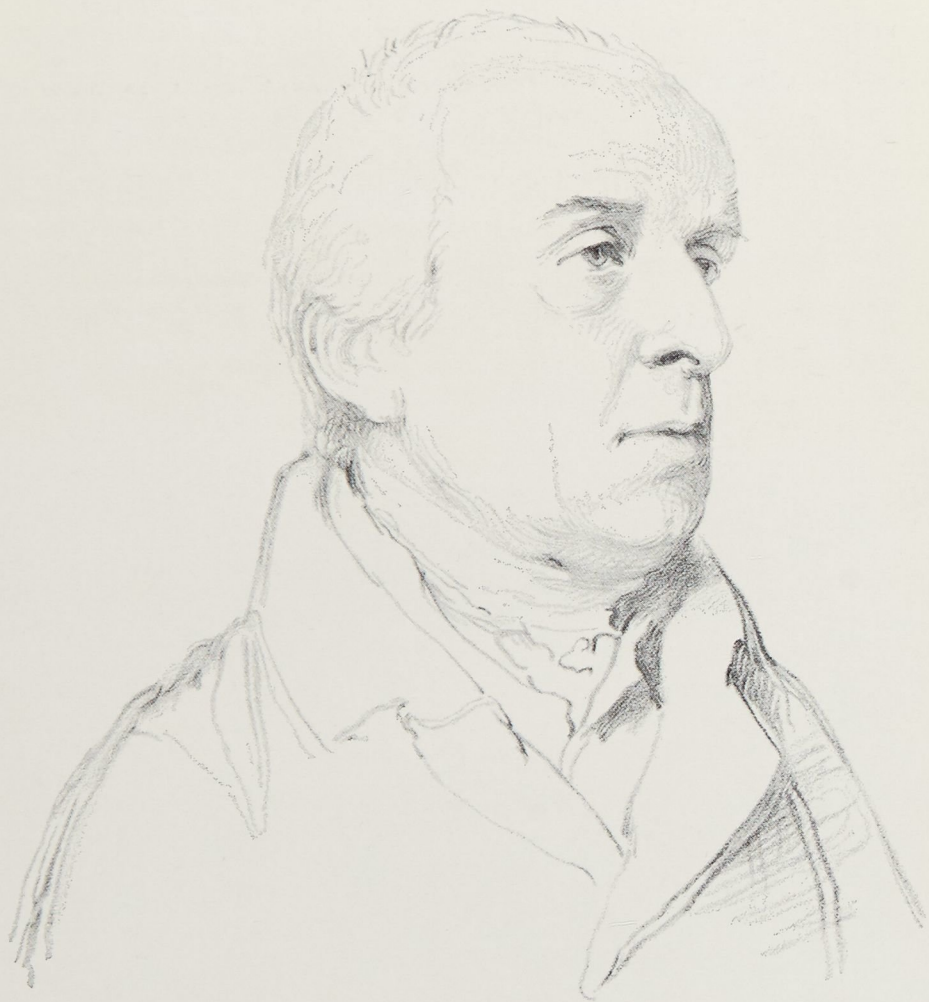


THE REV. WILLIAM GUNN, B.D.
A NORFOLK PARSON ON THE GRAND TOUR
By MICHAEL RIVIERE, M.A.

I

YOUNG Anthony Aufrere of Hoveton St. Peter, writing to William Gunn from Geneva in July 1786, reported that there were then in Switzerland large numbers of English, including the Dukes of Gloucester, Cambridge and Bedford; a great many Russians, "they travel much nowadays"; some Polanders, and numerous French, Germans, Prussians and Italians (still distinguished as "Sardinians" or "Romans" or "Venetians"). Whatever their provenance, these shared a cultural homogeneity now lost to Europe, at least for a time. The old taste for cosmopolitan good manners was then refreshed with a new enthusiasm for the classical example, and no better field for these pursuits can ever have existed than that tranquilly ordered Europe the French army had not yet destroyed. The British were the arch-travellers of the eighteenth century, recognized as such then, and well categorized since. There were the princely young men like Thomas William Coke of Holkham, bringing back, with a fortune in works of *virtu*, perhaps their own portraits by Batoni or Trevisani or Rosalba. There was that princely old man the Earl of Bristol, littering Hôtels Bristol along his routes. There were the professional artists like Gavin Hamilton and Robert Adam and Gunn's friend John Flaxman, who travelled or settled abroad for their own improvement; and others, scholars and artists such as Dr. Chandler of Magdalen College and William Pars, whose trips were commissioned by the Society of Dilettantes.¹ There were some shady fabricators of "antique" gems and statues, of whom Nollekens developed into genius. There were other odd young men with famous futures: Boswell, avid of sex and the nobility; plump Gibbon making voluminous notes in French, as curious of institutions as of antiquities; Goldsmith, hideous and half-starved and on foot. And as the Grand Tour became an increasingly fashionable alternative to the universities, many rich young men, who would never willingly have missed the partridge shooting, were sent abroad under bear-leaders to "saunter Europe round" and gather some political or historical or social sense.² When Goethe set off for Rome in 1786, famous but incognito, he said he had long wished to have an educated Englishman with him when he visited Italy.

By the second half of the eighteenth century the Grand Tour was no longer predominantly aristocratic, anyway among the English, and the Rev. William Gunn is one of a large group of men of middle rank whose love of learning and the arts led them overseas. In externals his first expedition of 1785 resembles (to choose a great example) Milton's in the seventeenth century. Both had



THE REV. WM. GUNN, B.D., AGED 60
From the drawing made in 1810 by John Flaxman, R.A.,
in the possession of Mr. Theodore Haughton.

reached 30 or upwards, both travelled alone and by the same time-honoured route: by sea from Nice to Genoa, then by land to Leghorn, Pisa and Florence; on to Rome; a visit to Naples; home by Ferrara and Venice. And both, as philologists and students of the Tuscan tongue, found a welcome in the private academies of Italy.

On his second tour Gunn travelled with his wife, their small daughter and a nurse-maid. They passed through revolutionary France and were abroad for eighteen months. It was on this occasion, in Rome in 1793, that he was persuaded as an Anglican parson to marry Lady Augusta Murray to the 19-year-old Prince Augustus, later Duke of Sussex, for whom he was trying to acquire the Stuart Papers. No one concerned had got George III's approval, and Gunn discovered that according to the Royal Marriages Act of 1772 he was a felon. This indiscretion on the whole coloured his subsequent life rather pleasantly; not till he was 80 and long settled at Smallburgh Grange, a venerable clergyman, author, landowner and justice of the peace, did it give him something of a fright.

II

Dr. Lewis Bagot, Bishop of Norwich, sent William Gunn his exeat on 9 December 1784, on grounds of health. In his letter he recommends Lisbon, where he himself had spent a twelvemonth with great advantage, and suggests that Nice and Naples are positively dangerous; but makes no mention (perhaps he was already assured) of the care of Gunn's various churches. Gunn at 34 was rector of Sloley, vicar of Hoveton St. Peter and Felmingham, and curate of Hoveton St. John, Irstead and Barton Turf. The support of the leading families of these parishes was essential to his travels, and luckily he was on good terms with all of them; that part of North Norfolk clearly formed a most agreeable neighbourhood, as indeed it still does (and on much the same pattern) nearly 200 years later. At Barton Hall his friend Mrs. Anthony Norris was nursing her husband, the antiquary, now old and mentally decayed. Her neighbours at Beeston, the Prestons, had been touring the north of England that summer, and in August Jacob Preston had sent Gunn a fine description of the rocks and cascades they had seen, "not to be met with in the Kingdom of the Iceni": his Norfolk coachman, however, was heard to wonder "what master and mistress can mean by going so far to see a heap of soap suds thrown out of a garret window. . . ." At Hoveton St. John, in that delightful house where their descendants still flourish, lived John Blofeld and his wife, perhaps Gunn's firmest friends, and those now most active to encourage him in his venture. Appropriately enough the best picture Gunn collected abroad, his Guercino of *St. John the Baptist*, was given by his heir to John Blofeld's heir, and has remained at Hoveton ever since.

Sloley provided more than friendship. Here lived the John Macks, in the house called Frankfort Manor, and their two daughters.³ The Macks were a yeoman and indigenous family who had done well farming in the first part of the century, and had just taken to writing themselves "gentlemen." John's brother Thomas lived over the way in Tunstead, where he too had a small but good estate, some of the best land in Norfolk; and in the next generation this

family was able to buy, for a second son, a thousand acres in Paston from Lord Anson, and owned over two thousand acres by 1873. They intermarried with the Cubitts and with the Postles of Smallburgh. But of prime importance was John Mack's younger daughter, Anne. She was aged 16 at this time, and a beauty, and five years later became Mrs. William Gunn.

At Hoveton St. Peter, in the red brick house now known as the Old Hall and then known as Felix Hall, lived the rather peculiar family of Aufrere. It says much for Gunn's heart that he was an active friend of the disgraced son of this house. Anthony Aufrere the younger possessed charm and sensibility and an unsympathetic father, and was so extravagant that he soon possessed little else. As early as 26 April 1781 he was writing as follows:—"I am now going to request a favour of you, my dear Gunn, upon your refusal or acquiescence in which depends my happiness or misery. You know that I am an extravagant dog; but you don't know that I have been so much so that, in order to keep things together, I was obliged to have recourse to the Jews, who have trounced me so much that I am utterly ruined, unless I can find someone to assist me as I propose. . . ." Gunn helped him then, and again when they met abroad, and the help was not wasted nor forgotten. Aufrere was to flourish in the exile his debts brought him. He learnt management, grew to love Italy, and never settled again in England, even when he inherited Hoveton—though he did get Humphrey Repton to make some drawings⁴ for a new house there. When he and Gunn were both old men, and he was spending his summers at Lucca Baths and his winters at Pisa, he was to recall the happy length of their friendship and how as young men they had first met fifty-five years earlier in the library at Barton Turf. But now, in the winter of 1784/85, things were at their blackest. He was distressed and ashamed, repudiated by his father, a butt for contemptuous comment by Sir Thomas Durrant of Scottow. And soon after Gunn set cheerfully out for Nice and Naples, unmindful of his Bishop's warning, his friend Aufrere dejectedly followed.

