's Sale of his Work, or rather of ye work that he purloined. I hear but a very middling Character of it, so that the Price far exceeds the Value.

I can say Nothing at present about a Visit to You, tho' it appears to me very practicable & very agreeable; but Mrs Mulso is in no state to change her Place at present, & is too low spirited to lay Plans of future Movements. When We have the Pleasure of seeing You here, we will talk about a Return of your kind Visits, which indeed are more than we deserve.

You have heard, I presume, of our Expulsion of Mr Norman from our Cathedral; possibly You have not read his Book, which in it's Proportion is as dear as Dr Hawkesworth's: but I hope that You have met wth his *Letter to Us* in the Papers: In Times like these, however tenderly We have demeaned Ourselves to the Man previously to ye Judgement that He has forced from Us, yet we might have had some Chance of being branded as Bigots & Persecutors; but that I think he has sufficiently cleared Us by the Publication of that Letter.

My Daughter Jane greives at our Doubts about a Visit to Selbourne. Neicibus it is true grows a great Girl & womanly, & might be thinking of more public places than your Village; but I thank God She retains her Simplicity, & can be happy in friendly Company & rural Scenes. However, her Ideas have been lately enlarged by a Party to Stokes Bay near Gosport on the Day of highest Shew & Beauty while his Majesty was there.

She could not but be pleased wth what gave a general Pleasure. Mrs Mulso & Myself were at Winchester upon a Summons to ye Chapter, & therefore lost a very agreeable Party. My Sister Chapone who is now at Mr Ekins' in Buckinghamshire will be soon at the Deanery at Winton, from whence She will make an easy Transition hither. I have not seen her since ye great Harvest of her Fame: She is much gratified by ye Praises that resound on all Sides; & indeed I fairly think that She deserves them. The critical Reviewers have confined their Plaudit chiefly to ye religious Turn of the Book, wherein indeed it shines, but I wonder that they took no Notice of some elegant & very judicious Observations in it, that are very much out of ye Common way of Writing. As You was in Rathbone place you know all about my family, & I am afraid saw my Sier Mulso in a very dangerous State of Health. She is returned from ye Country, that used to set her up, to the Islington waters, I hope wth good Effect. Tom is in Northttonshire.

I have tired out my Paper, my Pen, You & Myself, & have only Room & Power to reiveive You by hastily subscribing Myself,

Dear Gil, Aftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 152.

To the Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.

July 26, '73.

Dear Gil:

I promised, upon your very kind Notice of designing Us a Visit, to send You word when Admiral Young left Us, who, wth the Part of ye family that accompanied him, filled up my Beds: But tho' he left us on Saturday Morning We are not yet free to receive You. Mr & Mrs Buller came here that very Night, & finding Mrs Mulso's Cough returned in some Degree (tho', thank God! not so bad as before,) they insisted on our taking a little Turn to Wonston wth them for the Change of Air. Mr Buller is gone on to Portsmouth to wait on the Bp of Oxford as his Chaplain while he *confirms* for my Uncle: He returns hither tonight. Tomorrow we all go to Winton & Mrs Mulso goes forward wth them to Wonston; but I return to wait on the Bp of Oxford at Waltham on Wednesday: on Thursday Jenny & I follow to Wonston: & there we reside 'till the Fryday Sen'night, which will be August 6th. We shall be then much at your Service at Meonstoke. I suppose that You have not yet got rid of your Trammells at Farringdon; but if You can bring us a Sermon for ye Sunday, my Curate & I shall be glad. Let me know *when* You can come to Us, & how long You can stay;

I ask this indeed more with Regard to the Sundays, than any thing else, because Mr Gregory now & then pays a Debt or obliges a Neighbour, when he can get loose from his Business here by means of Help.

We went to Portsmouth last week wth the Admiral & spent some Days there: It is a Place which I always see wth Pleasure; & I remember that You first shewed it to me. I find myself grown very old since that Time, & was not inclined to go aboard the Ships or launch to Sea; tho' we had the Admiral's Barge & the Offer of the Commissioner's Yatch. I left the View of the Ships to ye Young Ladies & contented Myself wth dry Work on Shore. We had a pleasant Time of it, & it was of Service to Mrs Mulso, who even ventured to the Comedy at Night, an Effort that She has not made for many a Year. Admiral Young & his Lady were both so pleased wth this Part of ye County, That they went to see a House at Hamilton in Order to take it if it suited them, but it was not fit for his family, so we are dissappointed of their Neighbourhood. I shall see poor Gibson on Wednesday, who has had a great loss of Mr Bludworth, & has been himself very ill at Bristol.

You will hardly get a Letter to me here, therefore please to direct to me at Wonston & let us know when we shall have the Pleasure of seeing You.

With affte Comps. from all Mine, I join all the Good wishes of a friend from, Dear Gil,

Your's sincerely,
J. Mulso.

P.S. Comps. to Neighbours Etty, Yalden, &c.

Letter 153.

To the Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Winton.
Nov : 29 '73.

Dear Gil :

My Boy let me know that he was wth You some time ago, but my Memory is so treacherous that I have forgotten whether I thanked You for the Kindness. Of late I know that I have not written, because we have been upon ye Remove from Meonstoke hither, which We compassed but last Wednesday. My two Daughters have been ill, but are now quite well. We have had Sickness & Accidents among the Servants, & Floods, & wet & unhealthy Seasons. So that We are glad that we are got hither. Yet here a great concern awaits us. Now while I write, Mrs Mulso is gone to settle wth Dr Smith (an inoculating Dr) about taking Charge of my 4 Children & 5 Servts for this critical Event.

They will all be together in my House: Jack is *not now* apprized of it, but as soon as Dr Smith has judged for him, he shall have his Choice. Fryday next is the Day fixed on for ye Purpose: It is an Agreement made by several families in the Close that we shall hazard together. So that *You* or your friends that shd be afraid of Infection to Yourselves or *Others*, will stear clear of Winchester, for the Rifeness of it here has urged Us into this Measure.

I am desired by Mr Buller to recommend the Son of Dr Mill, Dean of Exeter, to a Fellowship of Oriell at your ensuing Election: It is a Fellowship confined to Devonshire. Promises, on this Sort of Subject, he knows are never given, but he hopes ye Success of this young Man will fall in wth the general Liking & good will of the Colledge. I have no particular Knowledge of ye Dean of Exeter, tho' he has: but I hope that the Son maintains the fair character of his father, and Mr Buller is a Man worth obliging.

I am hooked into strict Residence; wth a Mind ill at Ease, but pretty well in Body. You who receive Lrs & keep up a Correspondence with the Philosophers* of Europe, think little of an Epistle from the *Vice Dean* of Winchester, but my new Title & my old Friendship is all that I have at present to offer from,

Dear Gil, Your's sincerely and afftely,

J. Mulso.

Letter 154.

The Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
Deer 26, 1773.

Dear Gil:

I was acquainted by Mr Hinton some time ago that You was in Sussex, I therefore did not expect to hear from You, but was afraid *for a Life*† that is still, in several Senses, valuable to You. I am glad to hear that you have performed your Journey in so manfull a way, & had such good Luck in point of Weather. I have mentioned the affair of your temporary Curacy‡ to two or three People, who will give a better Look-out than I can; but You are sensible that so short & undetermined a Cure is not very readily undertaken. If our Minor Canons undertake a Church for a Sunday, they expect a Guinea; but I think You mean to have a resident Curate: I was asked (by a Fellow of ye Colledge

* *i.e.*, With Linnaeus.

† The life of Mrs. Snooke.

‡ At this time John White was pressing his brother to visit him at Blackburn, and the latter was looking for a temporary curate to take his duty at Farringdon.

to whom I address'd Myself) whether You would not *lodge* the Person at your House: I mention'd the Distance, which would be a Hindrance to occasional attendance, & to Sunday's Duty in Case the Gentleman has no Horse. May I not promise a Bed in your House, & a Candle, & a Fire? I will try to help You, but I know that at present We have no such unemployed *sucking Divine*.

As to ye Canvass, I have not a Word more to say about it: I was to mention it as from Another, & that Other understands the Customs of Oriell College better than I do.

Mrs M., myself, & 2 Daughters hope to pass 3 Weeks in Apl & May in Rathbone Place &c: I wish we may fall in wth You there. This Inoculation has left us only one bad Illness in the contagious way to dread, & that only to ye Younger, which is the whooping Cough. I thank God Eight in my family are got thro' the Distemper, the Ninth my footman, would not take it. Light as this Mode of giving it makes the Distemper, it is still bad enough to be ye Cause of much Uneasiness, but thank God, it is well over!

Mr Hinton joined us in *abusing* You and Mr Etty, for not making your Parish make a Road to You, which he averred could be done for very little. Think only of my knowing no Time of ye Year for getting at You *without a Guide*; & seldom, with One. You are the *toto divisos orbe Brittannos*. Cannot you threaten to vote agst Sr Simeon if he will not urge the Thing & help it? What other Use is there now in general Elections? Have not we here a Duke for our Mayor, & Baronets & Knights for our humble Servants, because the Day approaches? If you lose this Opportunity, I shall think that You love your Rosamond's Bower, *because* the Access is inscrutable.

All here salute you. I am, Dear Gil, wth wishes of many happy Returns of this Season.

Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 155.

To the Revd Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,
Feb: 15, '74.

Dear Gil:

Does there not seem to be a Sort of Reproach in your last Letter, as if I had, from Self-Importance, neglected your Commission about the Curacy? If You think so, You are mistaken in two Circumstances; One in general, that Curacies to large living'd Men are Trifles—for they give them a good deal of Trouble to get them well-served for them: the Other, that I

have considered your Affair as a Trifle, & therefore taken no Pains in it; Now I really address'd Myself to Divines of all Ranks, that I know in this Town or Neighbourhood, & proclaimed the Agréments of the Situation &ca, &ca: but it was answer'd that it would be a happy Circumstance for a young Man who wanted a Title, but so precarious & short a Tenure would not do for any of their Acquaintance, for none of them were in the Want specified. I have, I assure you, absolved my Conscience on your Account, & I hope that You will do so too. I am sorry that We shall not meet in London, or indeed elsewhere for a good while, for You are called to London & Oxford. As to the Affair of Election, it was well-understood here & your Reply considered as a very proper One.

You give a terrible Description of the Effects of your Cold; & indeed You owe Yourself a good deal of Care, for it is an Effect that will easily return. Nevertheless, do not fall into ye Extream of Fear on the other Side, like your Father; but consider, that by the Account of all the Faculty here, & indeed as seems a natural Consequence of the Peculiarity of our Seasons this winter, Extraordinary appearances of Illness, & new Modes of Suffering have happen'd. My old Master, Dr Burton is gone, & I have a Pocket full of Poetry in three Languages, Some very good, Some middling, None bad. The Chief are from the Masters, as ye Boys did not return 'till ye Day of his Death, & their Hands were not in.

Pray, when you build, let it be a 'Drawing Room up Stairs, that you may look on the Hanger; Let it be higher than the present, & let it be sashed.—Monstrous! why this will be a great Expence!—True, therefore take two Years instead of One to do it in. As You want to decoy your family after You to make Selbourne a Place of Residence, as well as to enjoy it during your own Life, e'en do it in a tempting way. Your Brothers will be rich Men: And You are Yourself the *richest* Man that I know; for You are the only Man of my Acquaintance that does not want Money.—Stay—I beleive I will except my Uncle ye Bishop.—But I am not so sure of Him as of You.

May your Hirundines,* as I doubt not, bring in the Spring & Summer of your Fame! I am glad You have entrusted yourself to the Public that You reap your due Honour, Jack's Fauna should follow close.

I have not read Brydone,† tho' I hear it well spoken of by

* On 10th Feb. 1774, "An account of the House-Martin or Martlet. In a letter from the Rev. Gilbert White to the Hon. Daines Barrington" was read to the Royal Society, and subsequently printed in *Phil. Trans.* vol. lxiv., part i., pp. 196-201.

† "A Tour through Sicily and Malta, in a series of Letters to William Beckford, Esq., of Sowerby in Suffolk," by Patrick Brydone, F.R.S., published in 1773.

every Body: I have read Sr Wm Hamilton's Letters.—New Troubles are arising agst Printers of public Papers. I rejoyce. I heartily wish the Dogs may lose their Ears, & that Nobody may lend an Ear to their Scurrilities any more.

All my Family pretty well, & much at your Service. I still rave at your Roads, which have defeated two or three Schemes I had to see You. Airson joined me t'other Day, & vows that he never went to Selborne in his Life, but he lost his way.

I shall lose the Post. Farewell! I shall be glad to hear from You wherever You are *lodged* for a writing Time.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 156.

The Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.

July 11, '74.

Dear Gil :

You desired me to let You know when we were peacefully set down at Meonstoke. It is some time since we came here; but my Calls to Winchester, & my Avocations here have made it, as yet, a very interrupted Summer. But we last week recd the Bp of Winchester & famy & therefore We look upon our Visit of Grandeur to be over. A single friend or so, We can accommodate pretty well at any time; & therefore I now advertise You, that my Brother Nott is expected to-day, but he is on his Road to Kew & will not sojourn above three or four Days; & then I do not know of any particular Engagement that should deferr our Pleasure of seeing You. I met Mr Hinton one day, & desired him to say the chief of what I have now said to You. I shall therefore be glad to see You at your own Time. How stands it with You in ye Article of Hay? I have not yet begun cutting, even Seeds. My Horses are now ploughing; I have a field of a few Acres, that still wants turning up: so You see my farming Business treads upon my Heels. I almost think that You are in ye Thick of your mowing, if your Weather-Glass has not made a Coward of You: we have had very wet weather; I feel it in my Bones & my Head, which are rheumatick.

However we suffer in other Respects, we gain Something by the agreeable Verdure that this rainy Season preserves for Us, and it will help to make our Summer seem ye longer, if indeed we should have any Summer at all: Last Night we had like to have light a Fire. How do your Neighbours do? and how fare the Branches of your numerous family? I reckon there is old Dining with Sr Simeon, & kind Caresses, now he advertises for the Election, & has a Rival! tho' Sr Harry has most need to exert Himself. Mr Pawlett must draw his Purse Strings, for

I hear the Duke of Chandos promises to spend a cool £20,000, rather than have Sr Harry defeated, or at least ye Member that he shall recommend. But what do I do wth Elections? I hate them: they never succeeded wth Me.

I have not seen You, but by ye small Snatch, in my Journey from London. I was rejoiced at the Opportunity of meeting my old friend Dr Bentham: and it gave me Pleasure that he shew'd a satisfaction in seeing me again. I found his Card on my Chimney at Winchester. I have two great Griefs: One that I cannot ride: the Other, that You are accessible by no other Vehicle. This last is ye highest Reflexion upon You & Mr Etty: God forgive You. I talk'd of You lately wth my Neighbour Airson at St Cross: we abused You on this Subject. You ought to love Us for it, for I should not care a halfpenny about the Road to Selbourne, if I had not a Regard to Etty, & a Love for You.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J.-Mulso.

Letter 157.

The Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke.

to be left at Mr Newbolt's at Alton.

Aug: 26, '74.

Dear Gil:

My Man has asked Leave to go to his Uncle at Alton, so I charge him wth this, & am forced to write at a late Time, having had Company to dinner, the Richardses of Hambledon & ye Lilly's of Soberton. I therefore can hardly see, which is better indeed than seeing double.

Mrs Mulso &ca join me in Thanks to You & Johnny for your friendly Visit. We have received your Books: Mrs Mulso is on her Voyage to Sicily, & I am banishing the Moriscoes fm Spain; I have likewise been at the ArchBp's Sermon. Thank God it beats our own Bench entirely: It was well for his Grace that he had ye Power of the Crown to influence his Audience for him, for his Oratory would not have done it. It is wonderfull how a Subject so very interesting could be treated in so enervate & effaete a Manner. In Clark's Aect of Spain, I read a Sermon, at the Burial of Six Kings, Charles ye V. being One predicated. There was some Exclamation, & it was better than this, tho' sad Stuff. I thought that Geddes's Tracts had taken up two Vol. Folio: I was quite surprized. The Subjects did not appear new to me, & the Stile is deplorable; He likewise shews his Dislike of ye Romish Church in too low & abusive a Method. The good Dr would not be much more likely to convert a Papist than ye Missionaries were to convert the Southern Spaniards.

We are sorry to hear so poor an Account of Miss White. We have just recd advice of the arrival of Sr Peter Dennis at Spit-head, so we hope to see Lt Will: Young soon. Sister Chapone comes next week or the week after. As to our making You a Visit, it is in Nubibus; I shd like to do it very much: but, non Cuivis homini contingit adire—which Sentence is not so well applied as by Master Howell in his Letters.

We have been flaccid since You left Us: My Rheumatism plaguing in more Shapes than One. It's being at present in my Head, & my Eyes failing me will I hope excuse me for here subscribing Myself,

Dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

P. S. Comps. fm all to all.

Letter 158.

Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.
Oct: 20, '74.

Dear Gil:

By the last Turn of ye Stage Coach We sent home [your Books. We franked them to Alton, & if any Charge accrued after That from our desiring them to be *forwarded to You*, I desire I may repay You. The Books amused Us much, especially Brydone. Since we read him, our Nephew Will: Young came from ye Mediterranean; he had not seen the Books, nor had he ever been in Sicily; but he took up a Volume from the window, & I desired him to read ye Description of the Bay of Naples, where he had anchored. He said if Brydone was as Poetical in the rest as he was in That, he might be very amusing, but that They who look'd for ye Scenes as he described them, would be much dissappointed; for that, tho' it was true that all the Places lay where he had assigned them, yet that You could not bring them into one View unless You were 50 Miles out at Sea, & then they could not be distinct; & that they had not the Appearance that he had described; for, as to ye Fronts of *Palaces in ye Rocks*, as he had never been told of them, he had never found them out, tho' he had lain opposite to them a great while; &, I may add for him, he is a Young Man of Curiosity & Gusto.

I have been very much chagrined that I could not hook in a Visit to You: But the high Tides & perpetual Rains kept us fm all Thought of travelling, & my Horses have carted & ploughed every day since, So that they have only carried us a Mile or so thro' all this beautiful Fortnight. On Wednesday next We go to our Winter Quarters at Winton, so we are in a high Fuss

in the packing Order. We have all had some Complaint from the wet, but are rather better, especially the walking Party; & we have used every Day. I hope You & Your's & your good Neighbours are well. I shall be glad to hear from You at Winton & to see You; You cannot be so displeas'd at our not coming as we are greiv'd at not visiting the old & dear Scenes, & my old friend their Master. All join in affte Comps.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your affte Friend & Obedt Servt,
J. Mulso.

Letter 159.

The Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
Nov. 17, '74

Dear Gil:

I have just been doing You a Service, but how great or little God knows; I have been electing Dr Durnford your Representative in Convocation, then & there *to do &ca, &ca, &ca, Nothing*. The Doctor is reckon'd good at an Harangue; He thank'd Us in a very short Speech, but it was well worded & respectfull, & delivered with due Solemnity. The Proctor for our own Cathedral is Mr Lowth. He is in Kent, but he signified his Agreement to accept ye Post, if offer'd him, in these Words, *fungar inani Munere*.

Why do You think of going wth your Brother into Lancashire in the Winter? Will not the Hampshire Cold suffice? It was odd enough, that on the very Morning that I reed Your's, in which You complain of the Snow, I had been revising a Lr from You, in which You tell me that You had rode out every Day to contemplate that beautifull Meteor, which shows itself to Advantage in your uneven Country. I am sorry You change your Note: No one bears Time better outwardly; and yet I know by Myself that Time has made some advances upon You, for Yesterday I was fifty three: I have one Pleasure however in this Increase of Years, It is a longer Date of our Friendship. As to not visiting You, I declare solemnly, that for One Cause or Another, it has not been in my Power. We were much disconcerted by a Letter last Night, that told Us of an ugly seizure of my Uncle on Sunday last. He had been ill here with a great Pain in his Back; & was but poorly at Farnham; but he was now attack'd wth Sickness & chilling Cold at a Moment; It might be ye Effect of Gravell, yet he does not now complain of his Back. It might be Indigestion, & as Such it has been treated, & he is much better. But, ah! my Friend, it certainly is the Effect of Age;

It is a Slip decaying Nature makes,
Now She is hast'ning to her Journey's End.

My Heart is sad about it; It has every Call upon it to feel for Him. I think Interest is not now amongst the Motives; for it has appear'd plainly to me, that he has long thought my Cup to be full enough. So *God bless Him!* and I will drink it with That Toast in it to ye End of my Days.

I hope your Brother will succeed in his Purpose of settling his Son* to his Satisfaction. The Provision for Children is an arduous Duty. You have escaped it. It puzzles me, for God help me, I have more than Fortune agst me. I am glad your Niece is Something better tho' your Accounts are not satisfactory.

You will do Injustice to the North, if You take your first View of it after the Fall of the Leaf. But I will not let you judge of my former Situation in the West Riding, by a View of Lancashire. My Neighbour Woollin gave a just Preference to Emley & made that his chief Place of Residence. I wish when You do go You could see Thornhill. You would cross to it thro' Kirkheaton & see that wild Scape; & the old Cambodunum of the Britons. I have paved your Way wth Mr Mitchell, as I told You; & I remember & honour the Hospitality of Yorkshire.

My Wife is much Your's: She is still troubled wth a bleeding at her Nose: The rest of Us well: I have finish'd my *strict* Residence, which avails me 'till Michs 75. I am just going, as Mr Vice Dean to the Audit Dinner at Mr Nott's: This great Honour expires on the 25th. I shall part wth only one Regrett; the Comfortableness of ye Stall at Church, which is *warmer* than my Own, may make me wish for that Seat.

I hope this will reach You before You set out from home. Health attend You wherever You go. The Love of all here attend You & our best wishes for Nephew John. Thanks to Mr ETTY &c for their Hospitality to Ned. He never came to Us.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

P.S. We have got Dr Duncan here, whom I found to be an old Oxford Acquaintance. We dined yesterday together at Mr Sturges' & shall today at the Audit. He is a good Scholar & a sensible man; but has Something of a Formality in delivering himself. He has two Daughters to put to School here, if he likes Mrs Leath.

Letter 160.

Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.

Jan: 31, '75.

It is very true, my dear Gil, that the Date of your Letter would put me to a good deal of Shame, had I not some Excuse to urge for my not replying sooner. But I have in fact had so

* 'Gibraltar Jack.'

long & lingering an Illness upon me, that I have had no heart to answer my Correspondents; & thought it a hard Duty to settle even a necessary Business wth my Pen. I have had a constant Cough, wth little Spirit, & continual Lassitude of Body as well as Mind: and tho' I have had ye chearfull Interposition of a Visit from my Brother Will: Young & my Nephew the Lieutenant, yet I have been obliged to refrain from the agreeable Parties that they have been engaged in. I made an Effort to get to Church, but I was worse by it, so I have been a Truant & a Prisoner very much. I am now better again, & shd have been at Church Today, as I was yesterday, if a Storm of wind & Rain had not kept me at home thro' fear. Mrs Mulso has a Return of her bad Cough, & is but poorly, so that we are *miserable Mowls* (as ye family Phrase is:) Tom: would derive it from *melancholy Owls!* Tom loves Etymology. We have lost our Visitors: After application for some proper Station, Adml Young is order'd to the meanest, most unwholesome, & least profitable of All; *the Leward Islands*: Billy is sent third Lieutenant, whereas he was first to Sr Peter Dennis. The family are in the utmost Sollicitude, because of ye Climate; & the poor Youth, who knows that his Father solicited Command, only for the sake of promoting him, is in ye deepest Concern that Ld Sandwich should give him so dangerous an Employ; wth the farthur Vexation of thinking that he has almost put it out of his Power to serve him by putting 2 Lts over his Head. However ye Adml wth his constant Spirit, did not think of a Refusal: He accepted it immediately, & Ld S——h, who knew that he had done all he could to defeat his first Purpose in going, was so favourable as to promise that Billy should not return without a Command. My Ld may very likely be out of his own Command before three Years are at an End. Thus Matters stand: & the Commission has been wetted by many Tears, except of those who must primarily stand the Peril.

My Sister Chapone's Vol:* is come forth under ye Conduct of the alert Mr Dilly. She made her Bargain for this, & it is as good as the former was bad; She secures £250. So that, calculating the 3 Voll: at £100 each, She is well off. We all abuse her this Time for cheating the Public; when her Work was inestimable, She was ill-used. However, the Work has not ye Merit indeed of general Use, yet there is Merit in it. She has a Slap at Ld Chesterfield, & has managed it happily & appositely to her Subject. It is well my Lord is not alive; He would begin to complain with Lewis ye 14th, that the Ladies armed against him.

Our Convocation has *spoken*, & our Dr Butler has been a

* "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse."

Mouth; for he had not only to preach, but to answer Arch-Deacon Ibbotson extempore, who proposed a Paragraph for the Address; and as it contradicted what ye Dn had advanced in his Sermon, he replied, & the A: Deacon retracted & proposed alteration. The ArchBp spoke long & well; with Dignity & Judgement; & the Prolocutor Dr Mill Dean of Exeter acquitted himself very handsomely. So, if it is said that the Convocation does Nothing, it cannot now be objected that it says Nothing.

Are You not now glad that You did not travell or antemigrate to Lancashire? What a Season would You have had to interrupt every natural Enquiry? How unjust to ye poor Country? I am glad for the Honour of our northerly Regions that You did not go: but I hope You will find a better Time.

I have looked into a Vol: or two of Philos:l Transactions, (our Library Books,) & have found honourable Mention of You from Mr Barrington. Have your farthur observations* been *redde* (as they print ye word read) & well-accepted by the Society? I should think they must; for You are an accurate Man. But that it is a Rule wth them, not to commend or discommend; but to give as it is given to them, & leave it to the Use & Judgement of the Public.

I hope You keep your Health; & that your good Neighbours do ye same, in this very unequal weather; now & then extreemly cold, now & then unseasonably hot. I hear ye Small Pox is in the Town in spite of last Year's Clearance by Inoculation, & that it is a confluent Kind, & fatal. But more is said than is true on such Subjects: thank God, we have escaped ye Fear.

I have had a Correspondence this Winter wth your neighbour the Chancellor. What a lively Mind imprison'd in a crazy Body!

Farewell: many & happy Years attend You & your's is ye general wish of my family & of,

Dear Gil, Yours afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 161.

The Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
Apl 8, '75.

Dear Gil:

Mr Gregory, who is now with me, interests himself in your ensuing Election for a Relation by Marriage, One who has appeared before at Oriell, it is a Mr Charles Wallington Commr of Christ Church, He was born at Dursley. He has desired me

* 'Of the House-Swallow, Swift and Sand-Martin. By the Rev. Gilbert White, in Three Letters to the Hon. Daines Barrington.' These were read to the R.S. on 16 March, 1775.

to strengthen his Interest, which he hopes is pretty good in ye Society in general, by my Application to You. I tell him that No Promises are ever given, & that the College is always studious of Unanimity, but he hopes & so do I, that You will be ye more willing to favour ye Young Man for this my Interposition; You know that I have a Value for Mr Gregory & shd be glad to serve him on this or any Occasion.

I hope You got well Home. I have not forgot ye Hint You gave of a Visit at Winton wth your Niece. If You can tell your Time I should be glad to know it. I told Mr Airson of your Plan, & I will ask him to meet you. If I shd be out of Town, he will be glad to see You. He will be glad to see any of Mr ETTY's family at ye same Time, & so shd I, and he can help them to One Bed.

Mrs Mulso can help You to an excellent & easy & pleasant Medicine for Stone & Gravell, which She directs to You, thank God, not for your own Use, but for Mr Yalden. It is no more than Blacberry Jelly, of which, if he has not heard, Mrs Mulso will get him ye Receipt.

I hope You & all friends are well, You have all our best Wishes.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your affte Friend & Servt,
J. Mulso.

Letter 162.

Reverend Mr White,

Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,

May 14, '75.

You are a comical Mortal, my dear Gil, & have a pretty little Genius at hum-bugging. "Madam, (says I, to your very agreeable Niece,)* you have not seen our Church; it is a Pity!" I intend, quoth You, to take a Day & come & see You, i.e. according to vulgar Interpretation, "I will take a Day to bring her to Winchester to see this same Church"—And now We go on Wednesday to Meonstoke: Thither indeed You may bring her, & there we shall be glad to see You. But where You may *lie* is a Chance, & I will tell You ye Reason. I have issued my Citation to Dr Weston, to come & take a Survey of my Living, & estimate ye real Value. I have not recd an Answer; If he comes, Symonds rides wth Him: mem: 2 Beds out of 2 & there remains 0. This event is in ye Clouds as to ye *when*, but it must be *soon*, because of ye Crop appearing in all it's Shapes. So that there may be very pretty lying in the Meadows, which are deep, & soft, & perfumey. And there, any happy youthful Shepherd, despising all thought of Sleep & such dull Recognoissances of

* Mary, only daughter of Thomas White, who was living under Mrs. ETTY's care at Selborne at this time.

Mortality, would be proud to watch the live-long Night wth her,
& mistake the Morning Lark for ye Nightingale,

Who nightly sings on yon Pomegranate Tree.

But for Us old phtysicky, prebendal Gentry—to aim at such Compliments, would be but inverting two excellent Things in their Way, Gallantry & Sleep.—So do, as You dare ; I think it would go hard if I let an old Friend lie in ye—(no, not ye Street—) in the Lane. You know I am always glad to see You. As to your Nieces Complaints, (which, I hope, are over,) I have *assa foetida*, Valerian, Lavender Drops, Laudanum, Air, Neighbourhood, & Daughters.—As to Lovers, they do not grow on every Hedge, else Jane would have plucked a few, but they will be plentyer where Miss White comes. I cannot offer Myself, because I am pre-engaged to a Second. I can only answer, as George Selwyn did to ye Bourreau de Paris, at an Execution—Ah ! Monsieur, *je ne suis pas un Artist, je suis seulement un Amateur*.

Your Fellowship Business I give up. I did as I was desired ; & You did as Occasion required. When I have an urgent Suit, You shall know my Request sooner. I shd have been glad to oblige Gregory : as to Mr Wallington, as I know Nothing of Him, I could not conceive who you meant in the Beginning of your Letter.

We are glad Mr Yalden attributes Some Merit to *ye Jelly*, as it will give the Person, who advised Mrs Mulso of it, Pleasure. And I am sure We shd. both have rejoiced in Any Service We could have been of to Mr Yalden.

I am diverted wth Your Effort to ally me to Sr Kenelm Digby. Could You prove me next Heir to his Genius or Estate, it might do Something. But as to ye precarious Relation to ye Mulsho's of Gothurst in Bucks,—tho' it wears a face—*vix ea Nostra Voco*—I have not yet put Esquire Mulso on the Scent. I do not know whether he is so keen on Genealogies as on Etymologies : which shows him more keen to be related to the ETTY'S.—

We have had All the Books that You named, & found Pleasure in All. But what do You talk of amusing Books ? I am now reading One that beats Lock on ye human Understanding for *Drollery*, I mean Harris's Philosophl Arrangements. And I have some Hopes that wth this predicamental Help, & a few such *merry* Books, Your Niece may find me one of ye best *polemic* Divines in England.

My poor Sister Chapone is in no *Comic Vein* ; the cold in her Jaw is stubborn & serious. She has been very weak of late.

As for your Itch of Building, Nothing cures it but Experience. You would have great Pleasure & Pride in an Essay or two, but upon a *repetatur Idem* You would shrug your Shoulders. But

nevertheless, try—for ye Devil of Taste will haunt You in your Sleep—"Aude aliquid—*Carcere dignum*". It will go off in one Fit of *Pride of your Performance*.

I am going to see whether ye Hambletonian has furnished me wth another Flower that will puzzle You. Come & see. I beleive I have a great deal to say to You. Old Friends cannot meet without Confab:—I constantly feel a Disposition to welcome You, being ever,

My dear Gil, Your's afftely

J. Mulso.

Comps. from All *here* to All *there* as Ld Mayor Beckford would have said.

We have been very sorry for ye Danger of your Neighbour Sr Simeon: But we hear now that he will do well. I fancy You All in Joy about it; as, when ye old one goes there seldom comes a Better. A Minority would better suit ye Estate, than the Friends of Sr Simeon, or ye County. Farewell, or I shall grow baggy. Adl Young & ye Lieutt are tilting over ye vast Atlantic for ye Leeward Islands.

Letter 163.

Reverend Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke,
July 8, '75.

Dear Gil:

I do not know that I ever made a Visit more to my Satisfaction than This that I have just finished to You, because it seemed to be perfectly agreeable to ye Host & the Guest. I thank You for your affectionate Reception, & the Pleasures that You gave me. You have a double Felicity in your Manner of Entertainment; You can gratify your Visitors both wth beautiful Originals, & high Descriptions; Representations studiously copied from Nature & finished with a Masterly Hand. As You intend your Works for ye Public, I would not say so much in a Strain of Flattery; for tho' I would not tell an Author how much I disliked his Productions, yet I might slubber them over with a hasty careless Compliment, or lose them in Silence. Even the Author of ye Philosophical Arrangements, tho' a Student of a very different Class, would join me in applauding your Performances; because they have a Niceness & precision in them, that He is remarkeable for in his own Way. You have happily grounded Ethics on a stable & beautiful Basis, ye Works of God; & your Figures formed from naked & genuine Beauty, beat every finical Composition that would fascinate ye Judgement by adventitious Ornament. This is my real Opinion of your Work. But

Mem: I do not mean by ye close of ye last Sentence a Slur on your Intention of employing the Art of Mr. Grim, or any other more accomplished Designer: I wish he may add to ye Pleasure of ye world, as much as he will gratify my Partiality, if he can convey* your truly delectable scenes.

I beg my best Compliments to your good Neighbours, who joined to make my Time pass away agreeably, not forgetting Miss White, who favoured me in presiding at your Table while I was there; no contemptible Flattery in a young Lady to an old Fellow.

You will receive a Key, which my Servant put in his Pockett; Thomas's Horse fell awkwardly wth Him at Mr Yalden's Gate; & Jo: running to help him fm his Embarrassment, thrust ye Key into his Pockett & foolishly forgot it, being conscious that he had had it in his Hand to deliver & so discharging his Conscience too soon.

