UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

# The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford

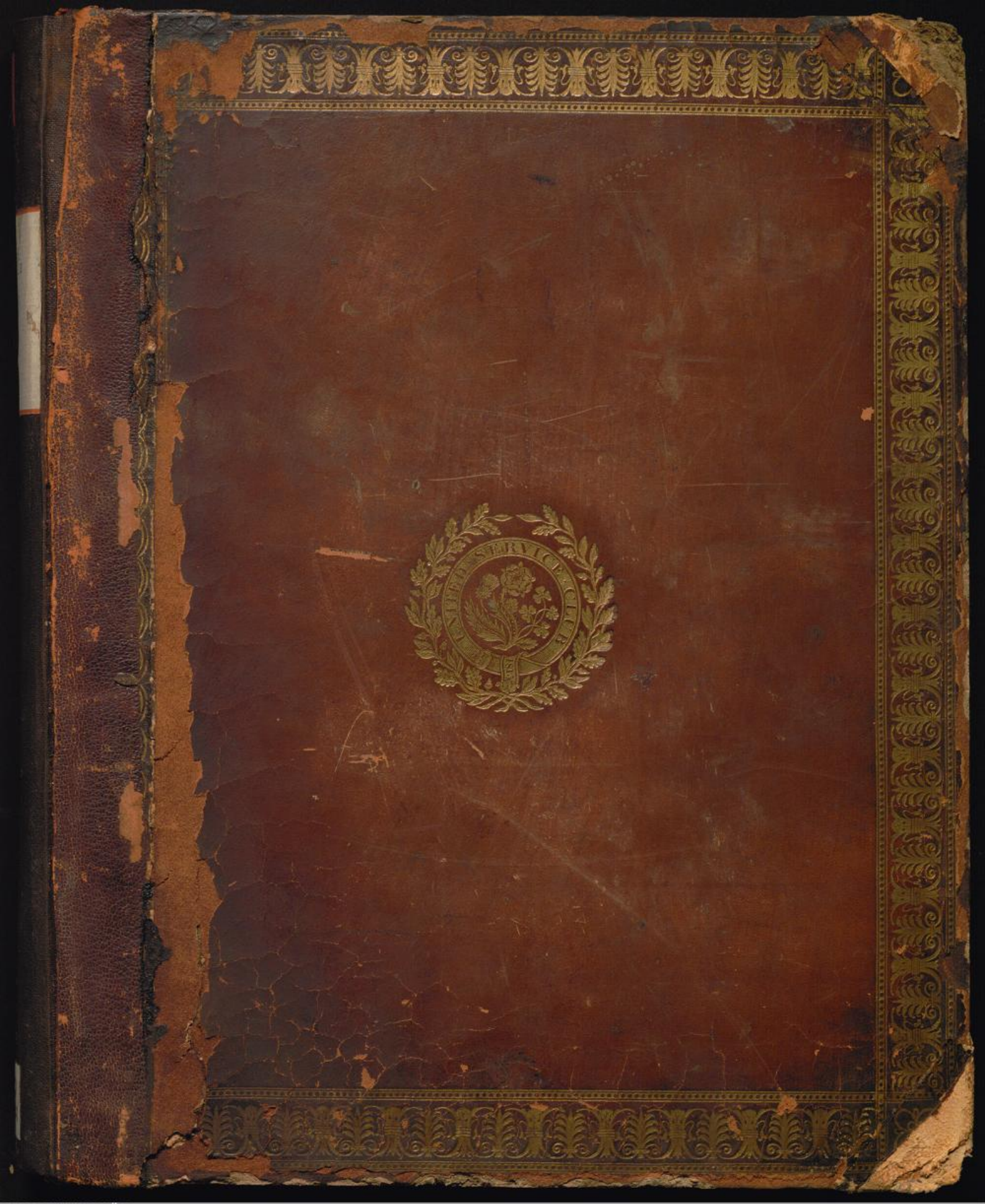
In Five Volumes

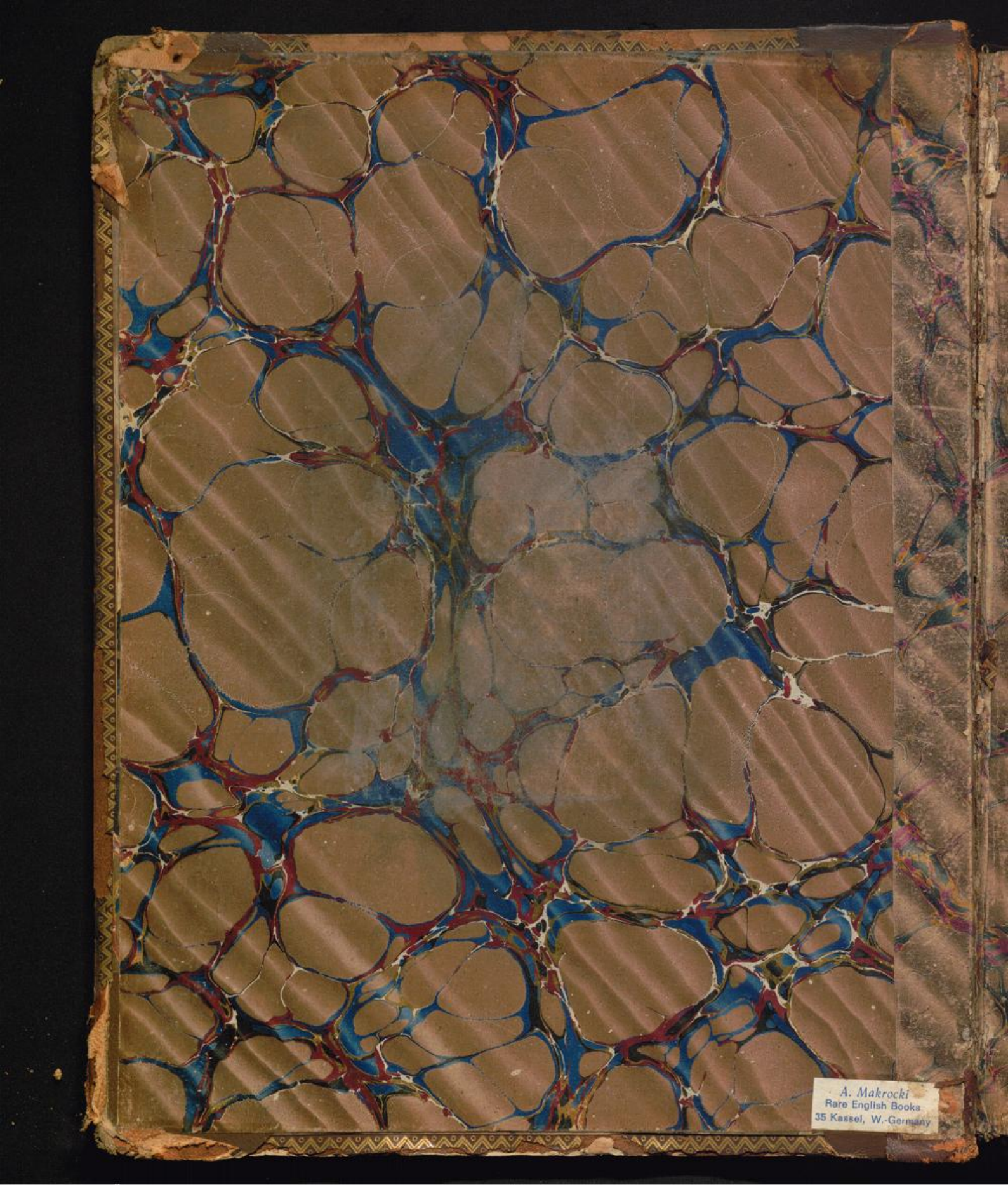
**Walpole, Horace**

**London, 1798**

urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54372

Visual Library


UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN


A. Makrocki
Rare English Books
35 Kassel, W.-Germany

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

6-10

a 8/8/14
109

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN



HORATIO WALPOLE EARL OF ORFORD.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

THE

# WORKS

OF

# HORATIO WALPOLE,

## EARL OF ORFORD.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
AND J. EDWARDS, PALL-MALL.

MDCCXCVIII.

1798

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Standort: P 06
Signatur: DZQW 1128 - 1
Akz.-Nr.:
Id.-Nr.: W251308X

GESAMTHOCHSCHULBIBLIOTHEK * PADERBORN

78/8983

# PREFACE

BY THE

# EDITOR.

THE edition now offered to the public of the works of the late earl of Orford includes not only the manuſcripts bequeathed by his lordſhip for publication, but much new matter communicated by himſelf during his lifetime to the editor. It has been ſtill further enriched by the contributions of his executors and others of his friends, who, admiring his epiſtolary talents, had preſerved every line of his writing; and who thought that, by enlarging the collection of his letters, they were adding to a valuable and entertaining preſent to the public.

Lord Orford ſo early as the year 1768 had formed the intention of printing, and ſoon after actually began, a

quarto edition of his works, to which he purpoſed to add ſeveral pieces, both in proſe and verſe, which he had either not before publiſhed or never acknowledged as his own. A firſt and part of a ſecond volume printed under his own eye at Strawberry-hill were already in a ſtate of great forwardneſs. But his frequent indiſpoſitions, and the unimportant light in which, notwithſtanding the very flattering reception they had met with from the world, he always perſiſted in conſidering his own works, ſeem to have combined in deterring him from carrying this deſign into execution.

The completion of this work he entruſted to the editor, to whom he alſo bequeathed all the notes, additions, and alterations which he had himſelf collected and arranged. Lord Orford may therefore ſtill be conſidered as his own editor: every thing that he had ſelected is faithfully given to the public; and his arrangement, as far as it had gone, is in every reſpect ſtrictly adhered to. Fidelity to the author's intentions and wiſhes is indeed the principal merit of an editor; and as no further appeal can now be made to the judgement and taſte of the author, the friend to whom he has entruſted the care of his poſthumous works has thought proper implicitly to follow the track which he found already preſcribed for him.

In the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors conſiderable additions are made under the reſpective diviſions of the original work; notices of ſeveral pieces omitted in the former

mer editions are here inſerted, and a poſtſcript and an appendix are ſubjoined.

The Hiſtoric Doubts upon the life and reign of king Richard III. are followed by a large ſupplement, by two replies to attacks made on the original work, and by a poſtſcript occaſioned by the late revolution in France.

The whole contents of the ſecond volume ſubſequent to the *Ædes Walpolianæ* (the Eſſay on Gardening and the Counter Addreſs on the late Diſmiſſal of a General Officer excepted) are new to the public.

The dramatic piece, though repreſented with conſiderable applauſe at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket in June 1778, was never acknowledged by lord Orford, or with certainty known to be his.

The detection of a forged account of his father, publiſhed in Holland under the title of *Teſtament politique du chevalier Robert Walpoole*, completely expoſes its falſehood; but as the original work was never tranſlated into Engliſh, nor ever emerged from the obſcurity which it deſerved, lord Orford thought it unneceſſary to publiſh his vindication at the time, but left it behind him as a laſt proof of filial anxiety for the character and fame of a father.

The advertiſement which he had himſelf deſigned for the quarto edition of his works, marks with what ſatisfaction

he reflected on being able to refer to all the letters which had paſſed between him and various miniſters on the ſubject of the places which he had held under government, and of the whole of his intercourſe with ſucceſſive adminiſtrations. A laudable anxiety that his motives might not be miſrepreſented, nor his opinions relative to thoſe places confounded with a venal oppoſition to public economy, ſuggeſted the faithful and accurate account of himſelf and his conduct, which he has prefixed to the Letters to and from Miniſters.

