

DANNY—EAST FRONT.

From a Photograph by Sir T. Maryon Wilson, Bart.

# Sussex Archaeological Collections.

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EXTRACTS FROM MANUSCRIPTS  
IN THE POSSESSION OF  
WILLIAM JOHN CAMPION, ESQ., AT DANNY;  
AND OF  
SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON, BART.,  
OF CHARLTON HOUSE.

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EDITED BY ROBERT WILLIS BLENCOWE, ESQ.

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At the time when the following series of Letters, which, through the kindness of Mr. Campion, are now presented to the public, were written, the fine old house and estate of Danny did not belong to the ancient family of Campion. They resided at that time at Combwell, in Kent, a handsome old place, now much reduced, and converted into a farm-house, on the borders of Sussex; but they were intimately connected with our county. Combwell, which is still in their possession, is not their original seat; Essex is the county to which they can be first traced, to a place bearing their name, "Campion's Hall," near Epping, though it does not now belong to them. They still, however, retain a satisfactory connection with that county, by the possession of property therein.<sup>1</sup>

The first letter in the series is written by William Campion, when a youth of about fifteen, to his father, Sir William, in the year 1633. It was much the custom in those days to send young men of family to finish their education in France: a practice which Milton, in his *Treatise on Education*, alludes to in strong terms of reprobation, recommending the youth of England "to ride out in companies, with prudent and staid

<sup>1</sup> A part of their estates in Essex was liable to provide the celebrated Flich of Dunmow Bacon. From a paper preserved at Danny, sent to the steward of the manor, giving all the particulars of the ceremony, it would appear that spinsters only

were selected as jurors or homagers to try the merits of the claim. On this occasion there were five of them—all designated as spinsters. Their selection is curious, but probably they were the most impartial judges.

guides, to all the quarters of their own country." He says, as a reason for so doing,—“We shall then not need the Monsieurs of Paris to take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodie, and send them over back to us formed into mimicks, apes, and kickshawes.” In obedience to this custom, Sir William Campion sent his son to the Continent under the care of a Mr. Mouatt; and certainly in this case no such results as those alluded to by Milton, followed; for William Campion proved himself, in after life, to be a gallant soldier and a worthy gentleman.

At the time when these letters were written, the cruel severity<sup>1</sup> practised by parents in the education of their children, had much abated. The Earl of Northumberland, in his instructions to his son Henry Percy, written in 1608, alludes to the change that had occurred then, and speaks of the ill effect the contrary system had produced upon himself. But this austerity had not been superseded by the free-and-easy customs of the present day. There was always a reverential tone of intercourse on the part of children towards their parents; and in that spirit the following letter, addressed “To the Right Worshipfull his very loving Father Sir William Campion, Knight, at Combwell,” is written:—

Kinde Father,—As my duty bindes mee, by these few lines I will give you to understand how all thinges have gone with mee and my companion until this present time. How we got to Roanne you have heard by our former letters, from whence wee went to Paris, where wee stay'd eight dayes, in which time wee saw the chief places of Paris; from thence wee went to Orleans, where wee lay three dayes; there wee took boat: wee were a day more than ordinary on the water, because the wind was very strong against us, but by that means wee saw all the townes which lie upon the river: wee are here now at last (thankes be to GOD), safely arrived at Sommer, a very deare town, because of the many strangers that are in it, and the smalness of it. I can heare of no gentlemen that are pensioned here under ten crowns in the month. \* \* \* \* We are pensioned in a private house, and our host is a pothecary. Thus with my earnest duty remembered unto you, and with earnest prayers to Almighty GOD for your health and safety, I rest your ever obedient son to his utmost power,

WILLIAM CAMPION.

April 28th, 1633.

In a letter from Mr. Mouatt, addressed to “The Worship-

<sup>1</sup> A writer, alluding to the times before the Reformation, says, that “the child loathed the sight of his parents as the slave does that of his master; they were

never allowed to sit in their presence, but stood like mutes, bareheaded, before them.”—*Antiquarian Repository*.

full and his much-renowned friend Sir Wm. Campion, Knt.," he says :—

If Mr. Campion had some more entrance of the languages, I would take a course that is cheaper, but as yet I will not venture to remove. We lodge with one Lizer, an apothecary, a very honest man of our religion. French and Italian and Latin is our speech; as for English, it is banished out of our commonwealth. \* \* \* For the present wee lacke nothing but language, and that wee study unto painfully, and I beseech God to grant us His blessing upon our endeavours. I suppose you neede not feare to finde your son steadfast in religion at his returne; for the more he seeth these fopperies, the worse he loveth their courses and wayes. I trust in God he shall never frustrate your expectations; and so, praying for your Worshipp's good health and prosperitie, I reeste, and ever shall continue yours in all submissive service,

JAMES MOUATT.

From Saumur they removed to Angers; but at the approach of Lent, Mr. Mouatt writes that they are about to return to their old quarters, "for the Protestant townes smell best then, and the doctrine of abstinence from meates is not agreeable to our tastes."

Sir William Campion, when in London, lived in Barbican,<sup>1</sup> and thither came, as Christmas approached, hampers filled with good things, announced by a letter from his "steward and lovinge servante, William Tetsall":—"Master Roberts has sent no deare yet. There is sent up a motten (mutton), a barrel of eggs, fower ribspares, two chaynes (chines), a goose, three drest poultrie, four live poultrie, four hogges cheekes and feet and hames (hams) of twø hogges mustered, one bottel of meade, three brace of partridges, and a brace of veasants (pheasants)," the letter concluding with the satisfactory intelligence that "all thinges is well at home."

The exact date of Sir William Campion's death has not been ascertained. The youth whose letter we have transcribed, married, when just of age, Grace, the daughter of Sir Thomas Parker, of Ratton, near Eastbourne; and in an old family Bible we find the following record of the births and deaths of several of their children, in her handwriting:—

"My eldest son, William Campion, was borne at Hollington, in Sussex, and was baptised February 6th, 1639.

"My third sonne, Edward Campion, was borne the 11th of

<sup>1</sup> Several houses in that neighbourhood still remain in the possession of his descendant, and a very remarkable tenement

is his, namely, the Condemned Cell, in Newgate, the rent for which (£50 a year) is paid to him by the Lord Mayor.

August at three or four of the cloke on Tuesday morning. His godfather was Mr. Edward Sackville, my Lord of Dorset's second sonne, and Mr. Edward Campion, my husband's brother; his godmother, Mrs. Mary Parker. I praye GOD blesse his life to mee!

“My second sonne was Henry Campion; and one daughter, Philadelphia Campion; these it pleased GOD to take from me.”

When the Civil War broke out, Sir William Campion, who had succeeded to his father's estates, attached himself heartily to the King's cause. In 1645, we find him a colonel in the Royal army, in command of the garrison of Borstall House, in Buckinghamshire. This fortified old mansion he defended with great resolution against the Parliamentary forces, to the last; nor would he surrender it, till all further defence was hopeless, till Oxford capitulated, and the fortunes of Charles were desperate. In the course of the siege, a long and interesting correspondence took place between Sir William Campion and several officers of the Parliament's army, and others, of which the original letters are preserved at Danny. The whole of the correspondence has been published in Lipscombe's *History of Buckinghamshire*, in his account of Borstall House; but, as his work is not very accessible to many of our readers, it is hoped that we shall be excused if we draw largely from it. The letters which passed between them are honourable to all parties, and are written in a gallant, humane, and courteous spirit.

The first letter which we have selected, is from Secretary Nicholas to Sir William, written by the King's order:—

March 9th, 1644.

“Sir,—I have acquainted his Majesty with the letter I received this afternoon from you, which speaks of the success you have had against the rebels; and I am commanded to return his royal thanks both for that good piece of service, and your just and faire carriage in returning those plundered teames to the proper owners, which were recovered from the rebels. This kind of treating the country will not only win reputation to yourself, but heartes to his Majesty, and affection to his service; and therefore he desires you to continue to protect and guard them and theirs from the injury and spoile of the rebels, as far as you are able. \* \* \*

Your affectionate friend and humble servant, EDWARD NICHOLAS.

To a summons sent by Sir Thomas Fairfax to surrender the place, he replies:—

You have sent unto me a summons to surrender this house for the service of the kingdom. I thought that cant had long ere this been very stale, considering the King's often declarations and protestations to the contrary, and now sufficient only to cozen women and poore ignorant people. For your curtiesies, so far as they are consonant to my honour, I embrace them. In this place I absolutely consider them destructive, not only to my honor, but also to my conscience. I am therefore ready to undergo all inconveniences whatsoever, rather than submit to any, much less to these so dishonorable and unworthy.

The following letter, written the same day, must have been in answer to some application from Sir William Campion to allow his lady to quit the place, which was on the point of being besieged.

Sir,—It is much against my mynde to bee thought guilty in the least measure of any act that hath but the color of denyall to a request that is so civil, and which to many may seem most reasonable; but being at present soe farre engaged in a designe upon your house, which I hope speedily to effect, I cannot, without much prejudice to the encompassing thereof, grant what you desyre; but if your lady, or any other gentlewoman there should fall into my power, I assure you I shall take care that the like civility may never be used by any of this army which hath lately been executed by some of yours at Leicester; and shall remayne,  
Your servant, FAIRFAX.

The next letter is from Colonel Herbert Morley,<sup>1</sup> one of the most active and distinguished officers of the Parliament's army connected with the county of Sussex:—

*July 23rd, 1645.*

Sir,—Old acquaintance needs no apology. All your Sussex friends are in health, and continue their worthy affections towards you, especially vaueling your welfare with their owne. I could impart more, but letters are subject to miscarriage, therefore I reserve myself to a more fit opportunity. If you please, in return hereof, to send me a character, I shall gladly send in cipher what I am unwilling to delineate. If a conference might be had, I conceive it would be most for the satisfaction of us both, to prevent any possible hazard of your person. If you please to let your lady meet me at Watford or Berkhamptstead, or come hither, I will procure her a pass, and make it evidently appear that I am your most affectionate friend,

HERBERT MORLEY.

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SIR WILLIAM CAMPION to COLONEL MORLEY.

*August 1st, 1645.*

Sir,—I am glad to hear of the welfare of my friends in Sussex. For any business you have to impart to me, I have that confidence in you, by reason of our former acquaintance, that I should not make any scruple to send my wife to the places mentioned; but the truth is, she is at present soe neare her time for lying downe, for she expects to be brought to bed within less than

<sup>1</sup> For a further account of Colonel Morley, see Mr. Blaauw's paper entitled "Passages of the Civil War in Sussex,

from 1642 to 1650."—Vol. V. *Sussex Arch. Collections.*

fourteen days, that she is altogether unfit to take soe long a journey. \* \* \*  
Assure yourself that there is none living that shall be more glad to finde out  
a way to serve you, than, Sir, Your true friend and servant,

WILLIAM CAMPION.

COLONEL MORLEY to SIR WILLIAM CAMPION.

Sir,—I beg I may love you without offence, although at Borstall, and presume so far on our old friendship, as to assure myself you stand soe much upon your reputation, that you will use the bearer hereof, being an honest man whom your friends have persuaded to be their messenger, to convey their respects to you. I shall only desire you to send your ladye speedily among your friends here, not knowing how soon Oxford and your garrison may be blocked up. In what I can serve you, assure yourself you may command

Your affectionate servant,

HERBERT MORLEY.

To which he replies :—

Sir,—I thanke you for your kind letter, especially for the courtesie you proffer my wife. I would willingly have made use of your proffer, but that she is absolutely incapable, being soe neare her time. \* \* However, if it ever lie in my power, as I doubt not but it may be, I shall study to deserve your favour.

As to the subject proposed for discussion together, he sends this, “his absolute answer” :—

I did not rashly or unadvisedly put myself upon this service, for it was daily in my prayers, for two or three months together, to GOD to direct mee in the right way, and, besides, I had conference with divers able and honest men for advice, who confirmed mee in my judgement. When I first came to the King, hee, to my knowledge, was in a far worse condition than now; but I see and feele, that GOD oweth a judgement to this land, and is now repaying it for our sins; but I am as confident as I am alive, that the King or his posteritie at length will be restored, which I am bound to assist to my power by my oath of allegiance; but rather than fayle I had rather die a beggar, than wittingly and willingly to violate my conscience towards my GOD and my King. I believe that you thinke not that I fight for Popery; GOD knows my heart, I abhor it. GOD prosper mee no further than my desires and endeavours tend to the preservation of the Protestant religion settled in Queen Elizabeth's days, the just prerogative of the King, and just privilege of Parliament. However, I heartily thank you for your desire of the preservation of mee and mine, and if ever it lie in my power to doe any courtesy for you, it shall not be wanting in your faithful friend and servant,

*Borstall, August 9th, 1645.*

W. CAMPION.

It appears, from a subsequent letter from Sir Thomas Fairfax, that a vigorous attack was made upon Borstall, in consequence of the refusal to surrender the place, and that the

assailants were beaten off with considerable loss. Clarendon alludes to it more than once, and says that Fairfax lost both officers and men there. The place still held out when Sir William Campion received the following letter from Mr. D'Oiley, with an appeal for the release of a servant of the Lady Temple, which we may well believe was not to be resisted:—

CHARLES D'OILEY to SIR WILLIAM CAMPION.

*Newport Pagnell, Sept. 13th, 1645.*

Sir,—I am desired by the Lady Temple to write to you for the release of her man, which was taken by some of your forces in Buckinghamshire. I shall desire you will not detain him, least it be made a pressidant. When I was in the army, my Lord Generall sent home the King's servants when he took any, and other men's servants who are now in arms against us; therefore I think it reasonable that this man should be enlarged, seeing he never bore arms, nor his lady, that I can understand. If you shall refuse this, we shall sett all the ladies of your side uppon your backs, for I know they can as ill spare their gentlemen ushers as ours can, which I leave to your serious consideration. Remaining, Sir, Your servant in what I may,

CHARLES D'OILEY.

It was a serious matter in those days—and indeed, when is it not so?—to have the “ladies sett uppon a man's back,” for their influence was very great, from the Queen downwards: too great, as Clarendon intimates as clearly as he dared to do. Oxford, he says, “was at that time full of lords and ladies, and the last liked their quarters in the fine old colleges and halls so well, that they prevailed upon the King to stay there,” when, according to his opinion, it would have been far wiser to have left a strong garrison there, and to have moved with his court into the west, where his party was much stronger than in the central parts of England.

*From MAJOR SHILBOURNE to SIR WILLIAM CAMPION.*

Sir,—I received a message by my trumpet, whereby I understand you desire a rundlet of sack. Sir, I assure you there is none in this towne worth sending to soe gallant an enemy as yourselfe, but I have sent to London for a rundlet of the best that can be got, and soe soone as it comes to my hands I shall present it to you. For the mean time, Col. Theed hath sent you a taste of the best that is in Brill. I should be very happy if wee might meete and drink a bottle or two of mine with you. If it be not allowed your condition to honour me with soe high a favour, the civilities I have received engage me to acknowledge myselfe to be,

Sir, your servant,

*Brill, April 14th, 1646.*

THOS. SHILBOURNE.



## SIR WILLIAM CAMPION to MAJOR SHILBOURNE.

I did tell your trumpet, that if you would send us some sacke, we would drinke your health; but you have expressed yourselfe soe faire, that I am afraid I shall not suddenly be able to requite it, neverthelesse I shall let slip noe opportunity for meeting of you. I should be glad to embrace an occasion, but by reason of the condition wee are in, I know it would not be consonant with myne honour, and, besides, some detracting villains (upon what ground I knowe not) have raised in the country such scandalous reports, that, should any thing happen amisse to mee or the garrison, it would be ill construed. But, if you please to favour me with your company here (which I am confident may be done without any prejudice at all to either), you and your friends shall receive the best entertainment the garrison can afforde, and a safe returne, and you shall much oblige him who is very desirous to be esteemed of you, as

Sir, your servant, W. C.

The "detracting villains" to whom he alludes, had entirely failed to shake the confidence of his royal master in his faithful servant, as is clear from the following letter:—

## SECRETARY NICHOLAS to SIR WILLIAM CAMPION.

*April 7th, 1646.*

Charles R.—Trusty and well-beloved, wee greeete you well. Wee have seene the letter dated this day, to Secretary Nicholas, who, by our command, hath examined the reports given out concerning you, which by him wee understand to be very frivolous, and such as deserve our own and your scourne rather than farther inquisition. Yet wee have appointed him to make what more enquiry may be requisite, and to endeavour that satisfaction may be given you therein, by punishment on the persons that shall be found faulty in that slander. Wee assure you no misreport shall take place with us to the lessening of the good opinion and full confidence which your many faithful services have fixed in us of your loyalty and honest resolutions, which, whenever it shall please GOD to bring us out of these distresses, we shall remember and recompense. In the mean time wee desire you to use your utmost endeavours to defend the garrison wee have entrusted to your charge, and not to part from it, on any terms, till you hear farther from us, or from our commissioners at Oxford.

