

ANGLAIS DE L'UNIVERSITÉ

CORRESPONDANTS
DE
J.F. BOISSONADE

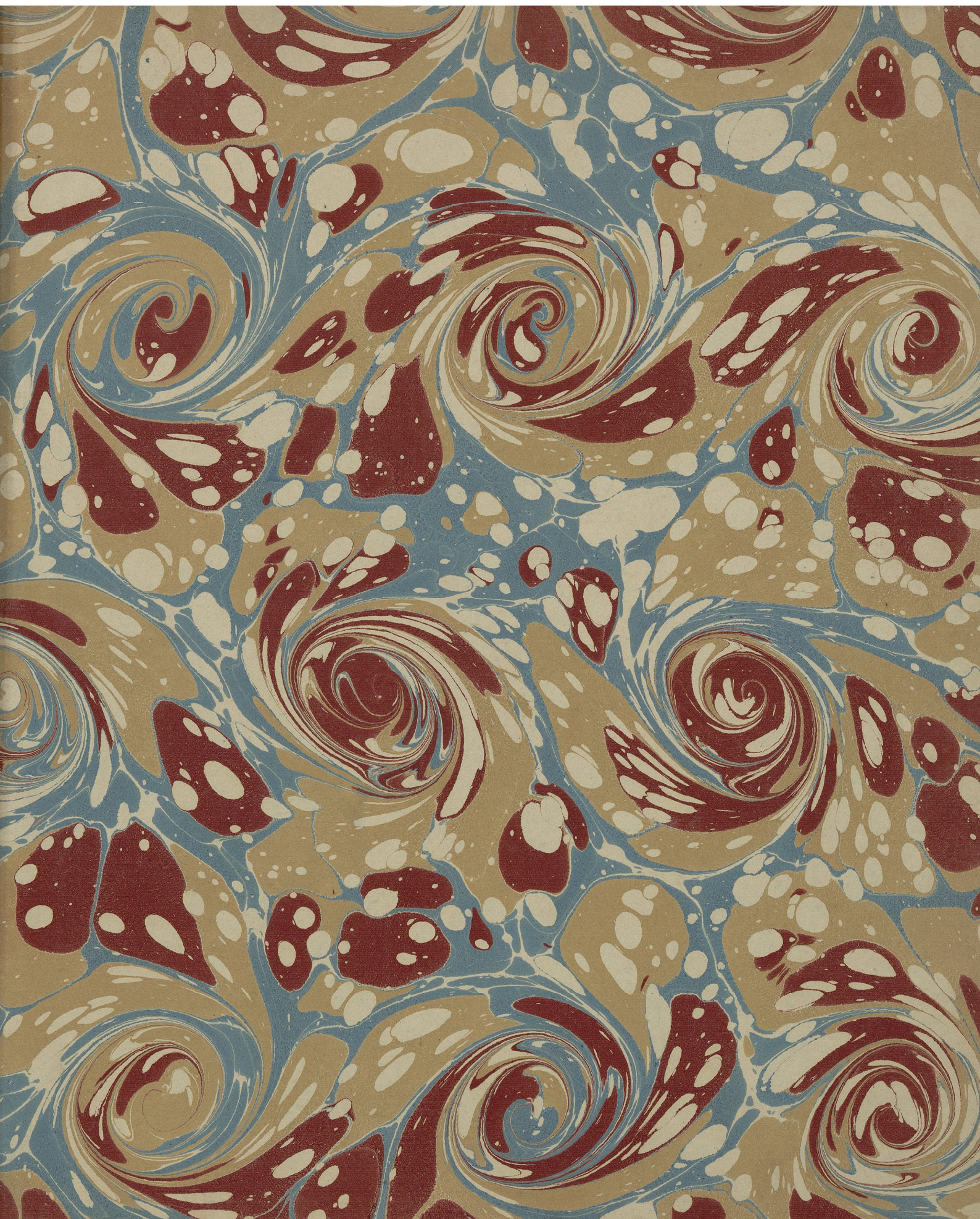
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177
My Dear Sir!

