

"I recollect meeting Mr. Cradock, another friend of Goldsmith, at Paris many years ago, in something of the character of what appeared to me then a distressed gentleman. He seemed a friendly and unassuming man. I had several conversations with him respecting the poet, for whose memory he professed a warm affection. I remember he told me that once, when in conversation with him, the latter complained much of the attempts made by inferior writers, and by others who could scarcely come under that denomination, not only to abuse and depreciate his writings, but to render him ridiculous as a man; perverting every harmless sentiment and action into charges of absurdity, malice, or folly, and concluding with, 'Sir, I am as a lion baited with curs.' These remarks were probably levelled at Dr. Johnson and others of his friends, of whose sarcastic remarks on his conversation and manners he could not be ignorant; and it was, perhaps, one of the strongest proofs of good-nature and forbearance, that he submitted not only to the savage reproofs of one who indeed was his superior in some respects, but to the insolence or impertinence of many others far his inferiors either in good nature or as able writers."

Then Cradock was a young gentleman of fortune of descent, there an amateur author, having translated one of Voltaires tragedies, and an amateur actor, pleased to be called "little Cradock" as it amounted to assimilated him to "little Garrick". Goldsmith wrote a prologue for his tragedy, and Cradock in return set to work Goldsmith.

"Threnodia Augustalis, a lament on the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, who died in February 1772. ~~to be written~~. ~~It was an occasional piece, brought out without in great haste, but with some passages and brought out anonymously, but yet not without considerable merit.~~

As well as ~~in returning to town~~ ~~as a reward for his~~ ~~was attended and almost~~ ~~in the course of their visit~~ ~~for said he to Johnson~~ ~~Goldsmith he~~ ~~acquired more fame than all the officers~~ ~~last war, who were not generals!~~ ~~"Why, Sir,~~ ~~answered Johnson you will find ten thousand~~ ~~fit to do what they did, before you find one~~ ~~who does what Goldsmith has done. You must~~ ~~consider that a thing is valued according~~ ~~to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street~~ ~~is in itself more useful than the diamond~~ ~~upon a ladies finger."~~

of actors. A long, baffling negotiation took place between him and Colman, manager of Covent Garden, who started a variety of objections, and returned the manuscript to him, with the blank leaves scored with criticism and suggested alterations. Goldsmith's friends insisted they were trivial and contemptible, and that Colman, being a dramatic writer himself, was actuated by jealousy. The play was then submitted to Garrick, who displayed equal hesitation with his rival manager, and forbore to give a direct answer. By Johnson's advice, the comedy was again submitted to Colman, but was still held in doubt. We may judge of poor Goldsmith's anxiety by the following letter to Colman.

*"To George Colman, Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I entreat you'll relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play, I will endeavour to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merits or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation: I hope I shall not experience as harsh treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake take the play, and