Given at our Court at Oxford, the 7th Aprill, 1646.

By his Majesty's command,

Governor of Borstall.

EDW. NICHOLAS.

*May 12th, 1646.*

Sir,—I doe by these summon you to deliver upp Borstall House into my hands, for the use of the Parliament. You may have honourable terms for yourself and all within the garrison, if you seasonably accept thereof. I desire your answer this day.

FAIRFAX.

In reply to this summons, Sir William Campion desires the favour to be allowed to send to his Majesty, to know his will, or to the commissioners at Oxford, to know their resolutions, and concludes,—

If you please to grant mee either of these requests, you shall oblige mee, and receive a satisfactory answer, as farre as may be with honor. If otherwise, I shall endeavour, to my utmost, to perfect the trust his Majestie hath imposed upon me, and remain,

Sir, your humble servant,

*Borstall, May 12th, 1646.*

WILLIAM CAMPION.

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*From SIR WILLIAM CAMPION to the KING.*

*May 26th, 1646.*

Sir,—The enemy hath blocked us up almost eight weeks. On the 12th of this month, I received Sir Thomas Fairfax his summons. I have had several parlies with the enemy, who have told me I shall have very good conditions if I would surrender your garrison—withall, that your Majestie was in their hands, and I could have no hopes of reliefe. My answer to the one and the other was, that if your Majestie were in their power, it could be no prejudice to them to suffer mee to send a messenger to know your Majestie's pleasure and command; that being refused, we were resolved to sell ourselves as deare as we could, and, though what they told me were true, I could not part with my trust without orders. The bearer hereof, Capt. Dykes, of whom I beseech your Majestie to take notice, hath been content to hazard himselfe, to fetch unto me your Majestie's will and pleasure. I shall not value my life, fortune, or posteritie, to serve your Majestie, and I thank God, the gentlemen and others of this garrison are well resolved, as I doubt not of your Majestie's care of us; my resolution is to keep it unto the ende.

Your Majestie's most faithful servant and humble subject,

W. CAMPION.

His friend Major Shilbourne, writing to him to say that he could not persuade the General to allow him to send to Oxford, adds:—"I could heartily wish you would make no more niceties of a businesse that you and the gentlemen with you are so much concerned in. I am confident you may have good conditions, and should be very sorry if you shall still denye them. It is conceived they will not stande longe ere they conclude upon these propositions, and I assure you, upon the word of a soldier, it will be too late for you to expect such conditions as now you may have." "My Lord Wharton," he says, in a postscript, "was here yesterday, and he is much sett against you, because you are so obstinate, and soe are divers others, there being no possibilitie of any reliefe. The Scots and the Parliament are very well agreed, Montrose disbanded, and those garrisons in Scotland are to be delivered to the Parliament forces there; this I can assure you is true."

"I pray you," says Sir William Fairfax, in a letter to Major Shilbourne, dated from Haddington, "shew him this letter

from Sir Thomas Glenham,<sup>1</sup> and if he knows his hand, I believe the sight of it will satisfie him. \* \* \* \* What can he expect by holding out longer, but an impossibility of ever making any termes for himselfe, either to the saving of his person or estate, and of those with him.”

Sir Thomas Glenham's letter being shown, convinced them that Oxford was about to surrender, and a council of war was held. The place capitulated, honourable terms were granted, the officers and gentlemen and their servants marched away with their horses, arms, and goods; and all others were allowed to go quietly to their own homes. The sick and wounded had liberty granted them to remain in some adjacent village, under proper care, till they were cured, when they received passes to take them home.

Sir Thomas Fairfax's earnest intercession with the Speaker of the House of Commons, in favour of his gallant enemy, does him honour.

*August 3rd, 1646.*

On the siege of Borstall House, which was rendered by composition, amongst other things in that capitulation, it was agreed that such as desired to make composition with the Parliament, should have my effectual recommendation, that their fines should not exceed the rate of two yeares of their real estates, and proportionable for their personal estate. Sir, my earnest request to the honorable House of Commons is, that they please to order it accordingly. I might possibly, with expense of time and blood, have freed myselfe from the engagement, but I had rather save your friends' blood, than win your enemies' money; and truly we could not have hoped to force the place without great hazard, having had experience of the strength thereof, and the courage of the defenders, in a former attempt, which was forcibly but ineffectually made. Besides, the countrye gives the governor, Sir William Campion, the report of a very faire enemye, and that he had often protected them from plunder and violence. However, I make it my humble suite, that it may appeare that my intercession may be, as I undertook, effectual, and you will more deeply oblige,

Sir, your most humble servant,

FAIRFAX.

*Bath, August 3rd, 1646.*

*Pass from WILLIAM LENTHALL, Speaker.*

According to a pass under the hand of his Excellency Sir Thos. Fairfax, dated 1st August, 1646, these are to will and require you to permit the bearer hereof, Sir Wm. Campion, to imbarque himself at Rye<sup>2</sup> or Dover, to

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Glenham, called by Clarendon, "the vigilant," commanded the garrison at Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> Rye was at that time, and had been

for many years, a main point of departure for the Continent: Sir Guldefride and his party embarked here for Palestine.—See *Camden Society's Publications.*

be transported, with his necessaries, beyond the seas (he not carrying anything prohibited or prejudicial to the state), for which this shall be your warrant.

Dated this 19<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1646.

WM. LENTHALL, Speaker.

To all Customers, Searchers, Officers,  
and others, whom it concerns.

It is probable that Sir William Campion took advantage of his pass, and quitted England; the Earl of Norwich, under whom he subsequently served at Colchester, certainly did, and returned as soon as there appeared to be a chance for the royal cause. They were together gallantly engaged, with many other gentlemen of Kent, in that unfortunate enterprise, in which so many chivalrous lives were uselessly thrown away; and among those that fell, there was no braver, no worthier gentleman than Sir William Campion. He was killed in a sally from the town, and the news of his death was thus announced to his poor widow:—

*Colchester, June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1648.*

Madam,—To offer you set comfort upon soe inexpressible a losse, would be noe less indiscretion in me, than importunity to you. I shall therefore only begg this one favour from you, for his sake that your ladyship loved most; and I next, that if you can any waye finde wherein I may sacrifice ought to his memory, to the hazard of all I am or ever may be, your ladyship shall then see, by the passion wherewith I shall undertake it, how really I was his, and how sincerely, madam, I am, madam, your ladyship's all bound and faithful servant,

NORWICH.

I most humbly pray your ladyship to let my wife know, I never was better in health and heart in all my life, and that I wrote to her twice very lately.

The writer of this letter, George Goring, Earl of Norwich, was at this time, or had been very lately, the possessor of Danny. He was brave and faithful to his master, but, in the opinion of Lord Clarendon, “a man fitter to draw a body of men together by his frolic and pleasant humour, which reconciled people of all constitutions wonderfully to him, than to form and conduct them to any enterprise. His pleasant and jovial nature, which was everywhere acceptable, made him many friends, at least made many delight in his company.” It was this cheerful nature which, after the fall of Colchester, saved his life, when Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle, were shot. He was saved only by the casting vote of the Speaker.

Sir William Campion was buried in one of the churches at Colchester, and the following inscription is written on his tomb :—

Here lyeth Sir Wm. Campion, Son of  
Sir Wm. Campion, of Kent, who was slaine  
In the yeare of our LORD 1648, of his age 34,  
Upon a sally out of this town,  
in June 18th.

He was pious, valiant, constant to his Prince, whose cause he chose, and in whose service he died.

Disturb not his ashes. Reader, if thou likest his judgement, thou wilt praise his action.

The armour which he wore is preserved with religious care in the old hall at Danny, and treated as a sacred heirloom in the family of Campion; and among many other family portraits there is a good picture of him, which represents him such as we should have imagined, with features young and handsome and ingenuous, with that profusion of hair which the Cavaliers affected, and by which they were distinguished from the Roundheads.

Among several portraits of his royal master at Danny, there is one very remarkable. His head is covered with one of those plain, black, high-crowned, broad-brimmed hats worn by the Puritans of those days, such as we now and then meet with in these times, when fancy or a wish for notoriety indulges in such whims, and which, according to the tradition attached to it, was placed there in scoffing and mockery.

Sussex, with the two great exceptions, those of Hastings and of Lewes, has been perhaps the scene of fewer battle-fields than any other county in England. Chichester and Arundel, in the west, were the only places where any blow was struck in the course of the Civil War; and it owes perhaps this happy exemption to the depth of the soil in the Weald, and the wretched condition of the roads there in former times, which unfitted it for military operations.

It is said that a traveller passing through the village of Culbone, near Porlock, one of the most secluded places in England, where all the houses are nestled within a cleft of the rocks which overhang the Bristol Channel, in Somersetshire, found the clergyman of the parish praying for King James and his family, long after William the Third had come to the

throne, in total ignorance of the revolution which had taken place. It is hardly too much to suppose, that in some of the nooks and corners of the Weald many of the esquires of Sussex and their tenants may have lived and died without having heard of the battle of Naseby Field.

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We are now arrived at another series of original letters preserved at Danny, of a very different character from the last, written in quieter times, and occupied with more peaceful subjects; indeed, many of them are devoted to the most tranquil, perhaps, of all pursuits, that of Botany. Ten years had passed away, Cromwell was about to descend into the grave, and the posterity of Charles I., as Sir William Campion had predicted, were on the point of being restored to the throne, when the first of the following letters was written. The possessor of Danny then was Mr. Peter Courthope, one of the ancient family of the Courthopes of Whiligh, who had lately succeeded, on the death of his father,<sup>1</sup> to the property and place; and much the most interesting of these letters were written to him by his friend and college tutor, the distinguished natural philosopher, John Ray. There are a few from his friend Mr. Willoughby, the companion and assistant of Ray in all his studies and pursuits, and his constant associate in many a ramble, when they went forth what they called "simpling" together. Ray is one of those satisfactory cases in which a man rises from a very humble station (his father was a blacksmith at Black Notley, in Essex), entirely by his own worth and talents, to distinction. Educated at the grammar school at Braintree, he found his way to Catherine Hall, Cambridge; and at the time the correspondence begins, he was a distinguished fellow of Trinity College.

Among the earliest letters there is one from Mr. Willoughby to Mr. Courthope without any date, in which, after the usual salutations, he says, in the spirit of a true archæologist,

It has been part of my work since I came home, to take great notes out of Campden of all the monasteries, castles, families, old Roman towns, and other remarkable things, which I would fain have you do too, and, if we ever travel together again, it will be very profitable to confer notes. \* \* \* \* I doubt not you will be gone from London before I shall be there, which I intend not

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Peter Courthope, the first of that family who possessed Danny, died in 1657.

until I have resolved upon a little expedition into Kent; and, if it be not possible to meet you otherwise, I shall not value the riding of forty miles to Danny. I should be glad to hear where and how you mean to spend the summer. \* \* \* \* I think it would be best for the Eruca, when warm weather comes, to be exposed to the sun; for her diet and other things, I leave her wholly to your discretion.

Your most affectionate and faithful servant,

J. L. WILLOUGHBY.

The usual course of transmitting letters in those days was to leave them at some place in London, and the country carrier, calling for them, took them on; and it often happened that the letter reposed for a week or a fortnight in its quiet abode at some shop or inn, till called for to pursue its further course. Mr. Ray's letters intended for Mr. Courthope were always deposited at the Red Lion, in Thames-street, near Billingsgate, frequently with injunctions that they should be delivered with "care and speed." Mr. Willoughby's letters were directed to "his most honored coson, Peter Courthope, Esq., to be left at Mr. Faye's, an apothecarie's shop at the sign of the Sugar Loafe, neere the Conduit in Fleet-street, London."

Mr. WRAY <sup>1</sup> to Mr. COURTHOPE.

*January 3rd, 1858.*

Sir,—I have little good news to acquaint you with, which made me the slower in returning you an answer. Our friend Mr. Nid is so farre from losing his ague, that he is brought exceedingly low, and is very much weakened by it; indeed, so ill is he at present, that if there be not some speedy amends in him, I shall not be very sure of his life. He is now come to physick and a nurse. If you stay long in the country, possibly, though I hope otherwise, you may never see him in this world any more.

Having mentioned to his friend that he was thinking of taking a college living—Cheadle, in Staffordshire, worth £100 a year—he says:—

My present condition is such that I must of necessity enter into orders, or else live at great uncertainties, and expose myself to the mercy of men for my livelyhood and continuance here. I am not resolved to enter into orders, if so be I stay here, but rather the contrary, it consisting not with those designs which I intend to pursue. Now, if I shall bid farewell to my beloved and pleasant studies and employments, and give myself up to the priesthood, and take to the study of that which they call divinity, I thinke it were the best way to throw myself into the country, and make such provision for this world as other men doe, and make it my business to execute the priest's office. I

<sup>1</sup> This was the manner in which he spelt his name in the earlier part of his life; he dropped the first letter afterwards, having

ascertained that such had been the practice of his family before him.

have sent to you to learn your opinion concerning this affaire, being resolved to be ruled by the concurrent suffrages of my friends, of whom, sir, I esteem you among the principal and of the prime magnitude. That you may not think me a drone, and "inutile telluris pondus," I shall tell you that which I am now very busy in doing. Mr. Pockley and myself have resolved to performe all the easie and useful experiments which we find in bookes, &c., so we thought to have sent to you to procure an iron retort, like to Glauber's in the second part of his philosophical furnaces, but knew not how to find you a model of it. It would be useful to us for many operations if we had it.

Mr. Nid, who is spoken of by Ray, in the preface to one of his many works, as his "amicissimus et individuus comes," and again as a "operum Dei admirator, probitatis studiosus," died of this illness, and his friend preached his funeral sermon. It was the custom then for young men of talent, though not in orders, to deliver sermons, and what were called "common-place readings," not only in the chapels or halls of their own colleges, but before the University, at St. Mary's Church. Mr. Ray was a distinguished preacher, and, according to Dr. Tennyson, celebrated in his time, at Cambridge, "for preaching solid and useful divinity, instead of the enthusiastic stuff which the sermons of that time were generally filled with." There was good reason why Ray should feel anxious as to his future prospects: he foresaw the coming changes, and when they came, the following letter proves how distasteful they were to him:—

*Sept. 26th, 1660.*

Sir,—Last night, as soon as I was returned out of Essex, I received yours, by my pupill, T. Burrell, wherein you do rightly guess that I did accompany Mr. Willoughby in his travels this summer. \* \* \* \* \* During my absence, Dr. Fern,<sup>1</sup> who is made master of this colledge, by C. R. (Charles Rex?), having obtained a letter from the said C. R., to restore the old Fellows, and fill up the remainder of the fellowships with such of the new Fellows as should be found worthy, came down hither, about the beginning of August, with 14 or 15 of the old gang; who, having constituted, among themselves, a seniority, swore again, and then forsooth readmitted all the new Fellows, except Dr. Pratt, Mr. Disney, Scott, Davies, Senior, Long, White, Wilkes, Castle, West, Oddy; and, at that time, Hutchinson was also omitted, whom since, I hear, they intend to admitt. I being then out of towne, and they having information that I should refuse the Common Prayer, surplice, &c., they had well near passed me by; but by the mediation of some, they were content to reserve my place, in case I would promise conformity. I wish they had spared themselves that trouble. About a month after that, I came hither, but

<sup>1</sup> "Afterwards Bishop of Chester. As one of the King's chaplains, he attended, with others, the Commissioners at the abortive Treaty at Uxbridge. Their duty

was to assist them in their devotions, and advise with them for the service of the church, as the management of the treaty might require."—*Clarendon.*



am not as yet admitted; Dr. F. hath been ever since out of towne. He returneth hither on Thursday next, they say, when I must expect my doome. I have long since come to two resolutions, namely, no promise of conformity, and no orders, "rebus sic stantibus," whence you may easily judge where I am likely to be. They have brought all things here as they were in 1641: viz., services morning and evening, surplice Sundayes, and holydays, and their eves, organs, bowing, going bare, fasting nights; they have abrogated the common chamber, &c. Jammy, who is now Doctour, hath put one of the old fellowes, Chamberlain by name, into your chamber, so that your cousin, coming in my absence, was fain to shift as well as he could for a lodging. If you come you will see a new face of things. You must get a sarke, if you intend to continue any while; but I believe you will thinke it now seasonable to break off, and depart. \* \* \* I had much more to write, but I hope I shall see you before I remove, which will be about the beginning of December.