Amiens,
Pne Gloriette; 4 Nov. 285

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BIBLIOTHEQUE
UNIVERSITE
Sorbonne

You have impos'd upon me, sadly! I thought
you one of the most () men in the most elegant
of modern languages. Behold! you are one of the
most elegant & learned class (I know what I say) in
Europe, "via ^{quam} fecerunt octissimi apud Batavos et anglos
viri" (Pref. ii.). Your Philostratus only reach'd me yesterday:
I sent to Paris, for it, immediately after your letter of the
18th october: I pass'd almost all last night over it: my
Dear Sir, I revere your application, your memory,
your talents, your critical genius. The two first I boast,
also; may your age (siècle) reward you for all four!
Forgive me, if I enclose a few of my trifling remarks;
in order to prove my application.

Now, for your kind letter by the amiensis;
wh. he brought me, the day before yesterday. I thank you,
most unfeignedly, for the openness of your advice through
him, & of your language in your letter of Oct. 18. As to him -
if you will compare my letter by him, with what you say
he seem'd to hope for from you, you will see that the
warmth of his head &c carried him far beyond any thing I
meant. Not daring to think of using you for myself, I c.
hardly mean to use you, Good Sir, such a stranger! for another.
- Think of my fate, at this moment at least, to be, pour
cinq six, shut up in an academical city of turf-diggers,
where this person is the least wild, the most rational, of those
I know! But I will talk, more, with you, about this; about
the manner in wh. I trust to be call'd away from such a spot;
& about my work &c if you give me leave - here, or at least
by letter, or ως ἐφομένον ἡς ὑπὲρ τὰ μέγα τῆς ἐξάκτης (p. 10). au
moins, you must let me show you my bisac, & present to
your charitable learning my besace.

My Dear Sir! I cannot say how truly I
respect you for all I know of you.

Herbert Croft.





26 JEN 3

Providence, Rhode Island,

Dear Sir,

20 35

Paris.



Philostratus.

Delancey. 1886.

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N.C. to his friend Mr. Boissonade.

P. 4. ῥυττεύοντας οὐδὲν, οὐδὲ σπείροντας.

? οὐδὲν even against all the manuscripts.

1. Nothing is more easy than for a copyist to have made such a fault.
2. Is it not a fault, in the logic of grammar, to make not, thus, answer, as it were, to nothing?
3. Is it not a beauty, thus, to go backwards over one's words? At least, I have collected hundreds of passages, to prove that it seems so.
4. By many passages, Philostratus seems to have thought it was:
5. Nay! even in this. For, immediately, he does not go over his two verbs, in the same order, but backwards. Σπείρειν δε — ῥυττεύειν.

But I submit the ? to your better judgement. By all I read of yours οὐδὲν ὅς τε ἐμαυτοῦ γίγνομαι. p. 16.

P. 28. ἐν τῷ χαλκῷ ἵππῳ τῷ Λυσίῳ.

And of the wondrous horse of brass,
on which the Tartar king did ride.

Milton. Il Penseroso.

At least, this proves that the horse of Philostratus was either the sire or the son of the Tartar horse.

P. 71. abduxit lavernum — ? alveum.

P. 378. Dryden's lines sh^d be printed —

"whenever he spoke, his voice was heard around,
"loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

The third fault of a comma after trumpet, w^d make silver sound fall wrong, on voice. If your edition of Dryden have printed so, it is a fault. Dryden's example is the more classical for you, because this is translated from Chaucer, almost our oldest poet.

P. 406. Diamond's chains —

Diamond chains. Diamond is adj. as well as subst. we say "diamond earrings" — "diamond buckles!"

P. 475. Miltonium P. L. IV. 30.

301.

P. 40 — 41. καὶ ἄπὸ μικροῦ γε τοῦ σφοδρῶς. How shockingly vetrio Stephani Nizeti gives this, by putting his "ore" before "tubis". Besides, does not he make "ore" fall on "tubis"; & does not σφοδρῶς fall on Προτερίλαος? — But I write this in a hurry, having got your charming book from Paris only yesterday. I mean, with your leave, to go on.