Gunn kept no journal of his first trip, but some letters survive, and those from his friends show the affection in which he was held. John Blofeld wrote on 2 February 1785 to say "Your very obliging Entertaining Letter afforded my Wife and Self great pleasure. . . . The Variety of new and agreeable objects, together with the many laughable Scenes you will meet with in the course of your Travells, will, we doubt not, keep up your Spiritts; and the warm genial air you are in pursuit off, we flatter ourselves, will Establish you in a good state of Health. You have our prayers and best wishes . . . with an assurance that you have not any friends who wish more for your Happiness than ourselves. Your affairs go on here as you wish them to, your Churches are regularly served, and will continue to be so during your Absence. . . ." He then relates an embarrassing episode at one of their Sunday Evenings, which helps to explain the defection of Aufrere *filis*. When the Aufrere coach arrived at the Blofelds' door "Such a scene presented as I had never been witness to; the Squire Red with rage, uttering only Oaths, and the Ladies trembling and in Tears. As soon as his passion suffered him to speak" squire Aufrere revealed that he had learnt, as they drove along, that his "Methodistical

wife " had not taught their daughters to sing the 100th psalm . . . Blofeld adds that it is certainly a fine psalm, but he never heard it set to a worse tune. For the rest, his letter mentions a meeting in North Walsham about setting up a House of Industry, and contains a good deal, as do most letters written from Norfolk in winter to friends in Italy, on the unpleasantness of the weather and the roads.

On 11 February his brother the Rev. Thomas Blofeld wrote to Gunn from Tooke's Court in London, " Cubitt is in possession of his Treasure . . . and they are now, I suppose, in the Height of the Honey Moon." He reports that young Chambers, who had sold Honing to the Cubitts, had eloped to Gretna Green with an heiress of £9,000—" had he done so a little sooner he might have saved his Estate." And " Mr. Preston, your friend, is very busy at Beeston, and has begun, I understand, to pull down the old Building."

On the same day that this letter was written, William Gunn received his passport for Genoa and Leghorn from the British Consul⁵ in Nice. The following letter to John Blofeld, written from Pisa, 25 February 1785, describes his passage.

" My dear Sir,

I am at length, tho' not without much Difficulty, arrived at this Place, occasion'd by many Delays common to Travellers in a Country where the Conveyance from one Province to another is not quite so constant or so much depended upon as between Norwich and London.

" I embark'd in a Felucca at Nice for Leghorn with a wind that would have carried us in 48 Hours, but we had been Leagues out at sea before it changed, and after having put in at a Number of little dirty Sea Ports, at the end of 3 days we were not farther than Genoa. All the Passengers being tired of this Expedition we determined to rest ourselves a Day or two till the Weather should be settled. You see little or nothing of this magnificent City till you arrive at the Mouth of the Harbour, and then it suddenly opens upon you with astonishing Effect. Its form is that of a Crescent contracted at the Angles, built round to the Sea. Towers, Palaces, Turrets proudly rising above each other to the Top of the Mountains behind, which are every where decorated with Summer Retreats of the Nobles. The City itself equals every Idea you conceive from its outward appearance. The Streets clean (I mean the best Parts of it), spacious, finely paved, filled with Palaces and in a Style of Greatness that they say it is to be equall'd no where but at Rome. They are sumptuously ornamented, and every Part that is not Marble is painted. They are Fitted up in a Manner corresponding with what you see without and contain every Decoration that Money can procure.

" Their Fortunes in general are immense and they are restrain'd by Sump-
tuary Laws from exceeding their annual Stipend. They have it not in their Power to raise a Guinea on their Estates by way of Mortgage, etc., as with us, nor can any Entail be cut off except for the Benefit of their Families or on some great Occassion by the Consent of the State. They never appear abroad without a Retinue generally on Foot in the Morning if the Weather be dry, or in a Chair if wet, and the Evening in their Carriages. A Lady is generally attended by 3

Footmen, one supports her Train, another carries her Silver Chaffing Dish. The Price for their Servants is 7d. a Day for Board and Lodging and 4d. for Wages, with Cloaths every two years. Their Dress so little unlike ours that you would scarce remark an Italian Lady in an English Assembly, excepting by their Hair which is particularly Beautiful. I have seen it of a prodigious length and thickness, and they tell me it sometimes reaches the ground.

"I received much civility from Consul Pollett; one day when I din'd with him there was as fine a Dish of green Pease as you would ever wish to see at your Table. He says there are two favour'd Spots that produce them all the Year. He inform'd me of their being a considerable Quantity of English Wheat brought annually to the Genoese Market, and that the best is from the Port of Lynn. . . ."

(The wind remaining contrary, they decide to go by land.)

". . . Glad of an Opportunity of leaving an Expensive Place, we departed the next day with the Post Man, the Only safe way of travelling by Land, through Roads impassable to a carriage and practicable by Mules only. You would have laugh'd to have seen us, we were 7 in Number, provided with thick Clokes and Umbrellas and accompanied by barefooted Guides, the merriest Creatures breathing though for miles together they travelled through Mud to their Ancles, Water to their Knees, and at best over Roads full of loose Stones and Flints. The Inns in this Journey are such as you would scarce believe me should I describe them, the wretches that Inhabit them appear scarcely human—in 4 of them the only fire Place in the House was in the middle of the Garret Floor 3 stories high with a hole at the Top to let out the Smoke, and 2 of them wanted even that—yet with all their wretchedness you always meet with Silver Spoons and Forks though they can give you nothing to eat. We carried our own Provisions—all that you can hope for is Eggs and this but seldom—at one Place they had nothing in the House but Vinegar.

"When we arrived at Sarzana the Roads admitted of a Carriage and we were provided with a Chaise. This is a prosperous and rather large Town. But the same Nastiness and Squalidity prevails as through the Country we had pass'd. To give one Instance only—at the Doors of several decent looking Shops the Women belonging to them were sitting in the Sun to pick the Creepers out of each others Heads.

"Two days brought us to Pisa, a City that exhibits a Picture of solitary Grandeur. I am very fortunately settled in a private Family upon reasonable Terms. The Air is said to be the finest in Italy, and from what I have seen they can have nothing of what we call winter. Many I believe most of the Houses have no chimney but in the Kitchen, a chaffing Dish or little Brasier being found to answer every Purpose. There are 3 English families here, a Mr. & Mrs. Minnifie—Mallock—and General Lockhart and Daughter; I have been introduced to them and find it is expected, if not otherwise engaged, to spend the evening at one of their Houses—They never Play, and give Coffee and Ice—Mr. & Mrs. Maynard of Suffolk are coming here tomorrow. Lady Astley ow'd much to the Friendship of Mrs. Minnifie last Summer, under whose Protection she was plac'd by Sir H. Mann our Resident at Florence. While I

am enjoying the sweet sunshine at my window I am sorry to think you cannot partake of it, who are most likely shuddering with cold by a Fire,—John Brown⁶ has a great dislike to air Balloons as wicked things or I think he might invent one to bring Mrs. Blofeld hither . . . by the Papers you have a dreadful Winter. . . .”

Pisa became Gunn's favourite city. He lodged in a delightful part of it, just off the piazza San Matteo on the Lung' Arno Mediceo. From here his view of the river in its long curve between the widely set back houses—more beautiful than the rivage at Florence—was in essence Shelley's of 1821:—

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and forever
It trembles, but it never fades away. . . .

The image never faded from Gunn's imagination—nor the architectural problems of the Baptistry and the Campo Santo from his curiosity. His studies in Gothic architecture that led to the publication of his book on this subject (prefaced 1813, but printed in 1819) suggested to him that the Gothic elements in these buildings were “coeval with their original foundation”; nothing would have proved his case better than some early plans, and these, he felt sure, could be found in the Pisan Archives. At intervals during the next forty years he continued the attempt to have a proper search made, though the archivists, and men his friends on the spot employed to make extracts for him, reported with equal regularity that there was nothing to his purpose there. Perhaps his disbelief in their assurances was fed by the fact that in 1792 he himself succeeded, where most people fail, in discovering and transcribing documents in the Vatican Library. In any case this casket that would not open rather added than otherwise to the fascination of Pisa.

Meanwhile, though he could not extract a comma from this repository, he bought engravings of the place and found much else to enjoy. The University (with its famous Botanical Gardens) provided a nucleus of intelligent and friendly men; so did the flourishing Pisan colony of Arcadians, and probably too the *Societa Litteraria* which later issued its series of luxurious books of the *Tipographia della Societa Litteraria* employing Amoretti's fonts. The intellectual climate of Pisa must have proved as tonic as its sunshine and topography to a home-bred scholar like Gunn.⁷ Besides many Italian acquaintances he made friends while he was there with the Rev. Thomas Hall, for over thirty years chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn. They corresponded for the rest of their lives, and at one time determined to exchange duties, though this never took place. Then unexpectedly, just before Gunn left Pisa, Anthony Aufrere arrived.

He probably arrived in even worse shape than he left Norfolk. He knew nobody and practically nothing of the language, he had to live on a wretchedly small allowance, and he missed his mother and sisters. This meeting with Gunn began the revival of his self-esteem and fortune, and he generously confessed in a letter a few months later “Indeed, I cannot but look upon my stumbling upon you, as one of those providential events which now and then attend us;

for I protest I know not what I should have done, unsettled and unacquainted as I was in this country." Gunn was fairly well equipped with letters of introduction (he had used one to visit the Comtesse de Genlis, the famous blue-stocking, on his way through France); with these, and his own recommendations, he soon gained Aufrere a circle of friends, and he set him to study Italian, and to keep a journal. But as well as this, and perhaps more to the purpose at such a juncture, they proceeded to be rather gay together, both in Pisa and in Florence. Aufrere, recalling these frolics after Gunn had returned to England, wrote that "Mrs. Minifie says she will not forgive your tearing her ruffle . . . with yr Toledo"; (which shows too that Gunn did not always dress the parson); and in another letter, "The Contessina desires her Comps. to you, and bids me say she has not forgot your sleeping by her side at Florence, nor yr sickness in ye Coach. She is a very aimiable young woman." Sentences that might well have shocked staid Norfolk ladies like Mrs. Norris.