Your obliged servant and orator, JO. WRAY.

During the two following years, Ray resided at Trinity College, having a great reputation as a tutor; and the next letter proves the affectionate interest he felt for his pupils:—

*June 11th, 1661.*

Sir,—Since my last letter to you, there hath befallen me a very lamentable accident, which, though it concerns not you much to know, I am sure you will commiserate my calamity, and condole with me, and see in my conceit at least ease me of some part of the burden which I shall be bold enough to communicate to you. A gentleman, your countryman and neighbour, and not unknown to you, by name, Mr. Goring, of Hydon, lately brought hither his eldest sonne, and by Mr. Lynnell's direction, and upon his commendation, admitted him, under me, fellow-commoner, on Saturday was seven-night last. The gentleman himself, whom, by the way, I must needs commend for his ingenuity and sweetness of disposition, went away on the Monday following, and left his sonne with Mr. Lynnell and myself, who, within an hour of his father's departure, I cannot say fell sick, but began to complaine. His disease proved to be the small-poxe, which, notwithstanding all the care and diligence which could happily be used, through the mere malignity of the disease, heightened by the sudden change and excessive heat of the weather, he died about one o'clock on Saturday night. This gentleman never came into the hall, nor wore his gowne. He was of a handsome countenance, of his father's temper and disposition, and great hopes. This dismal event makes me far more willing to abdicate my pupils and knock them off, than before. \* \* \* All my study now is to contrive how his father may be satisfied of what is most certaine, the care and tendernesse I had of his sonne, and the great earnestnesse I used to preserve his life, had Providence favoured me.

In the same kind spirit did he write, to tell him of the sickness of our old friend, Timothy Burrell,<sup>1</sup> his pupil:—

Sir,—I render you most hearty thanks for your kind expression of good will and affection. I had scarce half concocted the grief and perturbation attending the calamity mentioned in my last, but a new trouble assaults me, I

<sup>1</sup> See *Sussex Arch. Coll.* Vol. III.

mean the sickness of your cousin. He fell into a feverish distemper about nine weeks since, which, after about a fortnight's space, he hardly got quit of without either phlebotomy or purgation. But now again, to my great sorrow and disquiet, by a very little error, he is fallen into the like distemper. Now, sir, I have thrust myself into such a necessity of beginning a journey into the North to-morrow, that I know not how to deferre it, and so must be forced to leave him in this feverish condition, which I am most heartily loath to doe. I pray, sir, speedily acquaint his friends with what I write to you. Had I not engaged myselve before I knew of his illness, I would by no means have left him, though I doe not conceive any great danger, the distemper being not violent; I hope he will doe well again, but he hath a very nice and ticklish constitution of body, and is easily put out of order. I should be glad he were with his friends in the country, but he is not in a fit case to travel at present. My mind is full of this businesse, so that I have neither will nor leisure to write about anything else.

When, however, it came to the point, he could not resolve to leave him.

Honoured Sir,—The continuing distemper of your cousin, with his unwillingness that I should leave him in that condition, caused me to alter my former resolutions, and to defer my journey northward till I might see him in a probable way of recovery, or at best under the care of his most tender relations, which is now in part come to passe. For he is both in a fair way of convalescency, unlesse his voyage sets him back, and also coming under the care and nurture of his indulgent mother. I intend now to set out on Monday next; too late in the year, I confesse, in relation to the inquisition of plants, but a more convenient time to travell, in regard to the temperature of the weather and season of the year. My company is only Mr. Skippon and a servant; the utmost terme which we propose for our journey is Edinburgh; the time we intend to spend is at most six weeks. Our stages we have contrived to be Peterborough, Boston, Lincoln, Hull, Yorke, Knaresborough, Gisburgh, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Barwick, Edinburgh. We have this year made a more narrow search into the countrey about Cambridge for plants, and have discovered in all about twenty-six that are not in our catalogue—some such as I had not seen before, nor are mentioned to grow wild in England.

After giving a long list of plants, with which we will not weary our readers, he concludes,—

God willing, I shall give you an account of our travels northward. In the mean time I shall not be unmindfull of you upon all occasions, nor omitt my most ardent votes and oraisons daily, for a confluence of all blessings and felicities upon you. \* \* \* \*

Your most obliged and devoted servant,

J. WRAY.

The journal which he kept of this expedition into the North has been published. He and his friend Mr. Skippon started together on horseback, the way in which almost all journeys

were performed in those days; and, forgetting themselves so far as to enter the chancel of Peterborough Cathedral during the time of service, with their spurs on, they were fined by the choristers. They rode to Lincoln, York, Scarborough, and Whitby, "simpling" as they went, and were delighted with the people of Gisborough, whom he describes as civil, cleanly, and well bred, contrasting strongly with those of Whitby, who were rude in their behaviour to them, and "sluttish"; a term which he applies very freely to the Scotch. The good fare of Trinity, and its comforts, had spoiled them for that of Scotland. Ray, though a man of very abstemious habits,<sup>1</sup> could not help exclaiming against their treatment in those respects. "They have," he says, "neither good bread" (and this is true at the present day), "cheese, or drink; and they cannot make them, nor will they learn; one is puzzled to think how they can contrive to make their butter so bad." He was much struck with the fact, which is as true now as it was two hundred years ago, that the Scotch people "frequented their churches much better than they did in England;" he adds farther, that "they have their ministers in more esteem and veneration, and that they appeared to perform their devotions with much alacrity."<sup>2</sup> At Dumfries they listened to the preaching of a young man named Campbell, "who prayed for the preservation of the church government and discipline, and spake openly against prelacy, its adjuncts and consequences." This is one of the first intimations we have of those trumpet calls to strife, which followed so freely and so fully, with such serious consequences, afterwards. As they entered Edinburgh they saw the ghastly

<sup>1</sup> His friend Mr. Lister, writing to him in Latin—a language much used in the correspondence with his friends—says, "De valetudine tuâ incommodâ vehementer movebar, etenim cum summam tuam temperantiam atque abstinentiam tam probè scirem, omnia de te pejora metui, idque eâ de causâ loquor, quod mihi non parum errare de victûs ratione videbaris." In reply, Ray says, "Absit ut ego temperantiæ laudem, quæ mihi nulla debetur, affectem, aut delatam ultro amplectar." Comparing the case of animals whose food is simple, "nullo mangonio stuprata," he says, "Hinc feræ et sylvestres animantes raro ultra modum pinguescunt, sunt que admodum vivaces et morborum plerumque expertes.

\*\*\* Nos certè (me Judice) valetudini nostræ melius conuleremus, si illorum exemplo victu simpliciori et viliori uteremur, iisque cibis quibus ventriculum implere, modiceque distendere fas esset." Mr. Lister speaks of Ray as being "rarissimi corporis habitus," and so his portraits represent him.

<sup>2</sup> This is fully borne out by Burnet, in those chapters of his work where, in his best style, he describes the character of the Presbyterian clergy and their congregations. Their virtues and their faults, their strength and their weakness, are very fairly and strongly portrayed. — Burnet's *History*, vol. i. p. 264, Oxford edit.

heads of Argyle and Guthrie fixed upon the gate and the Tolbooth; and he coolly mentions the atrocious fact, that "at the time we were in Scotland, there were divers women burnt for witches; they reported to the number of 120."<sup>1</sup>

The truth probably was, that Ray himself shared in the general belief in the existence of witches, and in their sorceries. Such, at all events, must have been the case with his friend Mr. Jessop, who, in 1668, wrote to him as follows:—

Richard Wright has come from London, and hath done little there; only the judge hath advised him to indite the man and the maid, if Stephen trouble him any more. This only is observable, which I was not acquainted with when you was with us—that Kurlaw, the foreman of the jury, who, the spirit saith, was bribed by Stones, died raving mad within three days after he had passed his verdict, crying out that he saw the devil, and such-like expressions. This is very true, for I had it from one who was at his burial. The coroner also hath lingered away, ever since the assizes, and died about the time that Wright went to London.<sup>2</sup>

This wholesale destruction of witches in Scotland had gone on for many years: in the following year it was frightful. In the Appendix to Pitcairn's *Reports of the Trials in the High Court of Justiciary*, there is the most astounding and perplexing history of the examination of several women, and the confession of Isabel Gowdies and Janet Breadhaid, extorted by no torture, implicating forty others, men and women, but chiefly women, whose blasphemous and disgusting dealings with the devil, for the destruction of the lairds of Park and Lockley, and their male children and posterity, and others, are detailed, "with a great many more terrible things, which the attesting witnesses and notary heard them confess, and most willingly and penitentially speak forth of their own mouths," and for which they, with many more, were strangled at the stake, and then burnt.

The prevailing disorder of that time seems to have been ague. Ray speaks of it as affecting many of the students at Cambridge; and Mr. Courthope was suffering from it when he wrote to his friend, to ask his advice as to taking the Jesuit's bark as a remedy. Ray had written to him for his advice, whether he should take a living, and to this he alludes in the

<sup>1</sup> Had they been passing by the Town Moor of Newcastle, ten years before, on the 21st of August, 1650, they might have witnessed the execution of fourteen women,

convicted of the same charge.—*Chronicon Mirabile*, by Sir C. Sharpe.

<sup>2</sup> Ray's *Correspondence*.

next letter. After complimenting him upon his style, telling him "that he wrote like a master of the English language, which he accounted no mean accomplishment," he says:—

Your advice concerning the living came too late for my direction, although not unseasonably to confirme my choyce. I have let go the living partly for those reasons you alleage, and partly because, upon further inquiry, I find the yearly value to be lesse than it was at first represented.<sup>1</sup> One great motive to have induced me to take it was, because of its vicinity to the Yorkshire Alpes, and especially Ingleborough Hill, which is not above sixe or seven miles thence distant. Indeed the whole countrey of Westmoreland, for variety of rare plants, exceeds any that I have travailled in England; perhaps Carnarvonshire, in Wales, may vie with it. You desire my opinion as concerning the *pulvis de cortice Per.*: truly I am not competent to give you advice, as having never made or had any experiment of it myself. I have indeed read and heard often of it, and so can give you the opinions of other men about it, of which I suppose you are not ignorant. Chiffletius (who hath written a book about it) tells us that the use of it is disallowed by the plurality of the physicians of Italy and the Low Countries; for that, though it prevents or removes the fits, yet ofttimes it gives occasion to other more dangerous diseases, so that it is not safe. I have heard that it hath been beneficial to some ancient people, by taking away their fits for the present, till they could recover strength enough to conflict with the disease. Few that I have heard of, have been so relieved by it as to get quit of their agues without danger of a relapse, or contracting a more malignant and perillous distemper; and therefore your friends here, to whom I communicated this your purpose, dehort you from the use of so slippery and ambiguous a medicine, unless yourself hath better experience of it than we. Mr. Budgen, your countryman, who is not only a pretender to, but lately a practitioner of, physick, thinks it most advisable, proper, and convenient for you to permitt your quartan to have its course. I have known many cured by the use of the antimioniall cup, but yet would be loath to counsel you to use it. Mr. Lynett thinks that the country whereabout you live, is an aguish place, and that it would be convenient to remove to London awhile; but I cannot persuade myself to be of this opinion. I see that quartanes seize upon citizens as well as those that live in the countrey. Mr. Budgen talkes of a sneezing powder that he used himselfe, which he thinkes might be proper and convenient for you to use. I should not promise you any great relief or advantage from such a medicament.<sup>2</sup> \* \* \* We have lately had here an election for Fellowes; of seventeen that sate, thirteen were chosen, whose names I have sent, in the inclosed, to T. B. They have elected six super-numeraries. I am at present resolved to discontinue from the colledge so

<sup>1</sup> The living was Kirby Lonsdale, supposed to be worth £120 a year.

<sup>2</sup> There were many curious recipes in vogue in those days, and very quaintly recommended. Dr. Gerard, writing in 1633, of a plant called "Solomon's Seal," says, "It taketh away in one night, or two at most, any bruise, blacke or blue spots gotten by falls, or by women's wilfulness in

stumbling upon their hastie husband's fists." Ray attributes his recovery from the jaundice to a nostrum too coarse for modern ears; and when one of his daughters died of the same disease, nothing, he said, afflicted him so much as that he had not tried the remedy which had been so effectual in his own case.

soon as I shall have made even my accounts therewith. \* \* \* I thought to have written something of our voyages and adventures in Scotland, but it's high time to break off; all that I shall add, is that

I am your most obliged devoted servant,

*Coll. Trin. Oct. 14th, 1661.*

JOHN WRAY.

A very small matter would, in those days, affect the character of a medicine.<sup>1</sup> This Chiffletius, who was physician to the Archduke Leopold William, administered the Jesuit's bark to his patron at the wrong time of his attack of ague. It did no good, and he tried to write it down. Alderman Underwood having died whilst using it in 1658, it was, for a time, much out of fashion in England. In 1686, its reputation was established: it became very dear, and the usual consequences followed. Sir Hans Sloane, writing in that year to Ray, says, "We are now mightily solicitous about the Jesuit's bark, it being so good a thing, they begin to adulterate it with black cherry and other barks, dipped in a tincture of aloes to make it bitter."

The best advice and prescription was that of Mr. Willoughby, who writes to him thus:—

I never heard a word of you since I saw you at London, till just now, in a letter from Mr. Wray, that brings me the very ill news of your ague, for which I am most heartily sorry. I doubt not but your youth and courage will bravely overcome it: the best course is, no physick, a verie spare diet, warmth, and to cheere up your spirits as much as you can.

To a letter, written probably under the depressing influence of illness, he replies:—

Sir,—Since the writing of the enclosed, which should have been sent you last week, I had the happiness to see your old chamber-fellow, Mr. Campion, who is, in my judgement, since his departure hence, very much improved, not only in growth and stature, but also in discretion and understanding. \* \* \* I doe intend the next yeare, "Deo vires et valetudinem largiente," to accompany Mr. Willoughby into Wales; and, if you could soe order your affaires as to find time enough to goe along with us, there could, in my opinion, nothing be added to the pleasure and contentment of such a journey. I cannot entertain myself better than to meditate on such a congresse. He writes me word that you complain much of the cares of the world. I wonder you should be serious in such a complaint—a person so able and fit for businesse, that methinks it should be rather a diversion and pastime to you, than any burden or trouble. \* \* I have sent enclosed a Latin letter to Tim Burrell; I pray you be pleased to convey it to him with all convenient speed, and acquaint him that, if he be in health, he may with safety enough come up hither, the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Thompson's *Materia Medica*, p. 316.

sickness much abating, and all the people growing well apace. For my own part, I doe not intend long to reside in the Coll., and while I doe, I shall be soe full of businesse, that I shall have but little time to spend with my pupills. \* \* I doe not expect long letters from you: a word or two shall suffice.

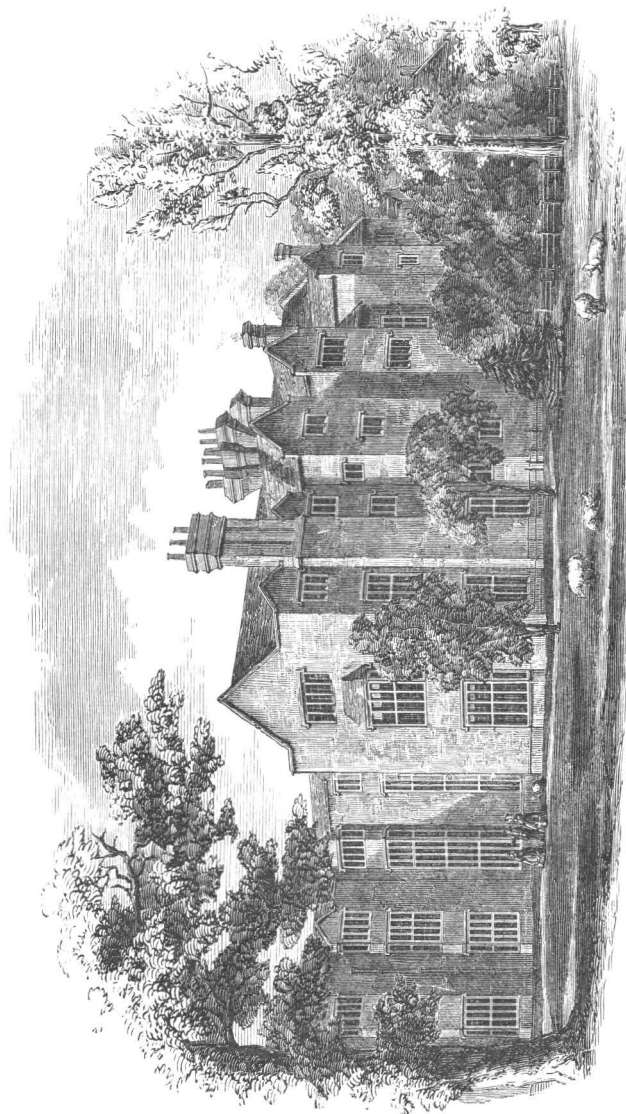
Ray was too honest and simple-minded to attempt to conceal from his friend the struggle which was going on in his mind between his conscience and his interest. It was a sad trial to him to give up his fellowship and to leave his beloved college. In one of his letters he says:—"If I doe concoct this subscription, it will be certainly contrary to my inclinations, and purely out of fear;" and in relinquishing the living, we may well suppose that its vicinity to the Westmoreland mountains, with their sides covered with curious plants, their rocks green with ferns and mosses, and their dells and clefts gemmed with many a bright and beautiful flower, disturbed his mind and increased his regrets sadly.