Mrs Mulso & my Daughter met me from their Journey at ye Gate, & I was just in polite Time to hand them out. Sr Peter, Lady, Mr, & Miss Rivers come to Us Tomorrow Ev'ning; but I hope Mrs Mulso will be more capable to receive them at that Time than She is now. I have seldom seen her so ill as She is Today; but I will say ye less now, because I will not seal this 'till Tomorrow, when I hope to be able to give a better Account of Her. I told her what You had said about keeping a Chaise; & She joined me in wishing that a better Reason than You assigned would hasten your Resolution, as it would set You upon making your Accesses more conformable & favourable to her Inclinations to wait on You.

Good Thomas, I presume, gave You an Account of seeing Me safe to Tistead; I stole on for ye rest of ye way quietly and peaceably; called for a little while at West Meon: my Landlord spoke of ye heavy Rains & distant Thunder, which he supposed to be strong at *Winchester*; It was *there* a long Storm, but not so very greivous as might have been expected; the Rain was exceeding heavy.

Sunday. Here is a dismal wet day, but it is a better than yesterday in one Respect, because Mrs Mulso is better; tho' very tender after†

The Prebendal Ladies of *Winchester* are in a dismal Scrape about Mrs Bentham:‡ I am vexed that Mrs Mulso was not there, who would have known Mrs Bentham & prevented ye affront; for they *turned her out of their Stalls*; & not having a Suspicion of her due Station in Life, left her to find her Way where She could; which, She, not being acquainted with, *stood* in ye Body of ye Choir. It is a strange Affair, & tells ill. Alass,

* Letter imperfect. † Letter imperfect. ‡ Lady Southey.—J.M.

the Odium of it will fall on ye Just as well as ye Unjust! *All* the Ladies of Winchester will be Furies, & All the Prebendaries Bears.

The Dean being obliged to leave Winchester soon to go to Ld Edgecombe's, Mrs Ogle has put off Mrs Mulso's & my Brother's Visit; but That will only hasten them to Us. Perhaps they may linger the more at Farnham where they are to call in their Way, but will not stay there long.

Farewell, My dear Friend; receive my repeated Thanks.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 164.

Reverend Mr White

Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,

Jan: 7, '76.

Dear Gil:

As You say that You are upon the Wing for London, I make Haste to answer your Letter, that it may help to amuse You at Selbourne. I am sorry to find that You are but just upon the Confines of Health; but You are well off that the Influenza has given You Leave to keep abroad; it is best engaged in a fair Field. We tender Invalids have the worst of it, the Combat with Us is long & sore. My whole Household have had it more or less; but Mrs Mulso & Myself have suffer'd wth greivous Coughs, of which we are not well yet. I am now confined by That & my old *painfull* Complaint, & prevented from preaching Today in my Turn. I had kept House 'till Fryday Night for near a Week, when I went but to the next Door to Mr Buller's Ball to see my Children dance wth many Others: I *stood* for near an Hour, which I think brought on this Ailment, & a Fit of Coughing is now as Daggers to me. I dined yesterday where I met Mr Airson who always asks after You & your Neighbours; I communicated to Him your Intelligence, & we rejoiced together. Such a Will as You describe is so far from valid, that I should think No one would attempt to litigate on so slight a Foundation. I congratulate You on so fine a Fortune having fallen into your Family:* It has justified the old Eastern Adige, That a good Deed never goes unrewarded. I should not prefer a Change of your Air to that of London, but in general a Change of Air is the best Receipt for this Cold, & I hope You will find it so: We must say little about weather at this Time of Year, but certainly we have wonderfull quick Transitions from

* Thomas White at this time by the death of an annuitant came into full possession of property in Essex under the will of his great uncle, in the half blood, Thomas Holt.

N. to S. & back again; & at the Moment that I write it is snowing, tho' we have had warm winds fm S. & S.W. for several Days.

It is a Pity that Priestly* is not as good in all things as he is in his Philosophy. He is an intelligent & inquisitive Mind, but we often find Such adventuring upon dangerous Experiments; & Divinity has many Straits le Maire, & Terrae incognitae. He is said to be buffeting in such Latitudes. I am sorry for it; I would have him equally usefull in all his Studies, & then sumere Superbiam quæsitam Meritis.

We have lately had some Dramatic Performances at the Deanery, where My Children shone very much; but my little Hecky got a Feaver that alarmed us much; She is now well again.

We heartily wish poor Mrs Etty thro' her Cares & her Illness. She has had experience of Inoculation & therefore has not the Fear that I had about it. Pray present our Comps. & sincere wishes for their Success to Mrs Etty & your Guest.

We have heard many Times from the Admiral & his Son at Antigua; They have born ye Climate very well as yet, and my Nephew speaks very chearfully about it. The Admiral has a good House on Shore. Will: and some Companions went to make a Visit on one of the French Islands, where they live so much more joyously than the English do, that they returned somewhat saddened.

I always write from this Place in a Hurry, & generally in Company, as I do now; I cannot therefore answer for the good Sense of this Letter, I can only answer for the Sincerity of my Intention, & Pleasure in every Repetition of being,

My dear Gil, Your old & affectionate Friend,

J. Mulso.

Letter 165.

Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,
March 26, '76.

Dear Gil:

I cannot tell where this will reach You; but knowing your old Exactness, I imagine that You are now returned to your Curacy, as your Tether has been stretched this Time more than usual: My present Business wth You is to execute the Commission of Mr Gregory, who beg'd me again to recommend the same Young Gentleman to your Notice & Patronage at the Election at Oriell College, that he was so bold as to trouble You

* Joseph Priestley, LL.D. (1733-1804) the well known theologian and scientific writer.

about last Year. I told him again how ye Matter stood, & likewise that it was probable that You would not be there; he still solicited, & hoped some Merit might be allowed to the Perseverance of his friend, who had deferred his Degree to capacitate him for this Chance. I said I would mention it to You; & accordingly I took down the above Circumstances with great Punctuality; I *only* forgot the *Name* of the *very Man recommended*, which I hope You remember; for the Carelessness of it has made me ashamed to own it to him, as it looks like a Slight, which I am sure I would no more be guilty of to Him than to ye greatest Man. I leave ye above to your Judgement.

I hope You are apprized by this Time of the Value of your Share of the Assets of Mr Holt, & have found them rather to exceed than to fall short of your Expectations.* It is well when so good a Fortune falls into ye Hands of so good a Man as your Brother Thomas.

I have hardly heard from my Bror or Sistr Mulso this Winter, I only heard from Sistr Chapone that You had been at their house. I therefore shall be curious to know whether You fixed wth my Brother upon any Plan for your Views & Drawings. The lateness of the Season now makes me suspect that your work will not come forth this Spring, and indeed the want of that Ornament, which You seemed to set your Heart upon, will make it impossible. I feel an Impatience, & the more for your Sake, as the Tast of ye Town in reading is capricious, & natural Observations have had a Run, & at a high Price. I shd rather therefore have wished both You & John to have pushed your Collections forward. But you must be best Judge now You have been at London.

I know nothing of the Chancellor's Preferments, which it would be natural for me to inform You about. He is to be buried here tomorrow, as we hear, for we have had no regular notice. What I shall gain, or whether I shall gain I know not, but I am sure I have lost a creditable & valuable acquaintance & Correspondent; and the world has lost a Good Man.

I hope all your Friends & Neighbours are well. All our Loves & best wishes attend You, particularly Those of,

Dear Gil, Your old, faithfull & affte Friend,
J. Mulso.

* After considerable litigation, a decree of the Chancellor deprived the family of this share.

Letter 166.

Reverend Mr White
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
May 5, 1776.

Dear Gil :

I received your Letter when I was from home : I ought to have taken an earlier Notice of it, particularly because you tell me that Your Brother Thomas might probably be of your Party to Winchester ; & my having taken no Notice of it may have discouraged his calling at the Close. I shd be vext if it had, for I came home last Monday. I have been in London, but more at Chelsea, where I attended as domestic Chaplain in ye Absence of Mr Rennell ; who went to improve his Living in Northampshire. My Journey was not unsuccessfull in all Respects, tho' I am now on a more *betting* Lay than ever I was in my Life. I have ye Promise of a second Living of between 2 & £300 pr an. But the *Incumbent* is alive, tho' old & ill of a *Cancer in his Mouth*, & my *Patron* verges on Fourscore. You see therefore I am upon a Chance : the Lay however is for me ; for I never saw ye Bishop better. From London I came down to drink Tea at Michelmarsh, thro' Winchester ; so I am growing Young again. I am just come from preaching & administring ye Sacrament in our Cathedral, being ye only Prebendary at Leizure Today.

I am sorry that You are involved in the Law ; the Canonical Court received some sour Items during the Tryal of ye Duchess, but nevertheless they kept up their heads pretty well, & will probably survive to decide whether You are of Kin to your Grandfather. I shall envy You prodigiously when Mr Grim is with You. What a Plenitude of Virtu will You feel within You, recreating Selbourne and immortalizing your Favourite Place ?

I thank You for your Hint about Mr Wallington : I presume he will trouble You no more. I thank You for your good Intention if the Course of the Country would have permitted it to take Effect. I have gratified Gregory in ye Application, & I hope have not created You any Uneasiness.

I saw Nothing while I was in London ; the Bishop pinned me to his Sleeve. I troubled your Brother Ben : one Day to endeavour after a Tickett for ye Ld Mayor's Ball for one of my Niece Young's. I was obliged to Him tho' he did not succeed. The Admiral & his Son are well at the Leeward Islands.

Some of our Scenes near Warneford are well express'd in Clark's Edition of Cæsar's Commentaries. I cannot imagine what Mr Wyndham wants wth Grim, for there is no rich Scenery about him. I was charmed wth Mr Baker's Place & Improvements. Mr Ashe is an excellent Man for leaving Opportunities

of Improvement. What say You to this Rain? I hope You joyce in it like a Duck. I live in hope of seeing You, for I have not heard of your passing this Way yet. You may always get Intelligence of Us at Mr Waller's, & every Body knows Mr Waller.

Dr Warton's Brother has hopes, I find, of succeeding poor Dr Huddesford at Trin: Coll.

Farewell. I can see to write no more. Love fm all here.

I am, my dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 167.

Revd. Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.
June 13, 1776.

Dear Gil:

I arrived here with my family yesterday; which I signify to You, that You may know that I am more in your Neighbourhood. But before I set out, I read the Account of the Death of Mr Monkton of Easton, by Dr Smith & Others. I therefore dispatched Letters to the Bp.—to my Brother—to Oxford,—in Order to get things in Forwardness to succeed him. Will You beleive me when I tell You that I did this wth fear & trembling? The Man, preparing himself for so full a Clerical Preferment, is no more than “a puny Insect, shivering at a Breeze”. I have only to pray that if I get into this Preferment which I told You was promised to me, I may behave Myself worthy of the many Favours of Providence; and that they may indeed be Blessings from him, & not Tryals & Curses. This affair will naturally, at a decent Time, set me in Motion: but I must wait for Summons.

I am just returned from a Tour to Blandford in Dorsetshire wth Mr Nott, & helped to fill the Duty of his Church ye first Sunday. The Edifice is beautifull, but, tho' without crouding Galleries, is very hard to speak in. The Town is good; the Situation sweet, & the Country about it a Variety of soft Downs & rich Bottoms. But I beleive You know the Spot better than I do. We dined at Salisbury going & coming, & we took Wilton in our way back. Did not You desire me to take Notice of Something at Ld Pembroke's, either in the Family Picture, or in Something else? pray refresh my Memory; if it was You, I will endeavour to give You an answer, tho' we were much press'd in Time; For we could not set out from Blandford 'till Nine, we were to see Ld Pembroke's, to dine at Salisbury & to join the Ladies at Winton at Tea, & go to ye Play. All which we did.

I am the better for my Excursion. But alas, I find on my Return that Age has so seized on my Coach Horse that John

rides, that he has twice fallen quite down with him, & once bruised him a good deal. If such a Sort of black Horse, good, strong, well on his Legs, sound Eye, Wind, & Limb, used to ye Harness, & handsome, wth a flowing Tail, falls in your Way: (as such things may happen to be known at the Swan,) I shd be glad to be acquainted wth it. It is high time to regard the Life of a Man who has four or five Children &ca.

Farewell. The agreeable Miss Cutler waits to convey this Letter to the Post at Droxford; for we are not unpacked, & want all hands at home. I hope to hear from You; but as You are a Man of Phlegm, I imagine You will think Congratulations are not proper when they are premature.—But, think of the Horse!—

I enquired about the Situation of your Brother Harry, & heard that it was too wide of Us, or else I would have called on Him. I hope your Niece continues to mend & that your good Neighbours are well. Love &c fm all here.

I am, Dear Gil, Your faithfull & affte old Friend,
J. Mulso.

Letter 168.

Revd Mr White,
Selbourne, Hants.

Saturday, July 6, '76.
Swan at Alton—after 9.

Dear Gil:

I thank You for your kind Letter and Congratulations. I am now on my way to Winton to be inducted, & tomorrow I mean, (please God to enable me) to read-in at Easton. My Daughter Jane is wth me, in her way to the Races. I have left Mrs Mulso at the Castle wth the Bp. & shall return to her on Monday, as I hope, after having performed my Business. We shall probably stay there 'till Thursday; if You make a Visit there while we are there, it would add to our Pleasure. But do as You will; for I know You hate hot weather & a Gown, as well as Myself. I thank you for your Invitation, which I should think of with Pleasure, & execute if all depended on Myself; but I promise You it always gives me high Satisfaction to visit at Selbourne.

With Comps. to all Neighbours,
I am, Dear Gil, Very afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 169.

Reverend Mr White,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.
July 16, 1776.

Dear Gil :

I am very happy when I can make my Friends sensible of that real Tenderness that I feel for them. And if You in particular are pleased that my old, (but, alas, ineffectual) Friendship endeavours at Times to give Instances of it's faithfull continuance, You give new Vigour to it, & satisfy me in a very tender Point. But when You want me to make *the Addition* by coming to You this Month, You ask what is not in my Power to comply with. While You are enjoying Yourself, like an Italian Magnifico, with your Designer at your Elbow, I am waiting for an Artist in his way, that may be perhaps as profitable, but is not half so agreeable to my Taste, I mean a Surveyor; to whose Operations I must attend, yet of whose Skill I may not in the End be able to avail Myself as I ought; so little do I enter into his Designs, as I should into those of Mr Grimm. You may imagine that You whet my Curiosity by telling me what a Pleasure I might partake from his Pencil, & ye Liberality of his Manner: and it would be no small part of my Satisfaction to see my old Friend taking such voluptuous Rides upon his Hobby-Horse. No Man communicates the Pleasures of his Excursions, or makes the world partake of them in a more Usefull Manner, than You do. It is the

Solemne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque & membris.—

Your work, upon the whole, will immortalize your Place of Abode as well as Yourself; it will correct Men's Principles; & give Health to those who chuse to visit the Scenes of Mr Grimm's Pencil, in their Original. I have a good Opinion of the Correctness of Mr Grimm's Fancy, by what He judges of my Brother M. His Drawing is like his writing: it is from a warm Imagination & fine Feelings; his Strokes are delicate enough upon Occasion, but there is not the Hand of a complete Master; there is a Stiffness of Expression, & a religious Formality.

I have seen Something of what You mean of Mr Grimm's Tinges, in some little Things of Taylor & others at the Exhibitions in Town; it is exceedingly pleasing; & could You have it transcribed into your Prints, would wonderfully improve the Force of the Drawing; I think I have seen such a Thing attempted. I long to be at your Side; but I cannot: Yet by ye Time that the first Insanity is over, & You begin to speak slower & in a milder Voice, I hope to talk wth You here or at Selbourne.

Do You consider that I am now ploughing? that Hay-Harvest is coming on? that Men & Maids are wanted? that Corn-Harvest will follow hard upon? Add to this visiting & visitationing, swearing at Quarter Sessions, & all ye wickedness & Dissipation of Plurality?

Well, my dear friend, I have indeed much to be thankfull for; and I pray God to make me somehow usefull, thankfull, & deserving of his Blessings! Certainly to be befriended by a Man of fourscore is a Peculiarity of Success; and I am glad to say that I left ye Bishop well enough to seem likely to serve several friends more: I *could* direct him—but it is not allow'd. I left him delighted with Soame Jennings's Book. Have You read *Gibbon's*? What think You of his latter Chapters? If You dislike them, cannot You answer them? You have the Candour of a Gentleman, & could confute a genteel writer in a decent way. I *wish* You could; & *soon*: You have Leizure, & You have access to what Books You might want. (Among Ourselves;—In illumquidem *Beneficium collocarem*, a quo graviter, lucide, & viriliter convinceretur, i.e. G——. This was the word, if I express it right, of Him who seldom breaks it.)

My Family are All well, & desire their Affte Compts to you &ca with the best wishes of,

Dear Gil, Your sincere Friend & Servt

J. Mulso.

Letter 170.

Reverend Mr White

Meonstoke.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Sept 27, '76.

Dear Gil:

I received Your's by the last Post, & am glad to find that You are safe returned from your Excursion into Sussex, where, I presume by your saying Nothing to ye Contrary, that You left the good old Lady* well.

I am much obliged to You for your Invitation to your House, and it is a great Mortification to me that I must deny Myself that Satisfaction for this Year; but so it is: I have a Variety of Businesses now on my Hands that will totally fill up all the Time that is allowed me here; which will end about ye 20th of next Month; nay, I may be forced to jaunt to Winchester & back again before I can settle. I am waiting for Directions from Winchester to settle my Matters wth Mr Monckton; I have All my Farmers to compose, my Fields to plough, & my Neighbours to visit. Judge therefore, with what Heart a Man can leave home, and how he can change Place wth all these Hounds

* Mrs. Snooke.

at his Heels, without the Fears, the Jirks, the Shrieks of *Honoria*, feeling the twitching Ghosts, tho' but in Imagination. I am horribly provoked; for Curiosity as well as Affection draw me towards You: and Mrs Mulso, hearing of practicable Egress & Regress, remits her Apprehensions of *walking* to Selborne, & would be very glad to wait on You: As to my Girls, the Thought of it is a Banquet. Thomas saw Mr Young & Miss, wth little Miss Rivers, whom they carried to Town, at Alton. Mrs Chapone & Bror Ned have been wth Us since, but they are All gone; & Mrs Davies comes to Us Today upon her annual Visit, to break the Length of our Evenings by her neighbourly Chat. We have some Thoughts of the Notts coming over, who are got to Winchester fm Town. And Oh! how unlike is ye Visit of Bloxham & Attorney Knott, who came on Money Affairs, to the elegant Attendance of Mr Grimm, who came to perpetuate Scenes so dear to You? Your's is a Life of Virtu, and Mine of carking & caring.

Tho' I am not particular for my Attention to public Affairs, yet I cannot but feel a little Quid-nunc-ish now at this formidable Instant of Expectation. So vast a Consequence as seems opening from it! Such a Doubt whether God will be pleased to colour it wth Black or White for this Nation! to make Us of great or of little weight hereafter in the Scale of Kingdoms! A Noble governing Empire, or a little, jealous, defensive State! —perhaps a Province!— . . . O my Children!— . . .*

I have certainly Something Shandean in my Constitution; for even in the Midst of Tragedizing upon ye Above Thought, which is really serious enough to absorp one a good deal, & create solemn Reflexion, I cannot for ye Soul of me but think of *Major Holmes*; and when I hear People haranguing & oratorical on public Occasions I always seem to hear that odd Mortal . . . “if such a Ship is taken, conclude that the poor Major is *no More!!!*”—

We have had a most deplorable Season 'till within these few Days; they have been good; & even my Sister Chapone walked out *bravely*. My Nectarines & Peaches are without Flavour, or in ye Gall of Bitterness; & the Esculents have not their due Taste. Yet how dare I complain, when even the Bishop with his thick wall'd & shelter'd Garden is in the same Predicament? But what then? ye Cabriolet is come from the Queen, wth a very obliging, gracious, & *easy* Letter under the King's own Hand. This sweetens All again.

I am sorry to hear of Ld North's accident; for to my own Knowledge, a Man is woefully disinclined to Business by a broken Limb.

* No doubt the news of the American Declaration of Independence produced this passage.

Farewell. I am going to see after Neighbour Cutler who is expected home Today, after being long delayed by Sickness in his Journey. 'Tis a feeble Man, but Highly agreeable!

Our joint Loves &c attend You. Remember Us to your good Neighbours.

I am, Dear Gil, Very afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 171.

Revd Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.
Dear Gil :

Winchester,
June 1st, 1777.

It was from Dr Balguy's Information, (who returned to Us very lately) that I learnt You had been very dangerously ill in London: but my Comfort came at ye same time, for he mentioned your being recovered, & attending at ye Visitation at Alton. I did not so much as know that You had been at London: Pray let me know how You found all friends there, & how this Illness came upon You. I am curious to know whether the Regimen that You must have been put into for your Cure, had any Effect on your Deafness: I should hope it might have cleared or strengthen'd some Passages. As I do not see any Advertisement in the Papers, I conclude by ye Time of Year that You have deferred your Publication 'till next Winter. I wish you had not: Your Brother Ben: is a timid Man, & You yourself are too modest & nice. The Humour for such Performances will be over, & make Something agst the Merit of even your Book. I feel impatient to see it, wth the Decorations of Mr Grim.

We decamp from this Place on Wednesday next, please God, for Meonstoke. I have had a great deal of Attendance at this Cathedrall, my Brethren having left me, & loved this present World; I am this Morning to preach here. I have been as often as I could at Easton, yet not so often as I ought.

Our Accounts of my Uncle are very indifferent & alarming: when a Man of his Age calls in Physicians, every thing is to be feared. He is exceedingly pulled down; has lost his Sleep & his Spirits, & his Appetite in some Degree; yet this is only owing to a Pain in his knee, which one would think might be a natural Visitation of Rheumatism in the late inclement Season upon a Man of Fourscore. They want to draw it down & fix it in the Foot as a Gout: I beleive it is not easy to give ye Gout for ye first time at that Age, nor to support ye Spirits under ye Pain of it. I am a little apt to despair, & cannot see so great a friend going out of the World, tho' ripe for Immortality, without sincere Concern. I cannot but think it must be so, tho' Mr Buller does not give up Hopes of him.

We are pretty well here. The Weather is very fine now, if it will but hold. I have offered my Service to go to attend ye Bishop when he chuses it, but have had no Call; Mr Buller & his family are at Chelsea. The migration to Farnham must be deferred if not totally laid aside for ye Summer—perhaps, for ever!

I desire to hear from You when I get to Meonstoke, & let me into your present State of Health & your Purposes.

Farewell.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

P.S. Love &c fm all here, & Comps. to your good Neighbours.

Letter 172.

Revd Mr White

Meonstoke.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants—Stop at Alton Aug: 19, '77.

Dear Gil:

I know You to be that Sort of Man, who is long in determining upon any Point, but constant to ye Plan established. I have therefore consider'd You for some time as a Man plunged into Mortar. The miserable Summer that we have had must have protracted your Operations; but of late they have been resumed, as I guess, with some Success. I like the Scheme of Confarreation between your Brother & You;* he is a Man of Sense & Vivacity, and will teach the Goût to be of Use to You. I am not at all surprized at your Improvement even tho' You had not had the Furtherance of your Brother, for You have been nibbling at it a long Time; and to say Truth I did not know but that this expatiating Scheme might depend upon Another, & that You was preparing to exhibit to Us Benedict the married Man. I knew such a Venture was too delicate to be explained even to an old Friend, 'till it was quite resolved upon; & then like *January* you would have called your Council about You. I hope it is better as it is: tho' I declare I should have spoken wth *Placebo* & not wth *Justin*.

Let me, however, know how Matters are going wth You; & whether, if an Opportunity offer'd of my calling upon You, I should have nothing but a Hod for a Hammock. I feel awkward, if a Summer slips by me & I do not see Selborne.

But (independent of the strange wetness of this Summer, which has already broke up the Land Springs, & which defeated all thought of Excursion, & independent of the Visit

* Thomas White had purchased some fields behind the house at Selborne; these his brother Gilbert now rented of him.

of Mr Dyer's family for a Month), I have been very ill, & am barely recovered from a Shock given me by my younger Boy, whose Mind is so fixt upon going to Sea, that he eloped several Times from Cotton's to provoke me to give him that Life as a Punishment which he had made his Choice. I received him lately from Petersfield at Ten o'Clock at Night by ye Care of a Mr Street & a Mr Fig: You can hardly conceive how I have been hurt: but I hope I have taken ye prudent & ye best Course. I have given up my Intention to his. I have settled him for ye present wth Mr Evans, Successor to Gibson at Waltham; & there the principal Care will be to teach him Some Principles of Navigation, 'till by the Advice of the Admirall we can send him out properly. As He acquiesces now chearfully, my Mind is got easier; for it was not so much ye Choice that hurt me as the Modes that he made Use of to force me into it. I have not yet admitted him here; but, as his Master speaks well of him, I shall soon. I think, my dear Gil, that You can hardly conceive how Such an Affair could take away my muscular and my mental Strength; but so it was. The Parent's Heart is so wound up, that the Strings break if You play false; and Concord is at an End.

Your old Friend Mrs Mulso is pretty well & just setting out to see Mrs Buller at Alresford who is very near her Time. Yesterday was Mrs M——'s Birthday, & we eat a Haunch of Farnham Venison. The Bishop was 81 the day before, and he seems now likely to hold out for some Time longer. We shall be at Farnham before the Summer is over. My Sister Chapone is there by this time, I beleive, and Mr & Mrs Fisher. I am glad that Mrs Snooke holds out so well.

I have been dipping into Robertson's America: it is a plaguy long Episode, and to say Truth, we may thank him more for his Stile than his Informations. I don't beleive that You have got one more Piece of Hystorical & natural Knowledge out of him than You had before.

Lord Dunhellen has visited me, & invited me as an *Antiquarian* to look into his Barn. I disclaimed the Title, as undeserving of it; and well I might, for I would not go two Miles out of my way to see the finest Ruins in England. Our Neighbour Wyndham has got a Rage upon him, but he has been bit, it is not natural.

I wish You Joy of ye new Provost of Worcester* & his additional Preferment. My Cosin Ekins has filled his Cup well wth the Livings of Morpeth & Sedgefield; one six, the other Eleven hundred £. pr an.

The disconsolate widower Mr Sturges is going to be married

*Dr Sheffield, an old friend of Gilbert White's.

to Mr Buller's Sister, as we hear. I fancy this will not increase the Close above One. She is a very sensible agreeable woman.

Let me hear from You soon. Jack is obliged by your Invitation, but he could not attend it.

Love fm all here.

I am, my dear Gil, Your's afftely,
J. Mulso.

Comps. to your good Neighbours.

Letter 173.

Reverend Mr White

Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.

Oct : 9, 1777.

Dear Gil :

The Affair is much easier said than done. But it is really provoking enough, that I should pass by Sr Simeon Stuart's Gates *yesterday*, and meet your Note *when I came home* inviting me to pass thro' them. I have spent so much Time abroad now, that I have no more Leizure, in which to absent myself from my Duties here. It will be a Month next Monday since We set forth, (that is, my Wife & Self) for Mr Buller's; there we sojourned till the Fryday Sen'night, & there I received your first Lr informing me of your Journey; there we were joined by my two Daughters & wive's Maid, & thence on the Fryday we migrated to Farnham, & thence we returned yesterday. All this was done by hired Horses, for, alas, my old Steeds are dead or superannuated! I have now put Myself into the Hands of Mr Waldin of Winchester to furnish me with a new Pair.

I congratulate You on ye Recovery of your worthy Relation. She & the Bishop of Winchester are Instances of what Good Stamina & regular Lives will do. Your Aunt in her 83d, & my Uncle in his 82d Year have recovered from two severe Attacks, that would have stagger'd & thrown down much younger Persons. It is true, a little Matter would overset ye Bishop, but I left him wth no Complaints but Lameness & weakness. I went out wth him every day, but One, in his Coach or *my Chaise*, to which we put a pair of his Horses, (for his Coach broke down.) Till the Evening he maintains his old Spirits & Vivacity; then retires. I think my Aunt in a poor Way: Could we persuade her to hold out, I shd think that the Bishop might rub on for a few Years longer. I am sorry that You was not in the Way to make a Visit at the Castle while We were there. We left Mrs Chapone there, but She goes soon.

I shall not now see Selbourne this Year. If I can get at You in the next I shall find You in all your Pride & Glory. But if You can ride over to Us, here we shall be 'till the middle of this Month & no more this Year; So it must be soon, if at all.

After a glorious Autumn the Year saddens : My Place is wet & damp & littery ; & I look towards Winchester with Pleasure, for the Evenings are long & dull ; & I am too old & dull Myself for Lucubrations. I am angry that You speak so faintly about your own Work. Mind, that I expect You, *upon Nature* ; & the Bishop of London, upon *Isaiah & Prophecy* ; next Winter. *Fail not herein as You shall &c* :

The Bishop of Oxford is a satisfied Man. He behaves well in his high Station, without Laziness or Pride ; and seems to intend to take Secker as his Exemplar, in continuing the Duties of a Parish Priest diligently. He is laying out a Sum at Cuddesden, & will be a Benefactor to that House & Place. He has given up his Prebendal House at Winchester to Mr Buller, & taken that in the Alley which You surveyed for me, to accommodate Mr Rivers. I shall lose my next Neighbour, & the Convenience of getting a Bed for a Friend almost under ye same Roof. Mr Hare comes in his Room. I am charmed wth Alresford Parsonage, but I do not covet it : It is a very expensive Situation. I have not yet seen St Marie's.

Mrs Mulso fell down a Staircase at Mr Buller's, & was much bruised ; but, thank God, did not break any Bone, nor was laid up. Arquebusade & Opodeldoc set her to rights.

She and my Family join me in Love, &c.

I am, Dear Gil, Faithfully & affectely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Comps. to your Neighbours, &c.

Letter 174.

Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
Nov: 17, '77.

Dear Gil :

If You are gone to your Winter Quarters, You have done me wrong in not advertising me of it : and this will give you more Expençe than it needed to have done. by following You in a Cross Direction. I am put upon writing just at present by Requests from a Father, & fm ye Dean of Winchester, (who is as yet at St. Marie's,) it is to engage You to serve a Mr Elderton, who is at present of Queen's College, & who intends to appear as a Candidate at Oriell in the Room of Mr Head, who had a Wiltshire Fellowship & is now dead ; Mr Elderton, ye Father, is our Agent at Salisbury, & the young Man is known to ye Dean. What little affairs I have there pass thro' the Father's hands : I suppose that the Relation of Mr Gregory's, whom I once proposed to You, has by this time given up his Claim & Hopes. Let me know how that Matter stands, for it would not be fair

to endeavour to engage You for two at a Time; tho' I think he was for Gloucestershire. I propose writing to Mr Wood, if I knew where to catch him, but I desire to hear from You first: Perhaps You can direct me to him. When I trespass thus upon your Friendship, I do not mean to engage You in an Opposition & a disagreeable Effort; I desire only *Grace of Congruity* & I hope You will so understand it. If the young Man appears worthy of your Society, I dare say that You will not be sorry to have obliged those who interest themselves for him; & Me for them. Let me hear soon.

I am sorry to see by ye Papers that all your kind Care about your Niece was ineffectual.

I beleive You knew Mr Pritchard, who was Curate to Dr Bentham at his Professorial Living. He died lately at Mr Buller's at Alresford on a Visit, & the Dr tells me that he might have saved his Life, would he have submitted to ye Prescriptions; but he was totally obstinate in refusing all Medicine.

When You get to your new Winter Quarters,* you will stay there probably 'till about Aprill, & You will be in at the Exhibitions & all the Scenes of Virtu.

I have lately had the Fortune to renew a Life on my Prebend of South Alton, which I could not have expected. I renewed it for a hundrd & fifty Guineas. This will help to rig out Billy for the Sea, & Jack to ye University.

Wherever You are You will have some Friend near You that we honour and value; therefore remember Us to Such. All beleive me that You have the best Wishes of all here, especially,

Dear Gil, Of your old & affte Friend,

J. Mulso.

P.S. Mem: I was 56 *yesterday*.

Letter 175.

Revd Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Nov. 30, '77.
Winchester.

Dear Gil:

I thank you for your kind Letter: ye Affair of College is stated as it becomes You; & I have only to hope that Mr Elderton will, by his Appearance, force You collectively into a Preference. But You say Nothing of Mr Wood, possible because You know Nothing of him.

I wish You Joy of your Purchases, of your Buildings, & of

* Gilbert White's brothers, Benjamin and Thomas, had recently gone to live at South Lambeth, at this time a rural village. He usually spent a month with them in the spring.

the advances of Selbourne towards Perfection. I feel a Partiality for that Place, from it's being such a Favourite of your's, & from the many happy & usefull Hours that I have spent there.

I thank You for ye Piece of Mr Grimm; * but surely I was never more dissappointed; I declare that had the Picture come thro' any Hands but a *White's*, which might have directed me, I should not have guess'd at the Place. A Print in general does ill with Perspective; but in this, neither the Hill itself, or the neighbouring Country are in Character. I hope I do not mortify You to say so: & I hope better things of your other Views. We have had a Miss Hartley here, who would have done You more Justice; She has all ye wildness of *Salvator Rosa*.

If You have an honest & handy Servant to dispose of in your Parts send him to me. Your poor Friend is bound to prosecute at ye next Quarr Sessions a Wm Hall who has been my Servt, whom I & my Son found in a dark Room without his Shoes; as I have miss'd money lately, & some since last Monday, he caused a just Suspicion; I had him seized, & he is in the Bridewell to answer for ye misdemeanour: a Robbery cannot be proved.

You see I write in vast Hast, but I had not a Mind that You shd see a lame Acet of this in ye Papers first; I thought it would look unkind.

Comps. to neighbours. All our best wishes attend You, especially of,

Dear Gil, Your's faithfully,

J. Mulso.

Dr Warton is getting well apace. Poor John Scrope!

Letter 176.

Revd Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,
Jan: 5, 1778.