The Catalogue and Deſcription of Strawberry-hill has been hitherto in the hands of thoſe only to whom lord Orford bequeathed the few copies which he had himſelf printed there. The principal reaſon which he gives in his preface to this Catalogue for having compoſed it, that of its ſerving hereafter as a well-atteſted genealogy of the objects of virtù contained in the collection, is a ſtill ſtronger argument for its more general diſperſion.—But, in truth, in deſcribing Strawberry-hill lord Orford muſt be conſidered with indulgence as a fond and partial parent dwelling with delight on the merits of a favourite child—of a creation of his own—of a place which has acquired a ſort of claſſic celebrity, perhaps ſtill more from its author and its preſs than from any part of the collection it contains—but which, after all the prepoſſeſſions of faſhion and prejudice are paſſed away, will be juſtly dear to the Engliſh antiquary, the artiſt, and the man of taſte, and remembered with

pleaſure

pleaſure by thoſe who have ever partaken of the lively, intereſting and poliſhed ſociety of its late owner.

The remaining contents of this volume, it is preſumed, require no comment.—They are the laſt, and certainly not the leaſt intereſting tracts in criticiſm and biography of an author whoſe excellence on both thoſe ſubjects the public has long acknowledged.

The Letter to the Editor of the Miſcellanies of Thomas Chatterton, now firſt publiſhed in the fourth volume, was printed at Strawberry-hill in the year 1779. Immediately following it will be found an advertiſement from lord Orford, relative to the additional papers which he has left for publication on that ſubject. To theſe the editor is fortunately enabled to add a third and laſt letter from Chatterton, repeatedly alluded to by lord Orford in the above-mentioned pamphlet. This letter, which his lordſhip had not been able to find, with the others, was recovered by his executors from amongſt a quantity of waſte paper. It exactly anſwers the account which lord Orford had given of it, and forms, together with his laſt Declaration on the ſubject of Chatterton, dated 1792, and his Remarks on the Letter of Scrutator of the ſame year, ſuch a body of evidence, ſuch a complete demonſtration that his conduct towards that marvellous and ill-fated youth was in every reſpect unimpeachable, as muſt aſſure all who are not wilfully prejudiced (if indeed any prejudice can yet remain on the ſubject)

ject) how perfectly guiltleſs he was of haſtening a cataſtrophe, which none of the greateſt dupes to Chatterton's forgeries, nor of the greateſt admirers of Chatterton's real genius, could more regret, or, perhaps, would have done ſo much to prevent as himſelf.

We ſee by lord Orford's laſt declaration upon the occaſion of one of his letters to Chatterton appearing in a periodical work[1], how earneſtly deſirous he was that thoſe perſons who were in poſſeſſion of any other letters of his to Chatterton ſhould publiſh them during his life, and how forcibly he deprecates the idea of being conſidered as the author of counterfeited letters which might be brought forward and imputed to him when he ſhould no longer be alive to diſprove them.

Nor can we wonder that he felt anxious upon the ſubject, or that the unwarrantable manner in which his name and conduct had been involved in the hiſtory of the unfortunate Chatterton had given him real concern.—That a man endowed with judgement to diſcriminate, taſte to reliſh, a heart to feel for and a fortune to encourage genius, ſhould be accuſed, not only of repreſſing its early efforts by his chilling reception, but of having treated its further applications with the arrogant neglect of a little mind in a ſuperior ſtation, and the jealous coldneſs of a little genius towards

[1] The European Magazine for February 1792.

ſuperior

ſuperior abilities—accuſed of having been thus inſtrumental in hurrying it to the laſt act of deſpair, at an age brightened to others by the dawn of a thouſand hopes——To a warm heart, to lively feelings—in ſhort, to lord Orford, could there be a more painful, a more cruel accuſation?

Its complete refutation is now before the public. In fact, lord Orford never ſaw, never had any intercourſe, except by two or three ſhort unimportant letters, with the perſon who addreſſed him, and conſequently was totally ignorant of all the favourable or intereſting circumſtances that diſtinguiſhed poor Chatterton from any other young man tired of his buſineſs, and deſirous of more liberty and more money;—and to Mr. Walpole's practiſed and penetrating eye on the ſubject of Engliſh antiquities this young man had unfortunately placed himſelf in no other light than that of a daring but unexperienced impoſtor[1].

Happy had it been for himſelf and the world, if he had addreſſed himſelf to lord Orford's heart, inſtead of endea-

[1] Mr. Walpole thus expreſſes himſelf on the ſubject in a letter to Dr. Lort, of Auguſt 1789:

"——my accuſers never conſidered "that it was utterly impoſſible for me to "conceive, from his ſending me ſome "verſes which he pretended were very "ancient, and which he re-demanded as "not being his own property, but to be "reſtored to the lender, that he would "prove, if he ſhould live, a miracle of "poetic genius. He did not even men-"tion his ever having written a verſe.—"I muſt have been inſpired, to have ſup-"poſed that my correſpondent, in the "guiſe of an attorney's clerk, was a Mil-"ton in embryo."

vouring

vouring to impoſe upon his underſtanding; and had been aware that, by producing himſelf as he really was, by diſcovering his own native character, he would have exhibited a more wonderful, a more intereſting rarity than any of his pretended diſcoveries of the works of others.

The Narrative relating to Hume and Rouſſeau, and the letters which immediately follow it, will chiefly intereſt thoſe who were perſonally acquainted with either of the characters in queſtion, and who muſt have regretted that Hume's affectionate well-meaning heart, and cool unromantic head, ſhould ever have come in contact with the eccentricities of a Being formed to captivate and intereſt mankind, but not to live with them.

The Reminiſcences were written for and given to the two perſons to whom they are addreſſed; but they cannot ſuppoſe that their friend intended ſo intereſting and original a ſelection of anecdotes to be always confined to themſelves alone; and it is preſumed that the curioſity of the public to ſee ſuch a work in the exact words and form given to it by its witty and well-informed author, will excuſe the apparent vanity which has retained thoſe paſſages that particularly indicate how and for whom it was compoſed.

To the Hieroglyphic Tales, as lord Orford always intended them for publication after his death, he has himſelf left a preface, not leſs lively, original and whimſically ſatiric

ric than the Tales themſelves, and alſo a poſtſcript, which to the graver order of readers (if they ſhould appear to require it) will ſurely beſt plead their apology.

The Miſcellaneous Pieces, both in proſe and verſe, are almoſt entirely of lord Orford's own ſelection. It is however impoſſible that the public can conſider the latter in a more trifling light than their author avows conſidering them himſelf.

The Correſpondence with Mr. Weſt conſiſts of the unſtudied letters of very young men; but theſe letters indicate ſuch ingenuous minds, devoted to ſuch elegant purſuits, and exhibit ſuch a love of letters and of poetry as it is to be wiſhed were more frequently aſſociated with that age at which the cultivation or neglect of the growing powers of the mind, and of the impreſſions received in early education, generally ſtamp

——— "All the colour of ſucceeding life."

Mr. Weſt has been already introduced to the notice and acquaintance of the public by his letters publiſhed in Gray's Correſpondence, by his elegant Latin verſes, and by his tender and affecting poetical epiſtle to his friends at Cambridge. Few perſons ſo early loſt have given ſuch promiſe of diſtinguiſhed worth, diſplayed ſuch marks of ſuperior genius, or left behind them ſuch intereſting remembrances. The early

intimacy formed between Walpole, Weſt, Gray and Aſheton at Eton, and called by Walpole their *Quadruple Alliance*, we ſee remembered with fond and enthuſiaſtic pleaſure by poor Weſt during the ſhort remainder of his ſickly, ſuffering life. The correſpondence here given commences from their firſt ſeparation on leaving ſchool and removing to different univerſities.

Mr. Walpole's ſubſequent letters to Mr. Weſt, from abroad, are marked by that ſingular livelineſs of thought and expreſſion, which through life diſtinguiſhed both his writings and his converſation.

In this correſpondence there may poſſibly be found ſome circumſtances which are repeated afterwards in other letters of the ſame period; but as the language is always varied, and the obſervations are often new, it has been thought beſt not to withhold any of them merely on that account.

The letters to field-marſhal Conway contain the uninterrupted intercourſe of two friends for the ſingularly long period of fifty-five years; from the year 1740, when the two couſins, who had gone abroad together with Mr. Gray, parted at Geneva, to the death of marſhal Conway in the ſummer of 1795.

Theſe letters are the careleſs effuſions of unbounded confidence on all ſubjects, between two perſons, both eminent

nent for their abilities, during the unbroken duration of a friendſhip which almoſt began, and only ended with their lives. Such letters were certainly never originally intended for publication; but as from that very reaſon they become doubly intereſting, affording indubitable proofs, not only of the livelieſt wit and the happieſt expreſſion, but of the moſt diſintereſted attachment, the ſoundeſt integrity and the moſt anxious affection, to ſuppreſs them would be to ſuppreſs one of the beſt eulogies on both their characters, and would deprive the world at once of a bright example, and of a conſoling inſtance of real, rare, uninterrupted friendſhip.

Indeed, ſo arbitrary is the diſtribution even of poſthumous fame, that it may, perhaps, be chiefly from theſe letters, and other works of his friend, that the character of marſhal Conway will be beſt known to poſterity. The pure, tried, unſhaken integrity of his ſoul, his cool determined valour, the mild domeſtic virtues of his heart, his unwearied ſearch after knowledge, his admirable taſte and various accompliſhments, were accompanied by ſuch modeſt, ſuch philoſophic diffidence of his own opinion and acquirements, and were exalted by ſuch noble and extraordinary ſimplicity of character, as rendered him inattentive to the acquiſition of popular applauſe, while ſatisfied with the conſciouſneſs of deſerving it.

To his public conduct on many great occaſions the political and military hiſtory of his country will bear honour-

able teſtimony. His opinions and conduct with reſpect to America have already received that ſanction of applauſe from all parties, which the ſoundeſt policy, as well as the moſt perfect probity, often obtain only from diſtant poſterity. The part he took on the memorable repeal of the ſtamp act, when conſidered as the efficient miniſter in the houſe of commons, is happily not intruſted to the indiſcriminate relation of ſome future half-informed hiſtorian, but is circumſtantially recorded in the glowing, ſublime and immortal eloquence of a contemporary; and the editor, conſcious of his inability to do juſtice to the excellence ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, turns with delight to borrow words equally worthy of their ſubject and of their author [1].

"I remember, ſir, with a melancholy pleaſure the ſituation of the honourable gentleman who made the motion for the repeal; in that criſis, when the whole trading intereſt of this empire crammed into your lobbies, with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited almoſt to a winter's return of light, their fate from your reſolutions.

"When at length you had determined in their favour, and your doors thrown open ſhewed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there aroſe an involuntary burſt of gratitude and tranſport. They jumped

[1] See Mr. Burke's ſpeech on American taxation, 19th April, 1774.

upon

upon him like children on a long-abſent father. They clung about him as captives about their redeemer.

" All England, all America joined in his applauſe.—Nor did he ſeem inſenſible to the beſt of all earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens—*Hope elevated and joy brightened his creſt.*—I ſtood near him; and his face, to uſe the expreſſion of the ſcripture of the firſt martyr, ' his face was as if it had been the face of an angel.'—I do not know what others feel; but if I had ſtood in that ſituation, I never would have exchanged it for all that kings in their profuſion could beſtow."

The reputation of marſhal Conway as a public man may be ſafely reſted upon ſuch evidence; but it is only thoſe who, like the editor, have had the opportunity of penetrating into the moſt ſecret motives of his public conduct, and the inmoſt receſſes of his private life, that can do real juſtice to the unſullied purity of his character—who like the editor ſaw and knew him in the evening of his days, retired from the honourable activity of a ſoldier and a ſtateſman to the calm enjoyments of private life, happy in the reſources of his own mind, and in the cultivation of uſeful ſcience in the boſom of domeſtic peace—unenriched by penſions or places, undiſtinguiſhed by titles or ribbons, unſophiſticated by public life and unwearied by retirement.