It ended, however, in his refusal to subscribe to the Act of Conformity. Ray and, as it is said by the Presbyterians, two thousand others (though, according to Burnet, these numbers were much controverted), were deprived of their preferments. Before, however, this was finally done, he wrote to his friend from Black Nottley, to say:—

I am now in Essex, where I intend to continue till Bartholomew Day be past. I am as good as resolved not to subscribe the declaration in the Act of Uniformity, and soe can expect no other than the deprivation of my fellowship. I must stay hereabouts to make up my accounts, and to dispose of my goods, till about Michaelmas. Many of our ministers in this county will be deprived upon this act, and those too the most able and considerable. \* \* \* I shall now cast myself upon Providence and good friends. Liberty is a sweet thing. \* \* \* I have not heard from you or of you any way since I took my leave of you at Danny; and therefore, if this comes to your hands, I must entreat you to write to me. \* \* I shall expose mysele to much trouble and inconvenience by this refusall, but "*Quicquid erit, superanda omnis Fortuna ferendo est.*" I doubt not but I shall be, some way or other sustained, and it may be more to my satisfaction than if I should swallow the declaration, and continue still in Trinity Colledge. \* \* \* It remains that I render you my most hearty thanks for your many late and former favours and kindnesses, and professe my deep sense of those ingenuous expressions and testimonies of love and good will you have always shewne me, "*instinctu proprio, nullo meo merito.*" \* \* \*

Your most devoted servant, and debtor, JO. WRAY.

In another letter, written from the same place, he says:—  
Your countryman, Mr. Carre, is settled our neighbour here at Braintree.



DANNY—FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

From a Photograph by Sir T. Maryon Wilson, Bart.



The living is but small, I believe; *viis et modis*, not worth one hundred a year.<sup>1</sup> I hear he finds a great auditory, it being a large market-towne, only some like not well that he is so punctual in reading all the Common Prayers. I am told that the Bishop of London hath bound him in a great summe of money to read it all himselfe once a month, as the Act for Uniformity requires. I should be glad to hear from you. My prayers and good wishes shall always attend you: wherever I am, I shall glory in the title, sir, of

Your most devoted servant,

JOHN WRAY.

Sir,—Your cousin, Tim. Burrell, arrived safe at Cambridge about a fortnight since. He brought me a letter from you, wherein you are pleased to invite me into Sussex, when I shall have laid down the steward's office. My time is now ready to determine. In about a fortnight I shall give up my accounts, and then I hope to be at liberty, though I cannot certainly promise myselfe, for it may be they may continue me another yeare, which yet I desire not. I intend seriously to come and waite upon you at Danny, and spend some time there. I have one sad piece of news to tell you, that is the death of your, but especially my, very good friend, Mr. Pockley, at Dunkirk. His disease, as I hear, was a squinancy, which dispatched him in lesse than two dayes. I received not long since a letter from Mr. Willoughby, wherein he condoles with you for your ague. Here are many still sick, some of quartane, among the rest, my pupill.

Your most devoted servant,

JNO. WRAY.

*Coll. Trin., Nov. 26th, 1661.*

<sup>1</sup> The following is a list of the Livings and their value, in the year 1650, within the rape of Lewes, taken from a paper at Danny, entitled "A Valuation of the Rectories and Vicarages within the Rape of Lewes, taken upon the oath of several persons, by virtue of a Commission out of the High Court of Chancery." It appears that there were only three which exceeded £100 a year in value:—

"All Saints, in Lewes, per an. £8. St. Michael's, in Lewes, £14. St. John's, in Lewes, £50. St. Mary Westout, £50. St. John Baptist, in Southover, £11. Iford vic. £40. Kingston vic. £29. Rodmeal pars. per an. £150. Southover pars. £70. Piding Hove vic. £38. 15s. Meeching pars. £60. Falmer vic. £7. Rottendeane par. inappropriate, restored to the church, per ann. £60. The vicarage there, £35. Ovendeane pars. £10. Brightelmstone parsonage is worth by the year, £100. Henry Jenner receives the profits by lease from the Bishop of Chichester; the yearly rent reserved is £20. Brightelmstone vicarage, £50. Patcham vic. £40. Preston parsonage and vic. £40. Hove pars. or prebend, Scras, gentleman, receives the profits by lease from the Prebendary, £40.

Hove vic. £10. Bletchington pars. £40. Aldrington pars. £30. Portslade pars. worth by the year, three score and ten pounds; Mr. Bellingham receives the profits by a lease from the Chapter of Chichester, £70. Portslaid vic. £20. Hangleton pars. £70. Poynings pars. £64. Pycombe pars. £70. New Timber pars. £61. Barcomb pars. £120. Hamsay pars. £100. Newick pars. £53. Street pars. £50. Ditchling pars. appropriate to the Church of Chichester, £40. Ditchling vic. £40. Westmeston pars. £80. Chiltington Chapel, belonging to Westmeston pars. £45. Plumpton pars. £80. Chayley pars. £90. Wivelsfield pars. inappropriate, £100. Thos. Moon, gent., receives the profits, and pays a curate £10 yearly and his board. Ardingly pars. £75. West Hothly, £38. Cuckfield vic. £130. Slaugham pars. £70. Crawley pars. £20. Worth pars. £100. Balcomb pars. £100. Hurst P. Point, £100. Bolney pars. part of the prebend of Hove, worth yearly £38; Wm. Scras, gent., receives the profits by lease from the late Prebendary. Bolney vic. £28. Twineham parsonage, £50. Clayton pars. £75. 12s. Keymer's annexed to Clayton, £57. 13s. 4d.

In a letter written probably from London, dated April 28th, 1662, he says:—

\* \* Since I returned hither, I have made a ride as far as Kingston Wood in quest of plants. There I discovered, what I never before saw in its pride, growing wild, *Herba Paris*, in many places, and not in Kingston Wood only, but also in Eversden Wood, in great plenty. I found also there, that sort of hairy wood-grass, of which I desired T. Burrell in my last, to preserve me a pattern, so that I now can ease him of that trouble. I found there also that *Musocus pennatus filicinus*, I first observed in Sussex. After you parted from us at Cuckfield, I discovered growing about there, *Anagallis aquatica surrector J. B.*; *Cardamine impatiens*, a different sort from that we sowed in our gardens (I found it all along the ditches as I rode to London); *Pilosilla siliquosa Thalii*, *Astragalus sylvaticus Thalii*, *Bulbocastanum*, *Gramen nemorosum hirsutum*, mentioned above, and another pretty sort of grasse; also a plant which I had often found in the North, and took to be a kind of *Hermimum*, but now I am assured it is called *Siderites loto obtuso*. I desire that, if you go to Hurston, you would view the ranunculus growing there, which I believe to be a distinct species from that which hath two sorts of leaves. \* \* \* Our new master is gone to London, to the Westminster election; he pretends a great deal of good will to me, and promises faire to doe me all the service he can. He can stand me in stead in no way that I know of but in the matter of pupills, which I have not put mysele out of. Possibly I may resume that trade about Michaelmasse next, when I shall have performed all my visits. \* \* \*

Sir,—I wrote a proluxe letter to you last week, and therefore may now seem somewhat importunate to set upon you with another; but being on the point of my departure into Warwickshire, in order to the intended expedition into Cambria Brittanny, and not knowing when I shall have the opportunity again to salute you, I hope you will excuse the present trouble. \* \* \* \* At Middleton, Mr. Skippon meets me; I hope his company will not be unacceptable to Mr. Willoughby; however, I know not how to reject him. I know he would have been a great deal better pleased with yours. I was in hopes to have heard from you before, being desirous to know something of the free school at Lewis, whether or not it be as yet disposed of, and to whom. I wrote to Mr. Hunt about it, who refers himselfe wholly to me, but I do not find him very inclinable to leave Pontefract; he finds so good acceptance and entertainment there, and the parishioners promise and undertake to procure him his patent, and to do for him anything else that is reasonable.

Having sent his respects and acknowledgments to all Mr. Courthope's worthy relations, particularly to the most honoured his mother, he says:—

I hope I may say it without ostentation, I am deeply sensible of, and most kindly affected with, every courtesie done me, every civilitie shewn me; this is the best quality that ever I perceived myself to have. Since my letter to you I have been out again, in pursuit of plants as far as Gamlingay; there I discovered some that I have elsewhere found in England, others that I never saw before. \* \* \* \*

[Here follows a long list of plants, which it would be wearisome to give.]

I found there one of those sorts of fernæ which we observed about Danny, coming out at several seasons. I have a collection now of more than forty plants growing wild in Cambridgeshire, more than we have put down in our catalogue. In my last I acquainted you with the death of Dr. Martin, and now I can tell you who succeeds him in the deanery of Ely—Dr. Wellford, Master of Bennett College. In the mastership of Queen's, by virtue of a mandate from the R. Dr. Sparrow,<sup>1</sup> the *Rationale* man, the junior Fellows would have chosen Mr. Patrick,<sup>2</sup> of my year, a deserving person, and one that wants nothing but yeares to qualify him for such preferments. The old and new University will never kindly mingle, or make one piece.

I am your most devoted and obliged,

JS. WRAY.

The *Itinerary* to Wales, and from thence westward to the Land's End, has been published. He speaks of the Welsh people as being generally "extremely civil and well bred, and very honest and courteous to strangers," and such is certainly their character at present, wherever the influx of visitors has not perverted the genius of the people. It seems that the Cornish language was well-nigh lost two hundred years ago. They inquired after it, and at St. Just's they found that Mr. Dickan Gwyn, who lived not far from the Land's End, was the only man they could hear of who could write it; and they met with none who were able to speak English, and very few of the children could speak Cornish: "so," he adds, "that language is like, in a short time, to be quite lost."

The following letter to Mr. Courthope, on the death of his sister, concludes in good Latin with the intimation of his own gloomy prospects, and his hopes of assistance and support from his friend:—

August 28th, 1662.

Sir,—I was much surprised at the unexpected and unwelcome newes of the death of that virtuous gentlewoman, your sister, and doe most passionately condole with you for so great a losse. Your letter brought me the first intelligence thereof. As for Tim Burrell, I have not heard from him since I departed Sussex. I will not refresh your grief (which by this time I suppose you have pretty well concocted) by recounting, from my little knowledge

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Anthony Sparrow, Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards of Norwich, died in 1685. He was the author of the *Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England*.

<sup>2</sup> This was the celebrated Bp. Patrick. The account of this election, given in Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, is,

that Patrick was elected, by a majority of the Fellows, Master of Queen's College, in opposition to a royal mandate, appointing Mr. Sparrow; but the affair, being brought before the King and Council, was soon decided in favour of Sparrow, and some of the Fellows, if not all, who sided with Patrick, were ejected.

and observation of her, those excellent qualities and accomplishments which I judge could not but much endear her to yourselfe and the rest of her worthy relations. I know it must needs aggravate your trouble that she should be cut off "in ipso flore juventæ, præmature fato," and, as usually falls out in such diseases, suddenly, before her friends were aware, or could arm themselves by consideration against the force and dint of so sad a blow, "improvisa siquidem gravius feriunt." But all this notwithstanding, as philosophers, we must not indulge any passion beyond decorum, and as Christians we must not grieve like men without hope. The only use of sorrow is to attest our affections and demonstrate tenderness of disposition, it being otherwise unprofitable to the deceased or ourselves. It's a signe of good nature and very becoming a man (Stoicis nequicquam reclamantibus) to give way to a moderate expression of any good affection [*ἀγαθὸν δ' ἀριδιάρκους ἀνδρες*]; but to permit it more scope than may serve to a good end, or to be transported by it, and disturbed in one's businesse, is an argument of feminine weakness. As for myselfe, Jam præterit Aug. 24 nec dum ego Cantabridgienses reversus sum: jacta ergo est alea sodalitie excidi sine postliminii spe ullâ, mihi istic amplius nec seritur nec metitur, victus aliunde quærendus est, tu tuique similes, afflictis rebus succurrite nostris, subsidium unicum, unicum estis solatium; me nondum incepti pœnitet, nec in posterum spero pœnitebit, illud potius dolendum, quod in tot laqueos timidus homuncio me jam jam induerim, unde evadendi nulla spes, nulla ratio superest. Video me posse carere sodalitie idque æquiore quam speraveram animo. Calamitas iste hæc plus habet terroris in fronte quam in recessu mali. Splendide an obscure vivam mihi perinde esse incipit, verum quid si subducant sese paulatim qui amicissimi crediti sunt; si deserant extorem; si humilitatis nostræ vos pudeat, si (quod Naso olim quæritabat). "In mediis lacerâ puppe relinquitur aquis." Non demittam animum, utcumque quoad possum annitar ut sit in omnem eventum bene præparatum pectus. Et quamvis nihil tale subvereor aut suspicor quidem (nefas id esset de viris tantæ fidei, pietatis, virtutis, tam de me semper optimè meritis) attamen si id præter omnem spem et expectationem acciderat, (liceat hoc mihi fingere et imaginari), dabo operam ne tanto oneri succumbam penitûs divinâ innixus providentiâ. Supremi Patris familias curâ, "meâ virtute me involvam, piamque pauperiam sine dote quæram."

But I will not be too liberal of my Latine; indeed you had not had so much, but that I am now *vacuus negotiis*. You are pleased to put a compliment upon me concerning my company, which I cannot imagine, from the late experience you had of it, can any way be desirable to you; but yet I had determined to have taken up my quarters with you the best part of this winter, after that I had settled my affairs, and disposed of my goods at Cambridge; but Mr. Barnett coming over hither on purpose to see me, and making a strong invitation to Bacton, I could not avoid to engage myself to wait upon him, and spend some time with him this winter, though I must confesse, were I free, I should in many respects preferre Danny. \* \* I pray present my service to all your honoured relations, but especially Τῇ πάνυ. On Saturday next I set forward for Cambridge, where you shall again hear from me. Sir, your obliged servant, and humble orator,

JO. WRAY.

Neal, in his *History of the Puritans*, gives a melancholy account of the sufferings of the Nonconformists. "It is im-

possible," he says, quoting the *Conformist's Plea for the Non-conformist*, "to relate the number of sufferings, both of ministers and people: the great trials, with hardships upon their persons, estates, and families, by uncomfortable separations, dispersions, unsettlements, and removes; disgraces, reproaches, imprisonments, chargeable journies, expenses in law, tedious sicknesses, and incurable diseases ending in death: great disquietments and frights to the wives and families, and their doleful effects upon them. \* \* \* Though they were as frugal as possible, they could hardly live; some lived on little more than brown bread and water; many had but eight or ten pounds a year to maintain a family, so that a piece of flesh has not come to one of their tables in six weeks' time; their allowance could scarce afford them bread and cheese: one went to plow six days, and preached on the Lord's day; another was forced to cut tobacco for a livelihood." The many kind and wealthy friends whom Ray had secured to himself among his pupils at Trinity College, saved him from such sufferings, and, indeed, from any distress at all. The grateful feeling with which they regarded him is shown by an entry in a subscription towards his monument, in the Journal of Timothy Burrell:—"Erga monumentum Johannis Raii, tutoris olim mei apud Cantabrigienses, sed colendissimo, £5;" and this is followed by the symbolical drawing of a Bible.<sup>1</sup>

The next letter, written a few days later, and on the same sheet of paper, shows how few of the Cambridge Fellows followed his example, in sacrificing their preferments.