Dear Gil:

I was truly greived at the very melancholy Account that You gave in your's of yesterday of your poor Brother John. If my most fervent Prayers for him will be of any avail, they have been & shall be offer'd up for him. But God is pleased at his own Time to set the Faith of his Servants upon severe Tryals by Dispensations that seem strange to Us; and lets second Causes operate in a Manner that makes the distress'd Soul stop short of the first, and subside in Fatalism. Who would have thought that your Brother would have been rescued from the Rock of Gibraltar, to perish, or even worse than perish in his own Country? That the mending of his Fortune should end in Distress? and that the Cold of Lancashire should be permitted

* A proof of Grimm's vignette drawing of "The Hermitage" at Selborne, which subsequently appeared on the title page of Gilbert White's book.

to effect that Ruin of Constitution, that out-lived the Heats of Andalusia?—Yet, my dear old Friend, You, I am sure, are not shaken by this. You look up to God; & direct your poor afflicted Sister to do the Same. I pray God to be gracious to them!

I shall now have Cause to call for divine Assistance to my own Trust in Providence, since I have now two Sons destined to Ways of Life, full of Danger, & quite averse to my own Predilection; yet, I hope, the best for them. John is for the Army; Willm for the Sea. “If I am bereaved of my Children, I am bereaved!”—And this I must at least be for Spaces of Time, if not for ever; and those Spaces will be terrible Chasms in a Residue of Life like mine. My Plan has been alter'd wth Regard to my Eldest within a few Days, by *Advice of Friends*, when he was on the Wing for Oxford: and your poor Friend, who was ever poor, will be poorer, by large Purchases. But it must be so: and if my Children can be bettered by it, money is of little more Use to me.

You are a happy Man, who clear away Rubbishes, and build on a clear Surface. I shall visit your new Room one Day or Another, I hope. With it's beautifull Scite, it will be one of the first Rooms in the County.*

I have framed Mr Grimm, tho' I dislike him as a Print. Where he could throw a little Colour, or Chiaro Oscuro, the Effect might be great. But Ned Mulso (who desires to be remember'd) & Mr Airson as well as Myself, declared that They shd never have thought of Selbourne from that Piece. However it will do wth the rest. The Lines are strong & clean: and poor Harry makes a decent Figure,† but not so good as in ye Original. If I was with You, I could point out what would have been more advantageous; but the Thing is set, & I do not desire to put You out of Conceit with your Vignette, which is really pretty. But I grow very impatient for *the Work*; I have promised it as a Regale to the good old Bishop. I depend upon ye religious Turn that is in it to compleat his Approbation to that Part which as Naturalist he may know less of, & of Course care less about.

I shall be glad to hear of You & your Motions; & shd be more so to see You; tho' I have not at present a Bed for You. Ned was forced to turn out for my Daughter Jenny, who fell ill & was attended by Dr Smith, but is now on the Recovery.

I wish You & Your's & your Neighbours many happy Returns of this Season.

I am, Dear Gil, Your affte Friend & Servt

J. Mulso.

* At this time Gilbert White was building a new “great parlour” at the West end of his house at Selborne

† As the Hermit.

Letter 177.

Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
Feb: 12, 1778.

Dear Gil,

I hope your Accounts still mend from poor John, and that Mrs White will be able to go thro' this severe Tryal of her Tenderness without much Suffering in her health. I should be very glad to hear that he was got home, and there found the Benefit of the Waters, which is said often to take Place when You have left the Spring-head.

You are so taken up as a Builder, that You do not yet speak in your old Stile of a Gardener: I am sorry to hear that Thomas, who is your first hand, is in One of his bad Ways. If Thomas's Complaint is chiefly a Cough, & he has a mind to try a Medicine which We have prescribed with great Success here, we will send him the Receipt: I assure You that my Neighbour Mr Hare has cured a Cough by it, which used to return annually at this Time of Year, which took away All appetite & Sleep 'till 4 or 5 in ye Morning & tore him to Pieces. If You accept of this & are going from home, Let me know Thomas's Sir-Name & I will direct it to him at your House. I ought to condole wth You, as a Botanist, on the Death of Father Linnæus, and I do.—The shortest and wisest way will be to send You the Receipt now, & here it follows. Mem: he may lose a *little* Blood before he takes it.

For a Cough.

One Pound of Raisins stoned and chop'd and pounded. Add a Drachm of Olibanum. Two Ounces of Conserve of Hips, ditto of Roses. Fifty Drops of Spirit of Sulphur, & half an Ounce of Syrrup of white Poppies. Beat All these to an Electuary.

Take ye Quantity of a Nutmeg when the Cough is troublesome, especially when going to Bed.

I wish the above may be serviceable.

I have alter'd my Plan about my eldest Son, or rather I have diverted him from his own, by the Dislike of all our Friends to ye Military Life. I purpose to enter him at Worcester College in this Term, & to let him feel out a little of the Academical Turn of Life between his Entrance ye July next. You might give a good Word to Sheffield, (who is just going to be a *Doctor*) the Provost. Mr. Nott, who is intimate, settles my Son wth him; but I think it would still add to his attention & Friendship to my Son, if You seconded the Motion. I beleive Mr Nott writes on the Subject today. You know that Jack must be led by the Hand of a Friend, & a *Veil* must be artfully drawn over many Deficiencies, So that he may not be exposed or discouraged. It is in this View that I want the Friend, more than ye Tutor,

or at least as much. Mr Nott is a real Friend to me; & he will do all he can to incline the Provost to take this young Man under his own Wing. I think there is, or is to be, a Mr Traquair to be the Tutor of the College: but Tutorage alone will not do, I must have Friendship. My Boy has a good heart, but a mix'd Temper; he will be led, but not driven. The Reins must guide & manage him, but he must not *see* much of them, neq' *Audit currus habenas*; but then this is not obstinacy, but that Sort of Pride which is a Consciousness of being deficient, & a Despair that would arise from having his Powers too much urged, or his Defects too much exposed. Mr Willis has been deplorably deficient in leading him into Composition; he *might* have been led: and in giving him a View & Tast of some of the livelier Part: In short, he grew too much of a Man in Size & too little in Sense for Mr Willis to conduct.

My Son William is wth Mr Evans at Waltham: I thought of sending him out by Adml Barrington to his Uncle or Cousin; the Admiral has been spoken to, but he joins wth many friends in thinking that he had better stay here for his Uncle, who will be in England in July: & that he is rather too young. I beleive we shall acquiesce in this.

Farewell. Remember me to your Brothers &c when You meet: Meantime, to your good Selbourne Neighbours. The *Hermitage* is hanging over my Chimney now, and I do all I can to persuade Myself that it is like: but your little Motto* at the Bottom does more towards bringing it to my Mind than all Grimm's graveing. Success to your Lares!

I am, Dear Gil, Ever affectely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 178.

Revd Mr White
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.
June 25, 1778.

Dear Gil:

This shall seek for You at dear old Selbourne; but now the Fit of rambling is on You, the Lord knows where You are.

I have been very ill of a bilious Diarrhœa, Gravell, &c: & have been confined here a Fortnight since my Goods went to Meonstoke, & Some of my family. My Wife's Maidservant likewise has been extreemly ill, & is gone to her friends at Stoke with another Servt yesterday. My Young Folks, viz: 2 Daughters & Billy wth a Maid, set out presently in a Coach, Mrs Mulso & Myself shall follow, please God, in ye Ev'ning, the Mid-Day

* "—where the Hermit hangs his straw-clad cell."

Heat being too great for me. I am still, like a Horse, in my *Drinkings*: and my little Dr lets me go from him wth some reluctance. I certainly am far from well, but the Year demands it's Share of me in the Country: the longest Day is, alas! gone by.

All the rest of my fam: pretty well, & much Your's. The Bp at Farnham & well. Tom Mulso reinstated in His Commⁿ of Bankruptcy; a fine Employment in these Days!

I hope to hear a good Acet from You of You & Your's, particularly of John. I have look'd after your Book in Vain.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your affte Friend,

J. Mulso.

Letter 179.

Reverend Mr White,

Selbourne near Alton, † at Alton.

Dear Gil:

Meonstoke.

Oct: 15, 1778.

We were exceedingly out of Luck, that we did not know of your Return, & receive your kind Invitation while We were at Farnham Castle, to which Place we went on the first of this Month & returned on Monday last, ye 12th. I looked up towards your Hills as I pass'd them with a longing Eye, and I passed on without the Unfeelingness of ye Levite. My Horses were but poorly when I went, & all the Time We were at Farnham they were employed in being ill & getting better; but not well. So that I was forced to hire at Alton. They have not yet got the better of their Complaint, & I shall be obliged to save up what Strength I can in Horseflesh to get to Winchester, to which Place I hope to go the Week after next. Meantime the packing up our chattells for both Places, & carrying, & Country Matters will absorp every quantulum of our Time. Add to this that I am not well, & have an additional & girlish Complaint called Tooth Ach: These things put me out of Conceit wth Moving at all; and the severe Change in our Climate makes me afraid of new Scenes, where I may get ill & plague my old Friend more than He is aware. We have likewise another Call to keep upon this Spot: Captn Young, our Nephew, who miss'd his Command of the *Yarmouth* at the Leeward Islands by her being sent by his Father to England before his Commission arrived, has been presented to the Command of the *Hind*, a 20 Gun Ship, 'till Ld Sandwich can fit him with a better. He intends us a Visit fm Portsmouth when She is order'd round, which is every day expected; &, as We have not seen him since his Return, & as he is going out again, tho' not for a long time, it is natural that we shd be very desirous to be in the Way agst he comes.

We therefore cannot accept your very friendly Invitation;

and Years, tho' they grow more precious wth me, pass over my Head for one Reason or Another, before I can get to see so dear a friend. Receive, however, my dear Gil., the Thanks of Us All: the Jaunt would in every Light have given Us Pleasure, & the Dissappointment has an additional Ugliness in looking almost like a Neglect of You, & as if we did not relish your Plan; far from this: it would have been a Gratification to us All.

I hope your Excursion has been of Service to You, & that You can sleep without dreaming of ye French. Mrs Snooke is not so faint-hearted, or She would not hold so well at her Age; I am glad to hear that You found her so tolerable. I hear of Accommodations, but I trust no Reports; at the same Time I am not apt to fear them. Wrap up your Content in the Conclusion of Voltaire's *Candide*—il faut cultiver notre Jardin!

We met Sister Chapone at the Castle, who help'd to enliven the Place. It is a melancholy Pleasure to see such dear Relations as the good Bishop & my Aunts, when they verge so near to their End, & are giving way very fast to Infirmities. Not but that my Uncle has good Signs that his Stamina, naturally good, may yet hold out to greater Longaevity; but he is pitiably alter'd, & lost his Spirits dreadfully. I went out wth him in his Coach almost every day; he was alive 'till Dinner, & his Intellect's very clear & good, & his heart pretty stout; but after Dinner it is all Languor & Sleep. Thus I have the unhappy Presentiment that every Visit there will be the last; & it much embitters the Pleasure of a very kind Reception, which he always gives to me & Mine. Mrs Thomas seems to me to be in more immediate Danger, from an Oppression so great that She is often forced to be carry'd up Stairs in a Chair. Neither of them will long outlive the Other. Mrs Donne is feeble, but holds on.

Farewell. Forgive our waving our Visit this Year: If You come to Winchester, You will be sure to find me there for a good while when I am once housed. I shall be glad to see You anywhere, and am ever,

Dear Gil, Your faithfull & affte
J. Mulso.

Letter 180.

Reverend Mr White

Selborne near Alton Hants. + at Alton.

Dear Gil:

Winchester,

Nov: 23, '78.

I am used to take up my Pen to an old friend & generally trouble him with any Circumstance that seems material to Myself. I have lost a very dear Relation & a very valuable

Friend in Mrs Thomas, the Bishop of Winchester's Lady. She is to be buried in this Cathedral on Thursday ye 25th. She was taken very ill last Thursday Sen'night, but her Pain seemed lulled by an allmost continual Sleep; on Sunday She seem'd better; but in the Night was seiz'd wth the Palsey, & was sensible that She should die & perfectly resigned; Nothing could be more placid to the Moment that She expired, which was on Thursday last at Nine at Night. Mrs Ogle wth her eldest Daughter & Lady Ogle were sent for express & travell'd Post That Day, but it was doubtfull whether She knew that they arrived. The Bishop has, as yet, stood up agst this Storm, & does not seem injured much in Health, tho' exhibiting the deepest affliction, and breaking into new Gusts of Sorrow, at every new Person's Address to him: His Meeting with his Daughters was very affecting. Mrs Buller & my poor Sister Chapone (who seems destined to a Succession of sad Scenes,) were in Attendance All the Time of the Illness. My Sister is now in London, but will return, I beleive, to Chelsea, when my Cosens return to their families. It was well for me that I had finished my *strict Residence* before this happen'd; it was but ye very Hour that I reed ye News of ye Illness. I began it on the 29th of Octr, ye same on which I arrived here for my Winter Residence. I had a sore Bout of Sickness when I had advanced 17 days, but I resolutely persevered & got thro'.

My Son John left us a few Days before We chang'd our Quarters & went to London; there he paid his Respects to All his Uncles, but set up his Staff wth Ned Mulso. He stayed 'till the Monday, & then went to Oxford, where he was seized wth a Sore Throat & Feaver, of which he was very bad; but is now, I hope, quite recovered, tho' we did not hear on Sunday last.

We have not yet seen Admiral Young or ye Captain; but ye first has promised to step down before ye End of ye Month & make Us a little Visit. The Captn is now at Bristol, & on bad Service, convoying Ships in the Channell. He is in a poor Ship, the Hind; but is *Post*, & is promised a better by Ld Sandwich. Mrs Mulso is pretty well & sends her Love to You, and the rest of my family join in best Services.

I write *at You* at the old Place: if this finds You at your Brother's & in ye large Circle of your family, My Complts attend them; If at Selbourne, remember me to your Neighbours; for I fear You have no Inmates at this sad Season to comfort You. I have been confined on this solemn Occasion, but it never could have happened at a time in which a Man would less desire to quit his Mansion. The Winds are dreadfull, the Rain perpetual. Selborne must be deluged; but yet it looks green, & better than ye brown Houses here, that look like London

Sparrows. You have a fine Space for stretching your Legs in your new Room, & I hope You feel the good Effects of it: You are got, I suppose, as far towards finishing as the Cartridge Paper.

We fill here very fast: Our Chapter Time comes on, but it will be a very poor One indeed. We must be contented: if We live thro' next Year, Times mend of Course.

We hear of great Discontents in high Life; Hot Doings at hand; Impeachments & God knows what!* But the whole is but suing a Beggar. The Mischief is done; I want to hear of a Plan of Reparation. I hear of None. If we buy Peace, we must buy it dear; and we cannot continue the War at a lower Price. But yet I hear of a *Peace*. I am not in the Secret. *Que faire done, Monsr le Curé?*—*Il faut cultiver notre Jardin.*

I am, my dear Gil, Your old & affte Friend,
J. Mulso.

Letter 181.

Reverend Mr White,

at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester.

Feb: 4th, 1779.

Dear Gil:

I have let a little Time elapse since I read in the Papers of the Death of Mrs Benj: White, which, tho' it was but too much expected, yet in many Views gave me a sincere Concern. I imagined it would involve You immediately in Some Acts of Service to your Brother, that might fill You wth Business, & make it unpleasant to have Letters multiplied upon You. But such a Wife & such a Mother must be very severely miss'd in so large a Family. You have my hearty Condolements upon it.

I do not know how to direct You, if You are got to your Brother Tom's. I desired in one of my Letters that You would send me your Address, when You was got thither.

I have now, Admiral Young with me, who is very well & very happy, tho' not a Gainer to such a Degree as ye World speaks; indeed, much less than I thought; but he seems quite contented. I expect he will put me in a Way to send out my younger Son. Jack is much obliged by your kind Notice of him; he is now booted to send off his Goods to Oxford, whither he intended to go Tomorrow; but Dr Warton (who has just been here & desires to be remember'd to You) has a friend wth Him going to Oxford in a Day or Two, & it may delay him for ye Benefit of half a Post Chaise.

* Probably this refers to the recriminations in Parliament between Admiral Keppel and his second in command, Sir Hugh Palliser, after their unsuccessful engagement with the French off Ushant.

Do You remember a Circumstance in a Sermon of your's which You preached at Sunbury many a Year ago. (This is between ourselves) It is an Observation on the Coldness of our Saviour's Behaviour to ye Virgin; & a Reason assigned, least immoderate Honours might be paid her, as the Body of Moses was hidden from the Israelites lest they should worship him. The Thing struck me at the Time, & I beleive I enquired of You who was the Objector & the Observer on ye Conduct of our Lord. I made a Sermon on the Thought, & I suppose had read the Passage where You directed me, but as I did not enter it in my Book, I have totally forgot where it was, So that I have answer'd an *imaginary* Objector for ought I can *certify*, which Thing I *hate*. But as You led me into this Scrape, pray lead me out of it *immediately*. It is a Sermon I want to use at the Cathedral, & I should look foolish if I was interrogated and could not give a good Account of my Self. And They are keen Searchers here.*

I save up the Bp of London to Summer Reading at Stoke. My Wife has been in London, & there She heard of Miss Shutter† who keeps her Chariott in Town, which I fear is going a little too far. Her Life is a Novell.

Farewell. The Admiral hurries me to go out wth Him.

I am, with the Comps. of *All* here, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 182.

Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.
Dear Gil :

Winchester.
Feb: 13, '79.

This I hope will catch You, tho' just on ye Wing for S. Lambeth. It comes to thank You for your Letter, & at ye same Time to tell You how much I was disappointed by it. But You are quite in Spirits about it! quite jocose! Dramatic & theatrical!—No; it could not be as You say, I never heard any one preach in New Coll: Chapell, that I can remember, except One *Rolles* (as I think) & he preached on *the Rights of Primogeniture*. You may depend upon it, *it was Yourself*. You are ye man who have always led me wherever You pleased; You know, wretch, that I have always had, & still have such an Opinion of your Precision & Integrity, that I proclaim things *as certain*, that You have once said. And if You averr'd that a

* On the outer sheet of this letter Gilbert White noted the reference—
“Τὶ ἔμοι καὶ σοί, γύναι;”

† A niece of Mrs. Etty's, and an heiress, who had recently returned from Madras.

Man *may* marry his Grandmother, I should be apt to spread the Doctrine, tho' Canon Law & Propriety are against it, and tho' I should hardly suspect that Any One would take Advantage of ye Position. What I wrote was in 62 when I was in Yorkshire. It must have been You that gave such Force to ye Subject. Never deny it: (re-enter Mulso with a confident Face.) Take Care that You prove well what You say of Birds of Passage, of Spiders, and flying webs, for I shall assert it *pedibus manibusque* on your Authority. I am shocked at You for deferring that Piece so long: for Heaven's sake do not take too much time in ascertaining the Size, the Marketts, the Tolls, the Souls, the Priors, & religious Houses of Selbourne; for these Circumstances, tho' curious in reality, are to the Gout of not five Readers in five Hundred. Be it therefore very clear, but very *short*. The Novelty, & Elegance, the Tenderness, & ye *Piety* of the natural Part will be the Fort of ye Performance. Yes, I will venture to say That even in these degenerate Days, That last Tendency will secure the Generality of ye admirers of your Work. How was it wth Mrs Chapone? it was the genuine *Affetuoso*, the con amore of her Book that gave it it's Run: Had She wrote to an imaginary Niece* the most animated Traits would have escap'd her Pen. Pray *come out* while the Passion *rages*. The World is getting off it's Eyes from Portsmouth & ye Tryal: Poor Sr Hugh's Charge is pronounced *Malitious & ill-founded*, & Keppell's Conduct irreproacheable. The Battle in ye House of Commons upon it will have little Effect; it will be like the first, much noise & little done. But the world will begin to be vacant to other Subjects: now's your Time.

The Admiral has left Us Today; he has Hopes of meeting his Son, & he will then settle ye affair of my Billy. We are invited to his house whenever we can come: it may possibly be the latter End of next month: Certainly, if at all, by the Beginning of Aprill. Shall You be then at S. Lambeth?

I am sorry to hear so bad an Account of your family; but I hope you will find your Nephew Thomas Holt in a sure State of Recovery. Pray make my best wishes known to his Father, & my Services to Miss White. We are All here pretty well, but heartily at your Service.

I am, My dear Gil, ever Your affte friend,

J. Mulso.

The Bishop very well. Pray go & see him. Mrs Ogle is there.

* Mrs. Chapone's "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind addressed to a Lady" were conceived when on a visit to her brother, John Mulso, at Thornhill Rectory, and the Lady was his eldest daughter.

Letter 183.

Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.
July 22, 1779.

Dear Gil :

I rejoiced to see your Handwriting again, Not that I should have formally stay'd upon a Supposition that I had wrote last, but I have had many Reasons for deferring to take up my Pen. I have had so much Uneasiness & so much Suffering of late, that I do not love to spread the Infection of Melancholy by letting so dear a friend into all the Particulars, as One is mightily apt to do, while Illness is strong upon One. I therefore sat silent, & thought I should hear of You. I enquired after You, when I came from London, but You was not returned ; I beleive I wrote to You once since then, but I am not sure. I am glad to find that You do not complain of Yourself, tho' You give so unhappy an Account of poor John, & of ye younger Miss Barker. I am glad that your Works follow You, & that You gather Fruit in Plenty from ye Wall that You built at a good deal of Expençe. I cannot boast of Fruit here ; You know the Place & it's Deficiencies in point of Soil ; & that I am not, like Yourself, able & skillfull to *improve the Genius of ye stubborn Plain*. I should be very proud of my Performances if I could ; for I feel a Pride for You, & am One of your chief Trumpeters. I made an Attempt to go in the Chaise the other Night to Hambledon, but I was forced to turn back ; when I get thither, I will call at Paddick's & pay your Bill, if I think of it, as I hope I shall do ; but a Failure of Memory is One of my Symptoms of Old Age.

As to Mrs Mulso's & my Coming to see You this Summer, I own I see very little Probability at present for many Reasons ; but a Want of Inclination is not One ; I have a longing Desire both to see You again in your own House, & to see your House itself, tho' I know that You have been unsuccessfull about Papering your new Room ; I hear, from some Damp, or Salt, or Something, that prevents it's taking due hold. You will be very happy in the Company of your Brother Thomas, to whom I beg my Compliments as well as to his Daughter : But sure I read in the Papers lately of her being married, & am somewhat surprized that You do not speak of her by a new Name.

I am not delighted at present, tho' I know not what I *may* be, at your Labours about the Hystory of Selbourne : I fear the sweet & elegant Simplicity of your Observations will be overwhelmed by the Rubbish of the Antiquities of your Native Place. I shall be pleased from the Partiality I have for ye Place for your Sake ; The Provost of Worcester, & Some of your Antiquarian Friends will like it for the Studiousness of ye Researches ; but I doubt whether the Book will be the better for

it in the Eye of the World. It may save some future Biographers Trouble, who may think it necessary to celebrate ye Place, where Such a Genius was born. I am glad however that the Bishop has been commodious to You in *One* Instance. Those same three Voll: must be fine Summer Reading?

My Jack is wth me, & sends his Respects & Thanks for your kind Invitation, which he would be very glad to accept. At this Time we have an agreeable young Man, a Mr Cox of Worcester College—(You must know him—one of your Cotemporaries—) who is come to spend some little Time with him. My Younger Son is at home, waiting for his Cousin, Capt. Young's, going out again, when he hopes to go with him. So now I have my four children about me, & God knows when I may have them again. My Son William has promised to protect me, So I am not afraid of the French & Spaniards. I have cut my Hay & got it well in before these heavy Rains; a pretty good Quantity of it, considering the Year, & tolerably good for Water-Meadow Hay. I should hate to have it feed French or Spanish Horse, or even English Troopers. I hope to see You here before the Summer is over; Your little Horse is a Friend & a Favourite & shall have his Ratio without Grudging.

Mr Eddy call'd here: I was glad to see his Face, but I thought he did not seem much delighted wth his Errand.

I saw Mr Wyndham* lately; he told me he had Hopes to have seen You, while Grimm was with him; & that he had been surpriz'd & delighted by the Grandeur of Selbourne Hangers.

Farewell: I write wth three or four Lads about me; & my Head & Hand grow tired. You have a good Housewifely Sort of Orthography that fills a large Space wth few Words: they weigh well, I own; & have the Multum in parvo.

I am diffuse & light, but ever, my dear Gil,
 Seriously, sincerely & aftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

All here join in Love & best wishes.

Letter 184.

Reverend Mr White,
 at Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.
 Sepr 27, 1779.

Dear Gil:

It seems a very odd thing for me to say to You, but I am very glad that You did not come to see me last week. We have had a Scene of great Distress in my house, & it is not yet set to Rights. Our Cook left us; our Housemaid was ill, but regained a little Strength; then Mrs Mulso's *own Maid* was so

* Penruddock Wyndham, of Warnford, near Westmeon, Hants.

ill as to be very near Death; our Servant Richd Smith fell ill, & died on Thursday last after about a fortnight's Sickness, & was buried last Night; I carried off *Mrs Anne* on her Return to London as far as Alresford; So that You see we have not been a proper house to make a Visit to: and as it must have given You much more Pain than Pleasure, I am glad that You was not a Witness to our Distress. We have got a Cook; & a Footman has offer'd to-day. We want a good Housemaid, for my wife has advanced the Housemaid to her own Servant's Place, as a Reward of great good Nature, Industry & Honesty. My dear Billy is sail'd wth his Cozen Young in *the Hind* for Quebec; as they go *North about*, I fear they must reach ye River St Lawrence very late. The Parting with these dear young Men, succeeded by these distresses at home, have made Mrs Mulso's Time & mine pass very heavily of late. We purpose to go to Winchester before the End of next Month.

I called on Mr Buller at Alresford, & he told me of your having in your Option the Living that You had long had in your Eye.* He wonder'd whether You would resolve upon taking it or no. I own I should think You very wrong if You did not. You will be Money out of Pockett for a Year or two, but You will be repaid hereafter. The Situation & the Distance are both of them strong Temptations & really good Circumstances. The Farmers cannot but expect a Rise; You are in ye right not to think of *straining* them; but You have Prudence enough not to say so. There is a Mr Bloxham of Winterslow near Salisbury, who is an able Surveyor; but at the same time, he seems to me to screw up too tight, & he has by no Means settled my Affairs to my Mind, as my Farmers revolt from his Terms. So that I would have You use your own Discretion, & consider *the Times*. But at all Events You will raise your Living to Something more than it stands now, as Mr Cowper was on it a great Number of Years at the old Rent. The Curate there is a valuable Acquisition; and I now hope to see You Master of your own Time.

I have not pd Padwick for You: I have not seen him, nor have I had any Opportunity of going over to Hambledon, John Knight having been in-door Servant as well as out; so that I grow musty & my Horses spoil. My Son, your *Cotemporary*, has no Horse to ride over upon, So that You must forgive him; & he is of great Use & Comfort to Us at home; He begs his best Respects & does not want Inclination to wait upon You any more than his Father; but Circumstances govern Us too severely.

Let me know how You resolve about ye Living, for as You do not pass the great Seal, I shall not perhaps see your Name in the Papers. I think ye Bp of Salisbury is your Diocesan in

* Ufton Nervett in Berkshire.

Berkshire. You ought not to hesitate long about it; for it would be a severe Game at Bob-Cherry to your next Neighbour at Oriell College.

I wish You a good Journey to Sussex; I fancy You will find there a strong Persuasive to decide upon taking Ufton.* I should be sorry to have tried to have inclined You to a Thing, where your other Friends' Advice & your real Interest did not justify me; as I am constantly & very sincerely,

Dear Gil, Your affte Friend,
J. Mulso.

Mrs M. &c, &c, join in affte Service, & best wishes.

Letter 185.

Reverend Mr White

Winchester.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Decr 21, '79.

Dear Gil:

I cannot but approve of your refusing Ufton upon the Reasons that You give. A Living is a very troublesome Charge; and there are but two Reasons for burthening Oneself wth it, "the Hope of doing real Good," & "the reasonable Expectation of a large Increase of Income." The first You could have done as well as Any Man, had You chosen a constant Residence there; but yet there does not lie so much Spiritual Power & Efficacy in the Clergy of the Church of England now, as did formerly. The itching Ears even of the Vulgar, & the republican Principles of the Times, make all the Members of our Church look'd upon wth an Evil Eye. As to the last You are the best Judge of it; but in my Opinion, a certain small Income is better than a precarious large Benefice. The Expences of our Situation are sure & great, the Pay more particularly hazardous at this Time.

I went to the Election on the *snowy Wednesday*: I had finished my strict Residence that Morning; but I went warm in Mr Buller's Coach, & found no other Inconvenience than some muddy Footsteps. The Bishop urged Nobody on this Occasion, he only signified that his own Wishes went for Sr Richard. There is not, I fear, much national Good to be expected from the Abilities or Independency of Sr Richard; but I cannot as a Clergyman bear the fiery & destructive Principles of ye other, who is warm wth a Party that almost professes ye overthrow—(not of a Ministry, I will forgive them for That, but) of King & Church, & if so, of the Constitution & Happiness, & Glory of this Kingdom. In this light I did conscientiously vote for Sr Richd and would have done so for any inoffensive John o' Nokes, or John o' Stiles. And so your Servant about Politics.

* Mulso means that Gilbert White would find his Aunt Mrs. Snooke, from whom he had some expectations, in good health.

I came to Winchester on *Novr 24th*, being detained in the Country by the Sickness of Mrs M., myself, & Children & Servants. We are all alive but my Manservant, who died. My Son John is gone into Warwickshire wth his Friend Cox to spend great Part if not all the Vacation. Billy is perhaps at Halifax, or, if the St. Lawrence is navigable, at Quebec wth Captain Young his Cosin. My Wife is pretty well & much Your's, & so are my Girls. I have got my Niece Sophy Young wth me. I find our Acquaintance Miss Batty* has joined herself in holy Matrimony to a Captn Young,† of whom Mr Etty gave me a Sight at Meonstoke; I like her Choice well. He seems a good Man as well as a handsome One. You are very stingy of your family & Neighbourly Intelligence: I know You write slow, but if You are got into your old winter Plan & have Nobody at your Elbow, I think You might cram more into your Pages before Eight o'Clock at Night. You have said Nothing of your Aunt in Sussex, nor of poor John.

All here join in Love & best wishes wth

Dear Gil, Your affte Old Friend & humble Servt

J. Mulso.

The Bishop hearty, & all in Town, but Mrs Mulso, well.

Letter 186.

Reverend Mr White,
Selbourne near Alton, Hants.

Winchester,
March 18, 1780.

Dear Gil:

I am very much obliged to You for your Letter, especially as it was wrote under that Notion, which it gives me great Pleasure that You should retain, that I interest Myself in the Concerns & Welfare of You & yr family. It does me but Justice, yet I feel Myself obliged by it. I grow too old to expect new friends; I do not depend upon them, for I said "the Old are better."

I could be almost sorry for good Mrs Snooke; but that the Maturity of her Age, & perhaps the Quietness of her Exit, made her End rather an envious than a deplorable Event. I enter into your Feelings at quitting Ringmer, a neat & beautiful Spot, and never enter'd without being associated wth ye Idea of a warm & valuable Relation, & hospitable Hostess—Such has been in part my Sensation; Such, if I live, must be my compleat Feeling at the View of Farnham Castle. I know nothing of the Value of ye Farm that your Aunt has bequeathed you, or of its

* Miss Anna Batty, the eldest of the three sisters, the "Sorceresses," mentioned in Letter 107.

† Afterwards Admiral Sir George Young.

conditions; but have Hope, from your Silence on that head that there is not such in it as would vacate your Fellowship at Oriel Coll:—a circumstance which I touched upon lightly to You of late, when You sent me word of your refusing the living, when without much merit of a divining spirit, I foretold the Death of your Aunt.* I am glad to hear that Harry will be materially benefited by her Will, as he has a large Family & is of *our Trade*, which is not a very thriving one as Times go. I am glad that your Brother Thomas has escaped his severe Attack, there have been so many young men cut off lately, that even a good Constitution has been defeated about Us. I hope your good Neighbours are well: Is Mrs Etty's Son yet set off upon his Sea Tryals?

I have not lately heard of Miss Shutter, So that your Account of her Misfortunes is quite new to me. The last that I heard of her was that She was visiting in her own Coach, for which I could not but blame her in my own Mind, tho' it was said that her Lover had secured £600 pr An: to her, at all Events, upon Funds or Estate realized in England; but her Story seem'd partly of the Novell kind, & seem'd prone to a melancholy Catastrophe.

I hope You are well at home after your Peregrinations. I have scuffled thro' this Winter tolerably well since my Arrival at Winchester, from which Place we were detained by sore Throats &c 'till the End of November: but Mrs Mulso has been very ill wth a Complaint in her Bowells, and is yet but very indifferent, trading in Laudanum at Nights, & *Dalby's Carminitive* by Day. She has been much pulled down, & has been raked afore & aft like a Ship in a hard Engagement—and so by the same Token, I wish You Joy of our late Success at Sea; † I had ye Satisfaction to see Spanish & French Colours spread on Sr Chaloner Ogle's Grass Plotts & Rooms; which gave me a little Fillup as I have a Nephew & Son at Sea. They are at present safe frozen up at Quebec.

Our good old Bishop holds on very well at present; but we must have his Age in our Eye & not be surprized when a Change comes. He even had the Pertness to deride the Depredations of Time on the Bp of Bristoll, & quote Horace to do it—"Longa Tithonum minuit Senecta, for my Bror Bristoll is thinner than a Grasshopper."

Farewell. I have chatter'd 'till I am tired; besides I am disconcerted, for John tells me that my new Saddle Horse is

* This farm had belonged to Gilbert White's grandfather, the Vicar of Selborne. After payment of the land tax and charges in favour of his brothers upon it, he did not receive more than about £15 a year from it.

† Admiral Rodney's victory off Cape St. Vincent, on January 16th.

lame. God keep your Huckle & Cruckle Bones; & save You from Spavin & Windgall & every provoking as well as dire Calamity, is the wish of,

Dear Gil, Your's Afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 187.

Revd Mr White, Farnham Castle.
Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. July 27, 1780.

Dear Gil:

I am here wth Mrs M., my two Daughters, & on Fryday (i.e. Tomorrow) I expect my Son John, whom I have not seen since last October. I have, or *shall have*, my Wife's Maidservant, two Men, & three Horses.

I reed your kind Letter, & paid your Comps. to the Bishop, who said that he was glad that he had it in his Power to oblige You. Here is no Mrs Chapone, nor no Mr Edd Mulso—(I beg his Pardon, I mean *Esqr*) So that your Civilities there are not yet delivered.