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My Dear Sir!



287
Amiens, 21 Dec^r 1807.

I have not answered sooner your friendly letter of last month, because I was in hope, among the books of the public library here, which are not yet put in order, to have rummaged out your old friend Erenapius, & to have tried to have been of some little use to you. After all, we find no such thing.

It is true that I said (I think) "even against all the mss." But I only meant as to opinion: you cannot reverence the text more than I do; & I think, assuredly, with you, of the great Bentley: but, when there are notes, & not a few, may not a fair, not to say a happy, conjecture come into a note?

Ought you not, Sir, to do, before Erenapius, what you have not done in the preface to Philostratus? Shd. you not give the reader 3 lines, about the author, his age &c; just so as to save us the trouble of going to other books for information? If you did this, & just told us, also, to what book we ought to go for more information, your book wd. be, what I pretend, in this age of books, every book ought to be, a whole of itself. For instance, I had never read a line of Philostratus, before; your preface only says "Meursius, Olearius, Fabricius, alii": I examined all they have in the library, here, & still, c^d. not satisfy my curiosity.

If you shd. wish to see the other remarks I have made, wh^{ch} don't regard "fontes & impression"; I will send them you with much pleasure. I wish much I c^d. see your singular talents, as an editor, employ'd on such a European edition of Homer, as I projected, long ago.

Perhaps

Perhaps you might turn your thoughts
that way, if we c^d talk together: especially, if I
told you that money sh^d not be wanting for
such an undertaking, in favour of such a book,
the father of so many others, & so much more
useful than 50 such as Philostratus & Eunapius.

En attendant, may I beg you to be of
use to me, in regard to your French Homer,
Genelon? about whose "mieux écouter" &c you are,
perhaps, right.

At the beginning of the 9th book of Telemachus,
in the most sublime prologue of the whole work,
all the editions (I imagine) but two, have "ce
"morceau de bone". I ~~suppose~~ ^{perhaps} these two editions,
of which one (by an error, ^{for} both sh^d? certainly
be morceau, or both monceau), one gives

"ce morceau de bone"

&
"ce monceau de bone"; the other edition, in both
instances, prints "ce monceau de bone".

Pray take the trouble to look at the
mss. (Cardinal Mouton says there are several
in the library) ^{in order} to ascertain which is the word,
& say wh^{ch} you prefer. I want this as soon as
convenient to you, for something I am doing
to-day before the Emperor; before wh^{ch} I place a
motto from your edition of Philostratus.

Lady Mary's granddaughter occupies your
bed, just now; but she bids me say that, if we
knew you w^d. come with W^r. D. (to whom my compl^{ts}),
& when, you might be sure of our having room for
you, & with great pleasure. Mous^{re}. Tout à vous W^r. D.



Amiens,
Rue Gloriette;
7 Juill. 1809.



This time, my good Sir, your friendship is more useful to me, than mine to you. Another time, I hope to revenge myself.

Barrois & Gallaguerri of Paris have bought all the books, at Dieppe, that the Police did not stop. Among those stopp'd are almost all that Lady Mary & I wish'd for. The dicty, that I wish'd to have added to your books, travels to Paris with the other books. I am truly sorry; but you will find it, no doubt, chez Barrois or chez Gallaguerri.

Just as I was going, yesterday, to tell you this little mishap; I rec'd y^r most friendly letter, of the 4th, about M^r. Nodier. Lady Mary & I thank you very truly. I have written, today, to my bookseller (who is going to send me a parcel); & have bid him get me all M^r. Nodier's publications, from M^r. Demonville.

c^d. you be kind enough to desire M. Demonville to write me a letter, respecting M. Nodier; his age, character, province & family?

If you will, also, write to M. Nodier, desiring him to answer ^{by writing} y^r letter to me; it is all the trouble I shall give you about this.