*Cambridge, Sept. 4th, 1662.*

Sir,—Partly businesse and partly the weather hindering me from delivering this into the post, I brought it hither in my pocket, and have something now more to adde \* \* \* I find not many in this University that have refused to subscribe, in all twelve Fellows, whereof three are of Emanuel, and the rest—two of St. John's, of our College not one besides myselfe, two of Magdalen, one of Bennet, two of Pembroke Hall, one of King's; one Master, Dr. Dillingham, of Emanuel College.<sup>2</sup> I am now dispatching here, and shall be quite removed by the end of the next week. I had this morning a motion made to me of a preferment in Suffolk—such an one as I am capable of, that is, living with a gentleman in his house (one Bacon, by name); no duty at all enjoined;

<sup>1</sup> *Sussex Arch. Coll.* Vol. III.

<sup>2</sup> Emanuel College was a thoroughly Protestant, not to say Puritan, College. It was founded in the reign of Queen Eli-

zabeth, by Sir Walter Mildmay, as a refuge for those who adhered to the new faith. Dr. Dillingham wrote a life of the founder in good readable Latin.

the terms £40 per annum : but I shall balke it, though a very good offer, because I have the designe of travelling hot in my head. My tutor,<sup>1</sup> T. B., and the rest of my friends here, are very well, and very jolly ; Mr. Senior now is quite routed, yet the face of things not much altered."

Ray, however, did not "balke" the engagement altogether ; he went to Friston Hall, the seat of the Bacons, and remained there about six months, and several letters were written from thence to his friends at Danny.

*Friston Hall, Nov. 3rd, 1662.*

Sir,—It hath not been my happinesse of a long time to hear from you, or of you. I hoped to have seene you at London, when I was last there, on my returne out of Kent. I desire much to know what was the result of your conference with Mr. Willoughby, for I presume you obeyed his summons to give him a meeting, viz., whether you consented to embarke in the same bottome with him the next spring? I suppose he then acquainted you that I have now explicitly obliged myselfe by promise to accompany him, if he really desire it, and not in compliment only. \* \* \* Now, sir, to give you some account of myselfe. I have lived about three weeks in the family of Mr. Thomas Bacon, at Friston Hall, near Saxmondham, in Suffolk. I am deceived if I did not formerly acquaint you with my invitation hither, and the quality of my employment. I have been very kindly entertained and civilly treated here, and may have my own terms if I will consent to stay. But I have not, nor will I engage myselfe any longer than till Annunciation next, that I may then be free to wayte upon Mr. Willoughby.

On Saturday last I rode forth to Aldburgh, to see those famous Sea Pease, noted by our historians and herbarists to grow between Orford and Aldburgh, upon the shingle or beach of stones by the seaside. Some I found, not far from Aldburgh, growing by batches upon the stones ; but about six miles further southward, at the extremity of that long bank of stones which runs from Aldburgh towards Orford, at least seven miles into the sea, near the haven's mouth, is this famous and remarked place, where (as all the people hereabout affirme, and I believe) they cover the whole shingle for half a mile together. So that I cannot guesse the yearly crop of pease to be lesse than 100 combs or half-quarters. For a full and particular description I referre you to Parkinson, where also you have a figure of them ; only I do not find in them now ripe that bitterness he mentions ; indeed, to me and others they seem not so bitter as our common vetches, though they are smaller, which is, I conceive, the reason why they are altogether neglected by the country people hereabout. When they are ripe they are of a darke olive colour, not round, but shrunke or crumpled like our ordinary gray pease. Some of the stalkes and leaves still continue green, but the most were seare and withered, abundance of pease still hanging upon them. I wonder, though men neglect them, that pigeons and other wild fowls should not devour them.<sup>2</sup> \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Duport, Regius Professor of Greek, and afterwards Master of Magdalen College. "The pious and learned Mr. Brokesby," says Dr. Derham, "informed me, that in a discourse with Dr. Duport, reckoning up several gentlemen of worth

that the Doctor had been tutor to, the Doctor said the chief of all his pupils were Mr. Ray and Dr. Barrow, to whom he esteemed none of the rest comparable.

<sup>2</sup> A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* has kindly communicated the following

Friston.

\* \* \* Nothing is to me more pleasant, in this retirement and distance from my former friends, than to heare from, and to write to them. I cannot entertain my time more pleasantly, nor spend my thoughts upon a more gratefull subject. \* \* \* I have now spent about halfe the time I have to bestow in this place, and I am not sorry for it, not because I mislike any usage or entertainment here, that is unexceptionable; nor could I hope to be treated more civilly, or gain more kindnesse and respect anywhere, but because I am somewhat overcharged with businesse of another nature than what I should spontaneously and of my own instinct pursue. I have consented to bestowe upon the family a short discourse in Divinity every Sunday. Some reason they have to desire it of me, their pastor being a weak old man, somewhat below the elevation of yours, and his sermons are jejune. He likewise exactly repeats the same words in the afternoon, without addition or alteration, daily. The young gentleman with whom I am charged hath very good parts, and a quick wit. He hath broken into some extravagancies at Cambridge, which caused his father to take him home: he is impatient of labour, and indeed his temper will not admit long study. I must needs with gratitude acknowledge and commend his kindnesse, civility, and respectful carriage towards me, whom he studies, as much as he can, to please, gratify, and oblige. I busie myselfe in enquiring out and describing such birds as frequent the channel near us. I have gotten some and cased them, among the rest a bittern and a curlew, and a yarwhelp; the fourth was like a duck, with a bill hooked at the top, for which we had no name. The yarwhelp is a name that I never read or heard of before or since, and therefore imagine it was coined by William Bates. \* \* \* I long since received a letter from Mr. Willoughby, wherein he assures me of his firme adherence to his resolution for travel, and that he hath almost conquered all opposition of his friends, and made his way clear; he despairs of your company, and relies upon me, and I intend not to frustrate him. I am told your house's old master, the Earle of Norwich, is dead; it falls out well for Mr. Willoughby (as I remember), his father paid him a considerable annuity out of the estate. If you be resolved to sell Danny, I wish you may meet with a chapman to your content that will come up to your terms, which I presume are not unreasonable. I should be glad to hear of the health and welfare of your relations known to me, especially the much honoured your mother, not omitting the little child: my humble service to them all, and thankes for their civilities and kindnesse when I was in Sussex.

Nothing could be worse than the manner in which the cures were filled, and the services of the church performed, in those days; the writer of the article, the "Parish Priest," in the *Quarterly Review* for October last, describes it thus:—

information with respect to these peas:—  
"The plant is not confined to that locality, but is said to grow at Hastings, Rye, and Pevensey, in Sussex; near Lyd and Walmer Castle, Kent; Sandown Beach, Hampshire; near Penzance; in Lincolnshire, Shetland, and Ireland, and probably in

many other places. Ray and Gerard called the plant *Pisum maritimum*; Linnæus, *Pisum maritimum*; but modern botanists have removed it to the genus *Lathyrus*, and it is now called *Lathyrus maritimus*."  
—No. 98, 2nd Series, Nov. 14, 1857.

“Sermons were seldom preached in the country parishes. In the village where Baxter lived, the incumbent, who was eighty years of age, and blind, repeated the prayers from memory, and had a thrasher one year to read the Psalms and Lessons, and a tailor the next; his successors were no better: \* \* \* In the adjoining parish there were two incumbents, one of whom got his living by cutting faggots, and the other by making ropes.”

Mr. WILLOUGHBY to Mr. RAY.

Sir,—I was very glad to heare from you, and that you have any inclination towards travelling. I doubt not but you have friends, as your Uncle Burrell and others, who would willingly undertake the trouble of looking to your affaires in your absence; ours cannot so well be settled at Wollaton, but something will be lost; but that does not move me at all, when I consider that time and youth are not to be bought, and that we are sufficiently secured against poverty, as you are too. It would be hugely inconvenient, in a great many respects, to defer it halfe a yeare. If you cannot possibly despatch to goe with us, I hope you will come to us. If you will meet us at London at the end of March, we will mutually agree upon the time and place. The King of France's designs will not at all obstruct us, there being enough of the world that wont be in his power to disturbe.

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

J. L. W.

The next letter from Mr. Willoughby had no date of the year; but, as he married in 1668, it was probably written in the course of the following year. His condolences on account of the disappointed hopes of his friend are very amusing.

London, May 8th.

Sir,—Your very kinde letter has renewed a dying friendship, and I am much beholden to you, that you take such care to know my concerns. God has blest us with a boy and a girle worth both the Indies, and I hope there is a plentiful ovarium left still, and not only *familia*, but *res familiaris aucta*, *ces alienum extinctum*, and all things have prospered beyond our deserts: this great glut of mines having caused a great losse in our coalworkers being but a small matter. I heartily condole the losse of your young ladie, who would have claimed beauty and wit as her inheritance from both sides; you cannot be too carefull and prudent in preventing all premature births, of which the jumbling of coaches is the most common cause amongst the better sort. I shall expect, about seven months hence, that you will favour me with the newes of an heir, and that you will take care that he use his parts better, and be a greater virtuoso than his father, though it will be no small matter, *prodire tenus*. With my humble service to your virtuous ladye and relations,

I am your faithfull servant,

F. WILLOUGHBY.

Mr. Willoughby died, after a short illness, in the year 1672,



leaving Mr. Ray one of the guardians of his three children; he bequeathed him an annuity of £60. The next letter is dated from Middleton, where he resided watching over his charge, and employing himself in preparing his friend's papers for publication. There is an interval of ten years in the correspondence.

Middleton, Jan. 17th, 1673.

Sir,—I return you many thanks for your letter which I received last week, and doe most gladly embrace the proffered correspondence. The news of the death of Mr. Monk,<sup>1</sup> I received from Mr. Burrell a good while since; I know the losse of so good a friend and near relation must needs trouble you not a little, besides that, it was like to involve you in a great deal of businesse, and bring the whole care and burthen of that family upon you. The sudden death of Mr. Latchford is indeed to me a very strange thing, especially if he went to bed well, instances of that nature being very rare. The other newes your letter imparts, viz., that God hath sent you a young son, and likewise given you hopes of enjoying him, was to me very welcome. I doe really rejoyce with you, and pray God grant you many more. I was bold to dedicate a small trifle<sup>2</sup> to you, which I printed chiefly to gratifie your cousin, Thomas Burrell, and at his instance. He writes me that they have sold very well, and that he had disposed of almost the whole impression, which, for his sake, I am glad of. I am at present, and have been a twelvemonth, almost wholly engaged in reviewing and preparing for the presse, Mr. Willoughby's *Ornithology*, for which his relict is content to be at present at the charge of engraving brasse figures, though I doubt not that the work, when published, will reimburse her. I believe we shall hardly get it abroad this twelvemonth yet. The death of Mr. Willoughby hath cast more businesse upon me than I would willingly have undertooke. I love my ease too well; but he hath given me sufficient encouragement, by settling upon me an annuity for life, of £60 per annum. I am like now to set up my staffe here, at least so long as my old lady lives, who returns her service to you, as also does Mrs. Winstanley, who, since her husband's death, lives here with us. A friend of mine, Mr. Martin Lister, of York, hath desired me to procure him a small parcel of the ironstone of Sussex. I should thinke myself beholden to you, if you would get and send up to London to Mr. Burrell such a parcell, and I shall send him directions by what means to send it to York; but if you cannot do it without trouble, I will not be importunate, but had rather be without it. Please to tender my very humble service to your much-honoured mother, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> This was probably one of the Monks of Houston, in West Sussex, a gentle family. I do not find his relationship to the Courthopes.

<sup>2</sup> This was his *Collections of English Words*—provincialisms, which he had picked up in his travels in different counties. It is usually appended to his *English Proverbs*, a well-known book. This small work was the first attempt made to gather up the old and vulgar English,

which lexicographers had ignored or neglected. It seems to have become so popular as to have required a second edition the following year, 1674. Ray was upon terms of friendship with many members of the Burrell family. At the end of his work he gives an account of the ironworks of Sussex, furnished him by his honoured friend Walter Burrell, of Cuckfield, Esq.—*Sussex Arch. Coll.* II. 200.

Oliver and Mrs. Oliver, Mr. Bill,<sup>1</sup> Mr. White and his lady,<sup>2</sup> your honoured sister, Sir John and my Lady Stapley,<sup>3</sup> and the rest of your honoured relations known to me as though I had named them, but principally to the puerpera, to whom I heartily wish a good beginning and the comfort of many a fair son and daughter of her own bringing forth and breeding up. And so I rest  
Your most devoted servant and orator, JOHN RAY.

And here the correspondence ends with Mr. Courthope. The good wishes of Ray expressed in this letter were not realised. One only child, a daughter, lived, and she married the son of Mr. Courthope's old friend and chamber-fellow, alluded to in a former letter to Mr. Campion, and carried the property and mansion of Danny into that family.

To many who are unacquainted with the history of Mr. Ray, it may not be uninteresting to know that he continued to be for several years the careful and kind guardian and instructor of his old friend Mr. Willoughby's children; one of them died young, but the other, having first been created a baronet when he was only thirteen years of age, survived and became the first Lord Middleton. In the year 1673, Ray was bold enough to marry a lady not half his own age, the daughter of Mr. Oakeley, of Oxfordshire; but the marriage seems to have turned out happily, and with her he retired to Falbourne Hall, not far from his native place, Black Nottley. During his abode there, to quote the words of Dr. Derham, his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Ray, died at Black Nottley. She was a very religious and good woman, and of great use in her neighbourhood, particularly to her neighbours that were lame or sick, among whom she did great good, especially in chirurgical matters. Her death was much lamented by all sorts of persons in her neighbourhood. Ray thus records her death:—

March 15th, 1698, being Saturday, departed this life, my most dear and honoured mother, Elizabeth Ray, of Black Notley, in her house on Dewlands, in the hall-chamber, about three of the clock in the afternoon, aged, as I sup-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bill was Henry Bill, Esq., of Reigate. He was son of John Bill, king's printer to Charles I., and married Jane Courthope, Peter Courthope's sister. Mr. Bill was buried at Laughton, where there is an inscription to his memory.

<sup>2</sup> Dorothy, wife of Dr. White, was another sister of Peter Courthope. Dr. White practised physic at Lewes, and his daughter, or grand-daughter, the heiress of the family, was married to John Bridger,

Esq., of Coombe, and was the mother of Sir John Bridger, the maternal grandfather of Admiral Sir H. Shiffner, Bart.

<sup>3</sup> Peter Courthope's wife was Philadelphia, daughter of Sir John Stapley, of Patcham, Bart.

The Editor is greatly obliged to M. A. Lower, Esq., for his valuable assistance in tracing out for him these Sussex families, and for the Campion Pedigree with which he has enriched this paper.

pose, seventy-eight, whose death, for some considerations, was a great wound to me ; yet have I good hope that her soul is received to the mercy of God, and her sins pardoned, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, in whom she trusted, and whose servant she hath been from her youth up, sticking constantly to her profession, and never leaving the church in these times of giddiness and distraction.

He became a distinguished member and correspondent of the Royal Society, and, as is well known, a very voluminous author, chiefly upon subjects connected with his favourite studies of natural history ; but his great work is the *Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*. In his latter years he was afflicted with a most painful and distressing disorder—ulcers in his legs, which he seems to have borne with Christian patience and resignation. Among the many friends of his later life, Sir Hans Sloane appears to have been most kind and generous to him, and there is something very affecting in the last letter which Ray ever wrote to him.

*Black Nottley, Jan. 7th, 1704.*

Dear Sir, the best of Friends,—These are to take a final leave of you in this world. I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness expressed any ways towards me an hundred-fold, bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter, and grant us a happy meeting in heaven.

I am, Sir, eternally yours,

JOHN RAY.<sup>1</sup>

He lingered on for ten days, and died Jan. 19, 1704-5. His character is thus summed up by Derham, who wrote his life :—

“In his dealings there was no man more strictly just ; in his conversation, no man more humble, courteous, and affable ; towards God, no man more devout ; and towards the poor and distressed, no man more compassionate and charitable, according to his abilities.”

<sup>1</sup> Ray's *Correspondence*.

# PEDIGREE OF CAMPION,

*Copied from a Roll at Danny; with Continuations by Harriet Campion (1810), and Additions by M. A. Lower, F.S.A.*

THE GENEALOGIE OR DESCENT OF THE WORSHIPFULL FAMILY OF THE CAMPIONS, of Campion's Hall, neare Epping, in the county of Essex, together w<sup>th</sup> there Matches and Armes as the are Registered in severall Visitations remaining in y<sup>e</sup> Office of Armes, there in shewing how and when there antient Seate at Campion's Hall went from the name by y<sup>e</sup> Female heire, and who do quarter these Armes of Campion.—Carefully extracted out of the said Bookes: 1640.