You are so friendly as to make an Invitation, not knowing that Nos Numerus sumus—I *fancy* that we shall leave this Place on Wednesday next, & I will tell You presently why I am not *sure*. Mrs Ogle's third Daughter is dying or dead. Lady Ogle, whom we found here *presiding*, is gone over to S. Hampton on this melancholy Occasion. Mrs Mulso has taken her Seat at ye Head of the Table. If Lady Ogle should not come back by Wednesday, we shall not probably leave the Bishop; if She does, we certainly shall.

If your House could contain so many as we are, we could come to You to a *three* o'Clock Dinner on *Wednesday*, & stay wth You 'till Fryday Morng.—If it will not, tell me so fairly. If You appoint Us after so precarious an Account of Ourselves, You must meet Us, by Self or Proxy, at Alton, as farthur this Deponent *knoweth not*. But there is a still farthur Circumstance of trouble attends Us, & that is, that Mrs M. & I do not sleep in ye same bed during Summer.

If therefore We go *by You*, as we did coming, like Levites, it will be from a Terror of ye great Fuss & Parade & Expenche that We occasion, & not from a Want of Impatience to see You & your Place, & new Room; which I suppose will bear visiting after this Castle. But I sincerely think that You ought to wave our Visit at this Time for Considerations respecting Yourself: We are likewise very *airy* People, & if You are a Shutter of Doors & Windows for your Deafness or Hecticalness, Every one of us Aestuat angusto in Limite. As to Mrs M., she is in her old Way—sedet, aeternumque sedebit, Infaelix—!!—You can

have but One advantage of taking Us *all together*, which is, as I have heard, that deaf People hear best in a Noise & Croud.

If I see You, I shall talk to you on the Subjects of your Letter; but if We cannot see You at Selbourne, I hope we can see You at Meonstoke, You being Single & loco-Motive wth Ease. I depend upon it. Be so good as to write *hither* as soon as possible.

The Bishop desired his Comps. to You. We join in Love & Comps.

I am, My dear Gil, Ever very Affectly Your's,
J. Mulso.

Mem: Mrs M. must be *set down* at any Door where she *visits* for She cannot *walk* to gain it.

Letter 188.

The Reverend Mr White, Meonstoke,
at Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Aug: 16, 1780.
Dear Gil:

I pass'd along the Faringdon Lanes on ye 4th & looked frequently to my left hand, coveting much to see my old Friend, & the Scenes of Selbourne always new. I was the more uneasy at turning ye "unwilling Steed another way," for the Reason which caused it, the Sickness of your Brother.* I have allowed a little Time to pass before I sit down to enquire after his Amendment, because I know ye Obstinacy of that dreadfull Distemper, & that to quell it is a Work of Time, much more to eradicate it totally. I hope to hear from You, with an Account that your Brother is in a good way: He who has had Apollo as well as Vulcan for his Patron should have immortal Defences & be plus quam ferreus. I desire my affte Comps. & best wishes to Him: and the Services of an Old Man to his fair Daughter. For in fact, my dear Friend, old I am, & even older than my Years. I am, without the Gout which I do not acknowledge, lame of both my Legs; I am dunny, if not deaf; & I am dull, not to say Stupid. You have owned Yourself three-score wth only One Infirmary; I come close behind & tread upon ye Heel of your Age, & am a Valetudinarian from Head to Foot. It is now many Years ago, since exhibiting to You Some of my Failings at Petersfield, I hinted that you should not tell your Sisters All: I think You need not tell your Niece *All* now; but I have not the same Reasons now for fearing a Detection of Infirmary as I had then. Yet I have learnt that to complain too much is to get ill-will. So say No more about it.

We left the Bishop excessively low, not only from ye Melan-

* Thomas White, who was suffering from ague.

choly of the Family about Bell Ogle, but from ye Effects of ye hot weather. We have had a long Continuance of the same Easterly wind & Drought, 'till these two last Days; except indeed one Thunder Storm, which perhaps did not reach You; it was not felt at Winchester. We have now had an Abundance of Rain, which I hope has spoilt Nothing that is down, & will benefit what is not cut of ye Harvest.

Our Snipes (which Mrs M— mentioned to you fm Farnham) were large, fat, & high flavour'd; & ye Gamekeeper said he could shoot at them every day. My Son has shot a Stint or Summer Snipe since we came home; but it was quite a distinct Bird, & when dress'd, not bigger than a Lark. Was our Dish, or was it not, a Curiosity? I do not remember your ever shooting a Snipe at Oxford in Summer, where there used to be Plenty in Winter: at that Time You used to practise wth your Gun in Summer to steady your Hand for Winter, & inhospitably fetch down our Visitants, the Birds of Passage. What You was then is my son John now; I see him wth his Rod & Line at ye Canall, & his Gun lodged agst a Tree, a complicated Murderer.

I am much obliged by your kind Intention of calling upon Us at Meonstoke. There at least we can talk of seeing Selbourne; but, alas, my friend, opportunities happen seldom to me now, and I fear for this Year *the Shew is gone by*.

We were very glad to see Mr & Mrs Yalden look so well, & to hear him give so good an Account of Himself. I hope ye rest of your Neighbours are well. We beg our Respects to them.

We all join in sincere Love & best wishes to You & Your's,

I am, Dear Gil, Ever afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Pray can You tell Mrs M. what is become of Miss Shutter?

Letter 189.

Reverend Mr White,

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Meonstoke.

Sepr 21, 1780.

Dear Gil:

We were very much dissappointed here at not seeing You at the Time expected, & much concerned when we learn'd from You the Cause, of which we now hope You find Yourself better. I was sorry to hear of the Return of the ague to yr Bror Thomas, when at Fyfield, as I had hoped You had extirpated that villainous Distemper at Selbourne root & Branch.

We cannot wait upon You this Year. Several little family Circumstances concur to oblige us to postpone our Visit. But indeed the Time of the Year is a Cause sufficient to Mrs Mulso & Myself. At this Turn to Cold and Frosts her Soreness of Throat has given her an Alarm, & I have been a great Sufferer

by a Headach, which grew to great Fury the Day before yesterday at ye Chancellor's Visitation at Waltham, & I find that I dare not encounter Schemes, however pleasant to me, without Danger of being a sick Man in a friend's House, & a plague to him & his family. Both Mrs Mulso and Myself long much to see You, & the old Scenes in their State of Improvement. How much of them I could get to see by walking I do not know, as an asthmatic Complaint warns me agst every Rise of a Hill; but I know I should enjoy what I could get at, & My Young Folks would have conquer'd all Difficulties, & enjoy'd all your Beauties. But this must at present be lost. Age, Infirmity & family Concerns are nearly, I find, as great an Embargo upon our Meeting as the Distance of 300 Miles. But these are Things to which, tho' we do not readily subscribe, yet we must submit.

I met with little other curious News at the Visitation than that of our Nabob Warden's great Success, who will be worth at least 70,000 by the Death of a Nephew in ye E. Indies. How this will operate upon ye good Man I do not know, but I think he might be as well trusted wth this sudden Accession of Wealth as any Man I know. His Election to ye Wardenship made a very usefull preparatory Tryal of his Temper; & he became That very well.

Pray does your Book come out this Winter? I really cannot hold out any longer. If You spoil the genuine Elegance & neat Simplicity of the original Design, by a Farrago of Antiquities, routed out of the Rusts & Crusts & Frusts of Time, I shall not esteem it so well as I once did; & so I tell You. Remember that Tom Warton has given ye World too [two] large Specimens of his old Bards & untuneable Harps. Go to!!

Farewell, my dear Gil. Receive the affte wishes of all here wth our Thanks for your friendly Invitation; the non-Acceptance is the Sorrow & Vexation, not the Fault of any of Us, especially of
Your's ever afftely

Comps., etc.

J. Mulso.

Letter 190.

Reverend Mr White,

Winchester.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Feb: 11, 1781.

Dear Gil:

I had so thoroughly persuaded Myself that I had written to you lately, having thoroughly intended it, that, had not your Letter of the Sixth come to convince me of ye Contrary, I certainly should have waited to hear from You. I have, since ye Receipt of your last been troubled wth a Return of the Pain in my Bowells, and it is not yet gone off, So that I have been little disposed to write Letters, which, if the Occasion would

permit, should be entertaining & enlivening. But the Occasion which I had purposed writing to you upon, was far from That, being ye Death of your poor Brother Jno White, which I had ye first Notice of from seeing his Living disposed of in the Papers. I have pass'd my Time so ill by repeated Indispositions, that I imagine one of them put me off from my Purpose, & my shatter'd Memory would not retain the Certainty. As his Constitution was irrecoverably injured, his Release was a Blessing to himself, as a very worthy Man. But his family & friends miss him much; & I think the world had a Loss in him, for he was a Man of more than private accomplishments, and united in himself things which do not commonly assemble, Mathematics & Poetry, Philosophy & Humour. Pray what is to become of his *Fauna*?* That work is not, I hope, to be secreted, like a certain Person's, whose false Modesty will not trust forth a piece *really good*, for Fear it should not be *absolutely perfect*, which would be prodigii instar.

We are still in Mourning for poor Bob: Young, your old acquaintance, who has diverted You often; a Man, who wth an uncommon Understanding was more famous for raising a Laugh than improving his Friends; and wth great Opportunities of forming just Opinions, rather piqued himself upon holding peculiar Ones. He died in Novr last, at his House a few Leagues from Paris. His dying in France has unhappily embarrast his Affairs, particularly the Share that my Wife was intended by Him to be benefitted by; of which we can get no clear & satisfactory Account, & beleive it will be totally lost by the Distress of present Times. He meant, however, kindly to her & we have the same Obligation to his Memory, as if all was smooth.

I had a Letter lately from *Gibson*, who solicited to preach my Turn at Salisbury, which I could not grant. He asks me after You, & tells me that he will call on You next Summer at Selbourne, as he has now Leizure, having dismiss'd all his Pupills. Our Dean thinks that he is a Minor Canon at Salisbury, but he is not sure. He is One who has made a poor Use of very quick Parts: He has surely had Something very capricious in his Mind or in his Fortune; for he has generally seemed to turn to ye worst, at the Time that his Situation promised the best.

If You go to Town soon You will make my Comps. to your Brothers & families. I am very glad to hear that Mr Thomas White has got rid of his ague, which is worse than a hard-trotting Horse; and that, you know, with me, conveys the Idea of very terrible Shaking.

* The completed MS. of the "*Fauna Calpensis*" was at this time in Gilbert White's possession at Selborne. It was never published, and it is hardly probable that it is now in existence.

My Son John is lately returned to Oxford, in a Chaise wth Mr Berkeley one of our Fellows. He went the Alderminster Way, & when they came thither found ye waters so out, that they very courageously turn'd back, & went round by Reading, where they dined late, and lay. So they made the Journey about fourscore Miles. Jack lost his Portmanteau off the Chaise about two Miles from Oxford, but happily it was brought honestly to Him, but required Reward of Course. There was not much good Housewif'ry in the Expedition.

Mrs Mulso & My Daughters join in Love & good wishes to You. I will imitate You in your Prudence in saying nothing of public affairs. Methinks, however, I see You shrug up your Shoulders.

In all times, be they good or bad, I am,

My dear Gil, Your affte Friend & faithfull Servt
J. Mulso.

Letter 191.

Reverend Mr White,

Winchester.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. June 16, 1781.

Dear Gil:

By Thursday's Post, & not before, I got a Letter from my Son, giving me an Account of his having been elected into one of Mrs. Eaton's Scholarships in Worcester College. As I am sensible of your very friendly Interposition in his Favour wth Dr Sheffield, ye Provost, & of the weight which his Interest carried, I am very much indebted to you for your Recommendation of him, & return You my sincere Thanks. You will, I dare say, be glad, that he has met wth Success: I am doubly so; as I think an Election into a learned Society must be a Credit to a young Man; and as I think it a Token of his proper Behaviour, previous to his Success. The Provost has always behaved to him in a very obliging Manner; & has, I know, managed this affair so as to set Jack in ye best Light. I do not know ye least of ye Value of such a Scholarship, having never once enquired; looking upon it rather as a creditable Passeport into Life, than as a Pecuniary Establishment: If it ends in a Fellowship it may be valuable that Way.

I presume this will find You at Selbourne after your Visits in London & Surry. Your Grounds must have cried out for your Care in our odd & precarious Season: I fear You have suffer'd if You are engaged in Cinquefoin; I, you know, have None. I have now a whole Heap of Men employed at Meonstoke in rebuilding my Garden Wall, which was blown down; & in other

expensive Jobs. "All these Things are against me." So we must weigh the Bad wth the Good.

We have pass'd but a dull Time. Mrs Mulso has had so trying a Rheumatism or Gout, that it put out her Eyes, & crippled all her Limbs. She is pretty well again, but still swelled, & weak, & unable to walk. We cannot go into ye Country 'till ye Beginning of July, as I must finish my Chapter Business as Vice-Dean, & must help to enthrone Dr North.

Pray give me an Account of your family & their Proceedings, & how Jack Gib: goes on: I dare say, well; & hope he will be a Comfort to his Mother.* I am just upon changing my Curate at M.Stoke, Gregory being about settling at his own Rectory of Uley in Gloucestershire: I have agreed wth a Mr Noell, a Son, or Nephew, or some Relation to Dr Noell of St Mary's Hall. Do You know of a worthy good Divine, that wants a Curacy of £40 pr an. with an old-fashioned House to inhabit & a little tiney Bit of Ground wth it; who has family enough to keep it warm? I have a Suspicion that I shall have such a Thing soon in hand: but I do not know. I hear it by side Winds, & not from the proper Point. If You have such a Man, keep him in your Eye.

You have robb'd ye good old Bishop of a Pleasure by ye deferring the Publication of your Book. Are You cowardly, or are You over nice & curious? Make Hast, my dear old Friend, or You may rob the Nephew too. Am I not threescore in Novr next? Do You save it up to my Chair-Days? The Oppression at my Stomach often makes me unable to walk; perhaps You mean to assist my Ideas when I cannot expatiate to enlarge my Observations. I do not know that I could conquer Selbourne Hanger now. All our best wishes attend You. I am ever,

My dear Gil, Your obliged & affte

J. Mulso.

My Nephew & Son William are expected from Quebec this Autumn.

Letter 192.

Revd Mr White

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Meonstoke.

Sepr 16, 1781.

Dear Gil:

Your Letter reached me on Fryday Night, & gave Us the Hope of seeing You, wth my Lord John of Lancaster,† some Time *this Week*, for as I have dated my Letter on the 16th (the

* About this time Mrs. John White came to reside with her brother-in-law at Selborne, for whom she kept house during the rest of his life.

† John, son of John White, Vicar of Blackburn.

Day of the Post), instead of the 15th (Saturday) on which I am writing, it becomes the first Day of the Week. We can contrive to furnish You wth a Bed; as to John of Lr—we will get him a Bed in the Neighbourhood, for we shall not chuse to part wth him quite so soon, after so long an Absence. My Sister Chapone is now wth Us; She had Thoughts of being fetched off to St. Marie's by Mrs Ogle in this Week; but She has had no Answer to her Letter. You have therefore the better Chance, if You come early in the Week, to see her; which would not be an unentertaining Part of the Excursion. I shall therefore hope to see You on Tuesday: You will have Time to ride over easy, as We do not dine 'till rather after Three.

If your Brother &ca are wth You, I beg my best Comps. to them. All here join in best wishes & Hopes of seeing You.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your's afftely

J. Mulso.

Letter 193.

Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke.

at Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Sep: 20, 1781.

Dear Gil:

I recd your Lettr on Fryday last. I answer'd it on Sunday (our first Post) & I made the Mark + at Alton. I expected from thence that You would have recd it on ye Sunday Eveng on which it set forth; or if your Servant did not go for ye Letters 'till Monday, that he would find it then. I therefore appointed Tuesday for your Coming with Jack White, whom we should have been glad to have seen. I told You that my Sistr Chapone was wth us, to whet your Industry; but She leaves us, alass, tomorrow. Tuesday was a wet morning, we therefore thought You deferred your Ride. Wednesday was fine, & behold, You are not here! This makes me suspect that the Letter never reached You. I am on all Accounts heartily vexed. I shall detain this Today 'till near the Post Hour, that if You come—(tho', why so late in the Week?)—you may not have it cross You, & pay for it for Nothing. But write I would, that You may not think that I neglected an Opportunity of seeing You & your Nephew; or that We are from home. We have already, this week, been pester'd wth the Mistakes of the Post, & my Sister is dissappointed by it of meeting Mrs Ogle at Winchester, who comes on purpose to carry her to St. Marie's. The Lr of Mrs Ogle was 9 Days coming hither after it's Date. Let me hear from You, or see You on the Receipt of this. You might be of great Service to me on Sunday next, could You be spared from your own Church, as my Curate leaves me on Purpose

to be *made a Priest* on that Day at Farnham. But This, as You please: for I cannot trust to it, tho' I shd be glad of it.

We are pretty well here, tho' I did not venture to ye Visitation & of Course did not see the Chancellor, *in his own Hair*. What do You think of *me* in my own grey Locks? a Sort of a *Pockett Nestor!*—A pretty piece of Coquetry, to ask an old Fellow wth attendrissement—“*Cui canam religas Comam?—Simplex &c.*”—well!—it's a comical World that we live in!

Having, I hope, acquitted Myself of the Charge of being an ungratefull Beast to You, I repeat my wish to see You, & shall be glad that your Appearance Today should make this Letter vain.

My Sister does not go 'till Saturday.

With affte Comps. to All under your Roof & in ye Neighbourhood,
I am ever, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 194.

Reverend Mr White,

Selborne near Alton, Hants.

Meonstoke.

Saturday Sepr 29, 81.

Dear Gil:

+ at Alton.

I thank you, in his Name & my own, for your late Civilities to my Son, of which he is very full; I think he has even brought home with him the Tone of your Voices, your Phrases, & your Stories. He is likewise sensible of ye Charms of Miss White, & the Obligingness of your Neighbours. In short, he has made a happy Importation of Funds of Conversation for Us upon that best of Subjects, a Knot of Friends. He deliver'd your Piece by Mr Grimm (the Temple),* which I approve of very much; tho' I still think that Mr Grimm has a heavy Hand at a *distant View*; nor can I forgive him, but as a Christian, for giving so little an Idea of the *high Point* of your Hermitage:† In the Place he is just, but gives no Repraesentation of the Position wth Regard

* Plate VIII., opp. p. 342 in the “Selborne.”

† The Hermitage which Grimm drew is clearly shown in his large view of Selborne (the frontispiece to Gilbert White's book), situate a little to the west of the zigzag path up the Hanger. It is the “— straw-clad cell, Emerging gently from the leafy dell,” of the “Invitation to Selborne”; to which lines the author appended the note, “a grotesque building, contrived by a young gentleman [Harry White] who used to appear in the character of an Hermit.” It was built in 1758, a few years later than the “— pensile nest-like bower” of the same poem, which is explained as “a kind of Arbour on the side of a hill”; to this Mulso alludes in Letter 21 as “the Nidus Acherontiae; by which Name I think you have christened your Arbour on ye Hill.” In 1776 a second Hermitage, described by Gilbert White as “A new Hermitage, a plain cot,” was built halfway up the Hanger, exactly opposite to his house. This also is portrayed in Grimm's view of Selborne.

to ye lower Grounds. In the *Temple*, by shewing the Turn of ye Hangers, & by Multiplying the Grounds before You, he describes ye advanc'd Ground that You are upon. Colouring would express it compleatly, but the Ingraving is of too uniform a Shade to do it Justice.

I was exceedingly obliged, my dear old Friend, by your Visit to me: especially considering that I have seemingly been negligent with regard to visiting Selborne: but it is only *seemingly*: for I have either been unable, or at least *thought* Myself unable, (which is very bad & serious Work) to manage a Journey to You.

I was very ill on Sunday last, taken at Dinner both in my Head & Bowells: I am got much better in my Head, (the most alarming Quarter) & better in my Bowells, tho' I dare not yet return to my *Tankard*.

We have lost Mrs Lilly this week; a good woman, a chearfull old maid, & a kind neighbour, & I fear that her Brother will go away in Consequence of this Loss. I begin to have the tender Feelings that are expressed in the *deserted Village*. I fear I shall come rather wth Reluctance than Pleasure to this pleasant Summer Residence. However, He that takes away, can give.

My poor Hester had yesterday two large Teeth drawn. You will applaud her Courage: She has suffer'd a great deal since; but her Ease begins to come on, & That will repay her All.

Jack had a Summon to St. Marie's, while he was wth You. I fear that we must let him go for Part of next week, tho' there is a great deal of Company there & I think he might be spared 'till there is less.

We all here join in Love, best wishes, Thanks & all Civilities to You & Your's.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever very afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 195.

Reverend Mr. White,
at Thos. White's Esqrs
South Lambeth, near London.

Winchester.
Feb: 17, 1782.

Dear Gil:

I had the Pleasure of a Letter from You dated Jan: 22, which I should have surely answer'd before now, but that I have been involved in two Circumstances, both distastefull; but the latter, greivous. The first was a Fit of the Gout, which had grumbled & made me limp for some time & pass'd for rheumatic, but on Jany 26th came into ye full Possession of my foot, wth all it's Apparatus of Flannell, great shoes, Crutch-Stick &ca &ca. My Foot is still so tender that I have not dared to go out, & can

wth Difficulty bear any thing but a very old & easy Shoe. The Fit was, however, very mercifull, & did not touch my Head or Stomach; & to an old Stager would have been called a Flea-bite. I have not been at Church since ye Day abovemention'd, & only twice out of my House; the great Severity of ye Weather has defeated me: So I must let my Residence stand still, 'till a milder Season comes on.

But the latter Circumstance is of a more melancholy Kind: it is the Death of my dear Brother Edward, who was taken off on Thursday Sennight, Feb. 7th, by a sudden Stroke of Apoplexy, as he was writing at his Bureau in his Rooms at Gray's Inn. We have ye Comfort to think that his Death was easy; & that He, who was threat'ned by increasing Pains of Gravel or Stone, or very sick'ning & wearisome Complaints, was spared them All by a sudden Stroke; the Vehemence of which, we hope, numbed his Senses & took away ye Sensation of Pain. The chearfull, the enlivening Companion, the charitable, ye generous, the friendly Man, the tender & affectionate Brother, is gone. As he had too much of some of ye above Qualities to give him Time to distinguish Imposition from Distress, he reduced his Finances to Nothing; & defeated his designed posthumous Benefits to his Relations. But his very Imperfections were meritorious, & he has left Us to love & cherish his Memory.

You will not think, my dear Gil, how much Trouble we have undergone about my Son William, whom we have never yet seen. He arrived at Cork in Novr; He has been at Spithead since; He has been tossing in the Downs: and we have now to hope that the Hind is paid off at Sheerness & that he is getting to London, whence after new rigging (of which he stands in shocking Need) we shall at last receive him safe & sound: the last is doubtful; his old Humours attacked his Leg on leaving America, & got into his Head, & forced him to cut off his Hair; this got better on our Coasts, & he writes word he is well: but he *scalded* his Leg, as his Captain informs Us, between Spithead & ye Downs, & was bad of That, tho' He in his own Letter takes no Notice of it. You may imagine how our Hearts yearn about him. Ld S— has promised Capt. Young another & better Ship; & I hope Billy will be ready to go out wth Him again; but we shall be glad of an intermediate Space to enjoy his Company & confirm his Health. He tells Us he is not grown above an Inch; but I fancy this is a small Humbug; as he went out two years & half ago, & is now to be 17 in March: I hope Mr Etty will receive his Son safe and not have the Tantalizing Work that we have had.

My Son John is well at Oxford, You was very obliging in taking notice of him there; for tho' You are his *Cotemporary*, You are rather his Senior. I hope Mr Eveleigh will recover

Health, & preside wth Wisdom in these trying Days, over a very agreeable & respectable Society.*

My Sister Chapone has been hard set of late, as You will imagine; but I heard from her last Night & her Account of herself was tolerable; She is toss'd about wth Regard to Lodgings, & going into some at a Mr White's a Grocer in Dean Street; but She hardly thinks that She shall stay there long.

As to what You mention about Rowley's Poems, I wonder so many long Heads jowl themselves together on a frivolous Subject, which never can be decided, but will bear a fine Length of Altercation. I am rather a Sr Roger de Coverley, & think much may be said on both Sides, & should *opine* that some were original & some Imitations. You have picked out a good Line to quarrell upon; and I do not know whether, in that early Age, they would not have call'd Life the *Spirit*, & not the *Soul*. I fling this out as a Tub, when perhaps it is only a Straw.

Mrs Mulso & my Daughters desire to be kindly remember'd to You & Yours. I do not know whether this will find You at Selbourne or S. Lambeth; but I do not know that Direction. I beg my Respects to all your family & am,

Dear Gil, Your very affte Friend & faithfull Servt,
J. Mulso.

Letter 196.

Rev'd Mr White,

Winchester.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Apl 5, 1782.

Dear Gil:

I lately learn'd an Event that I think must have interested You a good deal, & that was the Death of Dr Roman, by which your Curacy of Farringdon must have been hazarded. I have not yet learnt who succeeds, & upon what Footing You now are. I think your College might make an Exchange for You, if ye Value of ye Living would compensate the Fellowship & Curacy. Let me hear more of these Matters, & of the State of your Health, & of that of your Family & Neighbours. Is your Nephew John situated advantageously & does he succeed in Business?

I presume You are almost in Despair about your Grounds; for surely our forepart of the Year has been unusually cold, damp, cutting, & unwholesome. I hope at least that You have not found it so in your Person.

I have now got my four Children together: But Jack returns the Beginning of next week tho' he has been but a few days

* Dr. John Eveleigh had succeeded Dr. John Clarke as Provost of Oriol College in December, 1781.

with Us. My little Captain (for he is but 4 feet 9 Inc : high) must leave Us about the 12th, if his Leave is not enlarged, to answer to his Call on board *the Hinchinbrook* in Sheerness, to which Ship he was turned over fm the *Hind*, on her being laid up to be paid off, that his Time & Pay might run on. He has been laid up wth a lame Leg, but is better again now & in high Spirits, & is not discourag'd wth his way of Life, tho' I do not think that it suits his present State of Blood.

My Wife is tolerable after a bad Cough. Jenny pretty well, but Hester has had bad Pains in her Side & Head Aches, like Myself. All join in best Loves & Services to you & Your's. I have had a bad Entrance on this Year, what wth ill Health & melancholy Events. I hope it will clear up now, tho' I am only recovering of a bad Head-Ach, which I suspect to be either Gout or Rheumatism. I am very susceptible of Cold.

My Sister Chapone has been ill in Town, & has had a violent bleeding at her Nose, by which She lost 20 Ounces, which is a great Pull at her strength. I cannot tell You where She lodges now as She was upon the Move, & I directed a Lr to her yesterday to my Brother Mulso's in Charlotte Street near Bedford Square.

Our Dean has been very ill, but is mending; he is in Berkeley Square. Dr Jeff: Ekins has got ye Deanery of Carlisle, by an Exchange for an Irish Bishoprick under Ld Carlisle's Irish administration, which Dr Percy has accepted. Clogher was the Preferment that drop'd; but whether he has that or a less, I do not know. The Bp of Oxford has resigned his Arch-Deaconry of Surry, & a Mr F——, who married his Niece, has got ye Living of Bishop's Waltham for it, on ye Death of my good Neighbour Cutler. Dr Chelsum has Droxford. A Mr Carver has ye Arch-Deaconry, & is to be installed here on Saturday.

My Children are just up, having been at a Subscription Ball last night, from whence they came home before four this Mornng. I wish the Change of Ministry may be of Service to You. I look for little in this World, except in ye Persons of my Children. It may serve there, if it lasts.

I am, My dear Gil, with best wishes, Ever afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

Letter 197.

Reverend Mr White,

Winchester.

at Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Apl 17, 1782.

Dear Gil:

In a Letter, that I lately address'd to You, my Concern was express'd about the Consequence of Dr Roman's Death to You, but I have not heard from You since, and I surmize that

You have changed your Quarters & are got to your Brother's. But as I do not know his Address, I shall send this to old Selbourne & faithfull Thomas will put it forward.

This is a Letter of Business on my own Account, & I hope it will not be disagreeable to You, as I never desire to carry my Requests to You on a Subject like this, farther than You can comply wth, with Ease to yourself; and if You do not, I give you Credit for having good Reasons to ye Contrary, & shall by no means take a Refusal ill.

There is a Mr Allen of Worcester Coll: who stands for a Fellowship of Oriell at the next Election; my Request is ye Interest for him, if it is not otherwise engaged. I am not acquainted with the young man, but his character stands very high in his own College. The Provost is much his Friend, & will very likely apply to You for Him, but as great Men should have applications *backed* by others as deep as they can, I therefore beg to second ye Sollicitations for this young Gentleman. And now You will say, how is your Interest concerned in ye welfare of this Youth whom You do not know? It is thus; My Son depends on the good Offices of his Provost to make him a Fellow of his Society as soon as Opportunity offers. Now the removing of those who stand in his way, is serving *him*. You perfectly conceive this Matter, as an Oxonian. And in this Light You find that You are serving me. But I would not bear a hand to such a Plan, if I did not think myself warranted to say that the young Man will make a worthy Member of your Coll: if he succeeds, and this I have from the best Judge, Dr Sheffield; who tho' he has not spoken in his own Name, has given his Recommendation to me & proposed this Address to you. And upon this Hint, I speak.

If You are wth your Brothers & their families when This reaches You, You will please to present my best Comps. to them.

You have read in ye Papers of the Death of Mr Cutler, and for ought that I can remember I may have written You word of it myself. A Dr Chelsum has Droxford, & I fancy he is an honest Fellow, for he bears a great Resemblance to your family. Mr F—— (who married ye Bp of Oxford's Niece) has Bishop's Waltham. He is, I am told, an agreeable lively young Man. His Lady finds him so; for tho' they have not been united publicly, as I hear, much above five Months, she has answer'd his pious Endeavours by the Production of a very fine Boy. This Circumstance I presume made ye Bp of Oxford so ready to give up ye Arch-Deaconry of Surry to Carver, to put ye Young Folks on a good Lay at Waltham. But they will not inhabit there soon, & poor Bale will keep his Curacy, at least some Time. There will be ye less said of the Lady *praegestientis* & *praegestitantis*; & as I only mention this to divert You, I do not desire

You to spread it as a Bit of Scandall; as a Secret I have no Reserve, for my Son writes me word of it from Oxford, & Mr F—— himself told it ye day before yesterday to Mr Sturges wth much Exultation. So his Plan is answer'd all ways.

We go on in a mozy way in this unspringly Spring. I cannot get my Lent Corn into ye Ground, it is so wet, & I cannot get my Horses hither to drag me about. Jack is return'd to Oxford. William is wth us, & has Leave of Absence fm the *Hinchinbrook* at Sheerness, for a Month from Apl 15, and we hope to have got his blood into some order by that Time. My Wife is well, & my Jenny in good Health, but Hester is but poorly wth her Head, Side & Stomach. My Sister Chapone has had a very great Bleeding at her Nose, which wth ye Losses of our own family, & ye Burrowes by ye Death of Mrs Cullen Smith, her friend, has lower'd her too much. She has now a Lodging at a Mrs North's in Stephen Street, Rathbone Place. My Brother Mulso is much perplexed by the bad condition of poor Ned's affairs.

Do You reap any Advantage by the Change in public Ministers? If You do, I shall be glad. Dr Warton has got a Living in Hertfordshire from ye Bp of London, of 250 pr an. It is a good Bisk in his Sleeve in Case of being disabled in his present lucrative Business.* Mrs Warton looks very ill. Our Neighbour Pyle is in a dangerous Way. I hold out, tho' lame & sick & sorry at times, thinking more of changing my World, than of the Changes of the World; & only solicitous for my Wife & young Folks. You are free fm these Incumbrances, & so far happy. That You may be in every respect so, is the constant wish of,

My dear Gil, Your's afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 198.

Revd Mr White,

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Winton,

Dear Gil:

June 2d, 1782.

I saw our Arch Deacon ye other day, & he told me that He did not meet You at his Visitation; I hope you was prevented by Business, or ye Fear of ye wet weather, or Something else than Illness. We have many ill here, but we have learnt ye Name of ye *Influenza* from London, where it was once used before; I do not find that the Complaint here had any other Appearances than a feavorish Cold, which naturally operated

* Dr Joseph Warton had been head master of Winchester College since 1766.

differently on different Constitutions, & was an almost unavoidable Consequence of this changeable Season: So they called it a Fever or Ague & *let it pass*. But now we have all a Dread of ye *Influenza*. My Hester has got a bad Cough, & Cold; & ye Chancellor has a sore Throat; we can give some Guess at the Causes; but it *must* be *extraordinary*, & go by ye *new Name*. Dr. Balguy told me of ye Illness of Mr Yalden, which I was very sorry to hear of first from You.

I thank You much for what You say about ye Election. Let it always be remember'd, my dear Friend, that I never will presume upon that Title to put You upon any thing that is not quite agreeable to yourself & consonant to ye Customs and the Agreements of your Society, where ye first Object is to preserve Harmony & Unanimity. Nor will I ever take a Refusal ill from You, as I am sure it would be grounded on very just & necessary Principles. But where ye Abilities and Merits are equal, ye Ballance must be turned by some Partiality from Recommendations of Friends to one of ye Parties.

I expect to hear from my Son John tonight & to learn that he is now the Revd Mr Mulso, but I have not yet heard it.

My Sailor got well of his Scorbutic Habit before he left Us, & was called out to Service in about a Month, & is now wth Captn Young in the Ambuscade of 32, or rather 38 Guns. But they seem to be in no advantageous Service, for they are only convoying between the Downs & Portsmouth. We have never yet seen Captn Young since his Return fm Quebec; he is confined to Portsmouth when he gets there, & is of so uncertain a Station, that it discourages Us to attempt to visit him from hence. We shall see more about it when we get to Meonstoke, to which Place we thought of going on Thursday next, but have been desired by our friends *there* to stay away 'till it is dryer.