I wish to know, from him;

1. in what part of France he was born:
2. whether he understand english (if not, it will make no difference):
3. whether he c^d. come directly: &
4. what annual salary will satisfy him.

I wd. agree for one year, certain; with the hope of going on, for many. M. Nodier wd. lodge with us; eat with Lady Mary & me, & have only his washing to pay for, himself.

I sh^d. think it right to pay the expences of his journey to Amiens; but I wish him

5. to fix, now, what that will be.
6. We shall want to make use of all his time; &, lastly,
7. to prevent any misunderstanding, hereafter, I wish M^r. Nodier to have the goodness, in his letter to me, to recapitulate all the conditions that I mention, here. I will answer yes or no, directly.

When you answer this, my good friend, I will beg you to tell me whether Gerard, the author of "le Comte de Valmont", be living, still, & what is, generally, thought of his style.

Lady Mary sends you her compliments. We, both, hope to see you ^{here,} agreeably to your half-promise; & I hope you think me, more than half or 3/4,



My Dr. Sir!

Y^r. oblig'd & sincere friend

N. Croft.

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My Dear Sir!

Amiens,
Bne Gloriette; 289
16 august 1809.

I write you this to beg that you will propose to Mr. Fontanes not to "adopt, comme classique," the edition of Telemachus which you mention "qu'on va imprimer", before I have the honour to lay before him a sheet of my edition, wh. I have considered for so many years. It is possible, that, in all events, I shall print mine. The only difference between ^{mine} & what perhaps ^{may be} only a speculation of a bookseller, a printer or an editor, is, that I sh^d. never propose to have mine "adopted, comme classique", till I had finished printing the whole, & that the other undertakers have ask'd it even before they have begun ("on va"). You are at liberty, also, to tell my intentions (& perhaps, ^{too} ~~soon~~ ^{in all events}), to the undertakers of the other edition. Add only to the end of my title (wh. I omitted in my hurry) "et par une nouvelle traduction".

In order to taste Telemachus with so much more justness, I have translated it; & by these means, I have found, in almost every page, some beauty &c, that I had not seen before.

I wd. not give you this trouble about Mr. Fontanes, if I were not sure that you will feel it your duty to prevent the adoption of an edition of the best book in your language, when perhaps mine may be a better edition. "Non est mora longa". As soon as Mr. Nodier arrives, we will print the sheet & you shall have it.

I send you over-leaf the translation of Dr. Hawkenworth (author of The Adventurer & of Cook's first voyage), who has a great name, chez nous, & mine. In all events, any one will be almost able to learn either of the two languages by my translation.

This paper is torn; & I must, therefore,
use the other page.

You will see, my good Sir, by the title of what I
sent you last year, which I was preparing for the
prix décennaux ("1.^o de l'utilité d'une édition des
classiques français"), that I have meditated my idea,
a long time. Indeed, I offer'd it, in vain, to Mr. Pitt, for
our english classics, in 1785; & as long ago as 1797, I
determin'd to reprint your *Telemachus* thus. The
work, with the variantes &c &c &c, opposite each page,
will fill two volumes; & a third will contain
what I do not fear to say the Emperor, Mr. Fontanes,
& all good judges must consider as of the most essential
service to french literature & to general taste &
grammar. If those, who "wont imprimer" the other
edition, have all my ideas; tant mieux pour moi et
Mr. Nodier! we shall be sav'd the slavery; & I shall,
then, only have to endeavour to serve your literature
by my other work, in which I cannot be forestall'd,
since it is form'd (as I said for the prix décennaux) of
"autorités contradictoires, tant anciennes que modernes,
avec des renvois, les plus exacts, à plus de 10,000
exemples."

I certainly mean (as I said, in 1803, in my *L^{re} Echantillon*,
w^h you have, p. 2.) that my epitaph shall say (& it will, if you
judge me right) I was some humble kind of Baucelar for your language.