Early in April 1785 William Gunn reached Rome, and Mrs. Norris it was who received the letter quoted below. Travellers at this time quite often shed tears, or walked in a daze, at the extraordinary impact of this city. It was then much smaller than Naples, and even so not fully inhabited; sheep grazed in the Forum, the Palatine was patched with wild thickets and little gardens; and the splendour of the ancient ruins, and of the Renaissance palaces and Baroque churches, was comparatively unobscured . . . Europe's imagination has been the poorer since that marvellous remnant was smothered in a modern city. Gunn was not unusual in his tears, but he was so in his concern for the Italian poor, whose case is not often mentioned by Grand Tourists.

"Rome is a wonderful Place. All the Accounts you have heard or read fall far short of giving you full Ideas of its Magnificence and Greatness, they are as inferior as the Translation of a fine Classic Author is to the Original.

"Surprise and Astonishment are the first and almost the only Passions a Stranger feels, and it is several Days before he comes perfectly to his Senses. The vast Monuments of Antiquity that have withstood every Effort of barbarous Ages to destroy them, and the Tooth of Time, for so many Centuries, and most probably will do so to the End of the World, almost make you believe that they were not only erected by Gigantic Hands but that their Abilities and Conceptions were equal to the increased Volume of their Bodies. But when you enter St. Peters it is a doubt whether the moderns do not challenge the Superiority over them. Here on your first Visit your Sensations are indescribable, too big for Utterance, your Ideas are confus'd—in short you have no Resource left but to retire unseen to give vent to Tears it is impossible to suppress. . . .

"In every . . . you discover Marks of ancient Greatness, large Peases of Porphyry and all the fine Marbles of the oriental World in the Streets, Steps of them to Palaces and Churches, Immense Reservoirs to their Fountains of the same Materials, of *one intire Stone*, such as would exhaust the Fortunes of modern Times to procure, once the Baths of the Romans, to be met with every where. Many columns of Granite of single stones measuring 3 yards in circumference. But this is not very entertaining

to Ladies—I mean it for Mr. Norris as I have no Stories of starv'd Dogs and Garret Windows for his Amusement.

“ You will naturally expect some Account of the Functions of the holy Week, those splendid Pantomimes—too fine (except the Misererios) to impress you with the Ideas of Devotion. . . . The Misererios conclude the Evening Service in the Chapel the 3 last Days of the holy Week and are the most pathetic composition I ever heard. All due attention is given to add to the solemnity of the Scene, and they are perform'd at the Hour our Saviour is supposed to have been deliver'd up to the Jews. During the Course of the Vespers the Tapers are all gradually extinguished but one, which just gives Light enough to distinguish Objects about you. A dead Silence of a few moments takes place, everyone prostrate, and the Voices from a Gallery above begin (for it is entirely vocal)—But Good God! such Voices! such strains of melting Harmony enough to pierce the very Soul—every one was petrified, and it was the General consent that they thought nothing less than Angelic Powers could produce such Effects. They last above 20 minutes. These compositions have never been out of the Vatican. I cannot tell what it is like except it be that of the finest and softest Wind Instruments, but far superior to them all,⁸ . . .

“ I have been fortunate in two Letters of the commendation to Rome that has gain'd me admission to the inside of several Houses.—I have been twice at Card: de Bernis, of whose princely Magnificence Mr. Preston also will inform you; at several Conversations, and at a very fine one last Night at the Senator's, a divine Concert where one third of the Performers were vocal, the first of both in Rome; a Ball, and Supper. The Company above 300, a Suite of 15 Apartments were open'd, mostly hung with Silk, and the Attendants numerous and none in Livery admitted beyond the Doors and nearly as well dress'd as the Company. Refreshments of all sorts in abundance—and the Master and Ladies of the House most exceedingly attentive.—But if such are the Luxuries of the rich, at how dear a Rate are they purchas'd? Human Nature shrinks with horror on viewing the thousands of houseless wretches that line the streets of Rome, in every form that is shocking and disgusting, meagre, pallid, exposing their ulcer'd Limbs to open View and even brought in Beds to solicit public Benevolence. Happy England, the only Country in the World where Comforts are uniform and the Gifts of Providence diffus'd with an equal Hand.

“ I have also had the Honour of being present'd to the Pope, but not that of Kissing his Slipper, generally now reserv'd for Churchmen. I was introduced with 3 others, we were led through a number of Apartments, fill'd with different Degrees of Ecclesiastics from the Guards to his Holiness, who receiv'd us in a Morning Dress standing and convers'd with us very graciously on a Variety of Subjects for a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an Hour.

“ I leave this Place in 2 days, and consider Pisa as my Head Quarters. . . . Your Accounts of Mr. N's strength astonish me—I hope you still fight off about coming down stairs—my best respects to him. My Friends are very good respecting my Churches, I feel very sensibly this and every other obligation.

I pack'd off a Hamper for Mr. Cook, but as I came through Norwich heard he had no Pint Bottles."

Almost to the day that Gunn wrote this letter from Rome, his friend Dr. Thomas Church⁹ of Coltishall was writing to him with news from Norfolk: the Aufrere news, as we have seen, Gunn happened to know far better than the doctor.

9th April 1785

" My dear Sir,

I thank you very sincerely for your obliging letter dated March 6, which reached me on the second of April: truly glad I am to find you in better Health and Spirits than when you left Norfolk. I enjoy in Idea the delightful Time you must have passed in a Climate of genial kindly warmth, and abounding with such beautiful Scenes of Nature and Art—You have happily escaped one of the most tedious Winters, and perhaps the longest ever known in England—I have been extremely tired of it and have suffered by it most exceedingly,—having been almost perished by the cold,—which has brought on little ailments, which by their frequency have somewhat shattered my shabby constitution: however, I now get on again;—and some warm April Days have given me new forces.

" The Barton House is better than when you left it. Mr. Norris is *à merveille*—but has the *Mens insana in corpore sanissimo*—The Ladies, as usual. Mrs. Norris sent a letter to you sometime since to Leghorn. You have their best wishes.

" Mr. Tho: Blofeld arrived last week at Hoveton—that family is well—and has written to you twice. I do not see them very frequently. They have been occasionally sick and then I saw them—Adkin serves the parish of Hoveton John punctually; and the care of Peter Hoveton was undertaken by Mr. Collyer and continued till Lady Day—from that time Carthew undertakes the care of it till Midsummer.—Your Friends hope they have acted for you in the best Manner possible, and the *Aufrere Family* have shewn you great attention and Respect, and frequently wished to have the service omitted during the bad weather and short days—*Ah cette malheureuse Famille!*—Anthony A. in innumerable distresses and difficulties, has left England and is gone to the Continent in a state of banishment. It was out of the power of his Friends here to set him right—his debts are very heavy indeed. His Father generously intended to have paid them but found they exceeded all Reason.

" He has been in the greatest difficulties you can imagine. Where he is, or what his plan of Life is, I know not! Nothing has yet transpired from his own Family—The Father is deeply *cut* by this Affair.

" The marriage of your Friend Cubitt has made the least Fuss possible—Nobody as yet has visited them! Bride Cake has been in circulation—and that's all. Beeston is in ruin—the foundation of the new Mansion begins to rise above ground—an elegant affair it will be¹⁰—The good Family in Town at present—Mr. P. is frequently at Beeston, but makes very short stay.

" Poor Headley¹¹ still exists—Nothing new in Church or State worth relating to you—and all Friends here whom you left alive and well, are so still. And you have by this the general Compts. of the Neighbours. . . .

" How did you bear the Sea?—in so warm a Climate the Voyages must now be delightful: and I hope tolerably safe. Do you bathe? either in the Sea or the Baths at Pisa? I think bathing very proper for you—and strongly recommend it to you.

" Mr. Ives has been confined all winter by a tedious Illness—is now getting better. The Lady has presented him another Boy. Catfield Family¹² are well. Old Negus¹³ still eats and throws out abuse in full measure gratis.—Thirty or forty Beekers of the Pisa Waters drunk daily would drench him well and do him no harm—Adieu, my dear Sir, go on, pursue your Route and enjoy yourself.

I am, Yours truly,
T. Church."

That Gunn pursued his Route into the Kingdom of Naples we know from the journal of his second tour, but no other word remains of that far-off summer. By the autumn of 1785 he was home in Norfolk.

III

William Gunn's attachment to Italy, which drew him back there in 1792, was maintained through the intervening years by correspondence, chiefly with the exiled Aufreze, and by the collection of such Italian prints and books as he could afford. Thomas Hall sends him " the Leghorn edition of Metastasio," and apologizes for the price. Aufreze asks if he will " risque " having his prints of Niobe seized by the customs men, or prefer some one to conceal them into England; and wants some Epauettes sent out. Philip Tassaert from Rome sends him a set of Volpato's engravings after Raphael. Aufreze sends another set of Volpato's prints, Vasi's Guide and Vasi's Statues, but reports that the only copy he can get of *La Biblia di Raphael* is too badly printed, and too expensive. The *Pisa Illustrata . . . da Alessandro dei Morrona* is obtained, and discussed with Hall by letter. At times, to avoid the customs, they seem to have used for this traffic a macaronic sort of person who travelled to and fro, an Irish priest living in Italy called Abbé Bodkin.

The pleasant quarto volumes entitled *Rev. W. Gunn—Correspondence*, transcribed and quarto-bound in green morocco and pink marbling for Dawson Turner,¹⁴ contain many references to the books, prints and extracts from manuscripts which Gunn asked for from Italy; and his keenness rather increased with age. Two random quotations may show this side of his life. First, Thomas Hall, from Leghorn October 22 1818, writes that he is sending Gunn " a collection of all the old valuable tracts of the Italian Classics, which I can lay my hands on at a small price (without having them new bound on account of the duty in England . . .) from the years 1500 to 1600 odd. At the same time assuring you that I shall pay not great attention to the *morality* they contain, as your object is the *simplicity, elegance* and *purity* of the Ancient Tuscan

languages." Second, Gunn himself, writing from Smallburgh to Dawson Turner, 10 March 1820, says "I have just received my copy of Mazzuchilli, 6 ponderous folios: I make resolutions only to break them—Let no lover of books have the boldness to say 'hitherto shalt thou go, and no further.' Molini tells me he has some very large consignments clearing at the custom house, after which he means to print a new catalogue."