Another Winter is pass'd without your *Essays*. I have no more to say than that You are a timorous, provoking Man: You defraud Yourself of a great Credit in the World: as to your laboring at your Antiquities, it is mal-apropos; the World does not care for such rough work now. Your Porch will be bigger than your House; and You will clap a Gothic Front upon a Plan of Palladio, I mean this, if You *labour too much* at it. I will give You Credit Myself that every thing that comes from You shall be good. I shall not be quite sorry when You have left Farringdon; but I wish You a sinecure in it's Room, if such a Thing would not vacate yr Fellowship. But perhaps You are like an old Prisoner of ye Bastille, & would fear to catch Cold in your Leg if it had not a Chain on.

All my family join in Love & best Respects wth,

Dear Gil, Your old & affte Friend,

J. Mulso.

Letter 199.

Reverend Mr White

Meonstoke.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Aug: 7, 1782.

Dear Gil:

I brought from Winchester a bad Complaint in my Bowells, as I thought, & I had exceedingly increased my Sufferings by a Fall, as I walked; by which I bruised Parts that were before injured; and other bad Circumstances availed themselves of this Mischance, so that wth these & an Oppression on my Breath, I was hardly able, when I came hither, to move at all; & even now make but a very poor Figure in walking: nor can I bear to go to any considerable Distance in the Chaise; not so far as to Alresford, whither I was tempted to go to meet my Sistr Chapone at Dr Buller's: Mrs Mulso & Hester went, & Jane nurst me. Whether my Sister is now there I cannot tell, but beleive She is: She has lost a Friend, Mrs El: Burrows, since She left Town, & intended to return to comfort ye family, if they seem'd to desire it. But I think they would hardly require it: She has bequeath'd her a very kind & substantial Mark of her Friendship, an Annuity of ten Pounds for Life. We shall soon see her here, I hope, if She does not quit Hampshire: Tho' sure there never was so little Temptation to go out of a Door as in this Summer, which is with Us a perpetual Rain: I have however been very lucky in my Hay, having got it all in perfectly well; & in plenty, for ye Size of my Land. I see a great deal spoiling about me, & some of Neighbour Wyndham's amongst the rest. The World is indeed very green, for the very Corn hardly changes yet from that Colour: You must be in great Beauty in your verdurous Spot. How are You in your Health? and how able are You as a Horseman? Do You amble about your Neighbourhood? Do You yet serve Farringdon or is ye new Representative of Mr Cage come to exclude You, & to enlarge You? I purposed this Summer to have come to you, & to have seen into all this: but I fear that I shall be unequal to such an Excursion. That need not hinder your Coming hither, when your Convenience serves: You may be sure that I do not stay from You out of Neglect of You: My old Partialities would call me thither, and a Curiosity to witness your new Improvement would add an Incitement. But You & your Place are among the Prejudices of my Youth, & my Mind dwells upon them with a Fondness that I do not feel for newer & grander Things. Even my old Wife, who is so little of a Moveable, laid out Selbourne as a Frisk of her this Year's Life, and my two Girls think of it as of a Ball or a Review. But I fear that I shall be forced to disappoint them & mortify Myself.

My Son John is at Oxford, & I have not had ye Time of his Coming fixed. If his Absence is short from Oxford, he will take,

I suppose, the Partridge Season: for this Place allows of no other amusement; Death & Sickness are in our Borders. We miss poor Cutler much; I have visited his Successor, & I feel a Partiality for him, for he has in his Ways a Resemblance to you & your family; I need not say that he is a very ingenious Man. But he has no family; only an old Mother lives with him of whom he is very careful; & his filial Piety is an additional Resemblance of You. Mr F—— is not yet come to Waltham, but poor Bale fears a Dismission.

Am I to dye before your little favourite work comes out? Des aliquid famæ; & don't be so tedious & phlegmatic.

Have You been with your Brother Thomas, & is he now with You? If so, present my best Services to him. I am much concerned to hear of the Illness of Mr Yalden: I hope Mr Eddy & his family are well: Is his Son returned from the E: Indies? and how does he like the Varieties of this Globe? We do not much resemble ye E: Indies at present, as we are forced to sit by a Fire most days to banish the Damps. How do You go on? Will your waving Hangers unchill your Fingers? if they are flexible, pray employ them wth ye Pen, if you cannot come to answer ye many Questions I have put to You. I can hardly write for ye Noise in my Chimney:—

—“ up the Vale
“ Sighs the sad Genius of the coming Storm ”—
“ the Owl is clamorous all ye live-long Day ”—

but Madge is a sort of favourite of ours & kills our Mice in the Barn, & keeps watch in her sombrous Sycamore.

Receive our Loves & best wishes; and shatter'd as the outside is, beleive me to be very heartily,

Dear Gil, Your affte Friend & Servt,

J. Mulso.

P.S. My Son has got rid of a little Attachment here, (that once gave me some Uneasiness,) to my Joy: so I am not young enough to subscribe to the

*χαλεπώτερον δὲ παντῶν
Ἀποτυχάνειν φιλοῦντα*

it was an honourable One, but misplaced.

Letter 200.

Revd Mr White,
Selbourne, Hants. + at Alton.

Winchester,
Jan: 12, 1783.

Dear Gil:

I received your Letter by your Nephew John; if my Memory does not fail, I answered it before I left 'Stoke, but this I am clear in, that I wrote to you since my Arrival here, in

Order to let you know where I was, & likewise enquir'd in it about your Intentions of visiting S. Lambeth this Year. I recd a very polite & obliging Letter from the Surgeon, in which, tho' he did not trumpet forth his *great Gains* in his present new Situation, yet he said much of the Agreeableness of it, & of the kind Reception he had met with in several respectable Families. I was very glad to hear it; & wish him Success in his Profession, as I dare say he deserves it. I know not how far my having introduced him *personally* to Mr Wyndham may contribute towards it; Mr Wyndham will leave Cornhampton next Spring that is coming, & resume his Residence at Salisbury.

I thank You for your family Anecdotes; it is in ye Style of Friendship, & gives me much Pleasure; it is indeed a little check'd by ye wonderfull Formality of your Conclusion of your Letter "*Your most humble Servant G. W.*" which would have sent me, wth my poor Billy, on a freezing Voyage to Arch-Angell round the *North Cape* of Indifference, if ye Body of your Epistle had not been like your former Self, domestic, obliging, friendly & ingenious.

You have let a *Cat out of a Bag*, where poor Puss has been mewing so long, that we had almost learn'd to disregard his Cries; & yet they were not her Love-squallings neither, which are of all Squallings ye most abominable, but her most conciliating Purrs & tenderest Mews. *Nobody* had puzzled us beyond any Riddle.* A Complication of *Hands*, not one of them like any of your family; ye *London Postmark*, the *Shortness* of ye Compositions, and some peculiar Circumstances that had happen'd a little before to draw us aside in our Guesses & direct them to another Quarter, kept us totally in ye Dark 'till ye arrival of your last Letter. We had mention'd your Name, led by the Justness of the Composition, the Choice of ye Subjects, & ye Turn of Piety in the Flower Piece: but yet we concluded that it could not be so, & we determined that it had been fabricated at Mr Notts', & carried to, if not written in Town, by a Miss Green, an ingenious Girl, who had been visiting there & was then returned to London; for we had lately had some Poetry from Houghton & that put us on a wrong Scent. Why You made a Secret of what ought to have been printed in Capitals, I cannot conceive, unless, like Mr Bayes, it was to *elevate & surprize*.

Pray what is ye Vehicle in which You collect ye Rain-water, & gauge it's Height? I think You told me that ye common Rain of the Year measures about 30 or 33 Inches.

* Under the signature "*Nobody*" Gilbert White had sent three little pieces of verse: "*On the Rainbow*," "*A Harvest Scene*," and lines "*On the Early and Late Blowing of the Vernal and Autumnal Crocus*," to Mulso's daughters.

I could have wish'd to have had my Girls fall in wth your Nieces.* The Performance by two Ladies at a Time & Burney's Compositions are no Strangers to us, as the Miss Ogles (Betsey is now *Mrs Streatfeild*) & even ye little Miss Bakers perform in that Way, & several other young Ladies here, ye Miss Blackstones particularly. May your Generations increase 'till you come to ye *Measure* of the *Stature* of the Fullness of your Avunculate!

I have as yet past a very dull winter, having been much confined by my own Fire, & losing fine Musical Meetings as well as friendly ones. Among other Complaints a Deafness on one Side, or rather Dunningness & Stupefaction, almost made me crazy. Thank God it is gone again; & I bear rheumatic Cramps & Cricks & gouty Twinges wth more Spirits,—tho' not with much neither! Mrs M. is pretty well, tho' rheumatic like myself in some Degree. My Daughters are well, and I assure you that it was a great Mortification to them that we could not see Selborne last Year. It was indeed no tempting One in point of Weather. They all join in affte wishes wth, my dear Gil,

Your old & hearty Friend,

J. Mulso.

The Wartons are very capable of replying to perverse Opponents; & ingenuous enough to submit to just Criticism properly introduced to them. I did not hear before the name of *Ritson*.† You rightly observe why they are attack'd; it is from Envy. The Rowleian Contest I detest & abominate; as I did that of the Erse Poetry. All which ended, as this *must* do, in *Nothing*.

Letter 201.

Revd Mr White,

Selborne near Alton, Hampshire. + at Alton.

Meonstoke,

July 12, 1783.

Dear Gil:

I feel a good deal ashamed upon the Receipt of your Letter, to find that You had been so long neglected, but at ye same time I was much surpris'd; for You was one of those whom I thought of advertising of our removal to this Place, & I really imagined I had done it. It seems by yr Lr that I had not executed my Purpose. I ought certainly to have returned You my thanks for your Interest in the Election of Mr Allen, & am happy that the Consent of ye College fell in wth the

* Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Gilbert White's sister, Mrs. Barker.

† Joseph Ritson (1752—1803), Antiquary, published, in 1782, observations on Thomas Warton's "History of English Poetry," in which his disregard of the decencies of literary controversy raised strong resentment.

Partiality that I must naturally have given You for his Success, as it would bring forward the Advantage of my Son. He is now wth me, he came on Tuesday last, & joins me in all Respects & Gratitude. We came to this Place on June 5th. We found it fragrant wth Roses & as green as we could well expect, considering ye season that preceeded it. We had soon some very refreshing & delightfull Rains, but since then very drying weather, & the same strange Appearance of the Sun that You have so well described by a single Line of Virgil,* that happy Describer & accurate Observer of natural Phænomena. We have these two last Ev'nings had very tremendous Storms of Thunder & Lightning: the first brought down a Deluge of Rain in a short Space of Time; That of last Night brought a competent Shower, but not uncommon. I have had a most wretched Night & feel quite relaxed & miserable; & I think You may see Something of my Titubation & Unnervedness in my Writing, which I do with Pain in my Side.

I am glad You have had an agreeable Visit from some of your Nephews & Nieces, who seem to have a Pruriency to vegetate into new Branches. If such Receptions You give, You will apparently never want Nephews & Nieces as long as You live. I have spoilt the Dean's Metre, but the Thing is Truth.

That I thoroughly admired all your Lines, I think I told You; but I communicated them to many Friends, & You gained just as many admirers; & even transcribed them All to my Sister Chapone; Now I shall observe that She seemed to like the *Rainbow* *least*, & Mr Nott liked it *best*, I do not know which flatter'd your Opinion most. But all ye Pieces were much admired; I did not know which to prefer, they seemed to be professedly Imitations of several stiles of Poets, & in that they seem'd equally just.† You must not wonder that You did not hear from my Daughters upon it, to whom they were directed. They could hardly be answer'd but in their own Way, & that they did not dare to attempt; or in giving a Judgement on them, which they thought would be too forward for them, but at least You was secure of their highest applause & their gratefull Thanks. Hester is not well, tho' better. In short ye excessive Heat disconcerts us all: I see wth Surprize the same filmy Atmosphere return that we saw before ye Storms. I have been forced to sacrifice a little Hay Meadow for Pasture for my Cows, & Horses, & lose the Hay of it; for my Cattle were wofully reduced. I am now in my Hay, & have got in only 4 Loads, but hope to carry Some Today.

* "Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit."

† The author published them in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1789, professedly as imitations of the older poets.

My Son William was paid off from ye Ambuscade & is now on board the Salisbury, destined, as it is said, for Newfoundland, but the Fleet wants Hands, & it is doubtfull when it sails, tho' under sailing Orders. Adml Campbell has not yet appeared among them, & Capt Bradby seems to command from on Shore. Be that as it will, William's Time goes on towards his Lieutenancy, & that is our present Aim. Captn Young has now no Ship: we expect to see him here soon. I am sorry for the Loss of poor Mr Etty. I beleive Miss Etty, Daughter of Mr C. Etty, died at Winchester: She was at an Inn, & we were far from knowing who she was; we inquired what unhappy Lady it was that was at a public House in so bad a Situation, & Dr Mackettrie, who attended her, announced her to us by a Name so foreign, that it took off all suspicion of ye true Person. I used to see Mr Etty at Church; but he had a foreign air, & we concluded he was an old officer from foreign Service.* Nobody knew him, & according to ye English Barbarity Nobody therefore attempted to know him: I am sorry for ye Event, but glad that his dreadful attendance is over. Sr Chalr Ogle's eldest Son died six months ago on his Passage to the East Indies. This Lad was, I beleive, at School wth young Mr Etty at Waltham.

I do not remember Scroope's Verses.† I have not ye Magazine, but will enquire for it.

I positively can write no more; my Hand disobeys me, & I am dissolved by Heat. But, wth all here, my dear Gil,
Ever & very afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Our Neighbour Wyndham is gone to Salisbury, a Captn Robinson has his House at Cornhampton. Ld Clanricarde is at Droxford, being in Brick & Mortar at Belmont. It is his Brother's House, rented of Mr Powlett.

Letter 202.

Revd. Mr White,
Selbourne.

Meonstoke.
Aug: 26, 1783.

Dear Gil:

I thank You for sending me over two such agreeable & accomplish'd young Men.‡ They put me in Mind of the Times

* Mr. Charles Etty, of Priestlands, Milford, Lymington, Hants, was a brother of the Revd. Andrew Etty, Vicar of Selborne. He often visited at Selborne, and appears in the foreground of Grimm's "Great N.E. view," the frontispiece to the "Selborne."

† See above, p. 169, *note*. John Scrope, who was at Oriel with Gilbert White, was no doubt the author of "The Metamorphosis." He died in 1777.

‡ Samuel Barker and John White, who were staying with their uncle at Selborne.

in which we used to take our Airings together, & seek for every high Hill & every green Tree; but, thank God, without Fornication or Adultery.* I have confess'd to them that I am broken-winded; they have hinted the same of your horse, but not of Yourself; but tell me, that You are well & in Spirits, which I shall be ever glad to hear. My Sister Chapone is here but leaves Us on Fryday, & then goes to Dr Buller's at Alresford for some days, & then to ye Dean's at St. Marie's. She seem'd alarmed that I had told You that She did not like ye Imitation of Milton: That I did not, nor I could not justly say; but I said that She liked it the *least of the Three*; and for this You have assigned, perhaps, the just Reason. We all here love to talk of You & your place. We have, today, compared Notes wth the young Men about the late *Storms & Meteor*; the first terrified us All, & they were All bad; but the last of three, worst; & indeed the most severe that I ever remember, as we had five fire-balls fall within sight; & one within a few Yards of my House & Barns. We have had the Advantage of Some Rains, and yesterday had a fine Fall of it, much wanted, & highly useful. My eldest Daughter, only, saw the Meteor; She alarmed Us at crying out on a Sight very unusual; but it was Ev'ning & from the Parlour but little of ye Curious particulars could be remark'd. It was over before we could stir. I take advantage of the Gentlemen being gone wth my Son to old Winchester Hill; & they have promised to take Pot-Luck (and That they *must* take here) at $\frac{1}{2}$ past three. John White knows his Way, & I hope You will receive them safe & sound to Supper. My Son desires his Respects & is obliged by your Invitation; whether he can avail himself of it depends upon Circumstances.

My *Butter* held out pretty stout at Breakfast; & indeed I thought the Gentlemen were very sparing in the Use of it. We have not a want of Grass now: when first we came there was so very little Grass that I was forced to sacrifice a little Hay-Meadow to the Necessities of my poor Cattle: so that I have less Hay than usual but more Corn, which tho' we got it in last week, we held our *Harvest home* last Night: but tho' I had some *Rithmers* about me, we had no Poetry stirring; I suppose it is emigrated to America or Ireland. So we shall have Hymns for *Heroic Poems*; & your *Dermot* and *Sheelah* Pastorals. Pray are you not angry at being turned into an Exciseman & Tax-Gatherer in your old Age?

I think I shall soon lose both my Curates. James Yalden of Easton is going to Gibraltar wth the new Regiments, & I am in Treaty wth a Mr Cobb about ye *Succession*. Mr Nowell has *Hopes* of a Living in Monmouthshire: the Incumbent is not

* Gilbert White has changed this word into "Idolatry."

dead, but he is very old & expected to die hourly. Perhaps Mr Nowell may not move yet. But if You have an Eye upon a worthy young Man, that has a good Conscience, sound Lungs, apostolic Patience & Perseverance, a Fund that will enable him to wait 'till Novr Chapters & February Collections: Charity enough to bear wth a Man who throws all his Weight of Duty on his Shoulders; & Education enough to make a good Companion: That is a Man who has *some* of the Qualities of Mr. Nowell: keep your Eye on that Man, & when Time demands, *let us meet.* £60 pr an. is my Price for him. A poor Price for such Merits, but high enough for me in these insolvent Days.

I met our new Bishop at Waltham & dined wth him at Dr Chelsum's. He was very easy, polite, & obliging; & invited me to Farnham. A pretty thing to have Bishops for our Flatterers!

I have enquired about your Neighbours, & desire to be remember'd to them. I comprize all Compts when I say that we all love You.

I am, My dear Gil, Your unalterably affte old friend,

J. Mulso.

Letter 203.

Reverend Mr White,

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Winchester.

Nov: 18, 1783.

Dear Gil:

I pursue you so fast wth this Letter, only to signify to Mrs J. White & You how much disconcerted we have All here been at your having undergone so much by bad weather, & run such Hazard of Health in Order to give Us pleasure & shew a new Token of your affection for Us. And I hope You will give Us a Line to let us know how You do, & that we shall hear a better Report than We have Reason to fear. I do not recollect much that has alter'd Us since we met, except that I fell down on the Dean's Pavement, & bruised my Knee, & strained the Calf of my Leg, & shook my Head almost off, by which my Neck is horrid sore all round; & I feel as if I was an antique Statue that had had it's Head taken off & clapp'd on again in ye wrong place.

We have had very strong Gales & a great Quantity of Rain. I dare not give way to conjectures about my poor Boy at Sea, but am allways to suppose him in some more placid Latitude.

Mrs Mulso & my Daughters beg their affte Compts & I offer You ye constant Love of,

My dear Gil, Your old Friend & Servant,

J. Mulso.

Letter 204.

Reverend Mr White,

Winchester.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Jan: 29, 1784.

Dear Gil:

The excessive Frost has given me a sickly Feel, that has confined me, & given me an Indisposition to my Pen, as well as to every thing else; and I am to ask your Pardon for it, & make it my Excuse, as well as I can: for indeed it was cruel to have a Child of your's in my keeping, & never tell You how I liked it, and how much it had the Features of it's Father. Yet how could I enjoy the Description of calm & occasionally warm weather,* when my very Ideas are petrified with Cold? Have You remember'd any thing so severe & so lasting since the Year 1740? Ah! I was better able in that Year to bear it! But as to yr Poem, I think it super-excellent. You are quite in your Element. I have communicated your Lines to my Sister Chapone, but as She will think wth me, that these will be amongst the Pieces that you will give one day to ye Public, She will not make an improper Use of them, being herself ye *Mother* of a *little Family*. Shall I say, that tho' sometimes it has a good Effect enough, & tho' the Use is justified by Milton, Dryden, and Thompson, yet I am not quite reconciled to *beginning a Sentence with a Verb*. It might perhaps express Haste or Terror, & ye Confusion that is consequent; but it feels to me *formal* in a cool Description, where the same Sense can be equally well supported by a more regular Grammar. You have set me right in ye Use of the word *Eyrie*, which indeed I had thought had not been ye Phrase but for the Nest of an *Eagle*. I am delighted wth ye whole, and could almost wish for the Return of your Subject, only that it ends, as you make it do, in immoderate Rains & Winds; to ye latter of which I have a violent Aversion.

My Daughter Jane thanks You for ye Information about her Print. Hester has been very ill wth the low Feaver, which has been almost epidemical, & sometimes fatal. I thank God, Hester is much better.

I do not love to hear of ye *small, inward* Feaver; it was well enough to have a *Hectic Heat* when You was young; but I cannot see by your present poetic Fury but that you may be intitled to an honest burning Feaver, that perspires off in warm Verse, and ends in Fame to ye Doctors & Apothecaries; I mean ye Printers and Booksellers, that have watched the Crisis & carried your Distemper to it's End.

I do not know of any young Divine of your Description. Must he reside, or only attend on Sundays? Jack is housed

* Gilbert White's verses "On the Dark, Still, Dry, Warm Weather," etc.

at Oxford, but he is not in Priest's Orders yet. I have not yet seen my young Sailor.

I understand that on this day there is to be a *Meeting* of the Parties of Fox & Pitt, to form a *Coalition*. I wish it Success, but I almost despair.

Mrs Mulso & my family are tolerable & send affte Comps. & best wishes to You & Your's, & your Neighbourhood.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's very afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 205.

Reverend Mr White,

Winchester.

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton

June 2, 1784.

Dear Gil :

I received your kind Letter, signifying your Return to Selbourne. You & your family have a Turn for improving every place that You belong to. I have no Ability for these things either in Genius or Fortune, & therefore it has seem'd to please a kind Providence to provide Situations for me tolerably completed to my hands : & This I hope I am thankful for. We are, according to the old moralizing Proverb, "here to-day & gone tomorrow," for we design to adjourn to Meonstoke, please God, tomorrow ; & there I hope to hear from You, when your Leizure serves, & to see you at your Time. I am glad to hear that yr Neighbour* endured her Tryals wth so much Resignation ; but I take them to be a good People : I hope You will retain them that are left in your Neighbourhood. New Friends may be an Amusement, but "the old are better." Of Dr Balguy it may be said, here is the Man that refused a Bishoprick ; & of You, here is ye Man who refused Livings, & served Curacies.

My Rib & my Daughters are pretty well & much at yr Service. My Son John, your Cotemporary, busy at Oxford about his Priest's Orders & his Master's Degree ; & wishing for an *humble Fellowship*, that he may go out to Curacies &c : I think by the time that You leave Faringdon, You might get him in there, & he might get Shelter for his head at Selborne & travell over on Sundays, as You do. Yet I am not fond of his leaving Oxford till he has got his Fellowship : for, "out of Sight, out of Mind." As ye Dean of Exeter's eldest Son is for ye army, & ye 2d not grown up, there is a small Hope for Jack there ; but ye many Connexions of the Dean in Cornwall & Devonshire make it but a faint one. I should wish his Situation nearer to me. My William is going or gone in the *Unicorn* to Jamaica, recommended by his Uncle ye Admiral to

* Mrs. Etty, whose husband, the Vicar of Selborne, had died in April, 1784.

Adml Gambier : Now we are told that this Gentleman has given offence & is recalled ; so that we are a little in the Suds there.

Farewell, my dear Gil ; this is early post, & every body about me in a Hurry. One waggon gone, another setting out. But this was meant to inform you of my Remove.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your Old & Affte Friend,
J. Mulso.

Letter 206.

Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke.

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

June 24, 1784.

Dear Gil :

I reed your kind Letter dated June 16th. I thank you very much in my own & family's Name for your Invitation to Selbourne, which we should all of Us have been very glad to have accepted, but I will tell You how we are circumstanc'd, as You have acquainted me on your Part. My Aunt Donne is now with us, & a Miss Lucy Elyott, whom I brought wth me fm Winchester yesterday upon a former Invitation, & these will stay wth me for Some time : by the Time These leave me will come in the Hay Harvest, which, if we guess by the present dreadful Season, must be both waited for with Skill, & attended to wth Diligence. In that Season therefore I cannot be absent. Soon after that your Relations will fill your House ; so that you see that I can by no means set a Time. This gives me great Discontent, for I had set my heart upon visiting You this Year. My Family long for it ; and Hester says that we shall find her set out one of these Mornings alone ; for She wants to enrich her Imagination wth Selbornian Scenes. I should think that, if it pleases God to send Us the weather of the Season, the Hay & Corn will come forward very fast : as to Hay, I speak of *Water Meadow* Hay ; for there is a vast deal of other Grass got in, or cut down & spoiling. I was at Winchester yesterday, & there heard that Dr Mackettrie is in the utmost Danger. I never was out in two Hours heavier Rain in my Life, than in my Return last night.

My Son wishes for a Curacy, as he is now in Priest's Orders. He must have a Place to put his head in, & I suppose, to board ; but it need not be in the Place, if You could get him that of Farringdon,* but of this I have not heard him advance any thing : he said he should like Selborne, for which he may have *more Reasons than One*, but I should think that the Confinement

* Owing to the non-residence of Mr. Taylor, who succeeded Mr. Etty as Vicar of Selborne, Gilbert White gave up his Farringdon curacy for that of his native parish soon after this date.

would be greater there than at Faringdon, as the Parish is more numerous and extensive. However I should be glad to know what would be thought of such an Offer of his Service, if You have not a View to any near Relation of your own. I should think a Man might lodge at Alton & ride over on Sunday, almost as well as from Selborne. Let me know what You think of this. I beleive that John will be a conscientious Divine & not think it a *musical affair*; so that I hope You might safely recommend him.

It is now as cold as Winter. My Fingers are frozen, and my Head aches. I am glad young Etty is got safe home.

You describe a most dreadful Storm: I hope no such will fall on my Windows; for what with That, & the old & *new Tax*, I shall be ruined, with *three very window'd* Houses. But indeed I hope we shall escape any more such Visitations for the public Good; yet the exceeding Cold keeps me in Fear. Of Rain we have had a Profusion.

I have read thro' Mr Coxe's new Work, his Travells thro' Poland, Russia, Sweden & Denmark with great Pleasure.

I declare I must go to get warm & can write no more. All here send their Loves & best wishes with those of,

Dear Gil, Your ever affte
John Mulso.

Letter 207.

Reverend Mr White, Meonstoke.
at Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton July 5th, 1784.
Dear Gil:

By this Time you have reed a Letter from my Son, & find that he will be very glad to be engaged in the Curacy of Farringdon. This he cannot be without much Obligation to you in all respects. I could not inform him where Mr Randolph* lived, nor Who he is, for I do not know anything of him; but when it becomes necessary for me to interfere in this Business & pay any Compliment to Mr Randolph, I shall be glad to be advertised of it, and to do it. As to yourself, tho' I cannot add to ye affection that I have born You for so many years, yet I am sensible to any new Instance of your Kindness & Friendship; & feel myself much obliged to you at present.

I feel strong Hopes of seeing You within this Month, if it is convenient to you. But there are Circumstances that must first be attended to on my part as well as Your's. I have just begun my Hay, & I should hope that it would be got in before the End of next Week, if it pleases God to let us have such weather as we have now; but if our Harvest should be stop'd, our Journey

* Rector of Farringdon.

must be so too, because John Knight could not be spared, nor his Horses. Then I have a Chaise just coming out, but this word *just* has already lasted much beyond it's Time, & a Race week will not abridge it. As to my old One it is broken down & prop'd upon a borrowed Carriage, in which I place but a little Trust. I am likewise *just* upon ye Change of a Servant, and the Arrival of a new One is not fixed, tho' I think it will be before we can stir. Mrs Donne will leave Us next Monday, so She will be no Impediment. Then I shall comprize my Army in four Bodies, viz: my own, my wife's, & my two Daughters. My two Daughters will take up one Bed; but my wife & I are not so much One Flesh but that we shall take up *two Beds*, as we have done for several Years. But by help of a Tent Bed, we need not take up two Rooms, unless That is easier to you. This being a troublesome Jobb, I mention it to you. If You can lay in a little Corn for my three Horses, I shall beg the Favour to be permitted to pay for it, as I would not put you to that Charge; but I cannot well do without them as Mrs Mulso cannot now walk any where, except perhaps on your Grass-plots; so that if You wish her to get at any Neighbour, you must indulge Us in keeping our Horses in your Domains. My Coach Horses never go to Grass. If the Time I have guess'd at is agreeable to you, you must send me word directly; and we must then settle our Day, & be met *by a Guide* at any place where we can make a *Stop*; for You are more difficult to find than ye Bower of Woodstock. I desire likewise that in your Letter you would limit the Time, that will end properly before the Coming of your Family, that we may get out of their Way & allow of setting things to rights for them. We must then tell you if that will suit us. I, of course, do not think of staying long wth You with all my Regiment, So pray be as explicit on your part as I am on mine; & let me hear soon. Do not put off your own Relations one Day for Us. I think you said they would come the Beginning of next Month. Mrs Mulso has had Returns of her Complaint in her Stomach of late, & I cannot say She is quite well, but She is much your's. She thinks wth Pleasure of setting under the Maple Hedge & looking at the Hanger, which is all She can do with it.

My Sister Chapone comes, as I hear, into Hampshire wth Mrs Ogle, who returns soon from Kent, (if indeed She is not returned). As we always get a little of her Company, we shall offer ourselves to her *according to our Settlement of our Visit to You*, for that is upon my Conscience. As You relish all these dreadful Threats of Mine, so let me hear from You. If we bring our Intention to bear, agreeably to You, I shall be much rejoiced in seeing You in your Selborne.

I am, My dear Gil, Your's very afftely,

J. Mulso.

Letter 208.

Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke.

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton

July 15, 1784.

Dear Gil :

We at present purpose, (& I hope in God to be able to bring it to pass) to wait upon You on Tuesday the 27th of this Month, & hope to pass a little Time wth You in great Happiness ; we think of about ten days ; but You shall limit our Time as best suits your own Convenience & ye Purposes of your family.

I believe my Son John will then be wth Us. I have enquired about Sister Chapone & find the Dean of Winchester is returned without her. If my Son can be admitted in her room, let me know it, but if That is inconvenient, we must dispose of him in some other Manner.

I have a very ugly Jobb on my Hands, which is to set off for Abingdon, Berks, & attend a Cause at the Assizes on ye 20th. I have there appointed my Son to meet me, & have proposed to him to bring him home wth me ; for by this time he will have taken his Master's Degree & ye Term will be over, & he free to do as he pleases by ye Provost's Leave. I hope to be at home by Thursday or Fryday, from that Expedition. And then—all thoughts for Selborne on Tuesday.

My wife has been so ill at her Stomach that I despaired of all Jaunts ; but She is pretty tolerable now, & our Hopes grow sanguine again. We shall make a Halt at Tisted Turnpike, where we intend a *latish* Breakfast ; & hope to be met by a Guide from You.* I join in your hearty & kind Prayer for our happy Meeting together, & am, Dear Gil,

Most affectionately Your's,

J. Mulso.

Put me a good little bed under me, & I must take what care I can of my elbows. Comps. to Mrs J. White &c. Mem. I bring no *Gown* or *Sermon*.

Letter 209.

Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke.

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. July 21, 1784

Dear Gil :

I got to Winchester on Sunday Ev'ning, & there, in the hands of Mr Knott, ye Attorney, I found a Letter from ye Lawyers at Abingdon to let me know that my Journey was unnecessary. I fancy that in Consequence of my letting you

* East Tisted is a village about 4 miles S.W. of Alton, on the main road through Farnham & Alton to Gosport. At this point one of the lanes, by which only Selborne could at this time be reached, turned off.

know my Call to Berkshire, you deferr'd writing to me in answer to my last. It let you know that we hold our Purpose to come to you on Tuesday 27th, & shall be glad to be met at Tinstead Turnpike about Eleven o'Clock by some Guide. I do not mean yourself, because riding wth Chaises, tho' they may abate of their usual speed, is too fatiguing to you. Consider three Ladies & a Gentleman (who now demands several little fiddle faddle additions to his Conveniences more than formerly), & ye wardrobe of 2 Servants; if all this will not go on the Chaises & in them, we must send the Surplus by a Coach or waggon to be left for You at the Swan at Alton. If so, You must procure a *little Cart*, & *one horse* that will go in the *Till*, for *my own will not*; if more than one shd be necessary, my own can go over, *in aid*, next morning.

I proposed to your Choice the having or not having Son John wth Us, had he come from Oxford wth me; & I hope You would have dealt quite openly on the Subject. But as that Scheme did not take place, I shall write to him tomorrow, to stay where he is, or to dispose of himself elsewhere, while we are at Selborne; for he, you know, can come over when we cannot.

We have now a great Rain, which gives me Hopes that it may be fairer for it when we are at Selborne, which Place does not *become* Rain any more than Meonstoke; which is chalky and marly. This Change of weather will put an End to ye Beauties of my Rose Bushes, which were luxuriant & delightful. We have had a Plenty of Strawberries, & most fruits seem plentiful. As to Corn, it is still in a precarious State; but my Hay Harvest is compleatly got in. When I am wth You, my Saddle-Horse will go to Grass, if you please; but my Coach horses will not. Lay me in therefore a Quarter of Oats, & I will be responsible for it. As to yr Hay—the Lord have mercy on You!

My Sister Chapone, to whom I mentioned your kind Paragraph of Invitation, is now at Culling Smith's Esq: at Hadley near Barnet. She thinks of making a Visit at St Marie's in the second week in August, & thence making a Transition to Us. I think therefore that her Plan does not quite fall in wth Your's.

We had yesterday a tempestuous Wind, chiefly fm W. or N.W. but varying & almost like a Hurricane. We have a stiff Gale today, but S.W. and attended wth heavy Rain, & an Atmosphaere *generally* suffused. This I like better than "the Turmoil of ye tumbling *Clouds*," (in ye Original, *Flood*.) My Heart shrinks at the Storms that we hear of, & I am grown a great Coward & Sufferer by Thunder & Lightning, it unnerves me to a piteous Degree: So pray that we may have none of it at Selborne, or indeed any where.

Our Comps. to Mrs J. White & yr Neighbours.

I am, Dear Gil, Afftely Your's,

J. Mulso.

Letter 210.

Revd Mr White,
Selborne.

Meonstoke.
Aug: 12, 1784.