The grief of Calypso for the departure of Ulysses would admit of no comfort, & she regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, & aggravate calamity by despair: her grotho no more echoed with the music of her voice; & her nymphs waited at a distance, with timidity & silence. She often wand'ed alone along the borders of her island amidst the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloom'd around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impress'd upon her mind the idea of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walk. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; & while her eyes were fix'd on that part of the horizon, where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappear'd, they overflow'd with tears. Here she was one day surpris'd with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck: broken benches & oars lay scatter'd about upon the sand; & a rudder, a mast & some cordage were floating near the shore. Soon after she perceiv'd at a distance two men, one of whom appear'd to be ancient, & in the other, although a youth, she discover'd a strong resemblance to Ulysses.

Beginning.

The red lines mark 6 places, where he has chang'd the sense or destroy'd the beauties of Fenelon: the black lines point out where his own language is not english or demands absolutely to be alter'd.

The first passage mark'd with red, is (like half the translation) a labour'd imitation of Dr. Johnson's most pompous & inflated phrases in *The Rambler*, which resemble your Fenelon just as they are like the style of our Addison.

Calypso was inconsolable for the departure of Ulysses. In her sorrow, she consider'd herself as still more wretched for being immortal. Her grotho echoed no more with her song: the nymphs who waited upon her did not dare to speak to her. She would walk, often, alone, over the flowery turf, with which an eternal spring border'd her island; but these delightful scenes had so little power to soothe her sorrow, that they only serv'd to recall the sad recollection of Ulysses, whom she had seen, here, so many times, at her side. Often, she would remain, motionless, on the sea-shore; which she water'd with her tears: & she way incessantly, turn'd toward the point, where the vessel of Ulysses, dividing the waves, disappear'd from her sight.

All of a sudden, she perceiv'd the remains of a ship, that had just been wreck'd; benches broken to pieces, oars thrown up here & there on the strand, a rudder, a mast, ropes floating near the beach: presently, she observes, at a distance, two men, of whom one appear'd to be aged; the other, although young, resembled Ulysses.

Beginning.

I have added to Fenelon's second sentence, so beautiful by the simple art with wh. it tells us Calypso's history, & by its not impertinently explaining the idea, like Hawkesworth: because, after 40 years that I have admir'd the passage I seem to discover that Calypso se trouvoit malheureuse du départ d'Ulysse. Her immortality added to her misery, but did not cause it; as her happiness, while Ulysses remain'd, was increas'd by her immortality.

— At least, I give Fenelon's style, & neither my own nor Dr. Johnson's.

My Dear Sir!

Amiens, 7 March 1841

A letter I rec'd from Mr. de Musset-Pathey, yesterday, says you are going to be married. Accept this party, trifling mark of my regard; wh. I lose no time in sending you, along with Lady Mary's best wishes, & most assuredly, mine. If I kept ^{this} by me, a day or two, I might perhaps make it less bad.

Sir Herbert Croft, Bart. author of "Horace éclairci par la ponctuation", to his learned friend Mr. Boissonade, professor of greek.

All the good females of the sky,
All the kind Goddesses, who try,
Single, like wise Minerva (you know),
Or married, like proud Madame Juno;
All, of all sorts, who try to shed
Rare blessings on man's married head,
Most heartily, no doubt, are tir'd;
They have so often been desir'd
To lend a hand: though I'm afraid
They frequently refuse their aid;
Or, failing, sicken of the trade.

'Tis a new Goddess I invoke,
In grave, dull earnest, or in joke;
~~Begging~~ ^{Begging} her Ladyship to send
Her rarest gifts to my rare friend!

'Tis she (perhaps I too far dare),
To whom grammarians breathe the pray'r.
Grave Goddess, make a point, I pray!
To grant your pupil's wish, today!

One of your favourites, Goddess, know,
Will, soon, his learned hand bestow

In

In marriage. Bless this new conjunction,
without false concord, or compunction!

Goddess of grammar & of grace,
In number, person & in case,
Like adjective & substantive,
May they agree! Sage goddess, give,
In their domestic hours, to each,
The wealth of your nine parts of speech!