The letters to Mr. Gray are interſperſed with ſeveral of their

their anſwers, and followed by fifteen original letters from Mr. Gray, which, though forming no part of a regular correſpondence, will be received with pleaſure by all thoſe who are capable of appreciating the merits of that exquiſite writer—by all thoſe who, while they admire the refined taſte and accurate judgement which forbade his riſking from his pen that which would have charmed every one but himſelf, muſt lament his having left ſo ſmall a ſample of the perfection he had attained in every department which he cultivated. For perhaps his odes are not more perfect models of true, pure, unalloyed poetry of the higher order, than his letters are of a correctly-elegant epiſtolary ſtyle, enlivened by eaſy unexpected wit. The friends of genius will ſee too with pleaſure, from the date of theſe letters, how ſhort the duration was of that coolneſs between him and Mr. Walpole, which ſeparated them when abroad, but which ariſing only from caſual circumſtances and different habits of life, and not from any ſerious quarrel or ill-uſage, vaniſhed on the firſt overtures of reconciliation, and never for a moment prevented them from doing mutual and ample juſtice to each other's merits.

The different ſeries of letters are ſo arranged in chronological order as to form a ſort of hiſtory of the character, purſuits and ſentiments of the author, from his almoſt boyiſh days at college to a period within ſix months of his death. —This, it is conceived, was the beſt and moſt ſatisfactory arrangement of letters, many of which might be thought trifling, if they were not conſidered as links of a chain intended to make

make the author's amuſements, occupations, and correſpondents ſo intimately known to the reader, as to allow him, in ſome degree, to adopt them for his own; and will, it is preſumed, give them an intereſt far beyond that inſpired by the mere matter of fact which it is their purpoſe to record.

Any further comment upon the remaining contents of the fifth volume is deemed unneceſſary.—Letters of eminent perſons not written for publication have always been ſought for with eagerneſs by the intelligent public, who juſtly conceive that by their means the moſt intimate and moſt ſatisfactory acquaintance both with the author and his contemporaries is often acquired. To no letters can this apply ſo perfectly as to thoſe of lord Orford. None can more truly be conſidered as the effuſions of an informed and benevolent mind, a lively and whimſical imagination, and a friendly heart. As ſuch, and as appearing to do honour both to himſelf and his correſpondents, they are ſubmitted to the public.

In the arrangement of the two laſt volumes, in the notes to the letters and in the elucidation of many paſſages contained in them, the editor has been materially aſſiſted by a daughter, to whoſe retentive memory moſt of the names, dates and circumſtances alluded to in the correſpondence were conſigned by the author himſelf, during the courſe of that intimate friendſhip, and almoſt parental regard, with which for ſeveral years before his death he had honoured both her and her ſiſter.

The

The reader, it is hoped, will pardon from the heart of a father overflowing with affection for a child, who from her infancy to the present moment has rendered his retired life a scene of domestic comfort, this public acknowledgment of the assistance he has received from her on the present occasion.

ADVER-

# ADVERTISEMENT.

AS I have been an author in various ways and in various forms, ſomebody or other might think of collecting my works. To prevent this, and at the ſame time to avoid having pieces attributed to me which I never wrote, and to condemn, by ſuppreſſing as far as I can, ſome which do not deſerve publication, I have determined to leave this collection behind me. The approbation beſtowed on ſome part, authoriſes me to think they are not unworthy of being preſerved in this manner. The few pieces which have never appeared before, were either kept back from reaſons which exiſt no longer, or were at the time in their own nature private. I mean, particularly, the Letters addreſſed to Miniſters, or written on political occaſions. They are not produced now from any merit in the compoſition, but as evidences of my own conduct; and, as ſuch, they give me greater ſatisfaction at this late period than any other part of my writings.

HOR. WALPOLE.

# CONTENTS

OF THE

# FIRST VOLUME.

## FUGITIVE PIECES.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| *VERSES in Memory of King Henry the Sixth* — — | 1 |
| *Epiſtle from Florence to Thomas Aſhton, Eſq.* — — | 4 |
| *Inſcription for the neglected Column in the Place of St. Mark* — | 17 |
| *The Beauties: an Epiſtle to Mr. Eckardt the Painter* — | 19 |
| *Epilogue to Tamerlane* — — — | 25 |
| *The Entail, a Fable* — — — | 28 |
| *Epigram on Admiral Vernon* — — — | 30 |
| *Portrait of John Earl Granville* — — | 31 |
| *Portrait de Jean Comte de Granville* — — | 32 |
| *Verſes prefixed to the Poems of Anna Chamber, Counteſs Temple* — | 33 |
| *The Magpye and her Brood, a Fable* — — | 34 |
| *The Myſterious Mother, a Tragedy* — — | 37 |
| *Epitaph on the Cenotaph of Lady Walpole* — — | 131 |
| *Scheme for raiſing a large Sum of Money by Meſſage Cards and Notes* | 132 |
| *Advertiſement to the Hiſtory of Good Breeding* — — | 141 |


*The*

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Page

*The World, No. VI.* — — — 146
——— *No. VIII.* — — — 151
——— *No. X.* — — — 159
——— *No. XIV.* — — — 164
——— *No. XXVIII.* — — — 169
——— *No. CIII.* — — — 174
——— *No. CLX.* — — — 179
——— *No. CXCV.* — — — 185
*A World Extraordinary* — — — 190
*The World, not published in the original Work* — — 195
*Ditto* — — — — — 200
*Letter from Xo Ho to his Friend Lien Chi* — — 205
*Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond* 210
*Inscription on a Picture of the late Pope* — — 218
*Advertisement to Paul Hentzner's Account of England* — 220
——— *to Lord Whitworth's Account of Russia* — 223
——— *to the Mistakes, a Comedy* — — 228
——— *to the Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury* — 230
——— *to a Catalogue and Description of King Charles I.'s Collection* 234
——— *to a Catalogue of the Collection of King James II.* — 238
——— *to a Catalogue of the Collection of G. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham* — — — 240

*Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England* — 243
*Supplement to ditto* — — — 463
*Peeresses* — — — 477
*Scots Authors* — — — 492
*Irish Peers* — — — 513
*Pieces omitted in the foregoing Catalogue* — — 526
*Noble Authors omitted in former Editions* — — 534
*Index* — — — — 569

James Caulfield Bengal Cavalry

# FUGITIVE PIECES.

P. Philpot
Lt. P. Bengal

Feby. 1818.

# VERSES

## In MEMORY of

## King HENRY the Sixth,

## Founder of King's College, Cambridge.

[*Written February* 2, 1738.]

WHILE ſuperſtition teaches to revere
The ſainted calendar and letter'd year;
While bigots joy in canonizing ſhades,
Fictitious martyrs, viſionary maids;
Haſte, Gratitude, and hail this better day;
At Henry's ſhrine preſent thy votive lay;
If this peculiarly for His be known,
Whoſe charity made every day his own.
But ſay, what ſhrine?—my eyes in * vain require
Th' engraven braſs and monumental ſpire.
Henry knows none of theſe—above! around!
Behold where e'er this penſile quarry's found,

* King Henry is buried obſcurely at Windſor.

Or ſwelling into vaulted roofs its weight,
Or ſhooting columns into gothic ſtate,
Where e'er this fane extends its lofty frame,
* Behold the monument to HENRY's name!

When HENRY bade this pompous temple riſe,
Nor with preſumption emulate the ſkies,
Art and Palladio had not reach'd the land,
Nor methodiz'd the Vandal builder's hand:
Wonders, unknown to rule, theſe piles diſcloſe;
The walls, as if by inſpiration, roſe.
The edifice†, continued by his care,
With equal pride had form'd the ſumptuous ſquare,
Had not th' aſſaſſin diſappointed part,
And ſtab'd the growing fabric in his heart.
More humble hands, but grateful to the mind
That firſt the royal benefit deſign'd,
Renew the labour‡, re-aſſume the ſtone,
And GEORGE's auſpices the ſtructure crown.
No lifeleſs pride the riſing walls contain,
Neat without art, and regularly plain.
What tho' with pomp unequal ſinks the pile
Beneath the grandeur of the gothic iſle;
What tho' the modern maſter's weaker hand
Unexecuted drops what HENRY plann'd;
This for the ſons of men is an abode,
But that the temple of the *living God!*

Aſcend the temple! join the vocal choir,
Let harmony your raptur'd ſouls inſpire.
Hark how the tuneful ſolemn organs blow,
Awfully ſtrong, elaborately flow;

* This thought is copied from the inſcription over ſir Chriſtopher Wren, who is buried under the dome of St. Paul, of which he was the architect. "—ſi quæras monumentum, ſuſpice!"

† The original plan is extant in the library of the college.

‡ The new building was raiſed at the expence of the college, and by contributions of the miniſters, nobility and others.

Now

Now to yon empyrean ſeats above
Raiſe meditation on the wings of love;
Now falling, ſinking, dying to the moan
Once warbled ſad by Jeſſe's contrite ſon,
Breathe in each note a conſcience thro' the ſenſe,
And call forth tears from ſoft-ey'd penitence.
Along the vaulted roof ſweet ſtrains decay,
And liquid Hallelujahs melt away;
The floating accents leſs'ning as they flow,
Like diſtant arches gradually low.
Taſte has not vitiated our purer ear,
Perverting ſounds to merriment of pray'r.
Here mild devotion bends her pious knee,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer ſea;
Avoids each wild enthuſiaſtic tone,
Nor borrows utt'rance from a tongue unknowu.

O HENRY! from thy lucid orb regard
How purer hands thy pious cares reward;
Now Heav'n illuminates thy godlike mind
From ſuperſtition's papal gloom refin'd:
Behold thy ſons with that religion bleſt,
Which thou wou'dſt own and CAROLINE profeſs'd—
Great*, mournful name—ſtruck with the well-known ſound,
Their patroneſs! the muſes droop around,
Unſtrung their lyres, inanimate their lays,
Forget to celebrate e'en HENRY's praiſe—
I ceaſe, ye muſes, to implore your ſong;
I ceaſe your tuneleſs ſilent grief to wrong;
And HENRY's praiſe refer to that great day,
Which†, what he was, ſhall, when it comes, diſplay.

* Queen Caroline died in the preceding November.

† The thought of the laſt line alludes to an epitaph in the chapel of King's college, which is mentioned in the Spectator: "Hic ſitus eſt N. N. Qualis eram, Dies iſtic cum venerit, ſcies:" which being a monkiſh verſe, Mr. Addiſon has changed the laſt word *ſcies* for *indicabit*.

# AN EPISTLE FROM FLORENCE.

## To * THOMAS ASHTON, Esq.

## TUTOR TO THE EARL OF PLIMOUTH.

[*Written in the Year* 1740.]

WHEN flouriſh'd with their ſtate th' ATHENIAN name,
And learning and politeneſs were the ſame,
Philoſophy with gentle arts refin'd
The honeſt roughneſs of th' unpractis'd mind:
She call'd the latent beams of nature forth,
Guided their ardor and inſur'd their worth.
She pois'd th' impetuous warrior's vengeful ſteel,
Mark'd true ambition from deſtructive zeal,
Pointed what luſtre on that laurel blows,
Which virtue only on her ſons beſtows.
Hence clement CIMON, of unſpotted fame,
Hence ARISTIDES' ever-fav'rite name;
Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous ſpear,
And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear;
Or in firm bands of ſocial peace to bind
Their country's good, and benefit mankind.

* He afterwards went into orders, was fellow of Eton college and miniſter of ſaint Botolph's, London, and preacher to the ſociety of Lincoln's-inn.

She

She trim'd the thoughtful ſtateſman's nightly oil,
Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,
Or with him to his ſilent villa ſtole,
Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his ſoul.

To woods and caves ſhe never bade retreat,
Nor fix'd in cloiſter'd monkeries her ſeat:
No lonely precepts to her ſons enjoin'd,
Nor taught them to be men, to ſhun mankind.
CYNICS there were, an uncouth ſelfiſh race,
Of manners foul, and boaſtful of diſgrace:
Brutes, whom no muſe has ever lov'd to name,
Whoſe ignominy was their only fame.
No hoſtile trophies grace their honour'd urn,
Around their tomb no ſculptur'd virtues mourn;
Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd
An art diſcover'd or a city ſav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-peer
Exalt his hope, and preſs his young career!
Be this the goal to which, my friend, may you
With gentle ſkill direct his early view!
Artful the various ſtudies to diſpenſe,
And melt the ſchoolman's jargon down to ſenſe.