In his thirties, however, Gunn also liked the gossip of Tuscany, and on this subject Aufrere could reply with more confidence and at much greater length than he could on the revenues of the Archbishop of Pisa. At times his pen has a sharp point. He enjoys the detection of a charlatan among the cosmopolitan crowds at the court of Florence; or writes emphatically (7 January 1786) "The Duchess of Ancaster, and her Daughter Ly. C. Bertie, were here all last week,—but are gone on to Rome, to ye great joy of us all; for they formalized our party. . . . The Mad Bishop of Derry (Ld. Bristol too in England) was here for 4 days with his daughter, Lady Erne, and his youngest son, Mr. F. Hervey. I saw them 3 or 4 times at Beckford's and like Lady E. much—She is quiet, sensible, not handsome, but genteel and unaffected. . . . The Bp. is lively, odd, and half mad; but good-humoured and pleasant enough; and the boy is a fine handsome lad of 16 or 17, very like all the Herveys who are all as mad as *March hares*. The men travel on horseback, having 8 English nags, which they had rode all through France to Nice; from thence to Genoa, and so here, over those cursed mountains where I should have been afraid almost to venture my neck upon a mule. . . ." (And—what could be saner, or more delightful?—they rode on by Piombino and Civita Vecchia to Rome itself.) At times Gunn may have been rather alarmed by what he read: "I have got an excellent acquaintance when I go to Naples, a Duchessa E. . . . a lady of high fashion, very rich, and young, and handsome; she is very *gay* too. . . . I have promised to be her Cavalier." But Aufrere is usually determined to demonstrate his good sense as well as his gaiety; so he adds that he is living within his stipend, or (despite the Epaulettes) "I promise you not to be the fine gentleman," or he encloses a copy of some scholarly pages from his journal.

The only unkind letter he appears ever to have sent Gunn was occasioned by the death of old Anthony Norris, his mother's cousin, who died at Barton Hall in 1786. . . . "And so the venerable ruin of Barton is gone at last! perchance you think me disappointed that he did not leave me his Estate! . . . I was often told I stood a tolerable chance. . . . But Mr. N. had no sensibility: he prided himself upon his philosophy, which was nothing more than a total want of feeling. He had some good points about him, but he was certainly not an amiable character.¹⁵ As for the old female ruin, when she goes. . . ." Gunn's affection for Aufrere no doubt tempered his reply, but he cannot have been pleased to read this. Since 1774 he had been curate at Barton and Irstead (at a stipend of 42 guineas), and the Norrises had been his good friends; he had the use of the library¹⁶ at Barton, and much valued it; and he seems to have been fond of the "old female ruin."

In 1786 Jacob Preston also died, his new house at Beeston not yet finished. The same year Gunn became vicar of Barton and rector of Irstead: he was now

rector of two parishes and vicar of three others. In 1788 he became engaged to Anne Mack of Sloley; he was 38 and she was 20. Mrs. Preston, writing to congratulate him, said she hoped this would fix him in the neighbourhood and prevent any "rambling to Pisa"—which shows something of his conversation. On 11 February 1789 they were married in Smallburgh Church and went to live in the parsonage at Irstead. On 2 May 1792, accompanied by the 2-year-old Marianne and her nurse, they disappointed Mrs. Preston and set out for France and Italy, not to return till November 1793.

IV

To be 42 in 1792 was rather like being 42 in 1914. Europe's physical and spiritual frontiers were about to slide into a new arrangement with more horrors and destruction than anyone who had grown to maturity in the old dispensation could think possible. The worst was not yet clear, but others beside Mrs. Preston were disturbed to see the Gunn family go. Sir John Wodehouse, enclosing a letter of introduction to Lord Grenville in Whitehall (who in turn produced one to Lord Gower in Paris), wrote "Surely Mr. Gunn will not think it advisable to visit the Canton de Berne or the Pays de Vaud, which may chance to become very inconvenient situations as affairs abroad are circumstanced." But Gunn's natural equanimity, and the eighteenth century habit of confidence that got even the middle-aged Gibbon to clamber into a coach and drive through warring Europe when he heard of Lady Sheffield's death, were to prevail over these and greater alarms. Gunn here is a good example of the classically unruffled mind, and the reader of his journal sees him at Lyons noting the recruitment of revolutionary troops, or the condition of a mosaic pavement, or when the apricots ripen, with apparently equal interest. It follows that his little party was generally unruffled too. Only once, at Antibes, was Anne Gunn seriously frightened, and then only by a conversation overheard.

On 5 March he drew £100 in cash from his bankers, Roger Kerrison and Sons, and a further £40 just before he left. He records of 2 May, when they drove up to London,¹⁷ that "the spring had been rather forward, but much retarded lately by the severe N.E. winds. Apple trees in orchards in full blossom, horse chestnuts beginning to flower and the buttons of the hawthorns white at the ends." They spent three nights with the Thomas Blofelds at Serjeants Inn, and drove on to Dover. At Rochester they were told that half the people of Calais were leaving the town in boats, and the other half were left behind firing at each other; but it turned out that due to the wind no boats, and consequently no news, had reached Dover for several days past. Payne's Hotel was dirty, ill-provided and expensive. They had a very rough crossing of 4½ hours to Boulogne, and the mainsail split "like a piece of wet paper" soon after they cleared Dover; Gunn cryptically notes, "Mrs. G. very ill, child rather so at first, and maidservant extremely so." But they soon revived in the comfort of La Vignette in Boulogne, where they found a clean house, carpeted rooms, mahogany table and coal fires ("English manners are gaining ground here"), and their hostess and her daughters at breakfast

on *Thé à L'Angloise*. Anne Gunn's fresh eye was caught by the appearance of the ordinary French women; their love of finery, the rings, crosses and earrings worn even by the most wretched; their strong and masculine look, no hats or bonnets, their skirts cut just below the knee, and their wooden shoes. "None of them seem to work as you see them in England, but they walk about or sit in groups in the gateways, some few knitting, and eating little Gingerbread Cakes."

It would be pleasant to have a description of Anne herself. Her passport issued at Lyons on 24 August 1792, *L'an quatrième de la Liberté*, mentions her chestnut hair, which grew rather thick and low, her brown eyes, large mouth, "ordinary" nose and round chin. She must, at 24, have been remarkably attractive, and no doubt still had the ruddy complexion of her girlhood portrait by John Sanders; the Italians were frequently to ask her to pull off her hat and be admired. William Gunn was physically strong and probably looked young for 42, with black hair and blue eyes and the regular features shown in the Flaxman drawing. He is labelled in his passport "*officier anglaise*." As for clothes, he had received full instructions from Anthony Aufrere, who in seven years had become the expert European:—

"Black cloth is doubtless the most gentlemanly thing you can wear: either all cloth for winter (and nothing is handsomer or more admissible), or cloth coat and silk wt.-ct. and breeches. The coat must be full dress, with a stand up collar, and buttons on the sleeves; and perhaps a silk lining would be as well. I would not engage in any Norwich stuffs etc. You will seldom find it too hot for a cloth frock, which you can have of black Kerseymere, and which may be rendered light of wear by means of nankeen wt.-ct. and breeches, or white wt.-coat and nankeen breeches. If you find it too hot, you will get thin silks at a cheap price. If you wear black as half mourning and have a mind to be very smart, you may wear a coloured wasitcoat, and such are to be had abroad *à bon compte*. Leather and fustian breeches are my constant, and are the best things to wear. Boots cannot be done without, and are universally worn of a morning. Leather breeches dirty much in travelling, and I think manchesters much better on the road. In summer I frequently wear nankeen pantaloons, which are all of a piece and button down the legs like quêtres. I find great comfort in a great horseman's cloak, which I wear occasly over my surtout, and is absolutely necessary in water excursions, night travelling, etc., as well as to put on when one quits a warm apartment. The Italian ferraiolo is an incomparable thing. . . . The Librarian at the Vatican I know nothing of; but I think I can promise you a letter for Zoega, a learned Dane, long settled at Rome, and who is the protégé of Card. Borgia, whom you by all means ought to be known to; he is the most learned man in Rome, especially in Oriental, Egyptian, Cufic. . . ."

The Gunns hired (with paper currency) a coach, a large cabriolet, left Boulogne on 9 May and reached Paris on the 12th. Anne Gunn wrote in her journal, "travelling post in France is not like England where you have good Roads and Horses, the latter in particular we found very bad till within thirty miles of Paris. They don't go more than 4 or 5 miles an hour, and at every

Post they impose upon you some way or other. We stopped at Chantilly to look at the Palace, which is very magnificent indeed. There is a fine collection of Natural History and Philosophy. The place is, or rather has been (as the silver is tarnished) very Elegant. There was a great many tame Carp in the moat which came when the man whistled and we gave them some bread, some of them several hundred years old. The country about it and from Clermont to Paris is beautiful beyond description, and from Boulogne it only wants our large oaks dispersed about to make it very fine indeed."

His journal records a good deal on the style, condition and materials of buildings they saw; also that "the state of manufactures is much less advanced in this country; that could be expected. Every little dealer fabricates his own materials, hatters make the hats they sell at the little shops, blacksmiths make nails, etc., etc. How idle the people, how little to do, how easy, how sociable. . . ." And finally, "How the times are changed; seven years ago there were *droves* of tame partridges in the road and environs, but now I saw only one brace as we were driving through the woods and the postillion stopped and asked if I had a pistol that he might fire at them. The road through the isle of France to Paris very delightful. Arrived at seven o'clock."