ARMS OF CAMPION.—Ar. on a chief Gules, an eagle displayed Or.

CREST.—A Turkey-cock in his pride, Proper.

SIR SYMON CAMPION, of Campion's Hall, in the county of Essex, Knight.

Edward Campion descended from Sir Symon Campion, of Campion's Hall.

Thomas Campion; second son.

Edward Campion, of Campion's Hall.

Henry Campion.

Margaret, da. of William Cordall.

John Campion, of Campion's Hall; mar. Elianor, daughter and heir of John Knotsford, Serjeant-at-Arms, by the daughter and heir of Knightley, of Northamptonshire, widow of George Lumley.

William Campion, of Combwell, in Kent, eldest sonne; mar. Rachell, da. of Richard Duffield, of London.

Sarah Campion; mar., 1st, Francis Gifford; 2d, Sir Francis Leyton, of Shropshire.

Henry Campion, of Newton Valence, in Hampshire, 3d sonne; mar. — Stone, and had issue, Mary and Anne.

Abraham Campion, of London, 2d sonne; m. Hellen, da. of R. Duffield, of London.

A da. or da.-in-law of Henry Campion; mar. Robert Gardner.

Elizabeth Campion; da. and heir.

Richard Mathew, of Stansted, co. Sussex.

Sir Wm. Stone, of London, Knt.; mar. the da. and heire of — Thorne, of London.

Henry Campion, of Newton Valence; m. Anne, da. of J. Willet, of London.

Wm. Campion. Abrah. Campion. Rich. Campion. James Campion.

Margaret, mar. Sir Wm. Craford, in Mongeham, in Kent, Knt.

Mary, married, 1st, Gabriell Wright, of Bookham, in Surrey; 2d, Sir Edw. Gresham, Knt.

Francis Mathew, of East Woodford, co. Dorset, 2d son; mar. Bridget, da. of Giles Fathers, of E. Woodford.

Geo. Mathew, of Stansted; mar. Mary, da. of Thos. Peacock, of Chichester.

Richard Mathew.

Rd. Mathew (aged 11, 1633).

Cordelia; mar. Sir Rd. Michellborne, Knt.

Rachell; mar. Thos. Chowne, Esq.

Sir William Campion, of Combwell, in Kent, Knight; eldest son.

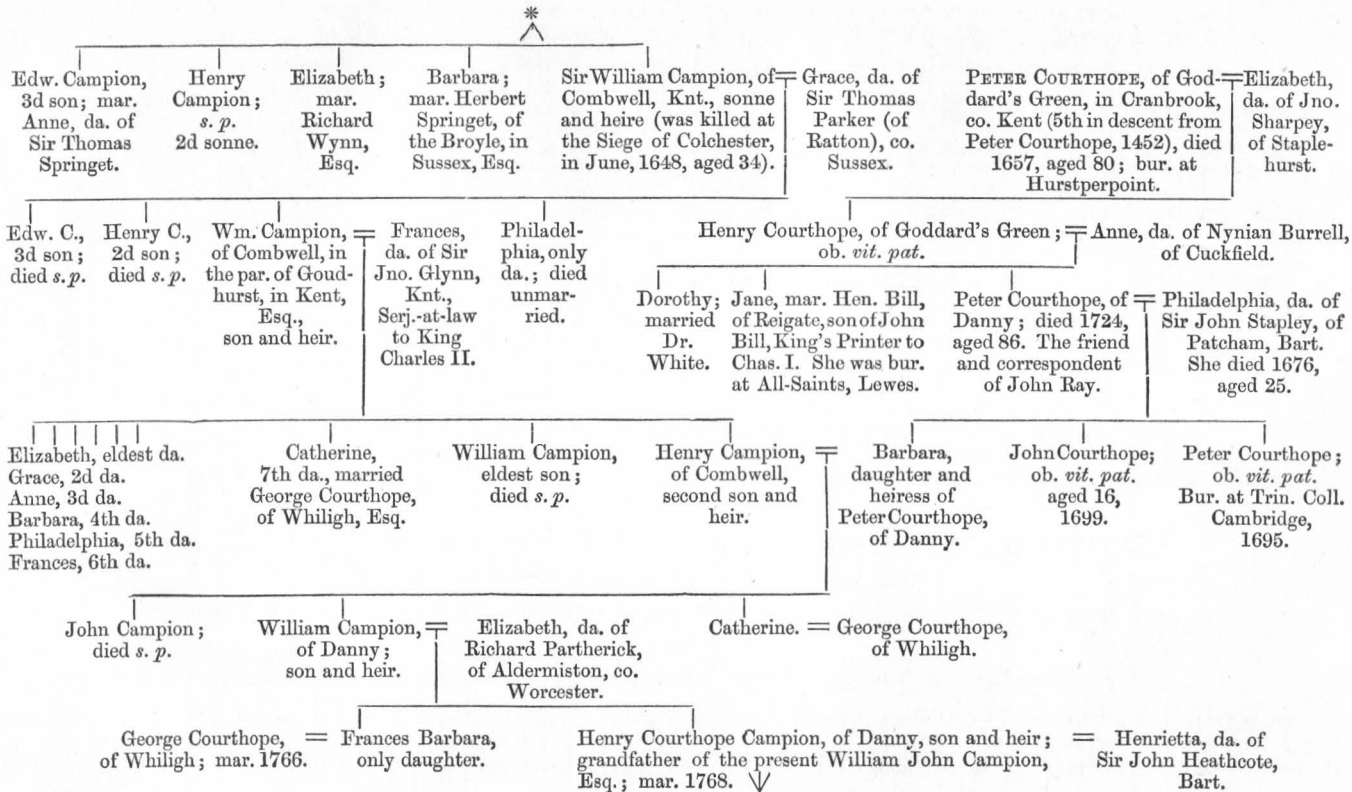
Elizabeth; eldest da. and coheir of Sir Wm. Stone.

Sir Hen. Campion, 2d sonne; had one da., Elizabeth.

Anne; 2d da. and coheire of Sir Wm. Stone.

Edward Campion, of Lincolne's Inne, 3d sonne.

Judith, da. of William Neffield.



## CHARLTON HOUSE PAPERS.

AMONG the other papers in the storehouse of manuscripts at Danny, there is one, written many years later than the last now published, by a young and gallant soldier of Sussex, giving a very interesting account of the Battle of Minden, in which he had been engaged. The discovery of this letter induced further inquiries, and the original, of which that at Danny is only a copy, was found among the papers of Sir Maryon Wilson, Bart., the grandson of the writer, with many others of great interest; and to him we owe the privilege of publishing those which follow. The author of that letter, and of several more, who succeeded to his father's title and estates in 1760, was Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, Bart. He entered the army at an early age, and served with great distinction in various parts of the world.

The best account of his services is that given by himself, in a letter to Lord Chatham, in the year 1766. He had at that time a company in the Guards, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; and he thus applies to his lordship to use his interest to obtain further promotion for himself:—

I have always remembered with the greatest gratitude, my obligation to your Lordship, in appointing me Adjutant-General to the expedition under General Hodgson, by which, after nineteen years' service, I obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. I have now strictly attended my duty as commissioned officer near twenty-three years in the war in Flanders, the rebellion in Scotland, most part of the war in Germany (where I was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Waldegrave, commanding the British Infantry at the battle of Minden), and in three expeditions on the coast of France, and have been four times wounded. Having no Parliamentary connection, and therefore nothing to recommend me but my past service, such as it has been, I am emboldened, from your former goodness to me, to solicit your Lordship to obtain for me a regiment, or the rank of Colonel, by being appointed King's Aide-de-Camp; which request I should by no means presume to make if I did not see, in the list of the army, such numbers of superior rank to myself *who were not in commission till many years after I served*. If there is any one man, high or low, that can *with truth* accuse me of ever having acted, in the minutest circumstance, in a manner unbecoming the character of an honest man, a gentleman, or an officer, I do not wish to be favoured by your Lordship, or any other person; for I have ever thought that a scoundrel is a disgrace to his patron, and therefore I have always endeavoured to do honour to those that have countenanced me, as I have to preserve my own inviolably.

*The* EARL OF CHATHAM *to* SIR THOMAS WILSON.

*Bath, Dec. 29th, 1766.*

Sir,—I was sorry I had no opportunity of seeing you before I left town, to have expressed to you the sense I have of your obliging remembrance of any little good offices of mine in behalf of service and merit. I desire now, sir, to assure you of my sincere regard, though obliged at the same time to suggest to you, that I wish not to interfere in matters of the army—Lord Granby being the only proper quarter where applications of that nature are to be made. I doubt not that services will point you out on some proper occasions, better than any other recommendation, to a due share of the King's favour.

I have the honour to be, with great esteem and consideration,

Your most obedient,

CHATHAM.

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SIR THOMAS WILSON *to the* EARL OF CHATHAM.

\* \* I think myself highly favoured by your Lordship's letter of the 29th ultimo. About the time I troubled your Lordship I wrote to Lord Granby on the same account, who, whilst in Germany, did me the honour, particularly after the battle of Minden and Campen Broik,<sup>1</sup> more than once, not only to approve of my conduct, but to express an inclination to assist me; but I never troubled his Lordship till now, and believe me, my Lord, as I have endeavoured constantly and conscientiously to discharge my duty properly for near twenty-three years, I would not even now have begged preferment of any one, however ardently I may wish for it; but, being a soldier of fortune, I am exceedingly hurt in this reflection (which any man with a degree of spirit above that of a weak worm must sensibly feel), that in the next war, unless assisted by some one of disinterested principles, it must ever be my lot to be commanded *by much my juniors*. \* \* \* I should be happy, as a soldier, for the sake of my brother officers in general, to see your Lordship's remark verified, "that service would point a man out for preferment, on proper occasions, better than any other recommendation;" but, my Lord, from what I have seen in the service since the war, I should, if your Lordship had not prevented me by saying you do not wish to interfere in military matters, have ventured to pronounce that one favourable word from your Lordship would be of more real service to me than all my service, even suppose it had been much longer and more essential. I ask ten thousand pardons for the liberty I have taken in my application to your Lordship. \* \* \*

The wished-for promotion came six years afterwards, and was thus graciously communicated to him:—

*Cavendish Square, Dec. 31st, 1772.*

Lord Barrington presents his compliments to Sir Thomas Wilson, and is very sorry he gave himself the unnecessary and ceremonious trouble of calling on him. Lord Barrington cannot, however, assume the least merit on that account, for it arises entirely from the King's knowledge of Sir Thomas's merit, and from the rank he bore among the Lieutenant-Colonels.

Let us, however, turn back to the earlier days of his career, when, after the battle of Culloden, he was quartered at Fort

<sup>1</sup> He, with 500 others, was taken prisoner in that action, and plundered of all he had.

St. George; and when, in the light and careless spirit of youth, he told his mother<sup>1</sup> of his doings, and described the geographical position of Fort William, as though it had been a newly discovered island in the Pacific Ocean: so little were the Highlands of Scotland at that time known to Englishmen.

*Fort George Camp, July 29th, 1753. (Recd. Aug. 14th. Pd. 1s. 2d.)*

Honoured Madam,—I received your favour, with my brother's, in due time, but deferred answering it sooner, because the very post before I got that, I had wrote to my brother. It gives me great concern to hear you are obliged to go to the sea for recovery of health; and I sincerely pray it may, by the blessing of God, work the desired effect, which I am more encouraged to hope for, knowing you have great confidence therein, and believing half the cures wrought by medicine proceed from that effect.

As I have already given Sir Thomas a description of our present encampment, I scarce know what to write, for you may imagine, in this out-of-the-way place, we have very little news; but, as I have often heard you say you like to hear of meloncholy things, I shall send you what this place affords. One of our young soldiers hanged himself (I suppose to get rid of the hard work of the fort), and went about it very methodically, by cutting his spatterdashes into thongs, and weaving them up together, to answer the end. Another man or two we expect will be shot soon for desertion. A young woman made an attempt to drown herself, because her husband was unkind; but the silly slutt forgot to take off her hoop, which kept her floating on the waves like a mermaid, in spite of her teeth, till (unluckily for her husband) some fishermen took her up. Our provisions now begin to be tolerably cheap:—Beef,  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb.; mutton,  $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ ; full-grown chickens,  $3d.$  apiece; salmon,  $1d.$  per lb.; cod, rather cheaper; turbot, 4 lb. weight, from  $1d.$  to  $3d.$  As for haddocks, whiting, plaice, and those sort of fish, they are food for the soldiers only. Milk, butter, and bread, are the dearest articles we housekeepers have to buy. Now the shooting season is come in, we have game in great plenty. I killed, the day before yesterday, eight brace of grouse; but it is a little fatiguing. I walked, the night before, about fifteen miles, to the Moors, lay at the foot of them that night, in a cloak, upon straw; began to sport at three in the morning, and continued hunting till one, and then came home; so that I am sure, in the evening before and in the day's hunting, I went neare threescore miles; but I find myself much the better for it, and, I thank God, in perfect health. \* \* The company I belong to will go to Fort William, situated on the west coast of Scotland; latitude, 56-48: by all accounts a very bad place, where, for the whole winter, you are locked up by the snow, and have no provisions but what is laid up in this season. Begging my duty to Sir Thomas, and love to my brother,

I am, Madam, your most dutiful and obedient son,

THOMAS SPENCER WILSON.

P. S.—I hope the Duke of N. (Newcastle) will be attacked for me before the election.

To the Lady Wilson, at Rottendeane, near Lewes,  
in Sussex, South Britain; by Brighthelmstone bagg.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Wilson was one of the Courthopes, of Whiligh. The old family mansion was then at Uckfield.



The writer of the letters which follow, was no less a person than the celebrated scholar, Jacob Bryant, the author of the *New System of Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, and other works. It appears from several of his letters that Bryant served for a short time in the army,<sup>1</sup> a fact not known to his biographers. One of his letters is dated from Cypenham, near Windsor, "his lodge in Buckinghamshire," where he lived many years, and where he died, at the age of ninety. Allusion is made, in Chalmers's account of him, to his great talent for humour, and his pleasant social qualities. He says of him, that, "In his ordinary habits of life, he was remarkable for his temperance, and, though his time and studies were principally devoted to literature and the pursuit of truth, yet his conversation with those he received and conversed with, was uncommonly sprightly, as he never failed to mix entertaining anecdote with instruction. \* \* His liberality was often conspicuous, and the spirit of religion diffused itself through all his actions." He left his valuable library to King's College, Cambridge; £2000 to the Society for Propagating the Gospel; and £1000 to the superannuated Collegians of Eton College, where he had been educated, to be disposed of at the discretion of the Provost and Fellows. He was a Worthy of whom Eton may be justly proud. His opinion of that newly constituted force, the militia, is very freely given in the following letter:—

JACOB BRYANT, ESQ., to CAPTAIN WILSON.