See the pedantic teacher, winking, dull,
The letter'd tyrant of a trembling ſchool;
Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
His lifted faſces ram the leſſon down.
From tortur'd ſtrains of eloquence he draws
Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws,
By his own ſenſe would TULLY's word expound,
And a new VANDAL tramples claſſic ground.

Perhaps a bigot to the learned page,
No modern cuſtom can his thoughts engage.

His

His little farm by * GEORGIC rules he ploughs,
And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs:
Still from ARATUS' ſphere or MARO's ſigns
The future calm or tempeſt he divines:
And fears if the prognoſtic raven's found
† Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What ſcanty precepts! ſtudies how confin'd!
Too mean to fill your comprehenſive mind;
Unſatisfy'd with knowing when or where
Some Roman bigot rais'd a fane to FEAR;
On what green medal VIRTUE ſtands expreſs'd,
How CONCORD's pictur'd, LIBERTY how dreſs'd;
Or with wiſe ken judiciouſly define,
When Pius marks the honorary coin
Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.

Thirſting for knowledge, but to know the right,
Thro' judgment's optic guide th' illuſive ſight;
To let in rays on Reaſon's darkling cell,
And lagging miſts of prejudice diſpel;
For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
Weigh the contemplative and active ſage,
And cull ſome uſeful flow'r from each hiſtoric age.

Thence teach the youth the neceſſary art,
To know the judge's from the critic's part;
Show how ignoble is the paſſion, FEAR,
And place ſome patriot Roman's model near;
Their bright examples to his ſoul inſtil,
Who knew no fear, but that of doing ill.
Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
To know the folds that from the TOGA fall,

* This was literally the caſe of Dr. Weſton, biſhop of Exeter, who, when ſchool-maſter of Eton, loſt a conſiderable ſum by the experiment. It is very remarkable, that Sir Thomas Overbury, who wrote ſo many years before the time of biſhop Weſton, gives this inſtance of the character of a pedant, "He gives directions for huſbandry from Virgil's Georgics, for cattle from his Bucolics, &c."

† Et ſola in ſiccâ ſecum ſpatiatur arenâ. VIRG.

The CLAVUS' breadth, the BULLA's golden round,
And ev'ry leaf that ev'ry VIRTUE crown'd:
But ſhow how brighter in each honeſt breaſt,
Than o'er her ſhrine, the goddeſs ſtood confeſs'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantaſtic boy,
Elate with pow'r, and ſwell'd with frantic joy,
'Tis not a ſlaviſh ſenate, fawning, baſe,
Can ſtamp with honeſt fame a worthleſs race:
Tho' the falſe coin proclaim him great and wiſe,
The tyrant's life ſhall tell that coin, it lyes.

But when your early care ſhall have deſign'd
To plan the ſoul and mould the waxen mind;
When you ſhall pour upon his tender breaſt
Ideas that muſt ſtand an age's teſt,
Oh! there imprint with ſtrongeſt deepeſt dye
The lovely form of goddeſs LIBERTY!
For her in ſenates be he train'd to plead,
For her in battles be he taught to bleed.
Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff reſounds
With daſhing ſeas, fair Freedom's honeſt bounds;
Point to yon azure Carr bedrop'd with gold,
Whoſe weight the necks of Gallia's ſons uphold;
Where proudly ſits an iron-ſcepter'd queen,
And fondly triumphs o'er the proſtrate ſcene;
Cry, That is empire! ſhun her baleful path,
Her words are ſlavery, her touch is death!
Thro' wounds and blood the fury drives her way,
And murthers half to make the reſt her prey.

Thus ſpoke each Spartan matron, as ſhe dreſs'd
With the bright cuiraſs her young ſoldier's breaſt;
On the new warrior's tender-ſinew'd thigh,
Girt fear of ſhame and love of liberty.

Steel'd

Steel'd with ſuch precepts, for a cauſe ſo good,
What ſcanty bands the Perſian hoſt withſtood!
Before the ſons of Greece let Aſia tell
How fled her * Monarch, how her millions fell!
When arm'd for LIBERTY, a few how brave!
How weak a multitude, where each a ſlave!
No welcome falchion fill'd their fainting hand,
No voice inſpir'd of favourite command:
No peaſant fought for wealthy lands poſſeſs'd,
No fond remembrance warm'd the parent's breaſt:
They ſaw their lands for royal riot groan,
And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;
They ſaw their infant race to bondage riſe,
And frequent heard the raviſh'd virgin's cries,
Diſhonour'd but to cool a tranſient guſt
Of ſome luxurious Satrap's barb'rous luſt.

The greateſt curſes any age has known
Have iſſued from the temple or the throne.
Extent of ill from kings at firſt begins,
But prieſts muſt aid and conſecrate their ſins.
The tortur'd ſubject might be heard complain,
When ſinking under a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
When tax'd to dow'r a titled concubine,
But the prieſt chriſtens all a right divine.

When at the altar a new monarch kneels,
What conjur'd awe upon the people ſteals!
The choſen HE adores the precious oil,
Meekly receives the ſolemn charm, and while
The prieſt ſome bleſſed nothings mutters o'er,
Sucks in the ſacred greaſe at every pore:
He ſeems at once to ſhed his mortal ſkin,
And feels divinity transfus'd within.

* Xerxes.

The

The trembling vulgar dread the royal nod,
And worſhip God's anointed more than God.

Such ſanction gives the prelate to ſuch kings!
So miſchief from thoſe hallow'd fountains ſprings.
But bend your eye to yonder haraſs'd plains,
Where king and prieſt in one united reigns;
See fair Italia mourn her holy ſtate,
And droop oppreſs'd beneath a papal weight:
Where fat celibacy uſurps the ſoil,
And ſacred ſloth conſumes the peaſant's toil:
The holy drones monopolize the ſky,
And plunder by a vow of poverty.
The Chriſtian cauſe their lewd profeſſion taints,
Unlearn'd, unchaſte, uncharitable ſaints.

Oppreſſion takes religion's hallow'd name,
And prieſtcraft knows to play the ſpecious game.
Behold how each enthuſiaſtic fool
Of ductile piety becomes their tool:
Obſerve with how much art, what fine pretence
They hallow foppery and combat ſenſe.

Some hoary hypocrite, grown old in ſin,
Whoſe thoughts of heav'n with his laſt hours begin,
Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
And mumbling ſomewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r,
Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd lord,
And ſqueezes out on the dull idol-board
A ſore-ey'd gum of tears; the flannel crew
With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
Pronounce him bleſs'd, his miracles proclaim,
Teach the ſlight crowd t' adore his hallow'd name,
Exalt his praiſe above the ſaints of old,
And coin his ſinking conſcience into gold.

Or when ſome pontiff with imperious hand
Sends forth his edict to exciſe the land,
The tortur'd hind unwillingly obeys,
And mutters curſes as his mite he pays!
The ſubtle prieſt th' invidious name forbears,
Aſks it for holy uſe or venal pray'rs;
Exhibits all their trumpery to ſale,
A bone, a mouldy morſel, or a nail:
Th' idolatrous devout adore the ſhow,
And in full ſtreams the molten off'rings flow.

No pagan object, nothing too profane
To aid the Romiſh zeal for chriſtian gain.
Each temple with new weight of idols nods,
And borrow'd altars ſmoke to other gods.
PROMETHEUS' vulture MATTHEW'S eagle proves,
And heav'nly cherubs ſprout from heathen loves;
Young GANYMEDE a winged angel ſtands
By holy LUKE, and dictates God's commands:
APOLLO *, tho' degraded, ſtill can bleſs,
Rewarded with a ſainthood, and an S.
Each convert godhead is apoſtoliz'd,
And JOVE himſelf by † PETER'S name baptiz'd;
ASTARTE ſhines in Jewiſh MARY'S fame,
Still queen of heav'n, another and the ſame.

While the proud prieſt the ſacred tyrant reigns
Of empty cities and diſpeopled plains,
Where fetter'd nature is forbid to rove
In the free commerce of productive love,
Behold impriſon'd with her barren kind,
In gloomy cells the votive maid confin'd;
Faint ſtreams of blood, by long ſtagnation weak,
Scarce tinge the fading damaſk of her cheek;

* St. Apollos.
† At ſaint Peter's an old ſtatue of Jupiter is turned into one of ſaint Peter.

In

In vain ſhe pines, the holy faith withſtands
What nature dictates and what God commands.
But if ſome ſanguine he, ſome luſty prieſt
Of jollier morals taſte the tempting feaſt,
From the ſtrong graſp if ſome poor babe ariſe,
Unwelcome, unindear'd, it inſtant dies,
Or poiſons blaſting ſoon the haſty joy,
Th' imperfect ſeeds of infant life deſtroy.

Fair modeſty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
From thee the muſe the groſſer acts muſt hide,
Nor the dark cloiſter's myſtic rites diſplay,
Whence num'rous brawny monkhoods waſte away,
And unprolific, tho' forſworn, decay.

BRITANNIA ſmiling views her golden plains
From mitred bondage free and papal chains.
Her jocund ſons paſs each unburthen'd day
Securely quiet, innocently gay:
Lords of themſelves the happy ruſtics ſing,
Each of his little tenement the king.
Twice did uſurping Rome extend her hand,
To re-inſlave the new-deliver'd land:
Twice were her ſable bands to battle warm'd,
With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murthers arm'd:
* With PETER's ſword and MICHAEL's lance were ſent,
And whate'er ſtores ſupply'd the church's armament.
Twice did the gallant Albion race repel
The jeſuit legions to the gates of hell;
Or whate'er angel, friend to Britain, took
Or WILLIAM's or ELIZA's guardian look.

Ariſe, young peer! ſhine forth in ſuch a cauſe!
Who draws the ſword for freedom, juſtly draws.

* Addit & Herculeos Arcus Haſtamque Minervæ, Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Cæli.
Juv.

Reflect how dearly was that freedom bought;
For that, how oft your anceſtors have fought;
Thro' the long ſeries of our princes down,
How wrench'd ſome right from each too potent crown.

See abject JOHN, that vaſſal monarch, ſee!
Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the ſupple knee!
Oh! proſtitution of imperial ſtate!
To a vile Romiſh prieſt's vile * delegate!
Him the bold barons ſcorning to obey,
And be the ſubjects of a ſubject ſway;
Heroes, whoſe names to lateſt fame ſhall ſhine,
Aw'd by no viſions of a right divine,
That bond by eaſtern politicians wrought,
Which ours have learnt, and rabbi doctors taught,
To ſtraiter banks reſtrain'd the royal will,
That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
See † HENRY in his father's footſteps tread.
Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
His early follies haunt his lateſt hour.
His nobles injur'd, and his realms oppreſs'd,
No violated ſenate's wrongs redreſs'd,
His hoary age ſinks in the feeble wane
Of an inglorious, ſlighted, tedious reign.

The muſe too long with idle glories fed,
And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
The wanton fain on giddy plumes would ſoar
To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled ſhore;
Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul
At ‡ EDWARD's and at § HENRY's name to fall;
Romantic heroes! prodigal of blood;
What numbers ſtain'd each ill-diſputed flood!

* The pope's nuncio.
† Henry III.
‡ Edward I. and III.
§ Henry V.

Tools to a clergy! warring but to feaſt
With ſpoils of provinces each pamper'd prieſt.
Be dumb, fond maid! thy ſacred ink nor ſpill
On ſpecious tyrants, popularly ill:
Nor be thy comely locks with roſes dight
Of either victor colour, red or white.