Paris was not much enjoyed. They both felt unwell, and the child was made ill by bug bites. The city seemed to them desperately crowded, houses of six or seven stories and "every story and often every room has its separate family, every little corner full, the crowns of arches of houses and gateways enclosed and called Entresols. Many of the streets narrow and winding, close, nasty and unwholesome as the ghetto of Rome." However, they went about and saw the sights. They visited (on horseback) the Gobelins and (by coach) the Sèvres factories; Versailles, "which looks very desolate and neglected from the furniture and hangings being all taken away, and most of the best pictures"; and a seminary for the blind and dumb which Gunn thought inferior to Braidwood's. St. Cloud and the Palais Bourbon they found very elegantly fitted up, with "fine Glasses, Silk furniture and a great deal of Gilding." They attended a debate one evening in the National Assembly, which met in the Tuileries. Gunn wrote that "there was as little appearance of order as of decency, for few members took their seats but were talking in parties like a coffee house the whole time, and every five minutes an officer was obliged to ring a bell and proclaim silence, though with little effect." Of les Invalides Anne Gunn wrote, "The hospital is a fine Institution, and well constructed to be airy and clean if they would only open the windows. It was Built to contain seven thousand people. They were preparing a very good dinner for the officers, everything in the kitchen was well managed and very nice and clean; we went to the Room where they were just going to dinner, they have twelve to a table and the table and the tablecloths and knapkins were all quite clean. Indeed there was every possible appearance of comfort." She noted in another place that "the lower order of People in France are very impertinent at this time, and you must let them have their own way or you can do nothing at all." They went to numerous theatres, of which she preferred the Opera where "the dancing is charming." And they enjoyed the flower and vegetable markets, where they

compared what they saw with what they might have had in Norfolk at that season; and William Gunn made notes on "lettuces, cos and cabbage, pease, roses of meam of Provence, ranunculuses of all colours, yellow jessamine, pinks, runaway pheasant-eye of a dingy red colour, double larkspur, carnations, artichokes, Marajan beans, cherries, strawberries of the long pointed sort," and much else. . . . But they determined to cut short their stay and proceed to Lyons.

Meanwhile, though neither of them bothered to record it, France was at war, provoked by Austrian support for the *émigrés*. At the end of May they received an agitated letter from Aufrere, who was at Spa in Germany, and had assumed, because of the news, that they would travel by Brussels and Cologne:—"as you must know that war was declared and hostilities were commenced, I hardly thought you would have the courage, I might almost say temerity, to traverse France in its present armed state. Now you are there, I fear you will find some difficulty in getting out; and I own that Lyons appears to me far from eligible, on account of the Banditti in the South. . . ."

V

William Gunn's journal for the three months they spent at Lyons is hard to read; part of it looks (though in ink) as if it were written on his knee in a coach. There are few day-to-day entries, but long notes on general topics, on the climate and topography of Lyons, on Thomas à Becket in those parts, on the French revolutionary government. There are several detailed pages on horticulture. There is a good deal on the antiquities of the district, and he takes a particular interest in materials: "the stones (of a Roman course) are calcarious stalactite, like the best traventine without the perforations"; or he observes "the great quantities of ancient mortar that are worked up among the old walls in different places about Lyon . . . some are composed of three different coats." From the end of August when they left Lyons, to the beginning of November when they had been already a month in Rome, there are no entries at all. He wrote on loose sheets of paper which have been stitched together into five small volumes, each of a different shape. Anne Gunn's journal, which was possibly written for her mother and sister Mary (who had inherited Sloley and married Benjamin Cubitt), was kept in a small notebook and is easier to read in both senses of the word. Unfortunately it only covers a third of the trip, for it is a good record of how the journey to Rome was made at that time by people of limited means.

She describes their passage to Lyons as follows: "Sunday 3rd June 1792. We left Paris at 10 o'clock in the evening. The Diligence is a very unpleasant carriage, very rough indeed, and very hot in the day as it carries eight and two of them quite block up the windows. Nanny¹⁸ was very ill till the Tuesday afternoon when she began to bear the travelling better, and so many strangers made the Child very cross. The accommodations on the road are in general very good, more especially with respect to provisions as there was always a good and generally a handsome dinner and supper provided. One night we were almost devoured with Bugs, and there is always some at all the inns in France,

even the finest at Paris are full of them. We reached Chalons by Thursday dinner and found the streets hung with tapestry and linen sheets, I suppose being the fete de Dieu. It was a rainy afternoon so we were obliged to keep below in the chamber; we slept at Macon. The next day was a very fine one and it was delightfully pleasant, the banks of the river are very picturesque indeed. The hills are mostly covered with vineyards, and indeed all the way from Paris you see more than corn and sometimes nothing else by miles together. The country is very hilly and the roads in some part very bad, sometimes we had twelve horses. . . . We arrived at Lyon Friday evening June 8th, at the Hotel du Parc, where we have now been two months. We changed our rooms after the first week for two that look into the Place Derreaux and down to the bridge Pont St. Clair. They are as airy and pleasant as it is possible to be in a Town, the people of the house very civil and respectable."

The only uncivil aspect of Lyons they encountered was the regiment of youths, called "*De Bonne Espérance*," that paraded the streets from time to time: Gunn wrote (rather unpatriotically) "if you dont happen to clear the way for them with all imaginable deference the infant Hampden that precedes with a drawn sabre points it to your throat." These apart, they found a friendly and tranquil society, with justice (as he observed) largely distributed. He noted down the pensions paid to monks and nuns who had left their orders, and how those who chose to remain were concentrated in Reformed Orders and fewer convents. No new vows might be taken, many ecclesiastical buildings were turned to mechanical uses, and parishes were "newly modelled, small ones consolidated and some abolished." He expresses the general indignation to be expected from his class and cloth that the uneducated mob should rule, but his analysis of their rule is careful and tolerably objective . . . "The Members of the Municipalities are elected by the people, now unrestrained by subordination; they are such as may be supposed, chiefly consisting of little trades people. . . . I saw two in the municipal box last night at the theatre who from their shabby, nasty appearance I would have shrunk from in any place. Yet such are the civil and military rulers of the second city in France. . . . The first inhabitants such as the most opulent, Negotiants, bankers, those of independent situation, are entirely excluded. . . . I have conversed with scarce any person who is not ashamed at the present state of the politics of the country yet acquiesce in them from force, between the fears of a return to the old government, and the horrors of a civil war."

Despite the shabbiness in the municipal box the Gunns subscribed to the main theatre and found the performances very good. They walked and drove about the city and its environs, and spent a few days with some friends in the country. While there they called on "a protestant Clergyman, a Swiss family; we had tea and bread and butter, afterwards we played cards, at least the game of reverse." Anne Gunn remarks that "visiting in the country seems to be in a very easy way amongst the French, it is chiefly calling in the afternoon in a family way, and now and then a great supper." 14 July provided them with some excitement. Trees of Liberty were set up about the city, and the dancing and singing round the one in their square kept them awake for two



Anne Mack, aged 9, daughter of John Mack of Sloley. From the Portrait painted by J. Sanders of Norwich in 1777, in the possession of Mr. Theodore Haughton

nights. They were invited to attend the civic celebrations. Gunn wrote, "A pyramid erected surrounded by flights of steps and apt inscriptions. All the National Guard drawn out and forming an immense ring and a fine sight, as was a band of music vocal as well as instrumental, which performed a Lyric Ode composed and set for the occasion. A covered scaffold was erected for the municipality and for Company, I suppose 60 yards in length, one half of which, just as the music struck, fell down. Mrs. G. and myself were of the party, but as the s. was not more than 5 feet above the ground, no accident occurred."

While they were undergoing these hazards Anthony Aufrere was writing from Heidelberg, where he and his new wife had taken a house for a year, in friendly concern at the greater dangers they might soon encounter. "I do not relish the idea of your travelling thro' countries so much the scenes of brigandage and bloodshed as those around Avignon. . . ." He had seen German troops on the march; the Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto was issued, the Prussian and Austrian armies were indeed about to invade France.¹⁹ Like most of his letters this one is entertaining and enormously long—he engagingly interjects "What a pacquet I write! methinks I am talking to you, and it is so pleasant to me that I know not when to cease." He gives detailed advice about the best inns (he seems to know them all) at Genoa, Turin, Verona, Vicenza, Padua ("forget not the fine St. John in the Desert by Guido"), Venice, Ferrara, Cento ("at which last are some fine things by Guercino"), Pesara, Fano, and so on. He assumes that from Florence Gunn will visit Pisa ("by all means take the route by Pistoia and Lucca, you do it in a day and a half, and I think it one of the most beautiful routes in Italy"), and this of course brings a flood of reminiscence and advice. Their friend Thomas Hall had preached a remarkably bad funeral sermon on Sir Horace Mann, and must be prevented at all costs from reading one his treatise on the Origin of the World, which lasts for hours. Various scholarly Abbates are recommended, and even a hairdresser—"pray send for Parini"—living conveniently near Aufrere's old lodgings by the centre bridge. Then: "We have great news from India. Tippoo Saib gives up great part of his Domin^s to us, and pays the Company 3½ Millions sterling. . . . The Russians and Poles are at war. . . ." Next are some facetious comments on Dr. Darwin's new poem called *The Loves of the Plants*. Then recommendations to people in Rome, including Lady Knight (of whom he is too rude to quote) and her *savante* daughter, the brilliant and agreeable Miss Cornelia Knight, who was in fact to become a friend. Lastly (trace of the old "extravagant dog") he asks Gunn to pay a few small bills for him in Florence.

VI

Once more Gunn did not let Aufrere decide his route, but certainly the situation in France was worsening. Shortly before they left Lyons on 21 August he wrote to John Blofeld at Hoveton, mostly telling him how the new French administration worked in the provinces, but adding "we have just heard an Acc^{nt} of a dreadful massacre of some Priests at Marseilles by the enrag'd People."

They set off, *en route* for Marseilles, down the Rhone in the public barge, according to Anne Gunn "a miserable conveyance, I should think there must have been five hundred people in it. There was two carriages, and fortunately I had a place in one." The wind was against them, and the weather stormy. They reached Avignon two days later, and she wrote "The Hotel St. Omer is one of the most comfortable as well as the cheapest I ever was in; it was a small table dote with two courses, better served than at most gentlemen's houses. Coming down the Rhone did not amuse, for the banks are nothing like so fine as those of the Soane from Macon. . . . Avignon is a very clean looking town, but not much to be seen now as the Churches are shut up, and the Palace is stripped of all its ornaments and turned into Barracks for the soldiers. We went to see the church that belonged to the mad house and foolishly let ourselves be locked in, time²⁰ the man went for the key: never shall I forget what I suffered in that Time. . . ." The fruit was excellent at Avignon, large and well flavoured melons and great plenty of peaches, grapes and figs. They went to Nimes, and to Arles which put them in mind of the *Deserted Village*, so desolate was it, and took careful note of the Roman remains. The amphitheatre at Nimes was still full of houses. "We slept the next night at Salon, a small town, but one of the most Romantic I ever saw, the streets winding with rows and groups of trees and several handsome fountains. As we were taking a little walk, we were stopped by a Gentleman who speaks English, who was going to the patriotic Club and took us with him; it was a great hall full of the shabbiest looking creatures I ever saw. We returned to our inn which, though very ordinary in appearance, produced a very excellent supper, vastly well dressed."