*London, May 31st, 1759.*

My dear Wilson,— \* \* \* Give me leave, in the first place, to return you my thanks for all the intelligence I have, directly or otherwise, received from your hands. Your letter was the most particular of any I saw relative to the last affair. The enemy seem to have little reason to brag: I make no doubt you will be able to stand your ground. In England we think ourselves very secure, tho' the Ministry are under some apprehensions of an invasion. The French coast is said to be lined with troops, and their fleet is within three sail-of-the-line as many as we have. We are, however, very confident, and it

<sup>1</sup> "Since I came to England," says Bryant, writing to his friend, in January, 1759, "I have lived so dissipated a life, that I have not had the opportunity of thinking so often as I ought, of my very best friends I left behind. \* \* When last we parted, I little thought our separation would be of so long duration; but a cruel misfortune sent us far away, and, after hopes of great happiness and pleasure, we concluded the campaign in a melancholy manner. Yet,

however untoward the appearance of things was to me, and great as my loss might seem, I have had the good fortune to have my grievances lightened, and every thing done in my favour, beyond my most anxious expectations. Let it suffice to tell you, my dear Wilson, that the Duke of Marlborough has contributed, in every respect, to my ease, quiet, and independency, and has behaved in the noble manner that is so peculiar to his family.

is not upon nothing that we ground our security. Lend me your patience, and I will tell you a circumstance little thought of in the circle of Westphalia, a thing which the Bishop of Paderborn has no notion of, nor any one prince of the empire. You must know, sir, that, beside our shipping and a few battalions that are left, we have, in several counties, a new kind of corps called the Militia; these are a set of desperate fellows, I assure you, consisting of bold tallow-chandlers, resolute journeyman bakers, high-spirited weavers, bloody-minded tailors, and trusty ploughboys, headed by commissioned and non-commissioned apothecaries and attorneys, and colonels who know every inch of their ground, having fox-hunted in every corner of it; they are followed by many sheep-biters, coney-catchers, and poachers, so that the camp can never want necessaries. Believe me, they are a very formidable band, as intrepid at a review almost as a new-raised regiment, and as brisk at a charge as the Trainbands in Smithfield. Of these last you must have heard how, in the year 1692, they marched through Islington, and had liked to have taken Pancrass by storm; and what an opinion of them once prevailed, may be gathered from Sir Richard Steele. "I have known," says that sagacious writer, "one of these daring fellows clap his nose within an inch and a half of a touch-hole, fire his piece, and huzza, as if it was nothing extraordinary." The same may be said of the Militia, who have a way too of shutting their eyes, to prevent anything diverting their aim, and shoot away with as much unconcern as if they were killing fieldfares and starlings. \* \* \* \* Add to this, the noble spirit that prevails in the nation, that contempt for money. There was fifty thousand guineas absolutely depending on one match at Newmarket; there was in town eight thousand depending among ladies on a single hand at cards. What a poor figure would the French make if they were to come! The young Club at Arthur's<sup>1</sup> alone would win all their money at betting, and I should be proud to know what an army would do without cash. In respect to the Militia, there is one untoward circumstance, that, whenever they take the field, they are to be subject to military law, which makes many people think they will be cunning enough to run away before it comes to that pass, if such be the consequence; but I believe this is an idle surmise, for how can officers that are patriots suffer it, or men of anti-Gallican principles be so base to attempt it? I am confident I could swear for one-half of them, that, if there was only a French cat to come on shore, they would clap squibs and crackers to her scut, and worry her to the devil. Why, sir, there are some of them that don't scruple to aver they would take the wall of the Dauphine himself, and collar the King of France if they met him in Gloustershire. Oh! noble hearts! what pity it is that such brave fellows should ever be hung for sheep-stealing! \* \* \* \* \*

Most faithfully and affectionately yours, JACOB BRYANT.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur's Club is one of the few venerable institutions, of that kind, which can boast of an existence of more than one hundred years. Brookes's, White's, and Boodle's, are of about the same age. It is thus described in Cunningham's *Hand-Book for London*:—"Arthur's Club-house, 69, St. James's Street, derives its name from a Mr. Arthur, the master of White's Chocolate-house, in the same street. Arthur died in June, 1761. Mr.

Mackreth married Arthur's only child, and Arthur's Chocolate-house, as it was then called, became the property of this Mr. Mackreth.

"Every thing goes on as it did, luxury increases, all public places are full, and Arthur's is the resort of old and young, courtiers and anti-courtiers, nay, even of ministers, and at this time."—*Lady Hervey's Letters*, June 15, 1756.

P. S.—Yesterday his Majesty thought proper to acquaint the House, that the nation was threatened with an invasion. A loyal and warm address was voted, and that notice be sent to the Lieutenants of Counties, that the Militia hold themselves in readiness, that is, the Militia of Kent, Surrey, Dorset, Norfolk, and part of Yorkshire.<sup>1</sup> No news from the East Indies; no certain accounts from Guadaloupe.

Most faithfully and affectionately yours, J. B.

The following letter to his mother was written on the plains of Minden, the day after the battle:—

To LADY WILSON, of UCKFIELD.

August 2nd, 1759.

I thank God that it is in my power to acquaint you, that yesterday we gained a victory over the French. The English Foot, where I had the honour to be posted, are greatly smashed, and have sustained by far the severest attacks I ever saw from cavalry, four or five batteries, with grape-shott, and their flanks attacked by infantry, all at the same time, in an open plain. However, it pleased God to support us in it all, and give us the day. Not one of our regiments have brought off two hundred men alive and well, and some not a hundred and fifty. The Prince is sensible of their good behaviour, and has given them publick thanks this day. We are now encamped upon the field of battle, and the town of Minden is surrendered to us.

I have lost the best good dear lad I ever contracted a friendship with, Captain Cowley, of Kingsley's regiment, about twenty years old; he was shot in the belly with a grape-shot. After the battle was over, I found him among a heap of poor wretches, tossed upon some straw in a hovel; his ball cut out of the back, but no wound dressed. I got him a little wine and water, the best I could, and then left him to perish, poor dear soul! I hope God Almighty will receive his soul.

About half an hour after the battle began, my poor horse was shot in the knee. Some time after that I received a shot upon my cheek, which did but just raise the skin near the jawbone, and so passed along my ear to the back of my head. My jaw is swelled, and pains me a good deal, but is no other-ways the least troublesome. About one hour after, another shot grazed upon my spur, and entered my horse's breast, by which wound the poor creature died, but not till he had carried me till the battle was quite over.

I hope, as it has pleased God to give us this victory, Prince Ferdinand will follow the French whilst there is a man of us left to pursue them.

We have taken forty pieces of cannon, and many hundreds.

My duty to Sir Thomas, love to my brother, and compliments to all.

From your dutiful son, THOMAS SPENCER WILSON.

You may tell my brother, as I know 't will please him, that in the publick orders given this day to the whole army, Prince Ferdinand is pleased to order my name to be mentioned amongst those he was pleased to think distinguished themselves. If I had any merit, I thank GOD for enduing me with courage to show it. Tell my brother I will send him a copy of this day's orders, as I think the English gain honour by them.

<sup>1</sup> The seven regiments embodied in 1759 were:—The Devon, 1600 strong; the Dorset, 640; Norfolk, 960; Somerset,

840; Surrey, 800; Warwick, 640; and Wilts, 800; in all, 6280 men.—*Notes and Queries*, Oct. 1857.

In a letter to his brother, written nearly a fortnight later, he gives the following more particular account of the battle, one of the most remarkable for the gallantry and endurance of our soldiers recorded in history:—

About nine in the morning our flanks were exposed to several batteries of cannon, with round shot, which carried us off very fast, because we had neither cavalry nor cannon to cover us. In this situation (upon a bowling-green), we had nothing for it but to hasten the attack, which our men did with great briskness; but this brought us so near their cannon, as to be immediately carried off by grape-shott. Our men still pushed on, and were charged by thirty-six squadrons of cavalry, commanded by Duke Fitz-James (my general's cousin). Some of them pierced us, and got to our rear. At the same time that they made their charge, the infantry attacked our open flank; but the true gallantry of our men cleared all. They made two more attacks in the same manner, all this time working us with grape-shott. Yet notwithstanding all this, it pleased God to give us the advantage over them—to the immortal honour of our Foot. The carnage was the most dreadful I ever saw. I am just now looking at the returns of the regiment, and find that very near one-half of the men brought into the field are killed or wounded, and near two-thirds of the officers. Our right wing of Cavalry, commanded by Lord George Sackville, 'tis said were sent for more than once, but never came till the day was ours. Had they come, this would have been the completest victory ever gained, for I suppose you are soldier enough to know that infantry cannot pursue. Notwithstanding our want of cavalry, the consequences of this victory are great. The French have evacuated Minden, Bielfelt, Paderborn, Osnaburg, and given over their attempts on Lypstat, which they had for some time invested, and, what is not to be credited by aftertimes, we are now in full pursuit of an army a great deal above double our numbers.

The Duke de Lutzenburg, made prisoner in the action, who I breakfasted with at the Duke of Richmond's the day after the battle, told us that they had no less than eighty-one battalions and eighty-six squadrons in the field of battle; and we had thirty-six battalions and forty-seven squadrons; and they are now, thank God, flying before us, but not so fast but I hope we shall overtake them by our continual marches.

Poor Captain Cloudsley, of Chichester, is most terribly cut in many places, by the cavalry that got through; and Mr. Fletcher's son, of Chichester, got a shot in at his eye, of which wound I hear he is since dead. He was very bad when I saw him the day after the battle.

Our cannonade was so severe and so close that, I give you my word, I saw many single shotts from their great guns that carried off seven or eight men at a shot, knocking them all to pieces; yet, amongst all this, it pleased God to preserve me, for which I hope I shall always be most truly thankful, for I am certain that nothing but the immediate hand of Providence can save from such imminent danger. We have been in pursuit of the French ever since the 4th instant; they are at Cassel, and we are within nine leagues of them.

My duty to Sir Thomas and my Lady, and compliments to all. If the French will stand us, I hope soon to acquaint you of our having drubbed them a second time. God bless you. Adieu.

Your most affectionate brother, THOMAS SPENCER WILSON.

*Camp at Stadtbergen, August 14th, 1759.*

The following extract from the orders of Prince Ferdinand contains that reflection upon Lord George Sackville, which led to such well-known results:—

His Serene Highness thinks himself infinitely obliged to Major-Generals Waldegrave and Kingsley, for their great courage, and the good order in which they conducted their brigades.

His Serene Highness further orders, that it be declared to Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Granby, that he is persuaded, that if he had had the good fortune to have had him at the head of the cavalry of the right wing, his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of the day more compleat and more brilliant. His Serene Highness orders, that those of his suite whose behaviour he most admired, be named, viz., the Duke of Richmond, Colonel Fitz-Roy, Captain Ligonier, Colonel Watson, Captain Wilson, Aid-de-Camp to General Waldegrave: his Serene Highness having much reason to be satisfied with their conduct.

A solemn and striking act of worship must that have been, which was celebrated on the day after the battle, on the plains of Minden, when the English and Hanoverian troops, with wasted ranks, offered up to God their thanksgivings for the victory which had been vouchsafed to them. The orders of Prince Ferdinand, from which the following extracts are taken, thus begin:—

*On the Field of the Battle of Minden, August the 1st, 1759.*

At nine o'clock to-morrow morning the army will return thanks to Almighty God for the victory gained this day; and at five in the evening the army will be under arms, in the front of the camp, to fire a *feu-de-joie*. The heavy artillery, with that taken from the enemy, will be drawn up in the front. Each regiment to make a strict search in the boor-houses and on the field, for the wounded, as well of the enemy as of our army, that they may be dressed, and sent in waggons to Petershagen.<sup>1</sup>

“*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,*” may be said of his poor friend young Cowley. A proof of this is the following letter from his friend Lord Tavistock to Sir Thomas Wilson:—

*Woburn Abbey, Aug. 22nd, 1759.*

Sir,—I beg pardon for having so long deferred congratulating you on the glorious success of your arms, and the honour General Waldegrave and yourself, as well as the English in general, have acquired; but, indeed, sir, the loss I suffered in my poor friend Cowley, hurt me too much to let me write much sooner. He had the pleasure of your acquaintance, and you must have known how excellent a young man he was. Believe me, the loss of him is to me irreparable. The account you was so good as to send me of the manner

<sup>1</sup> A pleasant proof of the courtesy shown by the enemy in these wars, is given in the following passage, indorsed upon one of Wilson's letters:—“A Letter from Colonel Fitz-Roy, 1760.—This letter was directed

to me in Germany. It was taken by the French, who, after perusing it, sealed it with the seal within, and sent it by a trumpet to the Allied Army.”

of his death, though it shocked me to a degree, yet at the same time afforded me no small comfort, by the resigned, I think I may say noble, manner with which he met his fate : an unfortunate event, that did honour both to himself and to all who were happy in his friendship. In case any of his affairs should be unsettled, or any of his servants, &c., in any distress, I must trouble you to lett me know it, as I shall be happy in being of any service to the memory of one whom I must always love and admire ; and I hope, sir, I shall never forgett your kindness to him, even in his last moments ; and if at any time I can be of any service to you, I shall be happy to do it, both on my own account, and for the desire my dear Cowley always had for your welfare.

Believe me, your most obedient and humble servant, F. TAVISTOCK.

A lively writer was Jacob Bryant. In a letter, dated from Cypenham, he says :—

Whilst you have been pursuing the dictates of honour abroad, I have been cultivating a little spot at home, having taken a house in Buckinghamshire. \* \* How happy shall I be to see you at my little lodge ; indeed, doubly happy, if I see you crowned with those honours which it will be injurious to withhold from you. \* \* To-morrow I go into the country, where I have already been imitating, in miniature, what you daily practise at large. I have formed a large body of cabbages, supported by another of colly-flowers, behind which is a brigade of carrots, rank and file, three hundred effective. At a distance are some irregular artichokes, not to mention plenty of nettles and thistles, more embarassing to their neighbours than hurtful to their foes. The whole is guarded, to the right, by a quickset, with an epaulment of hurdles to the left, to prevent the horse breaking in. The horse has made several attacks, but has been repulsed every time.

*Aug. 18th, 1760.*

Believe me, &c.

In a letter, dated 2nd of January, 1762, he says :—

You tell me that if my wishes for peace prevail, there will be but little prospect of a regiment for you ; if that be the case, circumstances are so altered, that you never had a fairer view, if war can afford it : for at the eve of a heavy and most tiresome war with one power, we have entered into another, which may not cease, as far as I can see, till all Europe be in flames. At the same time, we have not one ally. I do not know whether there be one that wishes us well. The Foreign States seem as jealous of our maritime success as they were formerly of Louis the XIV.'s victories in the field. All look upon us with an evil eye, at the same time we are ourselves surfeited with good fortune, and expiring under our trophies and streamers and badges of conquest. We have served France as the Israelites, in Scripture, are said to have served Adonibezek : we have wounded him in the thumbs and great toes ; but in effecting this, I wish he has not bruised us in our vitals. All that France has suffered has been in its colonies, which are only extremities, and can hardly be called parts of the great body : a hurt there is no more than a Dutch skipper being wounded in the breeches : while we have been bleeding at every pore, and are brought into a sad consumptive state, that requires an able hand to remedy. In the mean time, Prussia is gasping for life, but, as they say at Tiburn, he dies hard—he dies like a cock ; and when you have

said that, you have said every thing of him. Pass some few months, and I think you must have his last dying-speech. There is but one thing that can be favourable to Prussia, and take off somewhat of the Queen of Hungary's bitter resentment, which is the late treaty between France and Spain, which may possibly disgust Vienna.<sup>1</sup> It is the most barefaced and impudent attempt for the aggrandizing the House of Bourbon that ever was made. It is an offensive and defensive alliance for the intimate union of the two great monarchies, to which Naples and one or two petty States are admitted on account of relation, and all the rest of the world excluded. If Europe is not totally blinded with party, rancour, prejudice, and pride, this must make the several Princes look about them. As to Portugal, it seems to have neither money, nor arms, nor men. It has a powerful enemy abroad, and a worse enemy in itself at home. There is not a nation on earth the Portuguese hate more than the Spaniards; and yet one-half of them are ready to put themselves under the Spanish yoke. Whether Lord Albemarle is ordered to Portugal for certain, I cannot say. It is generally supposed he is to command there. I think it would be no bad scheme to assist the Moors in taking Oran and Ceuta, and then to land twenty thousand of them in Granada. We have an embassy at Mequinez at this instant. I wish you had a regiment upon such an expedition. Some of the girls in Andalusia are pretty brunettes; and I know there is no complexion but at times is agreeable to your tastes. Fare thee well, my dear Sir Thomas, and believe me to be ever

Most faithfully yours,

JACOB BRYANT.

The following letter is from a distinguished officer, Major-General la Faussille, one who had been at Fontenoy; and a kind-hearted old man he must have been. He gives his opinion in favour of a milder system of discipline in the army than that which then prevailed; and it is very curious, in these days of Enfield and Minie rifles, as showing the greatest achievements of the English musket one hundred years ago. After expressing his delight at his having escaped with life, and earned great honour at Minden, he says:—

*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sept. 7th, 1759.*

You know pretty much the way of thinking my experience during the late war led me into, viz., that as much discipline as can be enforced by the help of the drill, depriving men of the benefit of working, or any thing but the cudgell, breaking the spirit of a Briton, is better, and more likely to succeed in battle, than the scheme in fashion when you and I last parted. I should be very glad to know from you, if you happened to be near the Patron Corps, whether that shewy discipline answered the end; whether they were either cooler or kept their ranks or fire better than the other corps: if they did, though old, I will give up my sentiments to you, as I know you had coolness to remark, if opportunity put it in your way to compare, and I know you will candidly advise me. I have a young corps, and am not prepossessed with my own opinion:

<sup>1</sup> The King of Prussia was saved by the simple accident of the death of the Empress Elizabeth, his determined foe, and

the accession of his friend Peter III. to the throne of Russia.