Dear Gil:

I return You a thousand thanks for all the kind Attentions that You paid to me & Mine, for all ye Trouble that You took about Us, & for all the Effects of your old and true Friendship. As likewise to Mrs White for all her Assiduity & Obligingness, which I fear gave her Pain in ye Event; a sad Return for her giving Us Pleasure! She seem'd often suffering by Headaches, & I doubt we left her in much Suffering from it. The young Ladies & Nowell are gone out to *hazard* a Walk, & Mr Charles Etty is on his Visit. They are such good & obedient Children, that I doubt we shall not tempt them to stay tomorrow, so that we shall have little of the young Gentleman's Company. *Timotheus* has been prurient of Poetry, & surely now "*his flying Fingers have swept the Lyre*;" he has shewn a great vivacity, joined wth Sentiment & Solidity. I hope he will not content himself wth speaking *once*, like Balaam's ass; but will exercise his Gifts, having once spoken so well.*

I relapse into Indolence here, not having ye Temptations to move that You gave Us at Selborne, sweet Sojourn of Friendship! —I hear that Mr Yalden has caught a Cold, & tremble lest it should be owing to standing by our Chaise without his Hat in the Damp.

The moist weather still continues, but I have heard ye Sound of the Flail in a Neighbour's Barn in my Village. I hope ye young Bearers of this will get home safe. With true Love & many thanks from me & all here, to You, Mrs White, & yr good Neighbours, I conclude myself your oblig'd & very affte

J. Mulso.

Letter 211.

Reverend Mr White,

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Winton.

Dear Gil:

Saty March 19,—85.

I reed Your Letter last night, the Contents of which confirmed what ye Newspapers had inform'd us of, the Death of Mr Yalden. I was not surprized when I met it there, for Mr Beal had been wth me some time ago, & told that his Death was expected daily. You have lost some very good Men & true Christians from your Neighbourhood of late. For God's sake

* Mulso's second daughter, Hester, had sent some verses to Gilbert White as from his tortoise, 'Timothy,' which produced in return the well known letter "From Timothy the Tortoise to Miss Hecky Mulso."

take Care of yourself & live as long as ever You can, to keep up so pretious a Character.

Upon the Rect of your Letter, I enclosed it in a Note of my own to Dr Chelsum who has been for a few days at Dr Warton's, but who, very perversely, was gone out of Town about three or four hours. He went from hence to S. Hampton, thence was to go to Wickham, there probably he may do Duty tomorrow, (for he hates home) & possibly return hither from thence, or go Somewhere else, for he is in Pursuit of a riding Horse. I think you had better write your Case to him at Droxford: in the mean time, I will get my Parcell conveyed to him by ye most probable means that I can find, & ye most expeditious; but the Man is like a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.

I fear You are all plunged again into Sadness. I pray God that the Vicinity of your Nephew* may produce future Scenes of Joyousness & Happiness.—I have just met wth a young Neighbour who is returning today to Meonstoke & will undertake to deliver my Packett, but as he is young, & may be unfaithfull to my Trust (tho' I beleive not) & I may not get Knowledge of it, I still advise You to write to Droxford. If I had sent it by ye Cross Post from hence, it might have been three weeks in going, or been lost; for it is the worst X post in England.

My John has been now five weeks in London wth his Uncles. At present wth the Admiral. But I have sent him a Hint, that he may be grown troublesome, & they may not be able to say so with a Grace. This may possibly bring him back; otherwise I know not when he may come.

We all join in Comps. & best Wishes, & Love to You & our old friends that are left. My Household has been very sickly, & old faithfull John Knight at Death's Door, but he is well again, & I hope will drive me to Selborne by ye *new Road*.† I call Mrs J. White an old friend, because her Husband was so. But You are my old friend of all, and very near my heart, & I am ever,

Dear Gil, Very afftely Your's,
J. Mulso.

* Edmund, son of Benjamin White, succeeded to the vicarage of Newton Valence in the place of his uncle Richard Yalden.

† At this time Gilbert White desired his friends who came from the West to try the North-Field-hill lane to Selborne, which had recently been made up. It was not, of course, a *new road* in the stricter sense.

Letter 212.

Revd Mr White,

Meonstoke.

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. June 4th, 1785.

Dear Gil:

I feel very happy when anything that I can do is of any Pleasure or Advantage to You or Your's. I wish You Joy of the Success of your Nephew Edmund White: my Contribution to it was too small to deserve Thanks. I add my Congrats. on the Prospect of Happiness between your Nephew Benjn & Miss Mary White: But, Lord help us! what Ideas You & I have of ye Qualifications for Happiness in the Marriage State, & how different from this unprincipled & dissipated Age! How could You be so little *knowing* as to commend the Caro Sposo *as being esteemed a Sober Man?*

You see, by the Address above, that we have shifted our Winter for our Summer Quarters. But, oh miserable! what an appearance do we meet with in the face of ye natural World? The late Rains (for which we have the highest Reason to be thankfull to Providence, as I think they saved Us from Plague, Pestilence, & famine) have yet not been sufficient to repair the Damages of the long Drought; The Upland Grass must be late, & as it should appear, scanty; and so must the Lent Corn be. It is well for me that I deal in Water Meadows this Year. Our Trees & Hedges are devoured by Cock-Chaffers, a Race very hatefull to poor Sister Chapone. I seem to have no wall fruit either here or at Winchester. How do You go on at my dear Selborne in your Vegetable Kingdom? The Rain, which we have had, came down in a very gentle manner upon ye whole, tho' at some times wth hard Hail Storms; and, as we came along the Road on Thursday, in very heavy Showers indeed; the most penetrating that have fallen in this part of the Country. I shall be very happy if we escape severe Thunder Storms, which always terrify me & disagree wth me, tho' they might not damage me.

My Son John, who desires his best Services, is here wth Me. He does not enter upon his new Station at Finedon 'till Midsummer; he must take Oxford in his Way, to pack off some Books & necessaries & to enjoy the Encaenia. He can have a Day or two of Indulgence of his Principal at Finedon. He went down for a short time with Sr Wm on a Visit to his Son Mr Dolben at Finedon, & from thence went over to Twywell. I beleive he will be an accurate & carefull Inspector, as he has already begun to make himself acquainted wth the extent of the Estate, & the Tenures of ye Farmers. But he gives but a barren Account of the Whole, & seems to think all future Inhabitation to be impossible, unless we should providentially be enabled to add to ye Estate, & renew the House, & change ye Scite of

everything; to which there is at present great Inability, & little Disposition to Residence there. Jack leaves Us on the 17th.

Pray when did poor Timothy emerge this Year? and how soon or late did You see your Swallows & your Swifts? The Winter was long & severe upon those Travellers.

My Daughters are well & much your's. The *odd Pair of Turtles* that you saw taking Shelter in the Hanger, go on cooeing very prettily; but the Season for building their Nest is not yet come. Hester, whose Mate is not yet found, despises the Melody of ye Nightingale. She is quite sober'd down by *Old Hang*, (as She calls Meonstoke) & longs for the Theatre & Riots of Winchester. But, however, there were not any Violences, such as were reported, or could be called Riott, tho' much Anger & Some Abuse; & Matters are in part accommodated. But the Vehemence of Patronage & Favour to ye Actors, to compensate for their short Interruption, makes it almost suspicious that it was the Manager's Scheme, & ye Flames so artfull,—

tanquam Ipse suas accenderat Aedes.

At least he could not have laid a more successfull Plot.

Have we any Hope of seeing You here in any Part of this Summer? We should be very glad to make Meonstoke agreeable to Mrs John White, & beg our best Respects to her. I think that for the latter part of August & beginning of September we could not accommodate You together.

With the joint good wishes of my family to you & Your's, & Mr Nowell's added, I subscribe those of,

Dear Gil, Your's ever & very afftely,

J. Mulso.

I think that I formerly took Notice of Thos Warton's being appointed Poet Laureat, & supposed the astonish'd face of his Father, could he look out of his grave & be Witness of such Court Favour to a Son of his. I must say that Thomas ought not to be judg'd of by ye present Ode, because he was much hurried in it. (Mem: I have not seen it at ye Time of writing This.) Nor do I think that his Poetical Fame ought hereafter to depend upon Odes. I would venture a Wager that in an equal Course of Years Willm Whitehead's will beat him out & out. For Whitehead's was a placid, industrious, & complying Vein, whereas Warton's requires great, or striking Occasions of Genius.

Letter 213.

Reverend Mr. White,

Meonstoke.

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. July 28, 1785.

Dear Gil:

I received your's yesterday, proposing to us the Pleasure of your Company & yr Sister J. White's on Monday next. There is no Doubt that we shall be exceedingly glad to see you, & hope

to do so. Nevertheless there is a Circumstance or two that must be referred to your Judgement. My Sister Chapone is by this time at the Deanery, & as her Hosts are going to Kent in a little time, She is to be turned over to Us when they begin to move. I suppose therefore that She cannot be with them above a fortnight longer than the Date hereof, or thereabouts. As we are upon Honour to receive *the Wanderer*, & not let her lie on the Downs of Hampshire; & as, in spite of ye Windows in front, my House will contain but a certain number of Guests, and That, (as I am afraid you will find) very inconveniently to themselves, I therefore cannot profess to be at Liberty to bid You wellcome for more than a fortnight. If therefore so short a Visit, spent in a very solitary Way, (for we have now few or no Neighbours,) will be worth the Trouble of your's & Mrs White's Journey hither, You certainly will make that Time very agreeable to Us. You will do my wife good; for She has at present, & has had for some time, no Appetite & no Spirits. She promises You a *Nunchion* of Something or Another, & moreover to dine at *three o'Clock* during the Time of your sojourning with Us. And we will have the Dinner ready for you at three o'Clock on Monday, so see that You *set out in Time*, that your *totum Nil* be not spoiled. If You come thro' the Village, the Gates of my Meadow shall be opened for You; and the Gates of my Field if You come round by Brookbridge; *put Case* that yr Driver shuts them after him. We have had a bad Accident, my Footman has cut his hand, in whetting Knives, so bad as to sever a small Artery, & to render his hand useless at present, tho' he hopes to get it well. He is not however useless in all respects, so do not be discouraged about that: your old acquaintance John Knight will help you in Time of Need. The Taylor, Lock, who lived at the End of my Meadow, died suddenly two days ago, as he was cleaving wood, wth his Son, in his Garden; I used to leave the Key of my Meadow at his House; but the Gates shall be open.

You & Mrs White must live on the paring of Cheese, for this late dry weather has parched up our Soil, & dried away both Peas & Beans. We have since that had Thunder Storms & a good deal of Rain at Times, which has refreshed us, but not quite repaired our Losses. My Pond is almost dry, as the Millers above me will not let me down water enough to keep it full.

My Jenny has not been quite well, but seems better today. Hester is as grave as Timothy when She is at *Old Hang*. Jack is well in Northttonshire. Mr Nowell well & ready to attend You here.

Let me have a Line on Sunday's Post to tell us what time you propose to be with Us. I pray God to send us a happy meeting. With ye Comps. & Love of all here to Mrs White & You, I am,

Dear Gil, Your's very afftely

J. Mulso.

Letter 214.

Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke.

Selborne near Alton, Hants + at Alton. Aug. 24, 1785.

Dear Gil :

I should have been quick to answer your Letter, if I had not been interrupted just as I sat down to do it. Yesterday we were early in Expectation of Mrs Lee's coming here, wth the Warden, who was to hold a Court here ; but She had been so ill, that He told me he thought he should have lost her. As no Fellow came to join him & he held his Court in a little melancholy inconvenient House, I thought it but Charity to keep him Company 'till he returned to Winchester, so lost ye Post yesterday.

We were glad to hear that You & Mrs White got safe & well home, & that Provisions held out in so long a *Voyage* (as ye French call a Land Journey as well as Sea). Mrs Mulso is highly diverted with your taking so much to ye *Capsaco* (if I spell it right), at which You turned up your Nose at first so fastidiously. The Complaint that You speak of, & of which I rejoyce that You escaped a Paroxism, requires your moving about often, but never violently.

Mrs Mulso has been but poorly since You left her, & is so now ; we have lived a chilly Life & warmed our Noses over a Fire 'till yesterday ; which was a glorious Day, tho' not without Chill in the Shade. We have Rain again today fm ye South West, but I do not think it will last all Day. My poor thin Crop of Oats lies in my field, longing for the Shelter of ye Barn. My Daughter Jane has rode double several times, & is so much better as to think no more of a Jaunt to Winchester and Dr Littlehales. Hester is well. My Sister Chapone is in tolerable Preservation & ye Comfort of us all. All these Souls join me in affectionate Services & wishes to you & your's : and We, who enjoyed it, join in Thanks to you & Mrs White for the Pleasure that You have us in your kind but short Visit.

Your Shower of Aphides, that You describe, were, I suppose, nothing different from the common Blight, but in their Quantity. Is ye name from their *Smallness*, or their Covering what they fall on from being properly discerned—& non, & εἶδω video—? or from their Voracity & Noxiousness, not sparing any thing,—& non et φεῖδω parco—? or how is ye Etymology of this little Plague & Pestilence? We have not experienced such a Shower here. *Charles* has uncovered *some* of my wall Fruit at last. I find a good many nectarines & some Peaches ; of the last I have gather'd a few, of ye Nutmeg kind, pretty ripe & a little flavoury. As to ye rest, they are almost all perforated, or pealed, or rotten & perish'd on ye Tree, & do not promise ever to figure at the Table. I got in but three Load of Wheat from 5 acres. Sad

work, if all Farmers fared as ill! The Rains will at least make good After-Grass, or Edish, or, as we called it in Yorkshire, Fog.

Mrs Bale has been on a Visit to Mrs Davies; She spoke in very high Terms of Mr Ventris. We hear that Mrs Williams has got a Daughter; & that young Charles Blackstone is in a Treaty of Marriage.

We have had a good many Visitors lately, which You would hardly think from the Essay of Solitariness that Mrs White & You made at my House. We shall be glad to hear of ye Welfare at proper times, of yr Studies & Observations.

I am, Dear Gil, Ever afftely Yours,
J. Mulso.

Letter 215.

Reverend Mr White,

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Meonstoke.

Sepr 4, 1785.

Dear Gil:

I received *your Crocus** in it's triple Shape, & I like it in all. The Original is an ingenious Thought, piously as well as poetically imagined, & happily express'd. Of the two Translations I like the first and shortest the best, but I do not approve of the *Stop*; after *summa Potestas*;—*Hiorarum Deus &c*: is the Answer to the Question. If it is added, *whose Power is supreme cui summa Potestas*; as it must be construed if *stop'd* so strong, then *Ipse* is wanted *before Temperat*. But if it intends, Whose *supreme Power* tempers &c then it should have no *Stop*. It is concise & just. The other, more at large, is likewise well done; but the same Objection occurs at the same Place. And I fear that *calet* & *liquet* are applied as *active Verbs*, which is not usual Latin, unless I have forgot it; which is not much to be wonder'd at, as my Memory is in most things Sieve-like & untenacious. I have likewise had a Vexation lately, in which I am still employed, that has a little hurried me & unhing'd my Intellects, & disqualified me for a Critic, who should be clear & cool & candid. The *Vellication of the eighth pair of Nerves*, (as You call it) is apt to make ye Milk of human Nature a little subacid; inclines ye Judgment to Severity, & Criticism to find Fault where it is not required. I take great Pleasure, however, in the Perusal of yr Poetry.

Mrs Mulso is better, tho' her Fastidiousness of Appetite will not yet let her dine at the Table. Jane bumps out on a hard-trotting Horse & is recovering apace. Hester has her Head Aches. My Sister is pretty stout for her, & considering ye unseasonable &

* The verses "On the Early and Late Blowing of the Vernal and Autumnal Crocus."

perpetual Rains that we have had & still have. I beleive old St Swithin has gigg'd a young St Swithin, & insisted on a double Share of Pluviosity in right of his Son! I have got in my poor Modicum of Oats safe. My Barley is not yet cut; nor hurt, I beleive, as it was not forward. But I see wth Regrett the Barley of my Neighbours sopping around. We find little Friskiness but in my Cat, who is as ridiculous as ever: we were quite in Concern for two days, having lost her; but we recover'd her again from a Ramble to Droxford.

We heard from Jack at Finedon last Post, he is well. We all join in Love & best wishes, & Comps. to Mrs J. White, & what Friends you may have with You.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's very afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 216.

Reverend Mr White,
Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.
Dear Gil:

Winton.
Decr 7, 1785.

I reed your kind Letter soon after my Arrival here, & have had time enough to answer it over & over again, but I have been discouraged from putting Pen to Paper by having little to tell of but Sickness; a Subject on which you may find many & various anecdotes in every part of ye world. Mrs M. & my Daughters have taken their Turns; & my Wife, whose complaints are Gout or Rheumatism or both, is too likely to continue a Grumbler. As to myself, I have been stouter than usual, having been kept from Church but one day since We came; & that by severe weather. I am glad that You have had the Satisfaction of so many young & chearfull Companions about You. I think you had as good stay where You are, as I see an Account of House breaking & audacious Doings at South Lambeth, & of Rogues seen in your Brother's fields. Could you keep your circle about You, I should preferr the safe Retreat of Selborne to ye dangerous Brilliancy of a London Neighbourhood. I heartily join in your Satisfaction on the Provost of Oriell's kind Promise to yr Brother Harry's Son: but will he live to be as good as his word? I hear, poor man, of a dangerous State of Health that he is in. I am not going to wish you Joy of Tortworth Living: I am sure You will never think of it; for if every thing went quite smooth there, neither the Country, or the Modes of collecting your Income are at all to your Mind. Get some pretty sinecure tenable wth your Fellowship: Live on at Selborne & be Cotemporary wth Jack Mulso still. I could not but be much shock'd & surprized at the Death of poor John Bosworth. How strange are the Ways of Providence! One

should have expected some Years of Peace after so many of Oppression & Vexation to be granted to a Man, who, I should think, would have re-establish'd himself in the good Opinion of his misled Parishioners, and gained the Love of those who were taught from their Infancy to hate *ye Parson*. But he is gone to a Place where there is more Peace than in the best upon Earth. Dr Warton was in a sort of Fuss about the Success of his Brother in the Election for *ye Professorship*. He ask'd me whether You would be there for him, & declared that he had forgot that You was yet in the College & University Books. But I could say Nothing to it, nor did I know whether my Son would go from Finedon, as I did not know how Sr Wm Dolben would be biass'd, whom I supposed he would be glad to please. As Christchurch was chiefly for Warton, I hoped Sr Wm would be inclined so too. Jack was not there, & I suppose that Sr Wm understood that there was no Need of much Exertion, on so palpable a Majority. But it might have been otherwise if Dr Bandenall had held on.

The Death of Sr Henry *Tynte* has certainly made a Difference in point of the Living to Mr Nowell, for upon Dr Nowell's Application to Col' *Tynte* (or Johnson) he had promised it to a friend. But he has been kind enough to promise him another, which is, as he says, of greater Value, & as probable to fall soon. We do not know the name, but it is near Brecon: it is in the Diocese of St David's and will make it more easy for that Bishop to befriend Mr Nowell as he has profess'd himself inclined to do.—It is so dark that I cannot see what or how I write.—

We are, in the family way, not a little intent on a Marriage that is soon to take place between Mr Bouverie, 4th Brother to Ld Radnor & Miss Arabella Ogle, Sr Chaloner's 2d Daughter; the Match promises much Happiness; as the young folks are affectionate & worthy. Mr B. is a Widower. He declares he never saw a Woman so engaging as Arabella except his first Wife, or of so sweet a Temper, except his Mother in law, Lady Radnor, (with whom they are to live.) This mode of Commendation seems better to me, than forgetting his first Wife in the personal Charms of a Second.

Mr Nowell is now in my house & joins Us in good wishes to you, Mrs J. White, &c, &c. I have not lately heard from Town & can give therefore little Account of them. My Son John is in Northamptonshire at Finedon, & my Son William is 2d Lieutenant of the Janus at Jamaica; so appointed by Adml Innes & Captain Pakenham; but not yet confirm'd at the Admiralty; but, I hope, no Doubt of a future Confirmation.

The Winter has as yet been so severe, or so wet, that I am glad that You do not trot to Farringdon on a Sunday. We have

had Thunder & Lightning here; but more & stronger at Droxford. I hope all your friends & Neighbours are well, & beg to be remember'd to all who will accept my good wishes.

I am, dear Gil, Ever Your's affectionately,
J. Mulso.

Letter 217.

Reverend Mr White,
Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.
Dear Gil:

Winton.
Apl 16, 1786.

I am much obliged to you for commissioning some good Female of your Neighbourhood to call here & give an Account of you & your Proceedings.—“And pray, Madam, how is Mr White?” “pretty well, Sr, I *believe*: he says Nothing to ye Contrary.” “Has he any Body wth him?” “I *believe* only Mrs J. White.” “Pray, has he made his Visit at London?” “I *believe* not, he is at Selborne now.” “Do you know whether he is going from home?” “No, Sr, I know Nothing of ye Matter.” “Pray, Madam, is the new Road to Newton Lane made good?” “I hear that it is better than it was.” “Can a Coach go safely along it?” “Upon my Word, Sr, I don't know.”—“The Neighbourhood, Madam?”—“I *believe* pretty well.”—“You return, Madam?”—“I *believe* on Tuesday.”—The good woman seems to have a strong Tendency to *believing*: Oh, I recollect; 'tis Athanasian Creed Day. And thus stands the State of my Information about You.

In return, I am to tell You that I have had a very tolerable Winter; and am reckon'd a fine old Grecian; & in high Preservation. I wish I could say the same of my Penelope. She has been quite ill thro' the Winter wth constant & severe Pains in her hands & arms by an imperfect Gout or cruel Rheumatism, so that She feared She should entirely lose the Use of them. She had frequent Pains in her Stomach & Loss of appetite. Capt'n Young was wth Us from Feb. 10th to Apl 1st. He was a great Comfort to her & of great Use in carving, cutting, spreading, milling, pouring, &c, &c, &c. However, She is now better again. My Girls are well & at your Service which, I think, is a handsome offer.—We think of Mrs White, & you, & *Timothy*; has he yet ventured his Nose above the Surface of ye Earth? Our late white Frosts surely make him shrink back his head.

We are much disconcerted in our Household Economy. Our Cook is gone home, quite ill wth a constant Ague, She has been helpless more than once this Winter. My Wife's Maid is in the Hospital. So that we have only temporary Helps & are in a piteous Plight.

John curatizes at Finedon & is very well, & well approved.

My Son William is still at Jamaica, where he has lost a second Admiral who seemed disposed to serve him ; he is out of Luck, & cannot be confirmed a Lieutenant, (tho' he acts as 2d of the Janus; 'till another puts him into his Care. I do not know who will take ye station. It is not much coveted, because it is the Ton to ruin yourself in Extravagances. And I hear that Innes was less liked for not doing & living as others had done. Captn Young made a Visit in your Neighbourhood in his way to Town at Captn Dumaresque's at Tisted: are You acquainted there?

We have now some fine days, but many things have been out off. Straw is here at the fearfull Price of 3 Guineas pr Load. Nay, in fact, there is none to be got even at that Price. A new Evil!

We have married off a Daughter of Sr Chaloner's to ye Bouverie Race. Miss Sturges is just on the Go to a Mr Martin. We wish her well. Miss Mildmay falls to ye share of Sr Harry St John. The Miss Pyotts are besieged, & we have no Doubt that the Forts will surrender. Thus all go to the wood but my poor Girls. Do you know of a *Lottery for Worthies only*; I should put in for them; for, upon Honour, they deserve a capital Prise.

Mr Cobbe has ceased to be my Curate; James Yalden is returned to his Station. But Mr Cobbe has not quite left my House. I have not seen him for near two months, for he has been in Town on Law Business, & tho' he honours my poor Mansion wth his Residence, he does not visit me to apologize or to say, "thank Ye." 'Tis an *easy* world that we live in! It is my Month here at the Cathedreall, so I have not been at Easton; when last there, he was gone.

Tell me of the Increase of your Verdure, & of all ye rising beauties of Selborne, that old Haunt of my Pleasures. All here love You, & love to think of Selborne. We join in good wishes & services to you and Mrs J. White.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your affte & Obedt Servt,

J. Mulso.

Jack will be in Oxford in June to be elected a Fellow, if he can, of Worcester Coll: How are the Ettys, & where is that promising young Man Charles Etty?

Letter 218.

Reverend Mr White,
Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.
Dear Gil:

Meonstoke.
Octr 9, 1768.

I would not do you the *Diskindness* to wrote to you yesterday to thank You for your Letter, for I was in so poor

a State after two sleepless Nights, that I should have breath'd nothing but Woe & Melancholy. I thank God we have had a still night and I have repaired my Spirit. I hope that You have been able to appropriate some of your old epithets to your House,

a rural, shelter'd, unobserv'd Retreat.—

the last it is not: for the Hospitality of the Master has call'd it out of Obscurity; but it's being shelter'd has in all likelihood availed it in these perilous Hours. We have had such a Storm of Wind, with Hail & Thunder, that call'd us out of our Beds, & filled our hearts with Dismay & our bodies with Pains. Do You call this the dear old October Weather, that tempted Us to wander on our higher Downs, and consoled Us after our Equinoctial Winds? What is come to us? This Georgium sidus has not pushed so violently into our System as to make all these Turbillons in our Elements? Well; but here we are; safe, thank God, after Peril; and I hear of no Damage but in some Thatch, about my Premises: We have some Trees up-rooted in the Village, they were an Ornament more than Use, and it is a Pity, for there has raged seemingly a *Δενδροφοβία* in this Neighbourhood that had laid us pretty bare before. I hope that your snug Situation has secured You from Harm, & perhaps yr Deafness prevented your hearing the Turmoils of the tumbling air.

I hope that the future Success of your Nephew John will confirm the Joy that he seems to take in his present Election,* and make you sensible that young People often make a better choice than old ones would do for them. I am obliged to you for ye Delicacy that You have shewen in not urging me to take a avowed Part against young Fisher; but I have very little Interest in that Place, so it would not have signified. What Service I may be able to do with regard to his Practise, I should be very glad to do, if I am put in the way of it. I fancy Mr Wyndham is already acquainted with your Nephew, & he will of Course wait upon him; the present Dean, & our own Dean are the only Persons beside that I have any Acquaintance wth at Salisbury, that I can recollect. I will willingly apply to them. Our Dean has knowledge of you, & you have an old Claim at least on Mrs J. Ekins, (the Dean of Sarum's Lady,) to give her a Prevention in your favour, & mollify Dr Ekins to serve him.

My Sister Chapone is now wth me & has been so for about a Week. She exhausted some of the Time that She had destined for us, in nursing poor Mrs Ogle at St Marie's, who is almost

* As surgeon to the Infirmary at Salisbury. He was in practice at Alton at this time, and his uncle and his mother had rather doubted the wisdom of his accepting an unpaid appointment at Salisbury; where, however, he met with good success eventually.

blind, & has gone thro' great Pains wth her Eyes: She is rather better, tho' She will hardly save her Sight long. My Sister desires to be kindly remembered to you. She talks of leaving us this week.

My poor unsuccessful Son William is now wth Us. He was paid off out of the Janus, but Ld Howe will not confirm his Lieutenantcy. He is very well in Health & Spirits, & is improved in his Person, which threatened to be preposterously short; however, he is at present taller than Myself, about as tall as my Brother Mulso, which is enough to make a Captain of, as well as a Lieutenant, if Ld Howe did not wear the Aes triplex about his breast.

My Wife & all my Children desire their affte Respects to you & your's. I hope Charles ETTY will come home rich, tho' he comes home later than his good Mother expected. We think of returning to Winter Quarters the first Thursday in Novr, which is, I think,—yes; ye 2d.

Meantime I am, Dear Gil, Your's very afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 219.

Revd Mr White,

at Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Winchester,

May 6, 1787.

Dear Gil:

Your Nephew John White did Us ye Favour to call here a few Mornings ago, & take a Breakfast in his Way to Salisbury; he informed me that You purposed soon to take Wing for London & S. Lambeth upon your Annual Visit. I wanted your Judgment upon an affair relating to your College of Oriell. Had I known of your being at Oxford, (which indeed I only suspected) I might perhaps with more Propriety & Efficacy have addressed You there. Some Time ago Dr Eveleigh wrote to me, & I have been interrupted in writing both to him & You, by a Fit of the Gout, a Cold, & Sore Throat, wth Hoarsenesses, & a Suite of Complaints that kept me indisposed in Mind & Body. The Provost's Letter was rather official than friendly, so there was no Hurry in answering it. And before I did that, I determined to call upon your opinion. He mentions a Library to be built for the Reception of the Books &ca bequeathed to ye College by Ld Leigh: and it seems necessary to ye Fund for this Purpose to *hint* the opportunity of assisting the College to all it's Members & Well-wishers. I confess I have no great Ability in *Edification*, in this Sense of the word, & therefore have not made my offer for Fear of doing it in a little & pityfull Stile. My Intention was to send a Draft for £10.10.0. If You think I may do this without blushing at the Minuteness of the offer, I will send

it to the *Provost*; or to *yourself*; signifying by a civil Lr to ye Provost what I have done. I sincerely wish well to ye Society; it furnish'd me with a Friend whom I continue to value, & shall look upon as one of my Blessings to ye End of my Life. You know less of his worth than other People, so I shall not put You to ye Trouble of guessing at him. And now I shall expect your advice on this Head, & act accordingly. I heartily wish You Joy of having got your Brother Harry's Son into that Society, as I know You had set your Heart upon it:* it is indeed a fine Provision for a young Man. I hope You did not signify a Willingness to resign your own, in Order to facilitate his Fellowship. Keep that eligible Bisk in yr sleeve, & cease to *Curatize*: it is too great a Trouble for you;—solve senescem—You may do what Duty You please, but do not be under the Necessity of doing it, or ye Sollicitude of getting yr place supplied. This is my serious advice, & ye wish of all who love You. John White *fills out* & is a large Man; he did not seem quite established where he is, but I hope he is in ye way to it. He was so kind as to look into ye Eye of Billy Knight, my Coachman's Son, whom I had sent for to put him as outpatient in our Hospital; he has stab'd his Eye wth a Knife, which took thro' the Brow & enter'd the Ball, & has sever'd the Edge of ye Pupil. He feared it would be lost. Lyford gives some Hope, or at least kept him to put him cheaply in a Course for lowering the Inflammation. He suffers no Pain, so that we hope it will not affect the other Eye. He can now only distinguish Light fm Darkness. Our poor Mrs Ogle can do little more. My Son John has been very ill in Northamptonshire, wth an Inflammation on his Stomach & Bowells; he is now on his Recovery, & but little advanced as yet. My Sister Mulso has a Dropsy: My Sister Chapone has been very ill, & is but poorly: So we have been a Family of Invalids. My Son William is with me, He rather makes a Consumption than undergoes One. My Daughters are well & much at your Service, & so is my Wife, which is, I think, a handsome offer.

We all join in Love & best wishes, to you & Mrs J. White.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your affte friend & Servant,

J. Mulso.

* Samson, son of Henry White, had recently been elected a Fellow of Oriel College.

Letter 220.

Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke,

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

July 23, 1787.

Dear Gil :

I cannot for my Life recollect whether I have ever written to you, since I recd your Answer to my Quære of what would or would not be proper to subscribe to ye Oriell Library. I imagined that about that Time You would be gone to make your S. Lambeth Visit. I sent my Draft for £10. 10 to ye Provost, & had a handsome acknowledgment from him. *After which*, I recd *Duplicates* by ye Post from a Duke, an Earl, a Viscount, a Bart & many other Noblemen & Gentn to meet at a Tavern & subscribe. Not One of the Above would do me the Favour to frank my Letters. I read in the Papers, afterwards, that a very genteel Subscription was made there—*quatenus subscribing*—but whether That means *paying* I do not know. Nevertheless, by my Calculation, You were near £1,000 below yr Plan of Expençe. If You was on yr Visit to your Brother on May 22d, I should think that you would have given them the Meeting at ye St Alban's Tavern. Did You do so? If I gather right from the Papers You have enlarged your avunculism still farther; for they inform Us that a *Miss White* of S. Lambeth was lately married; I concluded it was one of your Brother Benjamin's Daughters; & I wonder that I have not heard from you, as You generally let me know about yr great family Events, whether good or bad; and for this I am much obliged to you, for it is like an Old Friend who supposes that I enter into the Fates & Fortunes of those who belong to him. But tho' I do this sincerely, yet I will not allow you to doubt of this Sincerity because I cannot retain ye particulars, ye names, & the Persons of your numerous Race; my Memory grows treacherous in much less dubious cases. To be so specially distinctive, it requires in addition to a general Friendliness, ye Circumstance of *Vicinitas*, & ye Friendship which is called *Familiaritas*. And as my Position in Life has not given these Conditions to my Knowledge of your Brothers, (most prolific family Branches,) You must forgive my knowing little more of their Race than of Tippoo Saibs. I expect nevertheless to hear from You of this accession, & that it is as fortunate as these Connexions have usually been, & I promise You to take a Pleasure in hearing it.

Are You at Selborne, as melancholy, as sick, & as sorry as we are at Mstoke? My Seeds, & half my Meadow Grass was cut down just at the Beginning of these dreadful Rains: My Seed Grass indeed was fit for bringing in, my Meadow was just sever'd: If You love Hay-Tea, you may have the Opportunity of fluting a Cup with me. I fear that my Hay is all spoilt. Our Wet has been sorely heavy; our Thunders & Lightnings very

frequent; but, I thank God, not very near; or, as yet low enough to be dangerous. Every additional Day of this tempestuous weather gives us Hopes that it will finish the *Fistula lacrymalis* of St Swithin, because violent things do not last long. I suppose poor Timothy is prop'd up edgeways agst the Border or ye wall.

Mrs Mulso has been very poorly of late, with a Want of Appetite & Lowness; and indeed we are severally called upon, with one little Ailment or another. We have an Expectation of my Sister Chapone wth Us soon, but I am not sure, as She has not answer'd my last to her. My Brother Mulso had not seen You in Town: My Sister Mulso is in a dropsical way; they are in Lodgings at Hampstead & agreeably situated: Her Physicians tell her that her Complaint is of such Sort, that She might live with it half a Century: *credat Judaeus Apella!*—it is very troublesome to her at present: She is very patient under the Visitation, & I dare say considers her Age as a great Subduer of the Powers of Nature to make strong Resistance to Malady. My Sister Chapone is at Hadley. We have heard fm my Son John lately; he is now pretty well, but had a Relapse to a very dangerous Illness in his Stomach & Bowells, that set him very hard some time ago.