From here they drove on to Marseilles. The road was more solitary than any they had yet travelled, and for mile after mile they saw no one except a few soldiers who called "Ca ira" as they passed. We may imagine them jogging slowly on through the empty landscape, Nanny now a seasoned traveller, little Marianne, as they are on their own, not cross—(small children usually travel well, so much of the time they don't notice they are travelling); and nobody, one assumes, mentioning the massacre of priests.

"The harbour at Marseilles (wrote Anne) is a very fine one, the ships come quite up to the pavement before the houses. We went to the theatre and saw a fine Opera with Ballets, etc., it is a very large and handsome house; the piece was vastly well got up and at great expence." She also visited the shop of "Tombareilly, Parfumeur de la Cour, connu depuis long-tems par l'excellence de ses Parfums," and brought away his list of over two hundred different scents and powders. On 4 September they proceeded along the coast road, at that time a bad one, in stormy weather. "On Friday Sept. 7th we stopped at Frejus to see the amphitheatre. . . . We had still the same mountainous country and the roads very bad indeed, and Le Frejus horses very unequal to the journey. We were to have crossed l'Estoril and slept at Cannes, but the postillion was unacquainted with the road or he would never have attempted it. In fine, night came on, it rained very fast and we were stuck upon the mountains, where I would willingly have stayed till the morning. We had

soon occasion to wish that we had determined to do so, for in ten minutes we were overturned, but thank God none of us hurt worth mentioning. The coach laid partly over the edge of the road, a very little more and we should have been down to the bottom of the Precipice, or if we had been going faster it very likely would. . . . We got out as well as we could, thankful there was none of us hurt, but then what was to be done? There was no house near, and the coach could not be got up without assistance, nor they did not like to leave it alone. So we sent the Coachman to the Post which was two or three miles off, and the rain drove us into the coach again, much against my inclination. . . . In less than two hours he returned to my great relief, with nine men, and with some little difficulty they raised the coach, which had sustained no injury. . . .

“The Post house was such a place as you never saw, the people were all gone to bed and did not hurry down; and when they came were of little service, for never shall I forget what a lazy creature one of the women was, and how slow she went about everything. Nanny fried some bacon and Eggs, which was, except a few walnuts, the only things to eat they had. And indeed from the appearance that was more than I expected to find. After we had eat what we could we went again into the coach to pass the night, for there was no place possible in the house, and there a swarm of knats had taken possession and made rest impossible, for the knat bites in this country are nearly as bad as wasps in England.

“The next morning about six o'clock we proceeded in our Journey. . . . From Cannes to Antibes is one of the finest fertile countries I ever saw, it is quite a Paradise, every fruit in such Perfection as I shall never see again, and part of the way the sea quite close to the Road, and on the other side quite a Garden, as indeed all the country is. We arrived at Antibes about ten o'clock; it was the first and last place I was frightened at in France; there had been two Priests hung there in the morning, and I heard the soldiers talking of it as I sat in the coach alone.²¹

“Our horses were quite tired. There was a Steep Place and a River which we thought they never would have got the coach up, and indeed I expected nothing so much as to be left in the river all night. They were so long getting there that it was almost dark, and the Guide demanded a most extravagant price; it was quite dark by the time we were over, and I suppose we were then two hours before we got to Nice, which we did safe at last at ten o'clock at night, and a good night's rest soon recovered us; not so our things which were wet entirely through, and although fine weather they were two days drying. The air of Nice is remarkable damp, there is nothing to see there.”

From here they set out on Tuesday 11 September to cross into Italy by the Col. da Brouis and the Tende pass. They slept the first night at Sospello in a very good inn. The next night they spent at Tende, “a poor miserable house and very cold. We made a good fire to go to bed by. Thursday we did not find the road so good over the Tende, it is never repaired as the snow makes it impassable for a carriage in the winter. We got some milk at a very comfortable cottage half way over the mountain, the woman said she had ten children, she was boiling some soup and some peas. When we got to the top of the mountain

we found a visible difference, and we were obliged to draw up all the glasses and even to stop the little peep hole at the back. I think I never felt so cold and piercing a wind. We were but a short time descending and stopt at Limone to hire the first place in Piedmont, where a good fire was the best thing to be had. We slept at Coni, had no more mountains but a very fine pleasant road." The next night they slept at Carmagnola, and on Saturday morning reached Turin, "a new town and very beautifully laid out." Here, besides visiting the King's Palace and the University, they had the only meal she itemised. Perhaps it was a celebration.

	Dinner at Turin	
	a la bonne femme for two persons:	
	Boiled Veal	
Stew'd Pigeons	Macaroni	Ragou'd Chicken
and Potatoes	Modi	
	<i>Roast Beef</i>	
	Snipes	
Puffs	Spinach	Plumb Pudding
	<i>Broil'd Mutton</i>	
	Parmasan and	
	new cheese	
Figs	Grapes and Pears	Biscuits

VII

They reached Rome at noon on Friday 12 October, and were glad to find a letter for them at the gate from Mr. Patrick Moir, the banker, saying he had provided them with a lodging in Strada delle Orsoline near the Trinita dei Monti. They drove there forthwith, and found the place "very airy and convenient"; there was a sitting room, two bedrooms and a hall for servants at seven Zequins²² a month. Anne Gunn wrote that she was "sincerely thankful that we were got to a resting place for some time; for short days, wet cold weather, very wretched inns and uncivil coachmen had heartily tired me of travel." A month later they moved a short distance to lodgings in the Strada Condotta (via dei Condotti) near the piazza di Spagna. These parts, which had centred the Dutch and Flemish colony in the seventeenth century, were then very much the English quarter. The 1791 wine list of the hotel in the piazza includes English beer;²³ a printed advertisement of English artists residing in Rome in 1793²⁴ shows them living mostly in this area; Lord Bristol lodged near the Trinita dei Monti; Keats died in a room overlooking the Spanish Steps.

The Gunns had been taken ill at Bologna, and had spent a wretched ten days in Florence too unwell to see much of the city; it is not certain that William was even able to make his flying visit to Pisa. Their customary vigour was restored by the time they reached Rome; the very next day they visited St. Peter's, and the next seven months till their departure to Naples in the early summer enabled them to see almost everything of note. They both enjoyed

riding, and visits to more distant ruins were often made on horseback. The weather in October—month of the *villeggiatura*—was delightful, and encouraged them to waste no time.

Anne's journal retains (except perhaps when faced with Raphael) its freshness to its end on 29 November:

"Tuesday (Oct. 23rd 1792) walked out a little in the morning and rode in the afternoon in a Whiskey, charming weather quite as warm as you would wish it. Went through the Ghetto, where the Jews live as thick as possible and are locked in every night. Saw the Temple of Manly Fortune, and the pretty little Vestal's Temple. Then to the famous Mount Testaccia. . . . Home by the Baths of Caracalla, immense remains of ancient magnificence."

She usually notes how clean and airy, or otherwise, the houses they visited were; her own house in Norfolk must have been spotless, and (one fears) extremely cold.

"Wednesday Oct. 24th. Palazzo Doria Pamphili. A magnificent palace and neatly kept. A fine collection of pictures. Prodigal Returned by Guercino, excessively interesting, the father especially, his arms held out to embrace his son and his countenance denotes how rejoiced he is to see him again. St. Agnes by the same, kneeling upon the faggots which a man is setting fire to very unconcernedly, she is a charming figure, her head particularly fine. Virgin and the Child asleep by Guido, very beautiful. . . ."

Of the Palazzo Justiniani, which they visited in November, she writes "Of all the palaces the entrance to this is nastiest. . . ." And she sensibly observes, having got inside, that "the Murder of the Innocents is very horrid."

Most of the great Roman houses that boasted works of art seem to have been open to people of the Gunns' standing. They went, sometimes on more than one occasion, to the following palaces and villas: the Barberini, Borghese, Doria, Corsini, Farnese (empty and stripped, but they saw the Carracci frescoes), Farnesina, Rospigliosi, Lodovisi, Albani, Colonna, Aldobrandini ("Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne . . . much damaged"), Chigi, Bolognetti, Justiniani and Altieri. They went to numerous churches, and frequently to the Vatican, Capitol and Clementine Museums. Of the pictures at the Capitol those most frequently copied, the guide told them, were Guercino's *Sybilla Persica* and Guido's *Fortune*. William Gunn is said to have owned a study by Guido for the *Aurora* in the Rospigliosi summer-house, and in the palace itself they saw Guido's *Andromeda*, a picture the editor of the *Burlington Magazine* described in February 1962 as practically unknown to students of art history "until the other day. . . ." After Raphael they most admired Guercino, and wherever they went sought out his pictures enthusiastically. Next came Guido Reni, and then probably Annabale Carracci, Corregio, Caravaggio, Domenichino and Garofolo. A great admiration for Michelangelo developed while they were in Rome. Carlo Maratti they did not like, nor Bernini, and Reubens only grudgingly. They thought no more of Dutch painting than Gibbon or Horace Walpole did. Such Italianate landscape painting as Rome provided they much enjoyed, and were delighted with the Colonna pictures: William Gunn wrote "this Gallery contains the first Collection of landscapes perhaps in the world; Nicholas

Poussin both in oil and gesso, Claude Lorraine, Orizante, Albano, Salvator Rosa. . . ." The range of his interest and sympathy was wide, and a random page of his journal shows him noting della Notta's power to render the effect of light from a candle; the sublimity of conception and execution in Tintoret; and how "the beauty of Perugino, as of all the earlier masters who applied their talents to Divine subjects, is a seriousness and composure *entirely of their own* . . . variety of expression was yet to be learned, and how passion may be imprinted without violating beauty." He wrote off the Albani collection (having discussed the landscape painting of da Vinci and Durer, and the colours of Baroccio) with "many fine pictures, but more rubbish than I ever saw." Antique statuary and bas-reliefs were viewed with an emotional intensity they now rarely elicit. The various and often splendid palace gardens delighted both William and Anne, and probably Marianne too—those at the Aldobrandini were "full of loaded oranges, now yellow . . . and Narcissus in flower." Much of his Italian journal, as of his French one, consists of notes on architecture and its materials. Many years later he himself turned architect and built Soley Hall (first occupied on the night of Waterloo), Smallburgh Hall and Holly House, Smallburgh, all for relatives of his wife.²⁵

During this Roman autumn, while the Gunns diversified their sight-seeing with a pleasant social round, and in his case with a good deal of study, affairs in England had taken an unpleasant turn. The following letter was addressed in November to "Monsr.-Monsr. Gunn, Poste Restande, a Rome," by his friend Thomas Cubitt of Honing (husband of the Treasure and Anne Gunn's uncle) who had undertaken to collect his tithes and rents for him while he was away.