Foil'd the aſſaſſin * king, in union blow
The blended flowers on ſeventh HENRY's brow.
Peace 'lights again on the forſaken ſtrand,
And baniſh'd plenty re-aſſumes the land.
No nodding creſt the crouching infant frights,
No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights;
Repoſing ſabres ſeek their ancient place
To briſtle round a gaping † Gorgon's face.
The weary'd arms groteſquely deck the wall,
And tatter'd trophies fret the royal ‡ hall.
But peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
From a redundant horn her treaſure rains!
She deals her gifts; but in a uſeleſs hour,
To glut the iron hand of griping pow'r:
Such LANCASTER, whom haraſs'd Britain ſaw,
Maſk'd in the garb of antiquated law:
More politic than wiſe, more wiſe than great;
A legiſlator to enſlave the ſtate;
Coolly malicious; by deſign a knave;
More mean than falſe, ambitious more than brave;
Attach'd to intereſt's more than honour's call;
More ſtrict than juſt, more covetous than all.

Not ſo the reveller profuſe, his § ſon,
His contraſt courſe of tyranny begun;
Robuſt of limb, and fluſh'd with florid grace,
Strength nerv'd his youth, and ſquar'd his jovial face.

* Richard III.
† Meduſa's head in the armory at the Tower.
‡ Weſtminſter-hall.
§ Henry VIII.

To

To feats of arms and carpet-combats prone,
In either field the vig'rous monarch ſhone:
Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day
In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
But ſhift the ſcene, and view what ſlaughters ſtain
Each frantic period of his barb'rous reign:
A tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
By ev'ry potentate he dealt with, fool'd;
Sold by one * miniſter, to all unjuſt;
Sway'd by each dictate of diſtemper'd luſt;
Changing each worſhip that controul'd the bent
Of his adult'rous will, and lewd intent;
Big in unwieldy majeſty and pride,
And ſmear'd with queens' and martyrs' blood, he dy'd.

Paſs we the pious † youth too ſlightly ſeen;
The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romiſh ‡ queen:
Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
Shadow the glories of ELIZA's reign,
Who ſtill too great, tho' ſome few faults ſhe had,
To catalogue with all thoſe royal bad.

Ariſe, great JAMES! thy courſe of wiſdom run!
Image of David's philoſophic ſon!
He comes! on either hand in ſeemly ſtate,
Knowledge and Peace his fondled handmaids wait:
Obſcurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
Of quibbling cant and grace fanatic full,
Thron'd in full ſenates, on his pedant tongue,
Theſe for ſix hours each weighty morning hung.
For theſe each ſtring of royal pow'r he ſtrain'd,
For theſe he ſold whate'er ELIZA gain'd;
For theſe he ſquander'd ev'ry prudent ſtore
The frugal princeſs had reſerv'd before,
On penſion'd ſycophants and garter'd boys,
Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.

* Cardinal Wolſey. † Edward VI. ‡ Mary.

For

For theſe he let his beggar'd * daughter roam;
Bubbled for theſe by Spaniſh art at home;
For theſe, to ſum the bleſſings of his reign,
Poiſon'd one ſon †, and t'other ſent to Spain.

Retire, ſtrict muſe, and thy impartial verſe
In pity ſpare on CHARLES's bleeding herſe;
Or all his faults in blackeſt note, tranſlate
To tombs where rot the authors of his fate;
To luſtful HENRIETTA's Romiſh ſhade
Let all his acts of lawleſs pow'r be laid;
Or to the ‡ prieſt more Romiſh ſtill than her;
And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next § prince expell'd his native land
In vain affliction laid her iron hand;
Fortune, or fair or frowning, on his ſoul
Could ſtamp no virtue, and no vice controul;
Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,
Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth;
The care of nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, penſioner of France;
Free to Buffoons, to Miniſters deny'd,
He liv'd an atheiſt, and a bigot dy'd.

The reins of empire, or reſign'd or ſtole,
Are truſted next to JAMES's weak controul.
Him, meditating to ſubvert the laws,
His hero ‖ ſon in freedom's beauteous cauſe
Roſe to chaſtiſe: ** unhappy ſtill! howe'er
Poſterity the gallant action bear.

* Queen of Bohemia.
† Prince Henry and Charles I.
‡ Archbiſhop Laud.
§ Charles II.
‖ William III.
** Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores! VIRG.

Thus have I try'd of kings and prieſts to ſing,
And all the woes that from their vices ſpring;
While victor GEORGE thunders o'er either Spain,
Revenges Britain and aſſerts the main;
To * willing Indians deals our equal laws,
And from his country's voice affects applauſe;
† What time fair Florence on her peaceful ſhore,
Free from the din of war and battle's roar,
Has lap'd me trifler in inglorious eaſe,
Modelling precepts that may ſerve and pleaſe;
Yours is the taſk—and glorious is the plan,
To build the free, the ſenſible, GOOD MAN.

* ——————————— Volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
VIRG.

† Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, ſtudiis Florentem ignobilis otî.
VIRG.

INSCRIPTION

# INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

# NEGLECTED COLUMN

IN THE PLACE OF

# ST. MARK AT FLORENCE.

[*Written in the Year* 1740.]

ESCAP'D a * race, whose vanity ne'er rais'd
A monument, but when themselves IT prais'd,
Sacred to truth O! let this column rise,
Pure from false trophies and inscriptive lies!
Let no enslavers of their country here
In impudent relievo dare appear:
No pontiff by a ruin'd nation's blood
Lusting to aggrandize his bastard brood:
Be here no † Clement, ‡ Alexander seen,
No pois'ning § cardinal, or pois'ning ‖ queen:

* The family of Medici.

† Cardinal Julio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII.

‡ Alexander, the first duke of Florence, killed by Lorenzino de' Medici.

§ Ferdinand the Great was first cardinal and then became Great duke, by poisoning his elder brother Francis I. and his wife Bianca Capello.

‖ Catherine of Medici, wife of Henry II. king of France.

No Coſmo, or the bigot * duke, or † he
Great from the wounds of dying liberty.
No ‡ Lorrainer----one lying arch § ſuffice
To tell his virtues and his victories:
Beneath his foſt'ring eye how ‖ commerce thriv'd,
Beneath his ſmile how drooping arts reviv'd:
Let IT relate, e'er ſince his rule begun,
Not what he has, but what he ſhould have done.

Level with freedom, let this pillar mourn,
Nor riſe, before the radiant bliſs return;
Then tow'ring boldly to the ſkies proclaim
Whate'er ſhall be the patriot hero's name,
Who, a new BRUTUS, ſhall his country free,
And, like a GOD, ſhall ſay, LET THERE BE LIBERTY!

* Coſmo III.

† Coſmo the Great enſlaved the republics of Florence and Siena.

‡ Francis II. duke of Lorrain, which he gave up to France, againſt the command of his mother, and the petitions of all his ſubjects, and had Tuſcany in exchange.

§ The triumphal arch erected to him without the porta San Gallo.

‖ Two inſcriptions over the leſſer arches call him "Reſtitutor Commercii, and Propagator Bonarum Artium," as his equeſtrian ſtatue trampling on Turks, on the ſummit, repreſents the victories that he was deſigned to gain over that people, when he received the command of the emperor's armies, but was prevented by ſome fevers.

THE

# THE BEAUTIES.

## AN EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the PAINTER.

[*Written in the Year* 1746.]

DESPONDING artiſt, talk no more
Of beauties in the days of yore,
Of goddeſſes renown'd in Greece,
And ZEUXIS' compoſition-piece,
Where every nymph that could at moſt
Some ſingle grace or feature boaſt,
Contributed her favourite charm
To perfect the ideal form.
'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,
'Twas CLOE's cheek's vermilion dye;
ROXANA lent the noble air,
Diſhevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,
And CUPID much too fondly preſs'd
His mimic mother THAIS' breaſt.

Antiquity, how poor thy uſe!
A ſingle Venus to produce!
Friend Eckardt, ancient ſtory quit,
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;

Felibien and Freſnoy diſclaim,
Who talk of Raphael's matchleſs fame,
Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
And Carlo's each Madonna face,
As if no beauties now were made,
But Nature had forgot her trade.
'Twas beauty guided Raphael's line,
From heavenly women ſtyl'd divine.
They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
And what he could not taſte, he drew.
Think you devotion warm'd his breaſt,
When Carlo with ſuch looks expreſs'd
His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
Emotions----not, I'm ſure, of zeal?

In Britain's iſle obſerve the fair,
And curious chooſe your models there;
Such patterns as ſhall raiſe your name
To rival ſweet Corregio's fame.
Each ſingle piece ſhall be a teſt,
And Zeuxis' patchwork but a jeſt;
Who ranſack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
To bring one goddeſs on the ſtage.
On your each canvaſs we'll admire
The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majeſtic Juno ſhall be ſeen
In * HERVEY's glorious awful mien.
Where † FITZROY moves, reſplendent fair;
So warm her bloom, ſublime her air;
Her ebon treſſes, form'd to grace,
And heighten while they ſhade her face;
Such troops of martial youth around,
Who court the hand that gives the wound;

* Miſs Lepelle Hervey, now lady Mulgrave, eldeſt daughter of John lord Hervey.

† Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldeſt daughter of Charles ſecond duke of Grafton.

'Tis

'Tis Pallas, Pallas ſtands confeſs'd,
Tho' * STANHOPE's more than Paris bleſs'd.
So † CLEVELAND ſhone in warlike pride,
By Lely's pencil deify'd:
So ‡ GRAFTON, matchleſs dame, commands;
The faireſt work of Kneller's hands.
The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
In veins as rich ſtill loves to ſport:
And George's age beholds reſtor'd
What William boaſted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses, the Trojan ne'er
Was half ſo puzzled to declare:
Ten queens of beauty, ſure I ſee!
Yet ſure the true is § EMILY.
Such majeſty of youth and air,
Yet modeſt as the village fair:
Attracting all, indulging none,
Her beauty, like the glorious ſun
Thron'd eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.

In ſmiling ‖ CAPEL's bounteous look
Rich autumn's goddeſs is miſtook.
With poppies and with ſpiky corn,
Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
And by her ſide, in decent line,
Place charming ** BERKELEY, Proſerpine.
Mild as a ſummer ſea, ſerene,
In dimpled beauty next be ſeen
†† AYLESB'RY, like hoary Neptune's queen.

* Lord Peterſham, ſince earl of Harrington.

† The ducheſs of Cleveland like Pallas among the beauties at Windſor.

‡ The ducheſs of Grafton among the beauties at Hampton-court.

§ Lady Emily Lenox, now ducheſs of Leinſter.

‖ Lady Mary Capel, ſince married to admiral Forbes.

** Elizabeth Drax counteſs of Berkeley, ſince married to Robert Nugent, eſq.

†† Caroline Campbell counteſs of Ayleſbury, ſince married to general Henry Seymour Conway; ſhe was only daughter of John fourth duke of Argyle.

With

With her the light-diſpenſing fair,
Whoſe beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant ſun,
The new Aurora, * LYTTELTON.
Such † Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
And in ethereal colours dip'd,
In meaſur'd dance to tuneful ſong
Drew the ſweet goddeſs, as along
Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet ſpread,
The buxom hours ſhe faireſt led.

The creſcent on her brow diſplay'd,
In curls of lovelieſt brown inlaid,
With every charm to rule the night,
Like Dian, ‡ STRAFFORD woos the ſight.
The graceful ſhape, the piercing eye,
The ſnowy boſom's purity,
The unaffected gentle phraſe
Of native wit in all ſhe ſays;
Eckardt, for theſe thy art's too faint.
You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe ſmil'd, what bloom divine
On the young goddeſs lov'd to ſhine,
From § CARPENTER we gueſs, or ſee,
All-beauteous ‖ MANNERS! beam from thee.

How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide ſhade,
With roſy hand coquetly throwing
Panſies beneath her ſweet touch blowing;

* Miſs Lucy Forteſcue, firſt wife of George now lord Lyttelton.

† Guido's Aurora in the Roſpigliosi palace at Rome.

‡ Lady Anne Campbell counteſs of Strafford.

§ Almeria Carpenter, ſince counteſs of Egremont.