His learned brains, his lasting lungs,
Your cornu-copiae of tongues

Has, long since, touch'd; & I suspect
He's rich enough, in that respect.

(Send them all copiae! but, now,
No cornu touch his married brow!

Goddess of grammar, guard from this!
^{Grant, Grant this}
~~to be~~ grave parenthesis!)

Pick? why, partout, my friends' at home -
France, England, Italy, Greece, Rome -
By your horn = polyglot, he's able
To be the Babelian of Babel.

His bride needs not be apprehensive
That his vast learning's too extensive:
I promise her, her greek = professor
Will kindly, learnedly caress her;
And Juvenal's old Zwiz, φoux,²
Will greet his lov'd bride, in a new key.

1. Trucheman.

2. Sat. vi. 195.

An english hyphen's double line
 This compound = word, for ever, join!
 The french content themselves with one
 (Goddess, I say not this in fun).
 For instance, "marriage = bliss", you know,
 Is written thus, is printed so,
 By english; but the lively french,
 Of these traits d'union, one retrench

Bride, wife, friend, mother; in each station,
 Let a strong point of admiration
 Always attend upon a name,
 So dear to one so dear to Fame!

Long be it, ere my learned friend
 Sees his new, pleasing study end!
 Ere Death, black prote, by Fate's direction,
~~Ere ink = black prote, by death's direction~~
 Puts a full stop, or interjection!
 But not long, ere his skill's eye views
 Some little, learned work in - douze!
 Of which, too, Goddess, I petition
 More than one elegant edition;
 That braves the critic's keenest ken,
 That's worthy of Ω's pen³!

A. C.

3. The Professor's learned articles of
 criticism, in the Journal de l'empire,
 are signed so.





AMT N°

~~Monsieur~~
Monsieur Bissiere,
Professeur de se.
Rue Hauteville, 1035.
Paris.



Nothing could Calypso's breaking heart,
 Since she beheld her lov'd Ulysses part.
 Her immortality lent no relief,
 Seem'd all her curse &, chiefly, caus'd her grief.
 Her songs no more resounded through her grot:
 Each ~~word~~^{line} would have embitter'd, still, her lot.
 Her nymphs their lesson from her silence took;
 Dared not to speak to her; they'd her look.
 Full oft, she pac'd, alone, the flowery green,
 With which eternal spring enrich'd each scene
 And border'd her gay isle: but scenes, like these,
 At such a time, ~~were~~^{had} little power to please.
 Soothe ~~her~~^{her} sad mind? They serv'd but to recall
 Ulysses, & ~~her~~^{past} joys; now, sorrows, all. 14.
 Near the wild waves, oft, motionless, she stands,
 And waters with her streaming tears the sands:
 And she, for ever, turn'd her aching sight,
 Where, last, she watch'd his lessening sails so white,
 Where the lov'd vessel vanish'd from her eyes, 20.
 Dim distance blending ocean & the skies.
 All of a sudden, she observ'd remains
 Of some wreck'd vessel on the watery plains;
 Bent seats of rowers, many a useless oar,
 A helm, masts, cordage, ~~floating near the shore~~
 A helm, a mast & cords, wide-floating near the shore. 22.
~~Next~~^{then}, at a distance, her quick eyes perceive 25.
 Two men, who, sav'd, their sinking vessel leave.
 One had a look, as if advanc'd in years:
 This like Ulysses, though more young, appears;
 His mild, sweet countenance, his haughty head,
 His stature, with the same majestic tread. 30.