"Dear Gunn,

I have been daily in hopes of receiving a letter from you, to inform us of your safe arrival at Rome, and also of your finding in a letter from Mrs. C. to Mrs. Gunn a 25^l Note of Sir R. Heines, directed, as Mrs. Gunn desired, to Mons. Jenkins.²⁶ Since your departure from Lyons, the affairs of the French have taken a turn as astonishing as (I fear) unfortunate for this Country: within six weeks the increase of the revolution Clubs in this part of the World is truly alarming. They profess peaceable Intentions; but it is not difficult to perceive that Notions of the imprescriptible rights of Man have taken very strong hold of the poor people's Minds. These clubs, which are established in almost every large Town in the Kingdom, hold a regular correspondence with each other, which will enable them to act in Concert, whenever they think themselves sufficiently powerful to throw off the Mask; and, should the Military continue Loyal, (which, considering the unremitting pains taken to seduce them, may be doubted) they will have plenty of Work cut out for them. Happily, the impatience of the most Factious has anticipated the wishes of their leaders by riotous meetings in different parts, which have been quelled by the exertions of the Magistrates, etc.

"At Yarmouth, about three Weeks since, the Mob assembled, and with their usual Judgement proceeded to destroy Butter, Meat, etc., by way of making a plenty. Mr. Lacon, the Mayor, assembled the Gentlemen of the

Town, who were immediately sworn in as Constables and marched to meet the Mob, who had made an attack upon the Gaol, to liberate one of their party committed; but by the Spirited conduct of the Gentlemen were not only defeated in that plan, but several of them lodged there, and were tried last Week by a Special Commission, when one Woman was sentenced to Transportation, and two men to, each, two years imprisonment.

“ Our Stocks last week experienced a very unusual and alarming depression, from 91 to 82—on Friday I hear they had risen 84½ and 85: this was attributed by some to a declaration, made to the States of Holland, by which they were assured of Support in Case of an Invasion. . . . Others thought the fall might be partly attributed to ye alarming increase of the revolution clubs and the appearance of disaffection in the lower ranks about London, which discovered itself by an *Emperor*, as it was called, being carried about on 5th November and afterwards burnt. *No King* pasted upon ye Walls—and when his Majesty went to the Theatre, most decided marks of disapprobation upon the Musick playing ‘God save the King.’ To counteract all these Presbyterian Machinations. . . .” Here he gives the supposed intentions of the Ministry, reduction of taxes most oppressive to the poor, and so on; and reports that in North Norfolk they have renewed their Association for assembling in case of a riot, and that it has been signed by between 3 and 400 Farmers and Tradesmen. He continues, “ Upon revising my letter, I think it gives rather a gloomy view of our situation: you will therefore recollect it is November, and make suitable allowance for ye season. The Morses are at Beeston ” (they had rented it): “ he appears a Gentlemanlike, steady man, and I dare say you will find him a good neighbour. He has begun to improve the Farm with great Spirit, and I think made an alteration in the approach to the House which you will approve. You come through the two fields, and, instead of going into the Common, drive past that part of the Garden adjoining to the pleasure ground, which is to be laid into a Lawn. . . .”

He adds that one or two babies are expected, Mrs. Blofeld is wonderfully mended in health, and “ Old Jackson plagues Miss Soames terribly. Mrs. Cubitt joins in love to Mrs. Gunn, yr. little Girl and yourself, with

Yours

T. Cubitt.”

Gunn had something to say in his journal about the activities in Rome of French republicans, but no shadow of the revolution clubs in Norfolk darkens its pages. On Sunday 18 November he records the fact, no doubt with some pleasure in its piquancy, that he had that morning seen high mass celebrated in St. Peter's by the Cardinal of York—“ a fine old man with the features of the Stuart family,”—and the same evening had attended a reception given by the young Prince Augustus, son of George III. He describes him as “ a young man who seems to have outgrown his strength—family likeness—affable and pleasing in his manners.” The Prince liked this scholarly clergyman, and during the winter a friendly relationship was established between them that was to last the elder man's life. Meanwhile it brought him to the hub of English society in Rome.

Thomas Cubitt wrote again on 7 December 1792 with more alarming news. He was an officer in the Militia, and the following Corps were to be embodied: Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Cumberland, Northumberland, Durham, Lincoln, Westmorland and York. "By the purport of this proclamation the Militia being called out appears to originate in discontents at home, rather than from any intention of Ministry to involve us in a War with France. . . . Stocks have fallen to 74, are now 76 $\frac{1}{4}$, but extremely fluctuating. The principal Merchants in London, and particularly the Corporation, have expressed their Loyalty and intention of supporting the present Constitution in the strongest Terms. In the Country, the same spirit of Loyalty is declared by every person above the rank of Common labourers (Presbyterians excepted). . . . The Militia will assemble at Yarmouth on the 17th, and, it is expected, will not remain long in their own County; as amongst other reasons for assembling them is urged by politicians the advantage of sending 1,000 of the most disaffected vagabonds (who would be first to join in an insurrection and are acquainted with the use of Arms)²⁷ from their own County into Barracks with regular Regts., or into distant Counties, where the people are better disposed; and indeed this Idea is rather confirmed by those Counties being selected who are most disaffected. . . .

"As soon as our Regt. is fixed in Barracks or Quarters I shall take lodgings for Mrs. Cubitt who would not think being left at Honing by herself pleasant at any time, but still less so at this time, when Revolution Clubs in every Corner of the Neighbourhood breath nothing but Riot and Insurrection. . . .

"I have expected to hear from you about receiving your Tythes of Sloley and Irstead. As *that* will not now be in my power (at least according to the present state of things) surely you had better appoint some Agent to look after the Estates, and receive the Rents of them, and your tythes, 'till you return or the Militia being disembodied. . . . I saw poor Adams, our Governor of the House of Industry (at Smallburgh), who says he is rendered quite wretched with the continual apprehensions he is under of an attack upon the House. . . ."

The 170 years that have since gone by have turned the House of Industry into an ivied ruin. Honing, too, the years have improved, its excellent red brick and classical line now set off by the great trees Humphrey Repton had not then planted, its orchards and fields and woods thriving under another Cubitt. But Gunn's letters there have disappeared. No doubt he was a good deal concerned to hear that his poorer neighbours in Norfolk breathed nothing but Riot and Insurrection, and the appointment of an agent to collect his tithes, if indeed he appointed one, must have put him to some trouble. It is also possible that he thought Cubitt's letters, as he obviously thought Aufrere's, unduly alarmist. Here, in the event, he was wrong: at home the pastoral and paternal structure of English life had already begun to fail, and moreover the Habeas Corpus Act would be suspended,²⁸ the Royal Navy would mutiny and the Irish would rebel; while abroad Aufrere's vapourings of Banditti in the south of France would soon be the rapine of French armies in Italy itself. Gunn was determined to continue his tour. He planned to go on to Naples

in the spring, and meanwhile he was studying the late Roman mosaics in the churches of Saints Agnese and Constanza, and, more important, had started his attack on the Vatican Library.

Apparently first prize for the frustration of scholars must go to the custodians of Spanish libraries, but it was probably fair then to allot second prize to the Italians. William Gunn records his experiences (December 1792—January 1793) as follows:—

“ I have of late been taken off from my Pursuits in visiting the antiquities of ancient and the beauties of modern Rome partly by the indisposition of Mrs. G. and partly from having turned my thoughts to other researches.

“ Supposing that the Vatican and other Libraries might contain many original Papers interesting to an Englishman, it was one of the first objects of Enquiry on my arrival to put myself in the Track for the Investigation. Accordingly I went to the Vatican Library and was inform'd that it was not very difficult to obtain permission to copy M.S. from thence, but extremely so in those of the Archives of his Holiness which were guarded with the utmost privacy: that there were two offices so called (i.e. Archivi) where state papers were deposited, the most secret in the Castel St. Angelo the access to which was hopeless—the other is in the Vatican and contained those not so sacred—the entrance to both was forbidden under Pain of Excommunication.

“ The Abbate Santalini who attends at the Library gave me this information, and whom I have since found both useful, civil and communicative. He gave me to understand that a Petition in form must be presented to Cardinal de Zelada the Secretary, setting forth the Papers required, which if he thought proper to grant, orders were given to the Librarian of course; though he observ'd that the present period from the situation of public affairs was not favourable to a liberal Research. Having a letter to the Senator Prince Ressonico I made application to him to obtain leave of C. de Zelada for copying papers relative to the History of England from the Reign of Henry 8th to the Abdication of James 2nd—and orders were given both to the Librarian of the Vatican, and also to the Archivist, to let me see such as were the object of my Enquiry—with respect to the latter it must be always understood, ‘ for those that were proper to be shewn.’