‖ Miſs Manners (ſince married to captain Hall), daughter of lord William Manners.

How blithe ſhe look'd, let * FANNY tell;
Let Zephyr own if half ſo well.

Another † goddeſs of the year,
Fair queen of ſummer, ſee appear!
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
Her panting boſom looſely bound,
Ethereal beauty in her face,
Rather the beauties of her race,
Whence ev'ry goddeſs, envy-ſmit,
Muſt own each Stonehouſe meets in ‡ PITT.

Exhauſted all the heav'nly train,
How many mortals yet remain,
Whoſe eyes ſhall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part?
Our ſiſter muſes muſt deſcribe
§ CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe:
And ‖ JULIANA with the nine
Shall aid the melancholy line,
To weep her dear ** reſemblance gone,
Where all theſe beauties meet in one.
Sad fate of beauty! more I ſee,
Afflicted, lovely family!
Two beauteous nymphs here, painter, place,
Lamenting o'er their †† ſiſter grace,
‡‡ One, matron-like, with ſober grief,
Scarce gives her pious ſighs relief;
While §§ t'other lovely maid appears
In all the melting pow'r of tears:

* Miſs Fanny Macartney, married to Mr. Greville.
† Pomona.
‡ Miſs Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt. Lady Atkins, her mother, was a Stonehouſe.
§ Miſs Chudleigh, maid of honour.
‖ Lady Juliana Farmor, ſince married to Mr. Pen.
** Lady Sophia Farmor, counteſs of Granville.
†† Miſs Mary Evelyn.
‡‡ Mrs. Boone.
§§ Miſs Elizabeth Evelyn, ſince married to Peter Bathurſt, eſq.

The

The ſofteſt form, the gentleſt grace,
The ſweeteſt harmony of face;
Her ſnowy limbs and artleſs move
Contending with the queen of love,
While baſhful beauty ſhuns the prize,
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

EPILOGUE

# EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE,

## On the Suppreſſion of the REBELLION.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the Character of the COMIC MUSE, November 4, 1746.

BRITONS, once more in annual joy we meet
This genial night in freedom's fav'rite ſeat:
And o'er the * two great empires ſtill I reign
Of Covent-garden, and of Drury-lane.
But ah! what clouds o'er all our realms impended!
Our ruin artleſs prodigies portended.
Chains, real chains, our heroes had in view,
And ſcenes of mimic dungeons chang'd to true.
An equal fate the Stage and Britain dreaded,
Had Rome's young miſſionary ſpark ſucceeded.
But laws and liberties are trifling treaſures;
He threaten'd that grave property, your pleaſures.

For me, an idle muſe, I ne'er diſſembled
My fears; but e'en my tragic ſiſter trembled.
O'er all her ſons ſhe caſt her mournful eyes,
And heav'd her breaſt more than dramatic ſighs:
To eyes well-tutor'd in the trade of grief
She rais'd a ſmall and well-lac'd handkerchief;

* The two great empires of the world I know, This of Peru, and that of Mexico.
INDIAN EMPEROR.

And then with decent pauſe—and accent broke,
Her buſkin'd progeny the dame beſpoke:
" Ah! ſons, * our dawn is over-caſt, and all
" Theatric glories nodding to their fall.
" From foreign realms a bloody chief is come,
" Big with the work of ſlav'ry and of Rome.
" A general ruin on his ſword he wears,
" Fatal alike to audience and to play'rs.
" For ah! my ſons, what freedom for the ſtage,
" When bigotry with ſenſe ſhall battle wage?
" When monkiſh laureats only wear the bays,
" † Inquiſitors lord chamberlains of plays?
" Plays ſhall be damn'd that 'ſcap'd the critic's rage,
" For prieſts are ſtill worſe tyrants to the ſtage.
" Cato, receiv'd by audiences ſo gracious,
" Shall find ten Cæſars in one St. Ignatius:
" And godlike Brutus here ſhall meet again
" His evil genius in a capuchin.
" For hereſy the fav'rites of the pit
" Muſt burn, and excommunicated wit;
" And at one ſtake we ſhall behold expire
" My Anna Bullen, and the Spaniſh Fryar.

" Ev'n ‡ Tamerlane, whoſe ſainted name appears
" Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,
" Oft as theſe feſtal rites attend the morn
" Of liberty reſtor'd, and WILLIAM born—
" But at that name what tranſports flood my eyes!
" What golden viſion's this I ſee ariſe!
" What § youth is he with comelieſt conqueſt crown'd,
" His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound?
" What wreaths are theſe that vict'ry dares to join,
" And blend with trophies of my fav'rite Boyne?

* The dawn is over-caſt, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. CATO.

† Cibber preſide lord chancellor of plays. POPE.

‡ Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and 5th of November, the anniverſaries of king William's birth and landing.

§ William duke of Cumberland.



" Oh!

" Oh! if the muſe can happy aught preſage,
" Of new deliv'rance to the ſtate and ſtage;
" If not untaught the characters to ſpell
" Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;
" * Thou ſhalt be WILLIAM—like the laſt deſign'd
" The tyrant's ſcourge, and bleſſing of mankind;
" Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,
" That teaches happy ſubjects to rebel.
" Naſſau himſelf but half our vows ſhall ſhare,
" Divide our incenſe and divide our pray'r:
" And oft as Tamerlane ſhall lend his fame
" To ſhadow *his*, thy rival ſtar ſhall claim
" † Th' ambiguous laurel and the doubtful name."

* Tu Marcellus eris. VIRGIL.

† Conditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis
Altiſoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam. JUV.

# THE ENTAIL*, A FABLE.

IN a fair ſummer's radiant morn
A BUTTERFLY, divinely born,
Whoſe lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
By various guſts of odour drawn,
At laſt eſtabliſh'd his repoſe
On the rich boſom of a roſe.
The palace pleas'd the lordly gueſt:
What inſect own'd a prouder neſt?
The dewy leaves luxurious ſhed
Their balmy eſſence o'er his head,
And with their ſilken tap'ſtry fold
His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
He thinks the thorns embattled round
To guard his caſtle's lovely mound,
And all the buſh's wide domain
Subſervient to his fancied reign.

* This piece was occaſioned by the author being aſked [after he had finiſhed the little caſtle at Strawberry-hill and adorned it with the portraits and arms of his anceſtors] if he did not deſign to entail it on his family?

Such

Such ample bleſſings ſwell'd the FLY!
Yet in his mind's capacious eye
He roll'd the change of mortal things,
The common fate of flies and kings.
With grief he ſaw how lands and honours
Are apt to ſlide to various owners;
Where Mowbrays dwelt how grocers dwell,
And how cits buy what barons ſell.
" Great Phœbus, patriarch of my line,
" Avert ſuch ſhame from ſons of thine!
" To them confirm theſe roofs," he ſaid;
And then he ſwore an oath ſo dread,
The ſtouteſt waſp that wears a ſword,
Had trembled to have heard the word!
" If law can rivet down entails,
" Theſe manours ne'er ſhall paſs to ſnails.
" I ſwear"—and then he ſmote his ermine—
" Theſe tow'rs were never built for vermine."

A CATERPILLAR grovel'd near,
A ſubtle ſlow conveyancer,
Who ſummon'd, waddles with his quill
To draw the haughty inſect's will.
None but his heirs muſt own the ſpot,
Begotten, or to be begot:
Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
To eggs of eggs of BUTTERFLIES.

When lo! how Fortune loves to teaſe
Thoſe who would dictate her decrees!
A wanton BOY was paſſing by;
The wanton child beheld the FLY,
And eager ran to ſeize the prey;
But, too impetuous in his play,
Cruſh'd the proud tenant of an hour,
And ſwept away the MANSION-FLOW'R.

EPIGRAM

# EPIGRAM

## On ADMIRAL VERNON

### Preſiding over the Herring-Fiſhery, MDCCL.

LONG in the ſenate had brave VERNON rail'd,
And all mankind with bitter tongue aſſail'd:
Sick of his noiſe, we wearied heav'n with pray'r
In his own element to place the tar.
The gods at length have yielded to our wiſh,
And bade him rule o'er Billingſgate and fiſh.

PORTRAIT

# PORTRAIT

OF

# JOHN EARL GRANVILLE.

## Written immediately after his Death in 1763.

COMMANDING beauty, ſmooth'd by cheerful grace,
Sat on each open feature of his face.
Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, ſtrong;
And ſcience flow'd ſpontaneous from his tongue.
A genius, ſeizing ſyſtems, ſlighting rules;
And void of gall, with boundleſs ſcorn of fools.
Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
And Bacchus ſprinkled fuel on the brand.
His wiſh to counſel monarchs, or controul;
His means—th' impetuous ardour of his ſoul;
For while his views out-ſtrip'd a mortal's ſpan,
Nor prudence drew, nor craft purſued the plan.
Swift fell the ſcaffold of his airy pride,
But, ſlightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide.
Unhurt, undaunted, undiſturb'd he fell;
Could laugh the ſame, and the ſame ſtories tell:
And more a ſage than * he, who bade await
His revels, till his conqueſts were complete,
Our jovial ſtateſman either ſail unfurl'd,
And drank his bottle, tho' he miſs'd the world.

* Pyrrhus.

PORTRAIT

# PORTRAIT DE JEAN COMTE DE GRANVILLE.

Traduit de l'Anglois de Monſieur WALPOLE,
Par Monſieur le Colonel DRUMGOLD.

LA franchiſe, la grace, & l'aimable gayeté
Adouciſſoient l'eclat de ſa male beauté.
Tout s'embraſoit au feu de ſa vive eloquence ;
Tout cedoit au torrent de ſa vaſte ſcience.
Laiſſant la regle & l'art aux plats manœuvriers,
D'un coup d'œil il perçoit des ſyſtêmes entiers.
Son ame etoit ſans fiel ; mais un mepris ſuprême
Le vengeoit mieux des ſots que la vengeance même.
La fiere ambition luy remit ſon flambeau,
Et Bacchus l'arroſa des feux de ſon tonneau.
Tout ſon but, ſi jamais il en eût un, fut d'être
Tour à tour la terreur, ou l'appui, de ſon maître.
Son plan, de n'écouter que la fougueuſe voix
Du grand cœur de qui ſeul il recevoit des loix.
Mais tandis que ce plan franchiſſoit les limites
Qu'aux projets des mortels la nature a preſcrites,
La prudence jamais n'en traça le deſſein,
Et l'intrigue jamais n'en pourſuivit la fin.
De ſes projets legers la trop frêle colonne
Fendit deſſous ſes pieds, mais ſans bleſſer perſonne.
Sans accident, ſans crainte, il tomba tout entier,
Et de ſa propre chute il rit tout le premier.
Plus ſage que celuy, qui, trop yvre de gloire,
Suſpendit ſes plaiſirs, pour hâter ſa victoire,
Il vuida ſon flaccon, exemt de tout chagrin,
A la ſanté du monde echappé de ſa main.

VERSES

# VERSES

Prefixed to an Edition printed at Strawberry-Hill in 1764, of the Poems of Anna Chamber Counteſs Temple.

LONG had been loſt enchanting Sappho's lyre,
Its graceful warblings, and its tender fire:
No more the guardians of the Aonian well
To wanton hands would truſt their ſacred ſhell:
When wand'ring thoughtleſs o'er the tuneful hill,
When wand'ring thoughtleſs of th' inſpiring rill,
Chance guided Temple to the ſecret ſhade,
Where the ſhy ſiſters had the muſic laid.
Its form unuſual caught her curious eye;
She touch'd it, and it murmur'd melody.
Acroſs the chords an artleſs ſweep ſhe flings;
Airs, vernal airs, return the vocal ſtrings.
Again her fingers o'er the lines ſhe throws;
Spontaneous numbers from her touch aroſe.
Surpris'd ſhe hears th' unmeditated lay;
Pleas'd and ſurpris'd, repeats th' harmonious play.
"Whence flow theſe numbers undeſign'd?" ſhe cries.
"Thoſe numbers are your own:" the lyre replies.
"The ſeeds of genuine poeſy, tho' unknown,
"By parent Phœbus in your ſoul were ſown:
"Too modeſt to expect the growth you ſee,
"To wake them into life you wanted me."