My sole view while in the army, is, I assure you, to be useful; and for that purpose I have not strived or desired to go from my regiment this year past. I have endeavoured to imitate action in all the variety of evolutions I teach them; and further, I have, I will venture to assure you, made them, without exception, the very best marksmen in the British army, which my quarters on the seacoast has enabled me to do, at all distances. I have fired them man by man the whole winter, and only a few rounds by platoons. Sixty will, in five rounds, hit a target of about two feet in diameter, at three hundred yards, eight or ten times, and throw forty or fifty balls close enough about it to do execution if a platoon was before them; and I will be answerable that, at two hundred and one hundred and fifty yards, they would thin an enemy considerably. I have made various experiments, and ascertained them beyond doubt: 5lb. of our common powder for exercise, sixteen drams to the pound, throws a ball as far out of one of our muskets or, rather, firelocks, as any larger quantity which I have tried, as far as ten drachms. I find that a ball fired out of a musket, ever so near, cannot enter an oak plank four inches thick, recoils from it, and makes hardly any impression; that one of our firelocks, with five drachms of powder, carries five hundred yards point blank, and knocked off at eight hundred and sixty the corner of a stone; and it seemed to have force enough to kill a man at that distance. A firelock, cut down to even twenty inches, carries as far as at its full length. Judge, then, of the absurdity of their being so long in the barrel, which prevents our men from taking sure aim, but also, by their length in the stock which makes them so difficult and troublesome to be presented by the low-sized men we are obliged to take at present.

Another experiment I have repeatedly made this last winter, with one of the large sea blunderbusses, which I am persuaded might be improved to a great degree, and used with cannon. Having brought it to an elliptic form, fixed it as a cannon, and loaded it with three dozen musket-balls, we drove them at three hundred yards' distance against a cliff, and they answered my expectation so well, that not one ball would have rose over a man's head. On the contrary, we were all satisfied, by their spreading sideways, and not elevating, that they would have mowed down any platoon opposite to them within that distance. This is matter for improvement; elliptic from breech to muzzle. \* \* \* \* \*

Adieu, my dear sir. May Heaven be your shield and buckler, and send you home to your family and friends crowned with laurels, and rewarded with preferment, for which you have my ardent prayers. \* \*

Your faithful friend and humble servant, JOHN LA FAUSSILLE.

In another letter he calls himself his "grey-headed old friend, forgotten by the world, and making daily strides towards quitting it, in spite of which," he says, "I would not have grudged an arm or leg to have seen and outlived Thornhausen." The manner in which he recommends a young officer to the notice of his friend, is a model for others who have the same duty to perform, to follow:—

I have this moment finished a letter of recommendation to my old friend Rufane, in favour of the third Ensign of his regiment, his name Le Grand.



His father was a Lieutenant in the 19th Regiment of Foot, and was killed at Fontenoy, with whom I was intimately acquainted; and his grandfather, now alive, is the oldest friend I have living; he has lately wrote, to beg my recommendation of the youth, and I shall be much obliged to you, if you find he is a youth of merit, if you will take notice of him, and shew him some countenance, on my account; and be so kind as to recommend him as the child of a father and family I have great regard for, to my old friend John Craufurd, and even to General Hodgson, if an opportunity offers. I had a good character of him two years ago, when I intended him for my regiment, and that he had some tincture of fortification or engineering business. If he is one of the good-for-little, take no notice of him or of my letter.

I cannot conclude without telling you another well-wisher of yours (my better half) wrote to me with infinite joy, to know whether it was Wilson, one of my children, who was mentioned in Prince Ferdinand's orders the day after the battle, and I have not disowned the title in my answer. She enjoys good health, and our heiress makes her as happy as any mortal can be. If I can credit her accounts, she is as beautiful as an angel, and, though just two years old, is a prodigy of wit and judgement. She furnishes her subject for three folios a week to me, and neither of us, I may venture to affirm, are tired with writing or reading on that subject.

Another friend, Mr. John Pitt, of Gloucester, recommends a wild young gentleman to his notice, whose thoughts had been turned from trade towards the army, on different grounds. "I am told," he says, "that the lad is very personal, with his own hair, about sixteen, and they say about five feet seven."

To redeem our pages from the imputation of being too purely military, we will give another letter, though anterior in its date to those preceding, on a very different but yet interesting subject—the question of the Game Laws. It was addressed to Edward Wilson, Esq., Uckfield, in Sussex, by his relation, probably a lawyer, in London:—

Dear Sir,—I was favoured with your agreeable present of an hare, and I having been for some little time past in better health than for a twelvemonth before—I eat very heartily of it; and for which kind present I return you hearty thanks. You mention that it was the first hare you had seen this season, makes me surprised that the gentlemen of your county do not come into associations for the preservation of the Game, as is done in other counties; for, to my thinking, if diligence was pursued in yours as it is in other counties, the Game must so increase as rather to become troublesome than scarce. But yet I think it very arbitrary and cruel, that an honest farmer should be punished for killing the Game which his grass and corn nourishes and feeds; nay, more, that his own landlord, if qualified, shall, by engrossing the Game to himself, furnish his own table at half the expense, and at the same time hinder his tenant having a hare or partridge, or perhaps afflict him with fine or imprisonment, if there is not harmony between them, though fed on the farm for which and to whom he pays rent; and the honest farmer (for I do

not speak of common poachers) not daring to have so much as a scut of a hare at his table. \* \* \* I have for many years been a member of an Evening Club, at a tavern to which I very frequently go, and some time since, this affair of the Game became a topick of discourse amongst us, over our wine; but, different opinions arising, I should be glad if, in your next letter, you would give me your sentiments upon it: for I think a respectable farmer would rather protect his Game against poachers than destroy it.<sup>1</sup>

I am, Sir, with great respect, your obliged cousin and servant,  
*New Inn, Oct. 6th, 1758.*

TH. WILSON.

We have heard much of the Oriental fortunes made in those days in India; his friend, Colonel Watson, gives this account of his success, under the seal of secrecy, which time has broken. He went out in 1764, having a military command offered him at Calcutta. Four years afterwards he writes to his friend, thus:—

If you were not in such independent circumstances, I should advise you to solicit the appointment of Commander of the Forces in Bengal, and third in command of the Board of Council. \* \* Fortune continues to smile upon me, and I am at present worth near thirty thousand pound sterling. I wish I may be able to purchase some dirty acres adjoining to your territories. If Miss N——m is still a virgin, desire her to remain so for three years, or to come to Bengall with all dispatch. You may engage, on my part, that I shall wait for her.

Two years afterwards, he says:—

When I come to England, which I apprehend will be in the year 1774, I shall depend upon seeing your house full of boys, and, if all things answer, I may, perhaps, bring with me almost a plumb. Don't be surprised, it is not only possible, but even probable; however, I do not wish such a circumstance to be known.

Sir Thomas did not act upon his friend's suggestion on his own account, but the following letter from Lord Shelburne shows that he was looking towards the East for the welfare of another:—

Dear Sir,—I am afraid you will think me something particular, when I tell you that I have neither interest with our Ministers nor with those of the India Company; not that I think there is any comparison, for the first, I believe, are perfectly well-intentioned towards the publick, and I am afraid I cannot say so much of the last; the fact is, it's some time since I have known somewhat of the India Company. Friendship for Mr. Sullivan, and a conviction of his publick merit, made me first attend to their transactions. Since which, it has become such a scene of faction and inconsistency, that I cannot properly

<sup>1</sup> It is a striking proof of the tenacity with which a great and unjust grievance will cling to life, that the evil complained

of in this letter, and the subject of discussion at his club, remained without a remedy for some eighty years longer.

entertain any communication with them, at least as long as the present managers continue their influence. Else I do assure you, I should most readily act in consequence of your recommendation, as I am sure you would not say so much for a person that had no merit.

I am, with great regard, your faithful servant,

*March 4th, 1766, Hill St.*

SHELburnE.

Whatever progress he may have made in his profession, it certainly could not be attributed to his qualifications as a courtier. It is probable that the Duke of Newcastle, in the course of a long life, never received such another letter as the following, which was written in reply to a request grounded upon former acquaintance and old family connections, that he would attend at Lewes, to support Lord George Lennox in his election. The Duke was at that time Prime Minister.

To HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

*Fludger St., Jan. 29th, 1767.*

I was honoured with your Grace's favour of yesterday, in which you are pleased to flatter me with the appellation of a former acquaintance, and at the same time to mention a friendship between my ancestors and your family. Whilst I was known to your Grace, I thought it an honour, and believe me, my Lord Duke, you or any man's being in or out of public employment, would not in the least degree make my attention more or less, that trimming conduct being fit for nothing but scoundrels; but finding (I presume), because my family estate was wasted, for I know of no other reason, defying all mankind to accuse me of ever having acted in any way unbecoming the character of an honest man, a gentleman, or a soldier, that I was treated in a trifling manner, I neglected waiting on your Grace.

I am happy that my intentions of attending the election in favour of Lord George Lennox correspond with your Grace's request.

I have the honour to be, your Grace's, &c., T. S. WILSON.

Sir Thomas Wilson was engaged in active service in the American War, and in one of the actions there he was again severely wounded, being shot through the body. At the general election in 1774, he stood for the county of Sussex, in opposition to Sir James Peachey, and succeeded, after a long and very severe contest. The spirit of the freeholders of the county, particularly of the eastern part of it, was roused in his favour, and by their subscriptions the great expenses attending it were defrayed—Sir Thomas having declared, from the beginning, that, to use his own words, “he would not be at any expense, either in carrying, supporting, or ornamenting any voter, or on any other account, except the legal expenses of the poll;” the whole sum, however, expended by himself

amounted to £720.<sup>1</sup> The poll was kept open from the 20th of October to the 16th of November, and the numbers at the conclusion were—For Lord George Lennox, 3589; for Wilson, 1969; for Peachey, 1856. Mr. Harben, of Lewes, writing to Sir Thomas, to invite him to a public dinner, to celebrate the triumph, says, no doubt, with perfect truth, “Since the glorious news of your election, we have been nothing but one continued scene of mirth and jollity and sweet content.”

On the 20th of January, 1780, the noblemen, gentlemen, and freeholders of Sussex, met at Lewes in great force, and, after an animated discussion, they came to the conclusion, that England was on the very brink of ruin. They stated, in their petition to Parliament, “that they could not view the rapid decline of the British Empire, without calling upon the Honourable House, by every tie of honour; justice, and religion, to avert the ruin that menaced their lately prosperous and happy nation.”

They spoke in strong language, and with much reason, of the excessive expenditure by the Government, of the exorbitant salaries of public men, and the extravagant pensions and sinecures which were, in many cases, very unworthily bestowed; and then, without any reason at all, they denounced the undue influence of the Crown, with its uncontrolled possession of the public purse, as the chief cause of all our national calamities, and highly dangerous to the liberties of the people.

They spoke also—and here, too, they probably made some great mistakes—of the decay of trade and manufactures, of the high price of money, and the diminished value of land; and—where, too, they were clearly wrong—they declared that the national debt could no longer be supported by the diminished resources of the nation;<sup>2</sup> and they concluded their petition by praying that no fresh supplies be granted, and no new taxes laid upon the subject, until their just grievances were redressed.

To a letter requesting Sir Thomas Wilson to support their

<sup>1</sup> Some of the items of the accounts are curious; as, for instance:—“Paid a fee of £52. 10s. to council, for assisting the sherriff and his deputy. Bad heads!—N.B. A council is of no use. To some fools, dressed in white, with blue ribbons, who ran before my horses into Findon, and some old women there, £1. 18s. 6d. To

a woman, who, dressed in men’s cloaths, carried a standard before the musick and runners, when the poll closed, £1. 1s. To some hallowing fools at Rottendeau, £1. 1s. For other fools at Uckfield, £1. 1s.”

<sup>2</sup> The national debt amounted at that time to one hundred and thirty millions.

petition, he replies in a tone somewhat stronger than would suit the constituents of the present day :—

Sir, — Your favour, dated January the 20th ult., inclosing the Sussex Petition to Parliament, being directed to Bond Street, did not reach my hands till yesterday, which, I hope, will apologize for a seeming inattention that would have been unpardonable.

I have a very high respect for the signers of that petition, and never condemning any one for differing in opinion with me on political or other matters, and always presuming that principle alone is the guide, I have a right to expect the same indulgence from others. I most undoubtedly should wish to have every part of my conduct approved of by those whose judgment and principles I respect; but, as I connect myself with no party whatsoever, I will, in matters which I think myself competent, judge for myself, always most heartily adopting a good measure, though it should come from my greatest enemy; and rejecting an improper one, though proposed by the person I most esteem. Some grievances urged in the petition to exist, are what every man not benefitted by their existence must wish reformed, *and no man more so than myself*. Part of the resolutions (if my health had permitted me to attend the meeting) I never could have joyned in, and the latter part of the prayer I most undoubtedly should have objected to. I trust, sir, that this letter, expressing my sentiments, will by you be made known to the county of Sussex at large.

I am, Sir, with the highest respect for the Signers of the Petition, and the Noblemen and Gentlemen composing the Committee, their and your most obliged and very humble servant,

*Welbeck Street, April 7th, 1780.*

THOMAS SPENCER WILSON.

To William Frankland, Esq., Chairman of a Committee appointed by a Meeting of Noblemen, Gentry, Clergy, Freeholders, and others, Inhabitants of the County of Sussex, held at Lewes, January the 20th, 1780.

The feelings with which Sir Thomas Wilson entered Parliament were not such as would keep him there long. In a note appended to the account of his election expenses, he says :—

I was at this expense merely as a point of honour, to stand forth in compliment to those who so singularly honoured me with their nomination. I never had the least intent to offer myself as a candidate, having a hearty contempt for the House of Commons, which is at present not much abated.

*June the 1st, 1777.*

He retired from the representation of the county at the general election, on the plea of ill health.

He was certainly a man of very high spirit, and honest, independent character. General Elliott, the defender of Gibraltar, wrote to him thus, on the occasion of his success :—

After many thanks for so early a communication of the wished event, I must join with you in congratulating the county on such spirited behaviour. \* \* 'Tis a mode of election quite agreeable to my real (though perhaps unrefined) notions of Government; 'tis a rally to the antient custom, which I little expected to see in our day; 'tis the very best of lessons to the gentleman and

to the freeholder. I can't help transmitting to you an anecdote which evinces how nearly our sovereign observes his subjects and servants. The King, at his levée, speaking of your contest during the poll, said to me, in the hearing of many, *Sir Thomas Wilson I know to be an honest man.*

He was a man, too, of a hasty, impatient spirit. His friend Bryant was well aware of this. In one of his letters he tells him that "As the Duke of Marlborough was purchasing some things in a shop in Paris, a ragged footman came in and brought an officer's sword-knot to be perfumed, which was done by clapping it once or twice between two sweet-bags. The ragamuffin had it then returned to him, upon which he laid down a few sous, and, with a bow and a smile, retired. I would not have had you, my dear Wilson, a witness to this foppery for the world. You would certainly have kicked the fellow out of the shop, and I would not answer for your behaviour to his master." Lord Downe, Colonel of the 25th Regiment, and one of the most distinguished officers in the British army, who was killed in the early part of his career, at the battle of Camper, thus writes to his friend:—

In the midst of the dissipation of Munster pleasures, you, who are wont to be immutable, will not, I hope, take it ill if one whom you used to favour with your smiles, even in your hottest moments, desires you immediately to send, by estafette to Steinfort, any letters or packets that arrive from England for me or for the regiment. Are you (he adds) the haughty gallant Wilson, or are you the gallant sentimental philosopher over the fireside?

And his faithful old friend General La Faussille, writing to him from Wells, in 1761, implores him to give way a little more to the foibles of other men than to his own:—

Though I honour your honest and fair plain dealing, I cannot down with the thought of your missing preferment, and perhaps throwing away your services, and the little you have earned at the hazard of your life, rather than bridle an unruly member. \* \* Would to God you would be a little of a courtier; I am satisfied I should then have the great satisfaction, if this war continues, in a couple of years more to see you Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant and Brigadier on some expedition or other. Excuse the freedom of the advice of an old man, who wishes you well from his heart, and success wherever you go.

In spite of this Hotspur temper, he had many warm and attached friends, and among them there was Lieutenant-Colonel Corbett Parry, who, upon his deathbed, bequeathed to him a ring, with the following plaintive inscription:—

This ring is presented to Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, Baronet, as a memorial of one who found him a true friend. Happy for us had he met with such friendship from those who ought to have rewarded him for his long and faithful services.

Sir Thomas Wilson died in 1798.

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