“ The Senator not satisfied with the General Order of Zelada interested himself so far as to speak to Monsignore Reggi, Librarian of the Vatican, and to the Abbate Marini who is one of the Archivists, requesting they would assist me as far as lay in their power. I know that in people like these who are above a pecuniary Gratification private Friendship at Rome is as effectual as a public order, and for that reason I was strenuous in promoting its Influence.—Zoega²⁹ long in habits of Intimacy in the exchange of kind offices with Marini made particular application to him—so that it must be allow'd my Interest was as strong as possible, and I only mention these particulars to show how difficult and indeed how hopeless is the Wish to obtain a sight of the many Treasures conceal'd from vulgar eyes in those Repositories.

“ In consequence of all these applications I visited Marini—who informed me there was no Catalogue for either, but that the Papers were arranged in

Compartments distinct for the different countries according to their Dates. That those relating to England were few in number since the Reformation, but very abundant before that Period. I appointed a Morning for calling upon him a second time, when he said he should be prepar'd with such M.S. as the Archives afforded: when he produc'd only a Latin M.S. history of England which seemed only a Translation of some common thing in England; a Journal (he had himself found at a Pork Shop in 1775) kept by some Roman Gentleman, as he had made out, who was in England from the yr. 1634 to 37, written in short daily memorandums but in such a manner that neighter I nor himself could read 10 words of it tho' we tried for half an Hour; Some particulars of the Legateship of Cardinal Poole when in England, subjects well known to us; a collection of letters from Poole and some others . . . some letters from Mary—and many loose Papers: but nothing of much importance, and which Marini assured me are all that related to my Purpose,—after I had wasted a whole morning in looking them over.

“ I informed Marini that I would come the next Day, and make some extracts from the latter M.S.; when to my great surprise he replied that tho' I was welcome to look them over no copies were allowed—he said however if I would mark the letters or passages that I wished to make my own, he would examine them and give me an answer—and this was the utmost limit of his Power. This speech so unexpected very much surprised and indeed humiliated me, for it was easy to see that the above Papers were selected because they were of no Importance, and I felt a kind of Insult. But I thought it wiser to favour the cheat, and the next Day made a List of several which he said his amanuensis should copy. As to Mon^{re} Reggi, he also said that no one was allowed to look over the Vatican catalogues, but that I must give Notes of the Papers I wanted,—the impossibility of doing which made me give in a Memorial in general terms that I wished for such as related to the History of England from and during the Reign of Henry 8th to William 3rd. How I shall succeed here I know not, as there is a Vacation at the Vatican Library from about the 22nd Dec. to the 7th of Jan.³⁰

“ It occurred to me that many Important M.S. might be met with in the Libraries of some of the Papal Houses—at the Corsini I have found a few—the Barberini is now repairing and shut up—the Chigi I have hopes of seeing through Marini who offered to speak to the Librarian for me.”

His next mention of this subject is on 17 January 1793.

“ I have hitherto continued my Searches in the Libraries for M.S., an employment which has taken me off from the fine things that Rome contains. One is at first surpris'd to find how the same M.S.S. are repeated and often in the same Library, which latter must be accounted for by the great ones being the aggregate of several private Collections.

“ There are for Instance two Copies of Henry 8th Letters in the Corsini, besides the originals in the Vatican. Duplicate of Marcaldi's Life of Mary and another in the Vatican. The Relation of Daniel Barbaro in the Corsini, another in the Vatican and a 3rd in the Pope's Archives.”

From this it is clear he had got through part of the outer defences; and that he brought off some loot was seen later in the publication in England of these three books:

Extracts, describing the Ancient Manner of Placing the Kingdom in Military Array . . . from original state papers of the 16th century collected on the continent, and hitherto inedited. 1803. This was dedicated to Colonel Wodehouse.

The Historia Brittonum, commonly attributed to Nennius, from a M.S. lately discovered in the library of the Vatican Palace at Rome . . . 1819.

Historical Introduction . . . etc. to the Love Letters of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn . . . 1823.

Much of the actual copying of manuscripts for these works, and perhaps for others projected, was done by arrangement with Zoega after Gunn had left, and took a long time. Zoega wrote on 30 January 1795, to say that copying of Vatican manuscripts was going forward, and he had enough money to pay for it. He also mentioned the success of excavations carried out at Ardea by order of Prince Augustus; and said of their friend Flaxman's return to England, "Now he being gone, and Trippel dead, Canova has no rivals at Rome." In July 1795 he sent sixty sheets of Vatican manuscripts, Santalini's catalogue of other Vatican manuscripts, and a catalogue of the Barberini library relating to England. As late as October 1801 he was still sending accounts of payments to copyists.

As a postscript to these researches, there is this passage in a letter William Gunn wrote from Smallburgh Grange on 14 May 1824 to Dawson Turner: "The M.S.S. in Rome that relate to the affairs of Britain from the Reformation to the Restoration are principally detailed plans and schemes, by means of which Romanism and the influence of the Popes might be restored to this country. One of these now occurs to my recollection. It was a series of propositions, by which Cecil might be either won over, or removed; one was by poison."

To be continued

¹Without doubt these unteaching butterflies accomplished more for English art than all the labouring stage-
elephants of the next century, because a lot of money, judiciously spent, and not a great amount of advice, is ever that
which the artist needs." Essay on Taste by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton, in *Johnson's England*, 1933.

²"Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground."

Pope: *The Dunciad*, 1742.

³Appendix I is a map of John Mack's estate.

⁴Norwich City Library.

⁵John Birkbeck, possibly of the Norfolk banking family; when Consul at Marseilles he made difficulties about
lending Boswell money. Passports in those days had also to be acquired from the native authorities in Paris, Lyons,
Nice, Turin and Viterbo before you reached Rome.

⁶An interesting character, for many years *factotum* in the Blofeld family, and something of a poet. There is a
memorial to him set in an outside wall of Hoveton Church.

⁷For the leading part played by Pisa in "the philosophic century" see *Tradition and Enlightenment in the Tuscan
Academies, 1690-1800*, by Mr. E. W. Cochrane, Chicago 1961.

⁸Perhaps the *Miserere* for 9 voices (castrati) by Vittorio Allegri, who died in 1652.

⁹In 1816 Dr. Church himself visited Italy, accompanied by his brother, the Rev. Joseph Church. They were
described by the Rev. Thomas Hall as "two most respectable, learned, valuable men of the ancient breed."

¹⁰Jacob Preston's new mansion is the present Gothick one, home of Sir Thomas Preston, Bt.

¹¹I take this to be Henry Headley (1766-88), son of the vicar of North Walsham, and born at Irstead. In 1787 he
published his *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry* with biographical sketches and notes. Most of the subscribers
were his fellow Oxonians, but of the few Norfolk ones were Mr. Church, The Rev. William Gunn, Mr. Mack, Mrs. Norris
and Sigmund Trafford, Esq.

¹²Cubitts.

¹³Henry Negus, High Sheriff in 1740.

¹⁴For accounts of this remarkable man see an essay by Mr. Warren R. Dawson in the *Journal of the Society for the*

Bibliography of Natural History, Vol. 3, Part 6, 1958; and *The Cult of the Autograph Letter in England*, 1961, by Mr. A. N. L. Munby.

¹⁵To correct the balance Appendix II is an autobiographical note by Anthony Norris. It is disappointingly general—there is no mention, for instance, of John Byrom, the poet of "Christians awake, salute the happy Morn," who taught Norris his system of shorthand; but it has not, I think, been published before. It is taken from a manuscript quarto volume that I have, Lot 344 in the catalogue of the 1859 sale of Dawson Turner's library, entitled "*Extracts from the Manuscripts of Anthony Norris, Esq.*"; a note in Dawson Turner's hand reads "For Mr. Gunn's opinion of the Norris Papers, see his letter to me of June 16, 1826," but I have not found this letter.

¹⁶Shortly before he died Anthony Norris gave his valuable manuscript collections and papers on the topography of Norfolk to Sir John Fenn, who had them bound in twenty-nine volumes, sixteen of them folio. At Fenn's death they passed to John Hookham Frere, a nephew of Lady Fenn, who had a catalogue of them printed by Sloman of Great Yarmouth in 1842. From him they came to Walter Rye, and from him to the Norwich City Library. The rest of the Barton library, with the pictures and furniture, was divided on Mrs. Norris's death between her two nieces, Miss Custance of Weston and Lady Durrant of Scottow. The Scottow Hall portion was sold, with other things, in 1948. Some of Anthony Norris's books, including his copy of Blomefield and his family bible, are in Mr. Bryan Hall's library at Banningham; I have one or two books and his portrait by Thomas Bardwell (which once had a silver frame).

¹⁷Mrs. Gunn says in her journal that they left at 4 and arrived at 11, which means they averaged 18 m.p.h. between Norwich and London. I am not sure if this was possible.

¹⁸This use of this word (i.e. for a child's nurse) antedates by 120 years the first record of it in the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. Or was it just her name?

¹⁹It is tempting to think that the hope (which Wordsworth shared, and Wedgwood) of a free and rational society might have been realized, and the extremes of totalitarianism avoided, if France had not been exasperated by foreign attack.

²⁰A Norfolk use of this word.

²¹Only a week or two later the September Massacre occurred in Paris.

²²I think a Roman sequin was worth about £1.

²³Appendix III.

²⁴Appendix IV.

²⁵Appendix V shows these houses as they now appear.

²⁶Thomas Jenkins had gone to Rome about 1760 with Richard Wilson, but failing as a painter he took up banking and archaeology. He made a sizeable fortune, which he lost when the French took Rome.

²⁷Amateur soldiers are not much respected in England.

²⁸"I like the *Habeas Corpus* (when we've got it)." Byron: *Beppo*, 1818.

²⁹George Zoega was a Dane, curator of Cardinal Borghese's great collection, and author of a work on the Egyptian obelisks in Rome. He was much discouraged by his own and his family's ill health, and lost his six year old son Marcus Aurelius about this time. He was later appointed Danish Consul. He and Gunn became friends, and continued to correspond after Gunn's return to England.

³⁰Twentieth-century scholars still have difficulties. A footnote to Mr. Francis Haskell's *Patrons and Painters*, 1963, refers to "a Barberini inventory of 1644 in the Vatican Library which, despite repeated efforts, I have been quite unable to trace. I understand that the catalogue numbers have been changed and that no one understands the present system."