# THE MAGPIE AND HER BROOD, A FABLE,

From the Tales of BONAVENTURE DES PERIERS, Valet de Chambre to the Queen of NAVARRE;

## ADDRESSED to Miſs * HOTHAM.

MDCCLXIV.

HOW anxious is the penſive parent's thought!
How bleſt the fav'rite fondling's early lot!
Joy ſtrings her hours on pleaſure's golden twine,
And fancy forms it to an endleſs line.
But ah! the charm muſt ceaſe or ſoon or late,
When chicks and miſſes riſe to woman's 'ſtate.
The little tyrant grows in turn a ſlave,
And feels the ſoft anxiety ſhe gave.
This truth, my pretty friend, an ancient wit,
Who many a jocund tale and legend writ,
Couch'd in that age's unaffected guiſe,
When fables were the wiſdom of the wiſe.
To careleſs notes I've tun'd his gothic ſtyle;
Content, if you approve, and Suffolk ſmile.

* Henrietta, only daughter of colonel Charles Hotham, by lady Dorothy Hobart, daughter of John earl of Buckinghamſhire, with whoſe ſiſter, Henrietta counteſs dowager of Suffolk, miſs Hotham, then ten years old, lived at Marble-hill, Twickenham.

ONCE on a time a magpie led
Her little family from home,
To teach them how to earn their bread,
When ſhe in queſt of a new mate ſhould roam.
She pointed to each worm and fly,
That crept on earth or wing'd the ſky,
Or where the beetle buzz'd, ſhe call'd.
But all her documents were vain;
They would not budge, the urchin train,
But caw'd, and cry'd, and ſquall'd.
They wanted to be back at neſt,
Cloſe nuzzled to mamma's warm breaſt;
And thought that ſhe, poor ſoul! muſt ſweat
Day after day to find them meat:
But Madge knew better things.
My loves, ſaid ſhe, behold the plains,
Where ſtore of food and plenty reigns!
I was not half ſo big as you,
When me my honour'd mother drew
Forth to the groves and ſprings.
She flew away; God reſt her ſprite!
Tho' I could neither read nor write,
I made a ſhift to live.
So muſt you too: come, hop away:
Get what you can; ſteal what you may.
Th' induſtrious always thrive.
Lord bleſs us! cried the peeviſh chits,
Can babes like us live by their wits?
With perils compaſs'd round, can we
Preſerve our lives or liberty?
How ſhall we 'ſcape the fowler's ſnare,
Or gard'ner's tube erect in air?
If we but pilfer plums or nuts,
The leaden ball will pierce our guts:
And then, mamma, your tender heart will bleed
To ſee your little pies lie dead.

My dears, ſaid ſhe, and buſs'd their callow bills,
The wiſe by foreſight intercept their ills:
And you of no dull lineage came.
To fire a gun it takes ſome time;
The man muſt load, the man muſt prime,
And after that, take aim.
He lifts his piece, he winks his eye;
'Twill then be time enough to fly:
You out of reach may laugh and chatter;
To bilk a man is no great matter.
Aye! but—But what?—Why, if the clown
Should reach a ſtone to knock us down—
Why, if he does, ye brats,
Muſt not he ſtoop to reach the ſtone?
His poſture warns you to be gone:
Birds are not kill'd like cats.
Still, good mamma, our caſe is hard:
The rogue, you know, may come prepar'd,
A huge ſtone in his fiſt!
Indeed! my youngſters, Madge replies,
If you already are ſo wiſe,
Go cater where you liſt.

THE

# MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

A

# TRAGEDY.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui! VIRGIL.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

# PERSONS.

COUNTESS of NARBONNE.

COUNT EDMUND, her Son.

FLORIAN, his Friend.

ADELIZA, an Orphan.

BENEDICT, MARTIN, } Friars.

PETER, Porter of the Caſtle.

MARIA, ELINOR, } Damſels attending the Counteſs. Mutes.

CHORUS of Orphans.

CHORUS of Friars.

*The Scene lies at the Caſtle of* Narbonne; *partly on a Platform before the Gate, partly in a Garden within the Walls.*

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

# THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER: A TRAGEDY.

## ACT the FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*A Platform before the Caſtle.*

FLORIAN.

WHAT awful ſilence! How theſe antique towers
And vacant courts chill the ſuſpended ſoul,
Till expectation wears the caſt of fear;
And fear, half-ready to become devotion,
Mumbles a kind of mental oriſon,
It knows not wherefore. What a kind of being
Is circumſtance!
I am a ſoldier; and were yonder battlements
Garniſh'd with combatants, and cannon-mounted,
My daring breaſt would bound with exultation,
And glorious hopes enliven this drear ſcene.
*Now* dare not I ſcarce tread to my own hearing,
Leſt echo borrow ſuperſtition's tongue,
And ſeem to anſwer me, like one departed.

I met

I met a peaſant, and enquir'd my way:
The carle, not rude of ſpeech, but like the tenant
Of ſome night-haunted ruin, bore an aſpect
Of horror, worn to habitude. He bade
God bleſs me; and paſs'd on. I urg'd him farther:
Good maſter, cried he, go not to the caſtle;
There ſorrow ever dwells and moping miſery.
I preſs'd him yet—None there, ſaid he, are welcome,
But now and then a maſs-prieſt, and the poor;
To whom the pious Counteſs deals her alms,
On covenant, that each revolving night
They beg of heav'n the health of her ſon's ſoul
And of her own: but often as returns
The twentieth of September, they are bound
Faſt from the midnight watch to pray till morn.—
More would he not diſcloſe, or knew not more.
—What precious mummery! Her ſon in exile,
She waſtes on monks and beggars his inheritance,
For his ſoul's health! I never knew a woman
But lov'd our bodies or our ſouls too well.
Each maſter whim maintains its hour of empire;
And obſtinately faithful to its dictates,
With equal ardour, equal importunity,
They teaſe us to be damn'd or to be ſav'd.
I hate to love or pray too long.

## SCENE II.

PORTER of the Caſtle, FLORIAN.

PORTER.

Methought
I heard a ſtranger's voice—What lack you, ſir?

FLORIAN.

Good fellow, who inhabits here?

PORTER.

PORTER.

I do.

FLORIAN.

Belike this caſtle is not thine.

PORTER.

Belike ſo:
But be it whoſe it may, this is no haunt
For revellers and gallants—Paſs your way.

FLORIAN.

Thou churl! Is this your Gallic hoſpitality?
Thy lady, on my life, would not thus rudely
Chide from her preſence a bewilder'd knight.

PORTER.

Thou know'ſt my lady then?—Thou know'ſt her not.
Canſt thou in hair-cloths vex thoſe dainty limbs?
Canſt thou, on reeking pavements and cold marble,
In meditation paſs the livelong night?
Canſt mortify that fleſh, my roſy minion,
And bid thy rebel appetite refrain
From goblets foaming wine, and coſtly viands?
Theſe are the deeds, my youngſter, muſt draw down
My lady's ever-heav'n-directed eye.

FLORIAN.

In ſooth, good friend, my knighthood is not ſchool'd
In voluntary rigours—I can faſt,
March ſupperleſs, and make cold earth my pillow,
When my companions know no choicer fare;
But ſeldom rooſt in churches, or reject
The ready banquet, or a willing fair one.

PORTER.

Angels defend us! what a reprobate!
Yon mould'ring porch for ſixteen years and more
Has not been ſtruck with ſuch unhallow'd ſounds.
Hence to thy lewd companions!

FLORIAN.

Father greybeard,
I cry you mercy; nor was't my intention
To wound your reverence's ſaint-like organs.
But come, thou haſt known other days—canſt tell
Of banquetings and dancings—'Twas not always thus.

PORTER.

No, no—time was—my lord, the count of Narbonne,
A proſp'rous gentleman, were he alive,
We ſhould not know theſe moping melancholies.
Heav'n reſt his ſoul! I marvel not my lady
Cheriſhes his remembrance, for he was
Comely to ſight, and wondrous goodly built.
They ſay his ſon count Edmund's mainly like him.
Would theſe old arms, that ſerv'd his grandfather,
Could once enfold him! I ſhould part in peace.

FLORIAN.

What, if I bring thee tidings of count Edmund?

PORTER.

Mercy befall me!—now my dream is out.
Laſt night the raven croak'd, and from the bars
Of our lodge-fire flitted a meſſenger—
I knew no good would follow—Bring you ill tidings,
Sir gentleman?

FLORIAN.

(This is a ſolemn fool, [*Aſide.*
Or ſolemn knave)—Shouldſt thou indeed rejoice

To ſee count Edmund? Would thy noble miſtreſs
Spring with a mother's joy to claſp her ſon?

PORTER.

Oh! no, no, no.—He muſt not here—alas!
He muſt not here ſet foot—But tell me, ſtranger,
I prithee ſay, does my old maſter's heir
Still breathe this vital air? Is he in France?
Is he within ſome ten, or twenty leagues,
Or fifty? I am hearty yet, have all my limbs,
And I would make a weary pilgrimage
To kiſs his gracious hand, and at his feet
Lay my old bones—for here I ne'er muſt ſee him. [*Weeps.*

FLORIAN.

Thou good old man, forgive a ſoldier's mirth.
But ſay, why Narbonne's heir from Narbonne's lands
Is baniſh'd, driven by a ruthleſs mother?

PORTER.

Ah! ſir, 'tis hard indeed—but ſpare his mother;
Such virtue never dwelt in female form.
Count Edmund—but he was indeed a ſtripling,
A very lad—it was the trick of youth,
And we have all our ſins, or we have had;
Yet ſtill no pardon—Think'ſt thou not my lord,
My late kind maſter, ere he knew my lady,
Wiſt not what woman was?—I warrant him—
But ſo—count Edmund being not ſixteen,
A luſty youth, his father's very image—
Oh! he has play'd me many a trick—Good ſir,
Does my young maſter ever name old Peter?
Well!—but I prate—you muſt forgive my age;
I come to th' point—Her name was Beatrice;
A roguiſh eye—ſhe ne'er would look on me,
Or we had ſav'd full many a woeful day!
Mark you me well?

FLORIAN.

I do.

PORTER.

This Beatrice—
But hark! my lady comes—Retire a while
Beyond thoſe yews—anon I'll tell you more.

FLORIAN.

May I not greet her?

PORTER.

For my office, no:
'Twere forfeit of my badge to hold a parley
With one of near thy years. [FLORIAN *withdraws.*

[*The* COUNTESS *in weeds, with a crucifix in her hand, iſſues from the caſtle, accompanied by two maidens, and paſſes over the ſtage. When ſhe is gone* FLORIAN *returns.*]

'Tis ever thus.
At break of morn ſhe hies to yonder abbey,
And, proſtrate o'er ſome monumental ſtone,
Seems more to wait her doom, than aſk to ſhun it.
The day is paſs'd in miniſt'ring to wants
Of health or means; the cloſing eve beholds
New tears, new pray'rs, or haggard meditation.
But if cold moonſhine, deep'ning every frown
Of theſe impending towers, invite her ſteps,
She iſſues forth.—Beſhrew me, but I tremble,
When my own keys diſcharge the drawbridge chains,
And rattle thro' the caſtle's farmoſt vaults.
Then have I ſeen this ſad, this ſober mourner,
With frantic geſture and diſorder'd ſtep—
But huſh—who moves up yonder avenue?
It is—no—ſtay—i'faith! but it is he,
My lady's confeſſor, with friar Martin—

Quick hie thee hence—Should that ſame meddling monk
Obſerve our conf'rence, there were fine work toward.

FLORIAN.

You will not leave your tale unfiniſhed?

PORTER.

Maſs! but I will—A tale will pay no ſtipend.
Theſe fifty winters have I borne this ſtaff,
And will not loſe my porridge for my prating.