I have lost a very chearfull acquaintance in Mr Dyer, ye Father, who lived wth his Son, ye Curate of Bishopstoke; he dyed of a Carbuncle in the Poll of his Neck. He outlived a severe operation, & thought himself on the Recovery; but I heard a Post or two ago from young Dyer that his Father is dead & buried; so it must have been sudden, for we had heard nothing of it.

Did You consult your Brother about your Book, & it's Publication? I feel impatient. As it is your only Child, I hope you will not let it be a posthumous One. You cannot imagine the Pleasure you would take in daddling & nursing it, and in the Speeches that would be made You on it's being so promising, & ye features of it so handsome. Then the Pride you would take in seeing it dress'd in it's red & Gold, & keeping Company wth Ld Leigh in ye new Library at Oriell.—But seriously speaking, your Diffidence prevents a great deal of Credit to yourself & of Satisfaction to ye World. In point of Profit, there is certainly a *White day*, to every Author; which if You seize it, is well; if You let go, it is difficult to recover. The Aid of your Brother in giving a Ton & a Currency is of vast Importance; & the Zeal of your friends to recommend it & forward it's Notoriety; all this depends on ye present Time; & will grow languid & cold, when You are less on the public Stage yourself, & cannot second ye Efforts of yr friends. Too frigid caution will make you listen to Discouragements; & believe me, there is more Jealousy stirring

in the world than You are aware of. Be bold, therefore, & come forth: sume Superbiam, quaesitam meritis.

All here join me in affte Complts & best Wishes to you, not forgetting good Mrs White. Alass, her Son's Judgement on Billy Knight's Eye was too well founded: in spite of the Hopes given by Mr Lyford, the wounded Eye is perished, & there is little or no Use in the other at present. Farewell.

I am, Dear Gil, Your old & affte Friend,

J. Mulso.

Mem: this is not Post day.

July 24. Had ye fine weather of yesterday held over Today, I shd have got in my Seeds very tolerably well. But before One it poured & has rained ever since. Alass! what is your Depth of water in your measuring Vessel? and what says poor Thomas to these violent Doings wth his fruits & flowers? I have hundreds of fine promising apricots fallen suddenly off my Trees at Winchester. I reckon Nothing on my Trees here, they are blighted every Spring after a fine Blossom. What a sad account of Mr Bacon at Lambeth! I hope yr Brother Thomas did not set open his Windows for the chime of his musical Glasses. I should have thought it a Presumption, & so would your old Neighbour Dr Hales.

Letter 221.

Reverend Mr White,

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Meonstoke.

Sepr 6, 1787.

Dear Gil:

You know that Mrs Mulso is a Helluo librorum; I thought that I had put her up a few that might have given her Imagination an Opportunity to disport itself sufficiently, at least with the Help of Col' Deburgh who has open'd his Library to her, & offer'd the Addition of my Lord Clanricarde's Study at Belmont. But She had sent back the Catalogue & is now ashamed to redemand it. She recollects a Book that you spoke of to her; She has sought for it at the Col's & all over Winchester, but She cannot get it; but if You have it, & could spare it, & that it is not of a Sort to be injured by the Passage, She would be much obliged if You would lend it & send it to her; & She will take Care that it be returned to you in what Manner You direct: and this, as soon at You can, for She is quite aground. The Book is, "Bell's Travells into China."

You delight me with the Account of your being in the Press. I have written to my Brother Mulso to bespeak a Sett of ye first Impression of your Brother Benjn, & I hope You will second me in it, that what I have of your's may receive no Disgrace after it leaves your Hands. As to my Brother Mulso, where he is

now I cannot tell; for he was, when he wrote last, in Expectation of a Summon into Northamp^{re}, to the Bp of Peterboro'; for *young* Clavering, (i.e. he whom we *remember young* at Christchurch) is dead, and the Post of Register devolves by his Death to my Brother. He acts by Deputy in it, & is pd clearly £200 pr ann:—This is a good Help to Tom at the time that my Sister's ill Health requires sollacing. My Sister Chapone is got as near to us as St Marie's, from whence She migrates hither at the End of the Month. Captain Young is with Us, he has enrich'd his Collection of drawings from some Scapes in your Neighbourhood, & he has lately added some Plans from our Views over the Chace & the Forest towards the Isle of Wight, & some little rural intermediate Scenes. He is well instructed & has a happy Fancy, & a quick Eye, but he is capricious & nice, distrustfull of himself, & does not press forward to finishing 'till he has lost the ardor that he sets out with, & cools by fancying that he has not executed his own Thoughts, & the *con amore* is lost: This he finds out, but we do not. In all his pieces he is agreeable, in some, great.

I hope You are quite well, & the Part of your family that are wth You. I have got in my Harvest & tonight we celebrate Harvest home. I hope I am as thankfull as ever for God's Blessings, but I want Spirits for Celebrations; I feel cow'd, & affrighted at Numbers, & Noise.

But I will not infect you with my Nonsense. Mrs M. wants me to send this off to ye Post, so it will be short. Breve sit, quod turpiter audes.

William began his shooting Performance by catching an old Bird; that shew'd Cunning, for You cannot do it by Chaff. And yesterday he brought in two Brace of young Ones. So the French must stay, for he cannot afford to fire at them yet.

All here join in Love & best wishes wth,

Dear Gil, Your ever affte

J. Mulso.

Letter 222.

Rev. Mr White,
Selborne near Alton.

[Meonstoke]
Sepr 8th, 1787.

Dear Gil:

Mrs Mulso joins me in returning You many Thanks for your Attention to her Longings by sending Bell's Travells, but we are sorry that You should think it necessary to send over your own Servant. Be that as it will, we are ye more obliged. We will take Care to send it back in the Way plann'd out by You. Capt Young is here, & does not know that he gave Capt Dumaresque Reason to expect him at this time; he however

returns his Thanks for your Intention of seducing him over to Selbourne. I am glad You call it lovely weather, it is a Sign You are well; but these high & blighting Easterly Winds do no good to us rheumatic People. We beg our best Comps. to yr Household & Neighbour.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's very afftely,

J. Mulso.

Mem: written wth a Skewer.

$\frac{1}{4}$ after 12. I have detain'd ye Lad to wait for a Lobster Woman as long as we could. She is at last come, I have sent you 4. They were all alive just now, but by *plunging them in cold water* they are immediately dead, and they will keep the better & eat the firmer for it. I have open'd the Lr to tell you this.

Letter 223.

Reverend Mr White,

[Meonstoke]

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Sepr 19, 1787.

Dear Gil:

I have written this to give You notice that I have just sent off your Bell's Travells for ye Gosport Coach, Carr. pd to go tomorrow. If they should not arrive to you, this will put you upon proper Inquiries *why*, in which I would second You, but I hope there is no Danger.

We are much obliged to you for the Loan; the reading of them, however, did not answer Expectations in any One Way. It is dry & unsatisfactory, & I beleive the Countries, pass'd over, are more accurately & usefully described in later Publications. But your Brother knows better what will answer in Sale than we do. I wish the Editor had left out the Map. I think I should have been clearer without it.

Many Thanks for it & Comps. to All from Us.

I am ever, Dear Gil, Your's afftely,

J. Mulso.

Your Boy delighted me in saying that your Hanger is not cut down.

Letter 224.

Reverend Mr White,

Meonstoke,

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. Stop at Alton.

July 21, 1788.

Dear Gil:

We came to this Place on ye 5th of June; we had a few fine days after our first coming, but we have a Constancy of Rain since it first set in 'till within these four days, and now it is very precarious. This Season has disagreed wth my Wife & me.

I have had a Rheumatism in my Head, face, Jaws, &c. which has confined me & plagued me much. Mrs Mulso has been much worse, having undergone such Torment, especially in her hands & arms, that She has very nearly lost the Use of them, & being heavy & helpless has undergone the more Inconvenience as well as Pain from her Rheumatic Case. You have not been out of my head, but it has been too addled, & our Household Intelligence of so melancholy a Cast, that I would not plague You with it. I thank God that my Wife is now better, can help herself a little more, & is not attended by Setters-up on Nights; but She has still great pain & weakness & cannot carve her Victuals. She was glad to see your handwriting again, & so was I.

My Son John & his Wife came to Us last Thursday, & intend to stay some little Time here, & will be succeeded by my Sister Chapone who comes to Us in August; & so goes on to Mrs Ogle when She returns from Cheltenham, & ends her Summer Jaunts at St Marie's. This is the present Plan. My Daughter in law shews evident marks of the *μισογεςθαι εν φιλοτητι*; & my Wife intends to be with her, if She is able, at the Products & fruits of it in October (if then it should be, as expected.) They came in their Chair, which is Equipage enough for a Vicar of S. Stoneham,* with their Lad on horseback. They are got into their house, tho' it is not quite set in Order. It is very small but neat, & in a sweet part of the County. There is a great Neighbourhood about them, but they accept of no Dinner Invitations, as they must be upon a retired Plan; they receive a thousand civilities from all around them. My Son desires to be kindly remember'd to you, & yr Brother &c. & Mrs J. White, as We all jointly do. I hope your Brother Thomas will be quite well after his medicinal Gout, & enjoy old Selbourne & all it's Sweets. I hope your Hanger is not down; I think You would have mention'd so melancholy, yet so expected a Loss.

I rejoyce excessively at your being now committed to the Press. As to your Frights & Fears, they become You well enough as a modest Man, but they are unnecessary as an Author. But I will put You in great Heart: Dr Chelsum told me that he had seen *your Book*, that it seem'd a very promising Performance, & likely to get into great Favour, that it was well put forth & decorated with very pleasing Prints & Views. Dr Chelsum is a Man of knowledge, a Connoscenti, & deep in Virtu. What would you have more in your prae-existing State? this is but your Embrio Glory; your material & Substantial happiness & Enjoyment is to come.

My two Girls are to take their turns in assisting their Sister in her new Housekeeping, if their Mother can spare them.

* Near Southampton.

They are pretty well for disconsolate Virgins, pretty chearfull, and pretty good-humour'd. They allways think of You & Selborne with Pleasure.

I am to attend our Bishop at Waltham, if I can, on Wednesday & Thursday: the last I shall beg off, nor shall I stay Dinner on Wednesday if I can help it. I am off of all public Meetings, being on such Occasions stupid, deaf, & dumb. But I shall shew my Duty by paying my Money, q: e: d.

We have read Mrs C. Smith's Book, but not Capn Wilson's Voyage, in which I suspect some Romance. Is it not so?

My Son Wm who belongs to ye Hyæna, only as Master's Mate, is at Plymouth, waiting to have the Ship copper-bolted; which will eat up Time & Cash. But he is better there than here; for he sees & does Something in his own Way.

Farewell. I would write longer, but my head will not let me. My Hay & my Rye is just beginning to be cut *together*.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's ever & afftely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 225.

Reverend Mr White,
at Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.
Dear Gil:

Meonstoke,
Oct: 26, 1788.

Instead of being at Church & taking care of my Flock, I am sitting down to write to you. The first I am unable to do, but as I can do the other, & give some Account of myself before I have done. But I must speak first to ye Affair that You mention of Thomas Westbrook. I sincerely pity every Man who stands in Need of Tenderness from Parish Officers, because it is a Temperature that they are seldom bless'd with in their Composition; but at the same Time it must be allowed that being Guardians of others Property as well as their own, they must be aware of too much Lenity & Profuseness. As to this Parish, Thomas Westbrook knows it well, & so does his Father before him, who is a very worthy & industrious Man, but whose Misfortunes have obliged him at times to call for Help, & he did not find it easy in Church Wardens &ca to melt their Hearts to Drachmas. We have not any Donations from whence to draw Help; & what is necessarily raised, is raised from Men very much loaded & very poor: we have not above two or three moderately *warm* Men in the Parish. The Claims upon Us here are very numerous; and They who suffer within our View absorb all that we can afford in the charitable Way. I have sent up to the Officers to beg them to take the Case of Thos Westbrook into Consideration, & endeavour'd to shew it as a *Benefit to them-*

selves; but I have got no answer to my application; what I shall have I do not know. I have not been able to urge it up in Person, for I have been much confined at home wth the Rheumatism in my face & Jaws, very painfull & very obstinate, which I have been obliged to encounter with all the artillery of Mr Rogers ye Apothecary of Droxford, who being nearer at hand has crept into my family in a silent way in the place of Mr Hales, of whom however I have ye highest opinion. I hear that ye Match between young Mr Hales & Miss Barfoot, which was just agreed, is now totally broken off. I am sorry to hear of your Brother Thomas's having been so ill, but I hope ye Gout will cure him. I fancy Mr Rogers has a Mind to treat me with a Fit of it, for as a part of his Regiment, he obliges me to plunge my feet in warm water every night before I go to bed. I have just left off my hot Stoops of Camomile & Laudanum, which were laid to my face successively. I have had Pill, Bolus & Potion. I am certainly better, but I am not well, & tremble at the Thoughts of strict Residence at Winchester, to which place I move off on Thursday next Oct: 30th. But I must expect Pain & Aches; am I not a Grandfather? Mrs John Mulso made me so to a Girl on Octr 12th. My Wife went over to assist on the Occasion, & there She has been ever since, & will not rejoin Us here, but at Winchester. My Daughter was not well after her Lying in at first, but She is now in a right way, & has dined in her Dining Room which is upstairs. The Child of Course is a Wit & a Beauty. My Jenny does the Honours of my house here very well, but alas! she has been more employ'd as a Nurse than a Hostess, for my Hester is but poorly wth a low Fever; So that We have been two very unentertaining Creatures.

I beleive I beg'd of You to desire yr Bror Benjamin to secure me one of the first Impressions of your Book which I hope You have done. I made it my Request that my Brother Mulso would call on Mr White for the same Purpose, but I do not know that he has done it, he has been confined lately wth an Accident in his Knee in riding agst a Cart Wheel in the Street. My Brother Mulso will be responsible to Mr White for the Purchase. I beleive it ought not to be bound soon after it's printing; but if there is no Chance of Harm from it, I wish him to get it done all together properly, as we have lost our only good Bookbinder at Winton. He lives now at Salisbury. I subscribed my 5 Guineas to ye Cathedrall; it is the Bp of Salisbury's Hobby Horse. It was but a small Sum, but I call'd in the advice of the Dean & others, & they thought I should not overdo the rest of the junior Stalls.

We have here a fine latter Season at present, but my nasty Jaws will not let me enjoy it.

I am glad Mrs J. White is well, & much obliged for her good

wishes & Comps. which I heartily return. My Daughters join in affte Comps. with,

My dear Gil, Yours ever & sincerely,
J. Mulso.

Letter 226.

Reverend Mr White,

Winchester,

Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Decr 15, 1788.

Dear Gil :

I have longed to write to you some time to tell You how handsome I think You in your new Dress. But, alas, I & all my family in turn have been ill with what is call'd *Influenza*. Mrs Mulso is far from well, tho' better. This Distemper as an *Influenza* ought to shew the same Symptoms, & keep to them in every body; but I think it is not so; it seizes the weak part of every body, & therefore varies with the Constitution. My Wife has had a terrible Cough, so as to be almost suffocated, but Dr Littlehales is setting her to rights apace. I had advanced to my 13th day of strict Residence when it stop'd me short. I began again on the 24th of last Month, & finish'd it yesterday. The Time of Unwellness is most agreeably fill'd up with a real good work, & especially when that Book is the Production of a well-beloved Friend. I was obliged to yr Brother Benjamin for sending me yr Selbourne so early, before it made it's appearance to ye world; I wrote to yr Brother about it, he was very carefull & Kind; & I wrote to my own Brother to call on him & pay for it, which he has promised me to do. And now, as to what I think of it, You have known long, as I have read all the natural Observations before, & given them such Commendations as I could give; which wanted such Weight as a thorough knowledge in that Branch would have given, and which the Book deserves. As to the *Antiquities*, you have given to them such a Grace in your Manner of treating the Subject, as would give a Pleasure & a Hunger of reading to a Man not an Antiquarian. Your Book was mentioned with Respect by our Chapter, (a full One) & the Volume ordered to be bought for the Library. The *Prints* do not satisfy me, nor do they do justice to your beautifull Scenery.

I do not know whether you will resent any fault being found wth the Care of the printing; I have hardly ever seen a Book so well attended to, & so happily finished off. I hit upon two little Inaccuracies (as I think) one Page 32—*Vespertilio auribus*, which should I suppose be *auritus*. The other is page 237 in the Motto, *et in suo genere*, should be *est*; & the *est* which begins the second part of the Sentence should be *at* or *ast*. You will wonder at my being so sharp-sighted for faults in so perfect an Edition, but it was merely accidental, & I stumbled on them.—

I would write on today, but Mr Nott has given me a long Interruption, & I have lost my Light, and the Cold is so intense that my fingers are frozen by a large Fire. It promises Snow, but it does not yet come down : hard Time for Invalids !—

A Circumstance struck me the other day in *your way*, it seem'd a novelty to me, but it may be usual & constant, for ought I know. We have great Numbers of Jackdaws, which get under our Tilings. Out of my Study window I have the long Roof of the Deanery before me, and it was new to me that during this whole Month of Decr, as far as it is pass'd, the Jackdaws keep in Pairs. I observed on the Ridge Tiles that tho' a Number were there at a time, yet for the most part they left little spaces, & the Pairs were discernable & seperated from the rest ; they were likewise in different Pairs on the Declivity of the Roof. It wants much of Valentine's day, but the world is in a Hurry to *secure it's rights*.

Your Brother Ben : gave me a good Account of Mr Thomas White, which I was glad of. You do not move from home as yet, I suppose. Pray, in what State is your *high Road* to *Selbourne* ?

My wife & Daughters join me in affte Respects to You & Mrs J. White &ca. My Son John has a Daughter named *Lettice Elizabeth* ; so I am the Grandfather of a Christian at least. Mrs John has not quite so much Strength & Health as I could wish ; She has been weak ever since her Lying in. John has been shooting wth his Brother in Law in Berkshire. Mr Hallet is building a *little Box* at Whittenham, & will make the *Farringdon House* his Residence.

My Son William is now either in Milford Haven or in Ireland. Bad Days to be buffeting on the Irish Seas ! but by our last from him he was very well.

My Friends in Town were tolerable when I heard last.

We have lost here Mr Dan : Williams of the College : it has plunged a family into excessive Grief & Trouble. The Bp of St. Asaph *is gone*, but tho' his Loss is worth deploring, his Age was more mature. I was invited to ye Funeral, but I was in strict Residence & ye weather extreamly cold, so I declined going. And the Cold is yet so bad as to hurry me to subscribe Myself, while I can,

Dear Gil, Your ever affte Friend,

J. Mulso.

Letter 227.

Reverend Mr White, Winchester,
 Selbourne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton. Jan. 5, 1789.
 Dear Gil :

Tho' Letters of Condoleance are very ineffectual, yet cannot I bear to pass unnoticed the sad event of which you inform'd me in your last.* I am struck with it, as one of the wonderfull Decrees of Providence, that a Person on whom so many other Creatures depended for Provision, Comforts, and Education, should be so hastily struck out of the Book of Life. But *it is* a Decree of Providence, and No One can better tell than Yourself the Duty of Submission.

I hope the Circumstances proceeding from this Loss, will not force You to cross the Country in this very severe & dangerous weather. As your poor Brother had young Relations, as well as children in whom he could confide, I hope they can spare You Trouble on this Occasion. Your's is the most happy family that I know in being able to give mutual Help on these necessary Calls. I heard the other Day with great Pleasure that Mrs J. White's Son is much admired in his way & gets into great Business.

Mr Lowth & Dr Sturges (both able Men) admire your Book, particularly ye natural Hystory, which not only seems well founded, but has an Originality in the Management of it that is very pleasing. I see that You avoid naming Names, yet when You are mentioning Sunbury, & a friend that You visited there,† I a little repine that my Name did not stand in a Book of so much Credit & Respectability; and I am ready to say with Tully, Orna me.

The Death of the Speaker has made a new Embarassment in public Transactions. Dr Sturges was sent for express, & *we hear* that he has £500 left him as Executor, & after Mrs Cornwall's Death £5,000, to him & his family.

Mrs Williams, who slowly recovers from her great Shock, has had an additional One by her Mother's falling in her Way to Chapell on Sunday, dislocating her Shoulder, & breaking her arm in two places.

I have been much confined of late, tho' I preach'd at ye Cathedrall on Sunday; for we are much reduced in Number; but today is too cold; by stirring out of the Door I felt an immediate pain on my Chest.

* The sudden death of Gilbert White's youngest brother Henry, Rector of Fyfield.

† Cf. The "Selborne," Letter xii. to Pennant.

I hope You & Mrs J. White hold well in Health, & that the Affairs of Fifield will be put in a good Train.

I am, Dear Gil, Your's afftely,
J. Mulso.

My Wife & family join in all due Comps. & good wishes of many happy Years &c.

Letter 228.

Rev. Mr White,
Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.
Dear Gil :

Winchester,
Aug: 16, 1789.

You will wonder at receiving a Letter from me from this place at this time of the Year; and indeed I have refrained from writing to You for some weeks past in hopes of letting You know our Change of Situation & our being returned to our pleasant Summer Residence at Meonstoke. But it has so pleased God that the Health both of myself and Mrs Mulso has been so bad, that we could not get away. I have therefore given up all Thoughts of removing for this Year, very much to my Sorrow; & having apologized to my Bishop & to my Parishioners for my Insufficiencies & Non Attendance, am destined to abide by a *very strict* Residence in my old Prebendal Mansion.

—ego laudo ruris amoeni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque

but I must not enjoy them. Just at present my Men & Horses are employed in my farming Way; & they have got in my Hay, in very good quality tho' in not great quantity. But I have for some time had an Embargo put on the Use of my Carriage by my Driver, John Knight's having dislocated his arm & horribly bruised his Shoulder by being thrown, in Consequence of his horse's falling, against the Edge of ye Pavement in our Streets. He is returned to a great deal of Use of his Arm, but he cannot lift it up but very little above a horizontal Position; Mr Lyford says it must come to by Degrees.

After a dangerous State thro' an Inflammation in my Bowells, I subside in frequent Pains & a great weakness there, & in Frequent Returns of the Gravell. As to my Wife, She had a *low* Fever, of which She has never recovered entirely, but is subject to Loss of Appetite, Sickneses, bodily Pains, thorough Weakness & great Dejections of Spirit.—Par nobile!—

Winchester has at least the Benefits of a good Neighbourhood; & of Course of constant Gossip & the Lie of the Day. We prick up our Ears after Events at home & abroad: we hear of honest Englishmen wanting Fanatical Memorandums of ye

Blessing of the glorious Revolution ; and of Frenchmen wanting a Rap of their Knuckles for representing Freedom by Licentiousness. Strange Doings ! and we can only hope that good may come out of Evil.

How is your sweet Retreat this Year ? what are your Enjoyments & what Friends have You about You ? Let me hear from you, my old Friend, now & then ; if I was not sollicitious about you, I should not deserve You. I hear of the Success of your nephew John in the Obstetric Way, & his producing *Tripletts*.

I have this week had a Letter from my Sister Mulso ; it was in her kindest way & very affectionate. It pleased me greatly, for it is many a long Year since She has thus express'd her Love.

My Sister Chapone has had Mr Hunter's Judgement upon a Complaint that She thought a Dropsy. He has much eased her by saying that he sees no such Disorder in her, but as She is sensible of Disorder, She cannot be quite at her Ease. As to Sister Mulso She is, I suppose, fallen in Love wth her Illness, & like a True ascetic declares this to be ye happiest Time of her Life ; which puts me in Mind of the Bramin & his tenpenny Nail in his ———. My Sister Chapone goes to Bath on Thursday to visit the Widow Mrs Beavoir. She desired me to ask You if You had read Dr Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. She admires the Poetry ; but ye Subject, ah pah ! "with the *Loves of Flowers*, says She, one might play with one's Fancy ; but the Loves of Stamens & Pistills is too much for my Strength."

Accept all our Loves & Services. I have written beyond my Strength, tho' I had more to say : but I must go & recruit with a Dinner. Farewell, my dear Gil, & continue to remember with Tenderness,

Your old & sincere Friend,
John Mulso.

Comps. to Mrs White.

Letter 229.

Reverend Mr White,

Selborne near Alton, Hants. + at Alton.

Winchester,

Decr 15, 1790.

Dear Gil :

Your kind Letter of Enquiry after me, address'd to my Daughter, came to Us this Morning, and She would herself have answer'd the Favour, had I not thought that it would be more satisfactory to an old Friend to have an Account of myself from my own Pen.

Had I ever so many Years of Life to be added to the past, the Year 1790 would be probably set down as the most disastrous of my Life. I will not harangue on the Excess of my Loss by describing to You the Excellences of my dear departed Wife ;

You knew her, my good Friend; and You valued her, as She did You: You have lost a valuable acquaintance, but I have lost plusquam animae Dimidium meae. I must say no more; it was the Will of God, and I submit.

As to my Health during this Year 1790, I have never once been in a Condition to attend at Church either in the Cathedrall or in my Parishes. It has been a Year of perpetual Pains from Bile, from Gravell, from Piles, & Ulcers. I have had our Physical Tribe here, & I have called in to my Consultations Mr Hale of Hambledon; he prescribed me several things (with ye assent of Dr Littlehales,) & amongst ye rest I made near a 6 months Tryal of Ward's Paste; but all application has been ineffectual to a Cure, tho' I think myself in some respects a little better. The very strange & variable weather that we have had in this opening Winter has been much against me: I know not what the Spring may produce.

I hear that, bating your Deafness, You are in great Soundness of Body & Mind. You have given in your Work a very pleasant Occupation for the last, in every Body. It is every where spoken of, and wth the highest Praises. Among others, Dr Warton is excessively pleased with it. Your Nephew John called on me some time ago, & of him I enquired much after You. Alas, my good Friend, how should we now do to converse if we met? For You cannot hear, & I cannot now speak out. I hear very good Accounts of John White's Success, & very satisfactory Conduct in Practise & Behaviour, & that he has made a wise Partnership.

Pray do You go this Year to S. Lambeth? and at what time? How many Branches have You to look after in every place that You go to! You will then perhaps see some of my family. My Sister Mulso is but poorly; & my Sister Chapone an Invalid, but a chearfull One: My Brother holds out stoutly. You are very kind in enquiring after my Sons; John has had an ugly accident; in hurrying along his Leg slipp'd into a Hole, & he thought he had broken both Leg & Thigh, but it was a violent wrench of which he is still very lame & fears he shall be so for Life. My Son Willm is with him; he is paid off, but he is not a Lieutenant: we wait wth Impatience for a List of the new Promotion, but with more Fear than Hope.—(Do You know what it is to write on a very greazy Paper?—).

My Daughters (my Comforts & my Blessings,) are on ye whole pretty well. Hester has at present a very bad Cold. My Daughter Jane desires her thanks to you for ye Letter & both desire to join me in kind Remembrances to You & Mrs J. White.

I am, my dear Gil, Your old Friend & affte humble Servt,

J. Mulso.

ERRATA.

- Page 48 *note*; for 1818 read 1813.
,, 67, line 31; for Hamisticks read Hemisticks.
,, 109, line 43; for Trenby read Trenley.
,, 111, line 12; for geunine read genuine.
,, 147 *note*; for curate-in-charge *et seq.*, substitute Vicar of Upavon,
 Wilts.
,, 183, line 27; for Mr read My.
,, 193, line 5; for at Cholderton read as Cholderton.
,, 214, line 5; for Parfeet read Perfect.
,, 332, line 42; for 1768 read 1786.

INDEX.

- Adey, Rev. John, 103.
 Alcove, The, at Selborne, 170.
 'Antiquities of Selborne,' The, John Mulso on, 284, 285, 286, 294, 306.
 Arbour on the Hill, The, at Selborne, 84, 299 *note*.
 Auto da fê, at Lisbon, 104.
- Baker, Miss Harriot, visits Gilbert White, 179 *note*.
 Balguy, Dr., compared with Gilbert White, 316.
 Barker, Miss Elizabeth, 310 *note*.
 Barker, Miss Mary, 310 *note*.
 Barker, Mr. Samuel, at Selborne, 312 *note*.
 Barker, Mr. Thomas, of Lyndon Hall, 42 *note*, 44.
 Bastile, Prisoner of the, Gilbert White compared to, 306.
 Battie, Miss Anna, her marriage, 289.
 Battie, Miss Catharine, 184 *note*.
 Battie, The Misses, at Selborne, 178 *note*, 179.
 Beckhurst, John, a gardener, 33 *note*; Gilbert White assists, 36, 50.
 Bell, Mr. Thomas, extract from Memoir of Gilbert White by, 140 *note*.
 Belleisle, Marshal, at Hampton Court, 15,
 Bentham, Dr., Fellow of Oriel College, 6 *note*; letter from, 7; his sermon, 57; success of, 68; his long grace as a Fellow, 91; his writings, 159; his book, 215.
 Blackburn, living of, given to Rev. John White, 235; its value, 237.
 Blakes, Rev. Mr., Candidate for St. Mary's Vicarage, Oxford, 82.
 Bosworth, Rev. John, Fellow of Oriel College, 12; illness of, 70; death of, 329, 330.
 Bracken, Dr., his favourite quotation, 123.
 Bradley, living of, refused to Gilbert White, 174.
 Brest, the fleet at, 96.
 Bristol, the hot-well at, 70, 98.
 Bristow, Dr., Vicar of Selborne, 55 *note*; his death, 132.
 Brydon, Patrick, his book, 248 *note*.
 Buller, Rev. William, his marriage, 169.
 "Busser," Gilbert White's nickname of, 20, 40.
 Byng, Admiral, his danger, 111; his trial, 113.
- Candour and Honesty, Gilbert White's, 137.
 Cane, Rev. Basil, Curate of West Dean, 132; at Selborne, 145, 179 *note*.
 Carpenter, John, makes a statue at Selborne, 126.
 Carter, Elizabeth, 43; translates Epictetus, 118, 119.
 Castle Howard, described, 176, 177.
 'Centaur not fabulous,' Gilbert White a, 190.
 Chapone, Mr. 158; his death, 164.

- Chapone, Mrs., death of her husband, 164; her illness, 164; about to journey to Thornhill with Gilbert White, 193, 195; visits Thornhill, 193, 199; at Selborne, 204; at Witney, 212; her journey to the North, 223; at Chelsea, 229; to visit Selborne, 236; her book reviewed, 244; her "Miscellanies," 254; profits, 254; attends Mrs. Thomas, 281; origin of her book, 284 *note*; at Meonstoke, 298, 327; her lodgings, 302, 305; annuity bequeathed to, 307; consults Mr. Hunter, 348; message to Gilbert White, 348; an invalid, 349.
- Chardin, Sir John, 74.
- Cholderton, living of, at Gilbert White's option, 193, 212.
- Church of England, John Mulso on the, 288.
- Church, Rev. Thomas, his answer to Dr. Middleton, 27 *note*.
- Gibber, Colley, his speech to Mrs. Chapone, 45.
- 'Clarissa,' John Mulso's verses upon, 29, 30.
- Clarke, Dr. John, Provost of Oriel College, death of, 302 *note*.
- Coach Sickness, Gilbert White's sufferings from, 14, 15.
- Collins, William, the poet, in London, 3, 7; thinks of taking orders, 9; his poverty, 14; at Antwerp, 15; biographical notice of, 188 *note*.
- Comet, Gilbert White compared to a, 79.
- Convocation, John Mulso on the value of, 252, 255.
- 'Copper,' a spaniel, 8, 15.
- Correspondence, John Mulso on the chance of future publication of his, 55; Gilbert White on the, 96, 97.
- Cough, a receipt for a, 277.
- Croke, Miss Jenny, 5 *note*, 65.
- Croke, Mrs., of Oxford, her picture, 33.
- Cromhall, living of, 101 *note*; at Gilbert White's option, 206.
- Culverton, Miss, her picture of Selborne, 139.
- Curate, the qualities required in a, 314.
- Oyder, Gilbert White's liking for, 84, 119.
- Deafness, Gilbert White's, 269, 292, 349.
- De Burgh, Mr., at Staines, 51; at Laleham, 84, 85.
- Description, Gilbert White's powers of, 39, 51, 68, 105.
- Dolben, Rev. Sir John, his manner of living, 10.
- Donne, Mrs., 84.
- Durley, Gilbert White curate of, 72.
- Duty, a clergyman's, Gilbert White on, 73.
- East Allington, Devonshire, visited by Gilbert White, 38.
- East Tisted, the cross road to Selborne from, 320 *note*.
- Easton, Rectory of, 263; given to John Mulso, 265.
- Economy, Gilbert White's, 108, 114, 148.
- Eddystone lighthouse, a story of, 44.
- Edward, Prince, brother of George III., shares lottery ticket with his tutor, Dr. Thomas, 75.
- Etty, Rev. Mr. Andrew, Vicar of Selborne, 134 *note*; takes possession, 209; death of, 316 *note*.
- Etty, Mrs. Andrew, entertains the Misses Battie at Selborne, 178 *note*; her illness, 230; her family inoculated, 261; death of her husband, 316 *note*.
- Etty, Mr. Charles, 312 *note*.
- Eveleigh, Dr. John, Provost of Oriel College, 302 *note*; his promise to Samson White, 329.
- 'Fauna Calpensis,' John White's, 295.
- Farrington, curacy of, 302; resigned by Gilbert White, 317, 318.
- Fellowship, story of a, 91 *note*; more than one way of vacating a, 123; retention of his by Gilbert White, 137, 141.