Feuilles
mal placées

294 - 295
interventions



Calypso ask'd. The youth, with conscious pride,
"Ulysses is my father's name", replied. 205
"One of the monarchs, whose united powers
Have level'd with the earth Troy's mighty town,
After a siege of ten long years. His name,
Through Greece & Asia, was, long, dear to Fame, 60.
By bravery, the bulwark of a state,
And, still more, by his wisdom in debate.
Now, tost ~~through~~ ^{on} every sea, his courage braves
The rage, so terrible, of winds & waves.
His country from before him seems to fly. 70.
Penelope, his weeping wife, & I,
Who am his son, cast helpless on your ^{shore} ~~coast~~,
We lose all hope that we shall see him more.
I run, at present, in my wretched turn, 74.
All the same dangers; seeking, still, to learn
Where he may be! But, ah! what have I said?
My much-lov'd father may be, long since, dead,
Long since, be swallow'd up by yon deep sea,
Torn from his subjects, his sad Queen & me.
Pity, Oh Goddess, our unusual woe! 80.
And, if, as a Divinity, you know
What, to destroy or save him, Fate has done,
Design to inform Telemachus, his son!"

Calypso, wondering to see such sense,
At such an age, & so much eloquence, 85.
Could ~~not take off her~~ ^{not take off her} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} satisfy her ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes};
And she kept silence, but, at last, replies:

"Telemachus, we mean to show you all
Fate has ordain'd should on your father fall.
But the tale's long; &, after toil & woes, 90.
The ~~body~~ mind, as well as body, asks repose.
Come, see my residence: each object tells
The curious eye - 'tis here a Goddess dwells.

Come

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296

Calypro knew, immediately, that one
Was young Telemachus, the hero's son;
~~But all her knowledge could not comprehend~~
~~Who was his aged, venerable friend~~

But, though the Gods have an omniscient mind,
Which far surpasses what they ^{grant} ~~give~~ mankind,
Calypro's knowledge could not comprehend 35.
Who was the youth's so venerable friend &:

For, the high Gods concealing all they please
From lower & inferior deities,
Minerva, who accompanied the youth,
As Mentor, from Calypro hid this truth. 40.
~~mean time,~~
~~But~~ Calypro blest the waves, that bore
The son of ~~her~~ ^{loved} Ulysses to her shore,
So like his father, both in face & form;
And, inwardly, she thank'd the friendly storm.

Soon, she approach'd the ship-wreck'd friends, &
Address'd, as if unknown, Telemachus: 45. ^{this,}
"How have you dar'd, & for whatever while,
"Whatever purpose, land upon my isle!
"Young stranger, learn! no mortal, ever yet,
"A foot, unpunish'd in my empire set!"

With such loud threats she studies to conceal
The joy, her looks, unwillingly, reveal. 51.

"O you", the youth return'd, "which e'er you be,
"Mortal or Goddess (though, sure! none can see
"Such chavvies, & think them mortal), let your heart
"In the misfortunes of a son take part, 55.
"Who seeks his much-lov'd father, far & near,
"Where winds & waves give rise to hope or fear,
"And sees his vessel wreck'd upon your coast!"
"Who is this father that you seem to boast?"

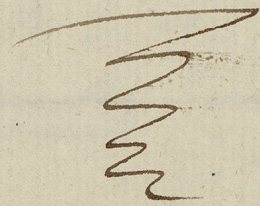
Calypro ask'd

296 95.

" Come ; you shall be my son, my only good
" my consolation in this solitude :
" I'll make your happiness, if you can be
" content with what is true felicity."

The Goddess spoke, & instant, led the way,
Surrounded by her nymphs, all young & gay ;
High above whom her head conspicuous rose,
+ As a tall oak, ~~among~~ ^{amidst} a forest ; shows 101.
Its thick boughs : passers-by look back to see
The proud oak tower 'bove each surrounding
The youth admires her dazzling charms ; the hue
Of her rich purple robe, that playful, flew ; 105.
Her tresses, that set off her heavenly face,
Fix'd in a knot, behind, with careless grace.
And her eye's fire, which seem'd to flame forth
When temper'd by her ^{good} ~~look~~ ^{like} of gentleness. 110.

Mentor the same path as his young
friend took,
In modest silence & with downcast look. 112.