- 'Flora Selborniensis,' Gilbert White composes a, 202 *note*.
 'Fresco,' a spaniel, 8, 15.
 Frewen, Dr. John, Fellow of Oriel, his 'rough way,' 95; proceedings at Dr. Musgrave's election, 115; death, 206.
- Gallantries at Selborne, 179.
 Garrick, the actor, 17; corresponds with John Mulso, 133; meets him, 135.
 'Gentleman's Magazine,' verses on Gilbert White in, 169 *note*; by Gilbert White in, 311 *note*.
 Gibbon, Bishop Thomas's promise concerning, 267.
 'Gibraltar Jack,' 229; (see White, Dr. John).
 Gibson, Rev. Mr., Rector of Bishop's Waltham, 72.
 Grimm, Samuel Hieronymus, artist, 263; John Mulso's opinion of, 266, 299, 300; at Selborne, 266; his Hermitage vignette, 278; at Warnford, 286; his drawing of the Temple, 299, 300.
- Hales, Dr. Stephen, 47 *note*.
 Hampton, Mr., his notice of William Collins, 188 *note*.
 'Hectic heat,' Gilbert White's expression, 71.
 Henley, Robert, Earl of Northington, 114 *note*; Lord Chancellor, 123; refuses a living to Gilbert White, 174; his pride and expectations, 179; death, 262.
 Hercules, a board-statue of, at Selborne, 126.
 Hermit, The, at Selborne, 134 *note*, 299 *note*.
 Hermitage, The, at Selborne, the *opus operatum* of Henry White, 141; Gilbert White at, 176; secret of, 220, 221; the old and new, 299 *note*; when built, 299 *note*.
Hirundines, Gilbert White's accounts of, 248, 255.
 Hodges, Dr. Walter, Provost of Oriel College, his illness, 32, 59; reported death of, 96.
 Hogarth, pictures of, 33.
 Holmes, Major, anecdote of, 268.
 Holt, Mr. Thomas, death of, 11 *note*; his legacy to Gilbert White, 138 *note*; his will, 260 *note*.
 Honesty, John Mulso on Gilbert White's, 137.
 Horace, Gilbert White's translations of, 16, 27, 78.
 Horse, John Mulso's idea of a perfect, 79, 80; Gilbert White's favourite animal, 144.
 Hubert, Mr. Philip, of Sunbury, 92; his opinion of Gilbert White, 92, 93.
 'Huzzar Parson,' Gilbert White a, 166.
- Improvements, Gilbert White's, at Selborne, 90, 104, 105, 154, 155, 162, 163, 170, 210, 213.
 Influenza, 260; its symptoms, 305, 306, 344.
 Inoculation for smallpox, 160, 207, 245, 246, 247, 261.
 Inquisitive man, Gilbert White an, 149.
 Integrity (exactness), Gilbert White's, 283.
 'Invitation,' to Selborne, The, Gilbert White's poem; 48, 135.
 Isaac, Mrs., 14 *note*.
- Journal book (*Garden Kalendar*), Gilbert White's, 163, 164.
- Keeper, the Lord, 114 *note*; (see Henley, Robert).
 Keppel, Admiral, 282 *note*, 284.
 'King Lear' (Edward Mulso), 182.
 'Kitty's Farewell,' verses by Gilbert White, 184 *note*.
- Leece, Mr. Harman, his legacy, 36; his poems, 42, 43; his marriage, 69, 77; family, 104.

- Leeds Abbey, description of, 1, 2.
 Leeds Castle, description of, 2.
 Leheup, Mr., lottery commissioner, anger of House of Commons at, 76.
 Library, New, at Oriel College, 334, 335, 336.
 Lisbon, destroyed, 104; heretics saved at, 104.
 London, its bread and beer, 182.
 Louisburgh, victory at, 133.
 Lowth, Dr., 99.
 Ludgershall (Lurgishall), curates of, 183 *note*.
 Lyndon Hall, 149 *note*.
 Lythe, common at Selborne, 55 *note*; 176.
- Macklin, the actor, as Shylock, 3.
 Mander, Rev. Thomas, Fellow of Oriel, 6; his system of Physics, 16; visited by Gilbert White, 17; his correspondence, 44; his after career, 138.
 Melon Grower, Gilbert White as a, 169 *note*.
 Meonstoke, living of, vacant, 231; given to John Mulso, 232; house and garden of, 233; value of, 233.
 'Metamorphosis,' The, 169 *note*, 312 *note*.
 'Mice,' nickname of Miss Rebecca White (Mrs. Woods), 163.
 Middleton, Dr. Conyers, 27, 28.
 Moor Park, Rickmansworth, described, 39.
 Moreton Pinkney, perpetual curacy of, given to Gilbert White, 114, 115; visited by Gilbert White, 166; augmentation to, 167 *note*.
 'Mouse,' Gilbert White's pony, 73 *note*.
 Mulso, Mr. Edward, Clerk of the Revenue Office, 24; at Sunbury, 58, 93; sets songs, 66; illness of, 74, 242; visits Selborne, 179; disappointment of, 182; his death, 301.
 Mulso, George, birth of, 172; his death, 185.
 Mulso, Miss Hoster (Mrs. Chapone), 9; at Hampton, 18; goes to the Races, 19; her sermon, 20, 22, 106; at Peterborough, 24, 26; on Gilbert White's translation of Horace, 27; advice to Gilbert White on writing poetry, 33; at Canterbury, 34; on Kentish scenery, 34; her singing, 35; opinion of 'Whitibus,' 40; reads 'Clarissa,' 48; her letter to Gilbert White, 51; her ode on a storm, 54; on *hectic heat*, 71; receives game from Gilbert White, 77; her esteem for Gilbert White, 104; asks after Gilbert White, 118; her ode to Mrs. Carter, 118; illness, 146; marriage, 158.
 Mulso, Miss Hester, daughter of Rev. John Mulso, birth of, 186; her illness, 315; verses to Gilbert White, 322; name for Meonstoke, 325.
 Mulso, Miss Jane, birth of, 127; her wish to see the Selborne hermit, 216; a botanical pupil of Gilbert White, 218.
 Mulso, Rev. John, at Leeds Abbey, 1; Leeds Castle, 2; meets William Collins, 3; visits Herne Bay, 4; at Canterbury, 4; on beauty of Canterbury ladies, 4; on Miss Jenny Croke, 5, 6; Gilbert White's celibacy, 6; Joseph Warton's character, 8; invited to Selborne, 8; on Thomas Warton's elogues, 9; Mr. Pelham's gardens, 9; in Northants, 9, 10; on Gilbert White's poetry, 12, 16, 49, 64, 135, 309, 311, 315, 328; on translation of Horace, 16, 27; visit of, to Selborne, 13, 22, 124, 125, 142, 144, 218, 258; his journey home, 13, 26, 126; Vicar of Sunbury, 14; at Hampton, 15; visits Sunbury, 18; his affection for Oriel College, 18; on Gilbert White's visit to Sunbury, 19; his riding, 19; plans visit to Oxford, 20; sells his horse, 23; his expedition to Cooper's Hill, 24; on Gilbert White as a host, 25; on vacancies at Peterborough, 26; reserves a *White* room, 26; his poverty, 28, 99, 113; idleness, 28; poem on 'Clarissa,' 29, 30; lawsuit, 31; building scheme, 31; disappointed of preferment, 34; his money affairs, 39; on Gilbert White's descriptive powers, 39; on White's love of hills, 39; describes Moor Park, 39, 40; on Gilbert White's travels, 40, 41; on poet Harman, 42; on Anne White's

Mulso, Rev. John—(continued.)

marriage, 43; his story of Eddystone lighthouse, 44; description of Richardson, the novelist, 44, 45; his altered thoughts of Oxford, 45; wish for a domestic life, 46; illness, 46; tired of celibacy, 48; illness at Maidenhead, 51; wants Gilbert White at Sunbury, 52; at Sunninghill, 52; his collection of Gilbert White's travels, 53; wish to visit the Proctor, 58; on a supposed visit to Oriel, 58; his church rebuilt, 61; on Gilbert White's powers of entertaining, 61; his journey home from Oxford, 61; his church re-opened, 63; his lame horse, 64; on Gilbert White as Proctor, 66; on "hectic heat," 71; restores Sunbury Vicarage, 71; on Gilbert White's philosophy, 72; his dislike of loneliness, 72; on Rev. John White's character, 73; on Gilbert White's idea of a clergyman's duty, 73; procures a song for Gilbert White, 75; a timid rider, 77, 89; studies Hebrew, 78; meets Rev. John White, 79; compares Gilbert White to a comet, 79; his idea of a perfect horse, 79, 80; indifference to money, 81; reasons for returning Gilbert White's horse, 82, 83; burnt in effigy at Sunbury, 85, 86; expedition to Virginia Water, 86; in Hertfordshire, 87; on high taxes and prices, 90; on accident to Gilbert White, 91; on report of death of Provost of Oriel College, 96; on merit of Gilbert White's correspondence, 96, 97; on West Dean curacy, 97; on long journies, 97; promised a Prebend, 99; needs Gilbert White's advice in farming, 99; his nurse in illness, 101; on Gilbert White's dislike of solitariness, 101; his cousins' rivalry, 101; praise of Gilbert White's letters, 104; on Selborne improvements, 105; about to marry, 107; wants a curate, 109; his wedding, 109; Gilbert White's present to, 110; his commissions to Gilbert White, 110; on matrimony, 112; on Dr. Musgrave's election as Provost of Oriel, 115, 117; not envious of his cousins, 117; his hopes for Gilbert White's preferment, 123; birth of a daughter to, 127; Minor Canon of Salisbury, 128; takes possession, 129; on the British Museum, 131; his correspondence with Garrick, 133; meets Garrick, 135; on death of John White of Selborne, 136; on Gilbert White's retention of his fellowship, 137, 138, 141; his hopes of a living, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143; meets Provost Musgrave, 140; birth of a son to, 148, 195; obtains Rectory of Thornhill, 148; on Gilbert White's topographical knowledge, 149; on separation from Gilbert White, 149, 150; on capacities of Thornhill Rectory, 152; describes his Thornhill establishment, 152, 153; as a riding master, 155; on his neighbourhood, 155; his sister's marriage, 158; on Dr. Musgrave as Provost, 159; on his journey to York, 160, 161; on the assembly room there, 161; on his long friendship with Gilbert White, 162, 165, 166; on coursing, 163; his life at Thornhill, 167; his garden at Thornhill, 171; visits Leeds, 171; birth of a son to, 172; his fruit trees, 173; on the peace of Paris, 173, 175; regrets his absence from Gilbert White, 175; describes Castle Howard, 176, 177; describes York, 177; his interview with Bishop Thomas, 178, 179, 180; attends Wakefield Races, 180; acknowledges Gilbert White's affection, 181; on late gallantries at Selborne, 181; urges absence from Selborne, 182; on a cure for love, 183; a ball at his house, 190; goes to Wakefield, 191; on matrimony, 192; proposes to winter in London, 199; visits London, 201; about to leave Yorkshire, 204; Rector of Witney, 204; his garden at Witney, 205, 225; on Dr. Musgrave's death, 208; on natural history, 215, 216; on petticoat interest, 219; requires a guide to Selborne, 223; accident to, 226; his advice on spectacles, 227; on Gilbert White's *systema*, 228; his lameness, 229; on death of Mrs. Woods, 230; his deafness, 231; Rector of Meonstoke, 232; on the Rectory there, 233; value of the Rectory of Meonstoke, 233; on school fees, 234; is guided by Gilbert White's judgment, 234; on a fellowship election at Oriel College, 234, 235, 261, 262, 273, 274, 304; on Blackburn Rectory, 235, 236,

Mulso, Rev. John—(continued.)

- 237, 238; visits Farnham Castle, 238, 279; on his vicinity to Gilbert White, 239; on cold of Selborne, 239, 240; visits Portsmouth, 244; his family inoculated, 245, 246, 247; on the bad roads to Selborne, 247; on the new room at the Wakes, 248; on Gilbert White's disinterestedness in money matters, 248; on a Parliamentary election, 249, 250, 288; on Convocation, 252; on Bishop Thomas's illness, 252, 253; on provision for children, 253; on Mrs. Chapone's books, 254; his advice on building, 257, 258; on Gilbert White's writings on natural history, 258; impatient for the 'Selborne,' 262; promised another living, 263; on pluralism, 264; his tour in Dorsetshire, 264; Rector of Easton, 265; on his old friendship with Gilbert White, 266; his opinion of the 'Selborne,' 266; on Gibbon's History, 267; contrasts his life with Gilbert White's, 268; on the American Declaration of Independence, 268; on Gilbert White's literary modesty, 269; on building at Selborne, 270; his son William's conduct, 271; on Robertson's History of America, 271; expects the 'Selborne' in the coming winter, 273; his partiality for Selborne, 275; criticises Grimm's Hermitage vignette, 275, 276; his plans for his sons, 276; impatient for the 'Selborne,' 276; on the new room at Selborne, 276; his receipt for a cough, 277; on his son John's character, 277, 278; quotes Voltaire, 280; contrasts Selborne with Winchester, 281; his Sermon on the Virgin, 283; is always led by Gilbert White, 283, 284; on the 'Antiquities of Selborne,' 284, 285, 286, 294, 306; on the right time for publication, 284; his pride in Gilbert White, 285; on Upton Nervett living, 287, 288; on old friendships, 289, 316; on the death of Mrs. Snooke, 289, 290; on her will, 290; proposes visit to Selborne, 291; a valetudinarian, 292; on Gilbert White's gun practice, 293; on Rev. John White's death and character, 295; his hopes of a new living, 297; on publication of the 'Selborne,' 297, 306, 308, 337, 338, 341; discards a wig, 299; his gout, 300; on death and character of Edward Mulso, 301; suggests exchange of livings for Gilbert White, 302; his love for Selborne, 307; on formality of Gilbert White's letter, 309; on verses by 'Nobody,' 309, 311; is 'broken winded,' 313; celebrates harvest home, 313, 339; on qualities required in his curate, 314; accident to, 314; on Gilbert White's refusal of livings, 316; on inaccessibility of Selborne, 319; suffers from thunder, 321, 333; on Thomas Warton's poetry, 325; on etymology of *aphis*, 327; on John Bosworth's death, 329, 330; on a 'believing' lady, 331; on the new library at Oriel College, 334, 335, 336; his reason for liking Oriel College, 335; his advice to Gilbert White, 335; on literary jealousy, 337, 338; on Bell's Travels, 340; on poor law relief, 342, 343; receives a copy of the 'Selborne,' 344; on jackdaws' pairing, 345; on death of Henry White, 346; his bad health, 347; on the French Revolution, 348; on the death of his wife, 348, 349; on Gilbert White's deafness, 349.
- Mulso, Mrs. John, 112; longs to see Gilbert White, 124; about to visit Selborne, 125; birth of a daughter to, 127, 186; her illness, 129; fear of Selborne roads, 148; birth of a son to, 148, 172, 195; attends a race week, 163; dangerous illness of, 196, 197; her sedentary habits, 291, 292; a great reader, 338; serious illness of, 347; her death, 348.
- Mulso, Rev. John, junr., birth of, 148; his school, 229; visits Selborne, 231; illness of, 240, 241; going to Oxford, 277; character, 277, 278; a 'complicated murderer,' 293; obtains a scholarship, 296; foolish attachment of, 308; seeks a curacy, 317; curate of Finedon, 324; Vicar of South Stoneham, 341; birth of his daughter, 343.
- Mulso, Mr. Thomas, of Twywell, in Northants, 9, 10, 92, 104; at Gloucester, 15; at Oxford, 38, 71; difficulties as lottery commissioner, 76; his serious illness, 98, 104.
- Mulso, Mrs. Thomas, her affection for Gilbert White, 3, 4, 5; illness of 11, 16; at Hampton, 18.

- Mulso, Mr. Thomas, jun., visits Gilbert White, 157, 179; his marriage, 158; sketching, 163; leaves Thornhill, 164; an author, 210 *note*; his book praised, 215; at Witney, 225; his promotion, 339.
- Mulso, Mrs. Thomas, jun., visits Gilbert White, 179, 236; at Witney, 225; serious illness of, 337.
- Mulso, Lieut. William, R.N., birth of, 195; wishes to go to sea, 271; his ships, 301, 303, 306, 312, 316; at Jamaica, 332; at Meonstoke, 334.
- 'Murderer, a complicated,' 293.
- Museum, British, visit to, 131.
- Musgrave, Dr. Chardin, Provost of Oriel College, 28; his chance of succession to property, 59; his sermons, 65; Gilbert White's story about, 67; Bishop Thomas' dislike of, 67; on an election at Oriel, 82; elected Provost of Oriel, 115; on Gilbert White's retention of his Fellowship, 140; letter from, 140 *note*; reconciled with Gilbert White, 159; his death, 208.
- Musgrave, Sir Philip, 63; lends John Mulso a horse, 93; his advice to Dr. Musgrave as Provost, 118.
- Musgrave, Sir Richard, 16.
- Music, at Selborne, 76.
- Newton Valence, Gilbert White curate of, 103 *note*.
- 'Nobody,' verses from Gilbert White under signature of, 309.
- Ode, Mrs. Chapone's, 54.
- Ogle, Admiral Sir Chaloner, 167; knighted, 216; death of his son, 312.
- Ogle, Dr. Newton, his preferment, 116 *note*; marriage, 118; deputy Clerk of the Closet, 158; Canon of Durham, 214; Dean of Winchester, 219; Rector of S. Mary's, Southampton, 219 *note*.
- Oriel College, election at, 12, 82; supposed scene at, 58; party rage at, 91; Robinson exhibition at, 94; Gilbert White's hopes of preferment at, 96; the perverse party at, 98; Gilbert White high on the roll at, 108; election of Provost at, 115; Gilbert White's letter to, 137 *note*; parties at, 159.
- Oxford, University of, quarrels at, 91; election of Chancellor at, 179; gun practice at, 293.
- Palliser, Sir Hugh, his quarrel with Admiral Keppel, 282, 284.
- Paris, Peace of, 173, 175.
- Perception, Gilbert White's great power of, 110, 111.
- Peterborough, Prebendaries of, 98, 113.
- Philosopher, Gilbert White a, 72, 101.
- Phlegmatic man, Gilbert White a, 218, 265.
- Pluralism, John Mulso on, 264, 267.
- Poetry, Gilbert White's, 12, 48, 49, 135, 169, 188 *note*, 309, 315, 328.
- Pope, Alexander, 55.
- Precision, Gilbert White's, 283.
- Prescot, Miss (Mrs. Thomas Mulso, junr.), 20; her journey, 37; illness, 41, 96, 104; at Epsom, 52; her ball, 56; goes to Sunbury, 120; marriage, 158.
- Present, a wedding, 110.
- Priestly, Dr., 261.
- Proctor at Oxford, Gilbert White becomes a, 57.
- Provostship, election for at Oriel College, 115.
- Quebec, capture of, 145 *note*.
- Revolution, the French, 347, 348.

Rich man, in what manner Gilbert White a, 248.

Richardson, Samuel, novelist, 43; description of, 45; corresponds with Hester Mulso, 45; his opinion of Hester Mulso, 55; his new book, 75 *note*.

Riding master, John Mulso as a, 155.

Road to Selborne, a new, 323.

Roads, to Selborne, the bad, 247, 249, 250, 319.

Robinson, Bishop, 7 *note*; his exhibition at Oriel College, 94 *note*.

Robinson Dr., Canon of Peterborough, 56.

Royal Society, Gilbert White's paper read at, 248 *note*, 255 *note*.

S. Mary's Rectory, Southampton, Dr. Ogle Rector of, 219 *note*.

S. Mary's Vicarage, Oxford, candidates for, 82.

S. Vincent, Cape, Rodney's victory off, 290 *note*.

Salisbury, John Mulso, Canon of, 128; Dr. John White surgeon to Infirmary at, 333, 335.

Savile, Sir George, 148; on Blackburn Rectory, 237; his picture, 243.

Scrope, Dr. John, his verses on Gilbert White, 312 *note*.

Selborne, 'The Natural History and Antiquities' of, 135 *note*; John Mulso on, 258, 266, 284, 285, 286, 294, 306; the publication of, 297, 306, 337, 338, 341; an appreciation of, 344.

Selborne, Vicarage of, sequestration of, 133; Mr. Eddy takes possession of, 209.

Selborne, village of, its green retreats, 58; the hermitage at, 134, 141, 299, the zigzag path at, 64 *note*; improvements at, 90, 104, 111, 163, 170; White family at, 114; grotto at, 130, 131; an enchanting spot, 132; The 'Invitation' to, 48, 135; Gilbert White's partiality for, 138; picture of, 139; guests at, 176; Gilbert White's verses on the Hanger at, 188 *note*; cold of, 222, 239, 240; the three families at, 240; bad roads to, 247, 249, 250; immortalised by Gilbert White, 266; John Mulso's partiality for, 275; inaccessibility of, 319.

Sheffield, Dr., naturalist, at Selborne, 217 *note*; becomes Provost of Worcester, 271.

Shutter, Miss, her coach, 283, 290.

Skinner, Mr., naturalist, at Selborne, 217 *note*.

Snipes, at Oxford, 293.

Snooke, Mr. Henry, of Ringmer, 11 *note*; his death, 172; John Mulso's opinion of, 174.

Snooke, Mrs., 11 *note*; her recovery from illness, 272; death of, 289; her will, 289, 290.

'Sorceresses,' The Misses Battie as, 179.

Stillingfleet, Benjamin, his works, 200 *note*.

Sunbury, John Mulso vicar of, 14; visited, 18; a Vestry at, 20; Church at, 50, 52; Church rebuilt, 61; re-opened, 63; collection at, 61; disputes at, 63; vicarage house restored, 71; small-pox at, 74; swallows at, 135.

Sussex, downs of, dangers of jounies along, 219.

Swallows, noticed by Gilbert White at Sunbury, 135.

Systema, Gilbert White's inexhaustible, 228.

Tarrant, Dr., his method of preparing horses for a journey, 183.

Tedworth, or Tidworth, North, Henry White curate of, 147 *note*; described by Gilbert White, 168.

'Thomas,' gardener at the Wakes, 277, 304.

Thomas, John, Right Rev., D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, 17; declines sees of Litchfield and Coventry, 26; his liking for Gilbert White, 33, 50, 73; tutor to royal princes, 63; his dislike of Chardin Musgrave, 67; his pupils, 67, 72; buys a lottery ticket, 75; amused by Gilbert White's letter, 76; his

- Thomas, Dr. John—(*continued*.)
 chance of an Archbishopric, 108; Bishop of Salisbury, 121; Clerk of the Closet, 122; enquires after Gilbert White, 123; Bishop of Winchester, 161; interposition for Gilbert White, 178, 179; visits I. of Wight, 213; illness of, 252, 253, 269; his promise to a confuter of Gibbon, 267; infirmity, 280; quotes Horace, 290.
- Thomas, Mrs. John, at Court, 76; at Bath, 104; her infirmity, 280; death, 281.
- Thomas, Miss Susanna (Mrs. Newton Ogle), her marriage, 118.
- Thornhill, living of, John Mulso presented to, 148 *et seq.*
 'Timotheus,' Timothy the tortoise, verses from, 322.
- Todenham, Gloucestershire, Gilbert White at, 14, 17.
- Traveller, Gilbert White a great, 38, 41, 57, 119.
- Tortworth, living of, 101; at Gilbert White's option, 198.
- Trenley, Mr., offers John Mulso a living, 139.
- 'Treufile,' a spaniel, 5.
- Twywell, Northamptonshire, visited, 10.
- Ufton Nervett, living of, 212 *note*; at Gilbert White's option, 287.
- Vauxhall Gardens, 35, 36.
- Virgin Mary, sermon on the, 283.
- Voltaire, quoted by John Mulso, 280, 282.
- Wakes, The, at Selborne, bequeathed to Gilbert White, 174; new room at, 248, 276.
- Warton, Miss Jenny, 9; her situation, 28; her illness, 45; her unworldliness, 52.
- Warton, Dr. Joseph, 3 *note*; at Basingstoke, 7; applies for a curacy, 8; curate at Chelsea, 12; his character, 17; obtains a living, 17; tired of London, 31; his good heart, 46; edition of Virgil, 66; at Oxford, 121; his country living, 305.
- Warton, Rev. Thomas, 3 *note*; his death, 11 *note*.
- Warton, Thomas, Poet Laureate, 3 *note*; his eclogues, 9; his History of Poetry, 294; laureate, 325.
- Wells, Rev. Nathaniel, visited by Gilbert White, 38 *note*; John Mulso on his character, 41.
- West Dean, Gilbert White curate of, 97 *note*, 124; his loneliness at, 101; Basil Cane, curate of, 132; the living wished for by Gilbert White, 133.
- White, Anne (Mrs. Barker), 18; her accident, 26; has the ague, 35; her marriage, 42 *note*; her good temper, 43.
- White, Benjamin, publisher, 11 *note*; his shop, 57, 64; his marriage, 67 *note*; enriched by naturalists, 218; living at South Lambeth, 274 *note*.
- White, Mrs. Benjamin, death of, 282.
- White, Benjamin jun., 324.
- White, Rev. Charles, vicar of Bradley, 11 *note*; a tall man, 23; death of his wife, 68; his indifference to weather, 94; his death, 174; will, 174 *note*.
- White, Mrs. Charles, death of, 68.
- White, Rev. Edmund, becomes Vicar of Newton Valence, 323.
- White, family of, John Mulso's opinion of, 127, 316.
- White, Gilbert, of Selborne, Fellow of Oriel, 1 *note*; shooting at Oxford, 5; reads the Odyssey, 6; at Ringmer, 8, 9, 11, 267; his love of the country, 10; in I. of Ely, 11 *note*; sends poetry to John Mulso, 12, 48, 169, 188 *note*, 309, 315, 328; admirers of, 13; at Todenham, 14, 17; his coach-sickness, 14; M.A. degree, 16; translates Horace, 16, 27, 78; at Chalgrave, 17; a good companion, 19; his nickname "Busser," 20; sermons at Sunbury, 22;

White, Gilbert—(continued.)

pleasure in hill scenery, 24; invited to Sunbury and London, 25; about to take a curacy, 25; at Bradley, 27; partiality for the Odyssey, 32; for a cool day, 34; invites Mulso family to Selborne, 35; visits in Wilts and Devon, 37; a great traveller, 38, 57; masterly description of scenery, 39; exact account of his travels, 41; former taste for Oxford life, 45; residence at Oriel, 46 *note*; tired of a College life, 46; his poem, the 'Invitation,' 48, 135; letter from Hester Mulso to, 51; John Mulso's collection of his travels, 53; his good health, 53; curate of Selborne, 55 *note*; life there, 56; power of journeying, 57; Proctor at Oxford, 57; an afternoon's ride for, 58; meets Mulsos at Oxford, 60 *note*; powers of entertaining, 61; of description, 68; speech as Proctor, 69; visits Bristol hotel, 70, 98; his expression 'hectic heat,' 71; curate of Durley, 72; his philosophy, 72; on a clergyman's duty, 73; his 'emblem,' 73; sends game to Hester Mulso, 77; describes gardens, 78; a bad correspondent, 79; 'a comet,' 79; asked to find a horse, 80; offers loan of a horse to John Mulso, 81; reasons for returning his horse, 83; his singing, 88; asked to shoot at Sunbury, 88; his Oxford scheme, 88; disappointment, 89; sends game to Hampton, 89; his Selborne improvements, 90, 104, 105, 111, 163, 170; accident to, 91; his idea of real merit, 93; of horse exercise, 94; hopes of preferment at Oriel, 96; curate of West Dean, 97; his long day's ride, 99; wishes to marry and settle, 99, 100; dislike of solitariness, 101; hopes for his brother Henry, 102; promises longer letters, 102; sends game to London, 105; curate of Newton Valence, 103; elegance of his letters, 104; his large handwriting, 105, 227, 286; an economist, 108, 114, 148; bespeaks a *White* room at Sunbury, 108; his imaginary description of a wedding, 109; wedding present, 110; discriminating powers, 110, 111; habit of sacrificing his pleasure, 112; at Selborne Vicarage, 114; Perpetual Curate of Moreton Pinkney, 114; candidature for Oriel Provostship, 115; liking for cyder, 119; travelling habits, 119; buys a horse for John Mulso, 121; visits West Dean, 132; wish for a Vicarage there, 133; curate of Selborne, 134; death of his father, 136; reasons for retaining his Fellowship, 137; letter to Oriel College, 137; not troubled by party and contention, 143; a bad correspondent, 146; an inquisitive man, 149; going to Lyndon Hall, 150; eager to hear about Thornhill, 152; a connoisseur at gardens, 153; purchase and alteration at Selborne, 154, 162; a slow writer, 156; reconciled to Dr. Musgrave, 159; his *Garden Calendar*, 163, 164; on his friendship with John Mulso, 165; a huzzar parson, 166; visits Moreton Pinkney, 166; a disappointment there, 167; describes N. Tedworth, 168; an enthusiastic melon grower, 169 *note*; refused living of Bradley, 174; his guests at Selborne, 176; a bold bachelor, 178; his application to the Lord Chancellor, 179; entertainments at Selborne, 179; his verses, 'Kitty's Farewell,' 184; his evening employment, 184, 185; easily accommodated as a visitor, 188; not a dancer, 190; his matrimonial intentions, 192, 203; offered the living of Cholderton, 193, 212; rebuilds stables at Selborne, 197; offered the living of Tortworth, 198; on the cares of matrimony, 198; visits John Mulso in London, 201; studies botany, 202; offered Cromhall Rectory, 206; as a host, 210, 215; his desire to live at Selborne, 212; wish for Ufton Nervett Rectory, 212; his pleasure in natural history, 215, 216; quotes from Pope, 217; his botanical pupil, 218; habit of ascertaining everything, 220; inexhaustible *systema*, 228; Mulso strangely guided by his judgment, 234; entertains his brother John and wife, 239; subscribes to Infirmary, 241; seeks a temporary curate, 246; his disinterestedness in money matters, 248; new room at Selborne, 248, 276; on the Mulso pedigree, 257; his punctuality, 261; his 'Selborne's' success prophesied, 266; his 'Selborne' deferred, 269, 306; his constancy to plans, 270; arrangement with Thomas White,

- White, Gilbert—(*continued.*)
 270; visit to his brothers, 274 *note*; dreams of the French, 280; his exactness, 283; his large handwriting, 286; offered Ufton Nervett living, 287, 288; a slow writer, 289; his legacy from Mrs. Snooke, 290; its value, 290 *note*; his deafness, 292, 349; gun practice when at Oxford, 293; formality of his letters, 309; his good spirits, 313; refusal of livings, 316; visit to Meonstoke, 328; on consequences of vexation, 328; his 'Selborne' in the press, 338; book admired, 346, 349.
- White, Rev. Henry (Harry), his school, 25 *note*; at Oriel College, 46 *note*; musical powers, 76; Robinson exhibitor at Oriel College, 94 *note*; his chances of a Fellowship, 118; unknown to John Mulso, 127; as the Hermit at Selborne, 134 *note*, 221, 299 *note*; curate of Tedworth, 147 *note*; Rector of Fyfield, 168; at Selborne, 179; a small success of, 240; his figure as the Hermit, 276; death, 346.
- White, John of Selborne, his musical powers, 76; illness of, 81; recovery, 92; confinement indoors, 107; deafness, 122; a friend of the poor, 132; his sufferings, 136; death, 136.
- White, Rev. John, 18 *note*; his agreeability, 19; impositions at Oxford, 19; expelled from C.C.C., Oxford, 43 *note*; constructs the zigzag path at Selborne, 64 *note*; in London, 69, 79, 95; John Mulso on his character, 73, 295; his duty at Barnet and London, 104; at Gibraltar, 175; tired of the Rock, 218; a southern naturalist, 218; Rector of Blackburn, 235; winters at Selborne, 239; his serious illness, 275, 285; death, 295; his 'Fauna Calpensis,' 295 *note*.
- White, Mrs. John (of Blackburn), arrives in England, 218; death of her husband, 295; resides at Selborne, 297 *note*.
- White, Dr. John, 'Gibraltar Jack,' in England, 218; at school at Alton, 229; appointed surgeon to the Infirmary at Salisbury, 333, 335 (see Gibraltar Jack).
- White, Mary (Mrs. Benjamin White, jun.), 256 *note*; her marriage, 324.
- White, Rebecca, grandmother of Gilbert White, death of, 95.
- White, Rebecca (Mrs. Woods), 143; her sweet temper, 147; her nickname 'mice,' 163; marriage, 165.
- White, Samson, becomes Fellow of Oriel College, 335.
- White, Thomas, F.R.S., 67 *note*; his marriage, 138 *note*; birth of his daughter, 149; his twin sons, 181; death of his wife, 182 *note*; his fortune, 260 *note*; John Mulso's opinion of, 262, 270; buys land at Selborne, 270; lives at South Lambeth, 274 *note*; his age, 292, 293; gout, 343.
- Whiting, Rev. Mr., Fellow of Oriel College, 17; laughed at, 18; candidate for St. Mary's Vicarage, Oxford, 82; his death, 91; John Mulso on his retention of his Fellowship after marriage, 91.
- Whiston, Mr., publisher, 11 *note*; his shop, 57, 64.
- Willis, Mr., his school, 229; school fees, 234.
- Winchester, oratorios at, 231; riots at, 325; gossip at, 347.
- Women, John Mulso on, 48, 60, 71, 77, 163.
- Woods, Mrs., death of, 230.
- Woodstock, The bower of, Selborne compared to, 319.
- Wyndham, Mr. Penruddock, employs Grimm the artist, 286.
- Yalden, Miss Anne, her marriage, 67 *note*.
- Yalden, Rev. Richard, illness of, 256, 306; death of, 322.
- Yalden, Mrs. William, her good looks, 138; her second marriage, 138 *note*.
- Young, Admiral Sir George, his marriage, 289.
- Young, Admiral James, 33; birth of his son, 37; leaving for New England, 58; ordered home, 111; his command, 143; marriage, 174; goes to Leeward Is., 254; at Antigua, 261; at Winchester, 282.

- Young, Miss Jane (Mrs. John Mulso), her scheme to go to Oxford, 20; at Hampton, 24; at Rickmansworth, 33; her character, 60; jewels, 76; legacy, 85; gives a ball, 96; nurses John Mulso, 101; her esteem for Gilbert White, 104; accident to, 106; her marriage, 109.
- Young, Mr. John, his debts, 21, 111; goes to Jamaica, 33; returns, 52; at Marlow, 88; his post at Sheerness, 128.
- Young, Mr. William, 12; at Hampton, 24; his illness, 69, 76; decides to live at Sunbury, 108; his death, 166.
- Young, William, Surgeon, R.N., attends Mrs. John Mulso, 129; surgeon to H.M.S. Duke of Marlborough, 130, 134.
- Young, Captain William, on a description of Naples, 251; goes to the Leeward Is., 254; his command, 279, 281; at Meonstoke, 339.

Zigzag path, the, at Selborne, 64 *note*.