+ As, amidst tall, choice plants, a lilac shows
Its flowering ^{top}, ~~and~~ ; & seems to rise, with pride,
Above the rest, & scent the garden wide.
the north &c

I can't help thinking that even
Fenelon w^d have prefer'd my lilac to his
grand chêne with its branches épaisses, which
don't accord much with L'éclat de sa beauté.

My Dear Sir!

Pray don't give my verses to the Repository till I have the pleasure of seeing you. I can't say that their verses on Barlow's poem tempt me, any more than their prose; at least what I have seen. My idea, you know, is not to translate Telemachus in verse: I have only done this little, to prove that, if I can be faithful even in verse, I shall take ^{care} not to be very unfaithful in prose.

What you say, of Darkness &c, is very just; but how do you reconcile "that Jew-tree's shade" with Darkness?

Have you a mind to compare, with Pope & Tickell (or Addison), my translation of the beginning of Homer, for its fidelity.

Observe

therefore that it is according to my idea of a
full stop or a colon, at the end of Horner's
first line.

The fury of Achilles, Godels, sing:
The fatal fury, which was doomed to ~~bring~~^{bring}
such ills on Greece; & which to Pluto sent
The mighty souls of many a hero, sent
From their young bodies, that unbowed lay
The food of dogs & every kind of prey.

The only line of Pope's that I remember is,
certainly, shocking —
devouring dogs & hungry vultures tore.

What wd Horner have said to Pope, for his
two useless & impertinent epithets? Let you shew
What this letter is at best unless, I will finish it by
subscribing myself, Mrs. D. D. D.

Believe me, Dear, &c. &c.

1st Dec. 1812.

3rd sincere friend

P. W. H.

Since I wrote this, my good
Sir, the post brings me your
letter for Mr. Mosier, which
I return to you; not going
to write to him yet, & not
knowing my other
direction than Tagbach.



We were to set out Monday
27.

1873

Lettre à M. Boissonade;
 écrite par Sir Herbert Croft
 Baronet Anglais, auteur de Horae
 éclairci par la ponctuation; &c.



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My Dear Sir!

Wednesday, 8 Dec^r.

I was sorry I c^d. not come
 & profit of your lecture on Monday, as I
 intended. The last time I call'd on you,
 I left a Journal for you that spoke of
 you: I enclose a just feuilletou; which
 gave me pleasure, on your account, &
 which won't displease you. You may
keep it; as you don't see the Journal,
 you said.

Many thanks for your note,
 a little time ago. Shortly, I will show
 you a specimen of what I mean to do
 for your language; w^h will, perhaps, prove
 me not quite undeserving what you
 wrote to me, 5 or 6 years ago. — Can
 you be kind enough to lend me the
 Tropes of Du Marsais, & M. Courcier's
 book, of w^h the enclos'd article speaks?

Most unforgottenly Yours
 H. Croft.

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From his character, as a poet & a man, he; the very
Gavin, that his countryman Beattie painted in the
Winter. — III.

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IV. The seasons, particularly Winter (the first frosty day
may or certainly be traced to the wild & striking
scenery of Scotland, as Thair's pictures, wherever
were the painter. — IV.)

V. The religious education of the Scotch (where a shepherd
will read his bible, while he tends his flock) &
particularly Thomson's, who was intended for the
church, gave a rich & essential colouring to his
original language. —

VI. Thomson's success in blank verse, & Thomson's intimacy
with him, occasioned, probably, the Night Thoughts. —

VII. England can never deny her obligations to Thomson;
when in winter alone, these striking passages have
been imitated not to say borrowed, by Savage, Gray, &
Coleridge. — VII.

VIII. The fault of new words & new senses of words, &
too bold composition of words & too lasting figurative-
ness in general, a fault not sufficiently charac't'ed, he will ever
remain on English classic; tho' being the poet of the
Prince of Wales, the present King's father, who there
headed the opposition, Thomson, as well shortly be the case
with any one historian, was at first placed too high.
IX. An unfortunate fault, depending
that, have, since, condescended to place him
too low. —

W. Parham. DeLam
p. 162



Three H. Webster's N. 35.

A provision
Provision made,
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