FLORIAN.

Well! but count Edmund—wo't not hear of him?

PORTER.

Aye, bleſs his name! at any leiſure hour.
This ev'ning, ere the ſhutting of the gates,
Loiter about yon grange; I'll come to thee.
So now, begone—away. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

## SCENE III.

BENEDICT, MARTIN.

BENEDICT.

Ay! ſift her, ſift her—
As if I had not prob'd her very ſoul,
And wound me round her heart—I tell thee, brother,
This woman was not caſt in human mould.
Ten ſuch would foil a council, would unbuild
Our Roman church—In her devotion's real.
Our beads, our hymns, our ſaints, amuſe her not:
Nay, not confeſſion, not repeating o'er
Her darling ſins, has any charms for her.
I have mark'd her praying: not one wand'ring thought
Seems to ſteal meaning from her words.—She prays
Becauſe ſhe feels, and feels, becauſe a ſinner.

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

What is this ſecret ſin; this untold tale,
That art cannot extract, nor penance cleanſe?
Loſs of a huſband, ſixteen years enjoy'd,
And dead as many, could not ſtamp ſuch ſorrow.
Nor could ſhe be his death's artificer,
And now affect to weep it——I have heard,
That chaſing, as he homeward rode, a ſtag,
Chaf'd by the hounds, with ſudden onſet ſlew
Th' adventurous count.

BENEDICT.

'Twas ſo; and yet, my brother,
My mind has more than once imputed blood
To this inceſſant mourner. Beatrice,
The damſel for whoſe ſake ſhe holds in exile
Her only ſon, has never, ſince the night
Of his incontinence, been ſeen or heard of.

MARTIN.

'Tis clear, 'tis clear; nor will her prudent tongue
Accuſe its owner.

BENEDICT.

Judge not raſhly, brother.
I oft have ſhifted my diſcourſe to murder:
She notes it not. Her muſcles hold their place,
Nor diſcompos'd, nor firm'd to ſteadineſs.
No ſudden fluſhing, and no falt'ring lip:
Nor, tho' ſhe pities, lifts ſhe to her eyes
Her handkerchief, to palliate her diſorder.
There the wound rankles not.—I fix'd on love,
The failure of the ſex, and apteſt cauſe
Of each attendant crime—

MARTIN.

Ay, brother, there
We maſter all their craft. Touch but that ſtring—

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

Still, brother, do you err. She own'd to me,
That, tho' of nature warm, the paſſion love
Did ne'er anticipate her choice. The count,
Her huſband, ſo ador'd and ſo lamented,
Won not her fancy, till the nuptial rites
Had with the ſting of pleaſure taught her paſſion.
This, with ſuch modeſt truth, and that truth heighten'd
By conſcious ſenſe, that holds deceit a weakneſs,
She utter'd, I would pawn my order's credit
On her veracity.

MARTIN.

Then whither turn
To worm her ſecret out?

BENEDICT.

I know not that.
She will be ſilent, but ſhe ſcorns a falſehood.
And thus while frank on all things, but her ſecret,
I know, I know it not.

MARTIN.

Till ſhe diſcloſe it,
Deny her abſolution.

BENEDICT.

She will take none:
Offer'd, ſhe ſcoffs it; and, withheld, demands not:
Nay, vows ſhe will not load her ſinking ſoul
With incantations.

MARTIN.

This is hereſy;
Rank hereſy; and holy church ſhould note it.

BENEDICT.

Be patient, brother—Tho' of adamant
Her reaſon, charity diſſolves that rock,
—And ſurely we have taſted of the ſtream.

Nay,

Nay, one unguarded moment may diſcloſe
This myſtic tale—Then, brother, what a harveſt,
When maſters of her boſom-guilt!—Age too
May numb her faculties.—Or ſoon, or late,
A praying woman muſt become our ſpoil.

MARTIN.

Her zeal may falter.

BENEDICT.

Not in ſolitude.
I nurſe her in new horrors; form her tenants
To fancy viſions, phantoms; and report them.
She mocks their fond credulity—but truſt me,
Her memory retains the colouring.
Oft times it paints her dreams; and ebon night
Is no logician. I have known her call
For lights, ere ſhe could combat its impreſſions.
I too, tho' often ſcorn'd, relate my dreams,
And wondrous voices heard; that ſhe may think me
At leaſt an honeſt bigot; nor remember
I tried to practiſe on her fears, and foil'd
Give o'er my purpoſe.

MARTIN.

This is maſterly.

BENEDICT.

Poor maſtery! when I am more in awe
Of my own penitent, than ſhe of me.
My genius is command; art, but a tool
My groveling fortune forces me to uſe.
Oh! were I ſeated high as my ambition,
I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs,
And make them bow to creeds myſelf would laugh at *.

* Alluding to Sixtus quintus.

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

By humbler arts our mighty fabric roſe.
Win pow'r by craft; wear it with oſtentation;
For confidence is half-ſecurity.
Deluded men think boldneſs, conſcious ſtrength;
And grow the ſlaves of their own want of doubt.
Gain to the holy ſee this fair domain;
A crimſon bonnet may reward your toils,
And the rich harveſt prove at laſt your own.

BENEDICT.

Never, while Edmund lives. This ſteady woman
Can ne'er be pious with ſo many virtues.
Juſtice is interwoven in her frame;
Nor will ſhe wrong the ſon ſhe will not ſee.
She loves him not; yet miſtreſs of his fortunes,
His ample exhibition ſpeaks her bounty.
She deſtines him whate'er his father's love
Gave blindly to her will. Her alms, her charities,
Uſurp'd from her own wants, ſhe ſets apart
A ſcanty portion only for her ward,
Young Adeliza.

MARTIN.

Say her ſon were dead,
And Adeliza veil'd—

BENEDICT.

I preſs the latter
With fruitleſs ardour. Often as I urge it,
She pleads the maiden's flushing cheek, and nature,
That ſpeaks in characters of glowing roſe
Its modeſt appetites and timid wiſhes.
Her ſex, ſhe ſays, when gratified, are frail;
When check'd, a hurricane of boundleſs paſſions.
Then, with ſweet irony and ſad, ſhe wills me
Aſk my own breaſt, if cowls and ſcapularies
Are charms all powerful to ſubdue deſire?

MARTIN.

'Twere wiſer ſchool the maiden: lead the train
Of young ideas to a fancied object.
A mental ſpouſe may fill her hov'ring thoughts,
And bar their fixing on ſome earthly lover.

BENEDICT.

This is already done—but Edmund's death
Were hopes more ſolid—

MARTIN.

Firſt report him dead:
His letters intercepted—

BENEDICT.

Greatly thought,
Thou true ſon of the church!—And lo! where comes
Our patroneſs—Leave me; I will not loſe
An inſtant. I will ſound her inmoſt ſoul,
And mould it to the moment of projection. [*Exit* MARTIN.
[BENEDICT *retires within the caſtle.*

## SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, TWO MAIDENS.

COUNTESS.

Haſte thee, Maria, to the weſtern tower,
And learn if th' aged pilgrim dozes yet.
You, Elinor, attend my little orphans,
And when their taſk is done, prepare their breakfaſt.
But ſcant th' allowance of the red-hair'd urchin,
That maim'd the poor man's cur—Ah! happy me! [*The damſels go in.*
If ſentiment, untutor'd by affliction,
Had taught my temperate blood to feel for others,
Ere pity, perching on my mangled boſom,

Like flies on wounded fleſh, had made me ſhrink
More with compunction than with ſympathy!
Alas! muſt guilt then ground our very virtues?
Grow they on ſin alone, and not on grace?
While Narbonne liv'd, my fully-ſated ſoul
Thought none unhappy—for it did not think!
In pleaſures roll'd whole ſummer ſuns away;
And if a penſive viſage croſs'd my path,
I deem'd the wearer envious or ill-natur'd.
What anguiſh had I bleſſedly redreſs'd,
But that I was too bleſs'd!—Well! peace is fled,
Ne'er to return! nor dare I ſnap the thread
Of life, while miſery may want a friend.
Deſpair and hell muſt wait, while pity needs
My miniſtry—Eternity has ſcope
Enough to puniſh me, tho' I ſhould borrow
A few ſhort hours to ſacrifice to charity.

## SCENE V.

BENEDICT, COUNTESS.

BENEDICT.

I ſought you, lady.

COUNTESS.

Happily I'm found.
Who needs the widow's mite?

BENEDICT.

None aſk your aid.
Your gracious foreſight ſtill prevents occaſion:
And your poor beadſman joys to meet your preſence,
Uncumber'd with a ſuit. It pains my ſoul,
Oft as I tax your bounty, leſt I ſeem
A craving or immodeſt almoner.

COUNTESS.

No more of this, good father. I ſuſpect not
One of your holy order of diſſembling:
Suſpect not me of loving flattery.
Paſs a few years, and I ſhall be a corpſe—
Will flattery then new clothe my ſkeleton,
Fill out theſe hollow jaws? Will't give me virtues?
Or at the ſolemn audit paſs for truth,
And varniſh o'er my ſtains?

BENEDICT.

The church could ſeal
Your pardon—but you ſcorn it. In your pride
Conſiſts your danger. Yours are Pagan virtues:
As ſuch I praiſe them—but as ſuch condemn them.

COUNTESS.

Father, my *crimes* are Pagan; my belief
Too orthodox to truſt to erring man.
What! ſhall I, foul with guilt, and ſelf-condemn'd,
Preſume to kneel, where angels kneel appal'd,
And plead a prieſt's certificate for pardon?
While he, perchance, before my blaſted eyes
Shall ſink to woes, endleſs, unutterable,
For having fool'd me into that preſumption.

BENEDICT.

Is he to blame, truſting to what he grants?

COUNTESS.

Am I to blame, not truſting what he grants?

BENEDICT.

Yet faith—

COUNTESS.

I have it not—Why ſhakes my ſoul

With

With nightly terrors? Courage ſuch as mine
Would ſtart at nought but guilt. 'Tis from within
I tremble. Death would be felicity,
Were there no retroſpect. What joys have I?
What pleaſure ſoftens, or what friendſhip ſoothes
My aching boſom?—I have loſt my huſband:
My own decree has baniſh'd my own ſon.

BENEDICT.

Laſt night I dreamt your ſon was with the bleſſed.

COUNTESS.

Would heav'n he were!

BENEDICT.

Do you then wiſh his death?

COUNTESS.

Should I not wiſh him bleſt?

BENEDICT.

Belike he is:
I never knew my Friday's dreams erroneous.

COUNTESS.

Nor I knew ſuperſtition in the right.

BENEDICT.

Madam, I muſt no longer hear this language.
You do abuſe my patience. I have borne,
For your ſoul's health, and hoping your converſion,
Opinions moſt deprav'd. It ill beſeems
My holy function to give countenance,
By lending ear, to ſuch pernicious tenets.
The judgments hanging o'er your deſtin'd head
May reach ev'n me.—I ſee it! I am rapt
Beyond my bearing! My prophetic ſoul
Views the red falchion of eternal juſtice
Cut off your ſentenc'd race—Your ſon is dead!

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Father, we no prophetic dæmon bear
Within our breaſt, but conſcience. *That* has ſpoken
Words more tremendous than this acted zeal,
This poetry of fond enthuſiaſm
Can conjure up. It is the ſtill ſmall voice
That breathes conviction. 'Tis that voice has told me,
'Twas my ſon's birth, not his mortality*,
Muſt drown my ſoul in woe.—Thoſe tears are ſhed.

BENEDICT.

Unjuſt, uncharitable as your words,
I pardon them. Illy of me you deem;
I know it, lady. 'Tis humiliation:
As ſuch I bow to it—yet dear I tender
Your peace of mind. Diſmiſs your worthleſs ſervant:
His pray'rs ſhall ſtill be yours.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, father:
Diſcretion does not guide my words. I meant
No inſult on your holy character.

BENEDICT.

No, lady; chooſe ſome other monitor,
Whoſe virtues may command your eſtimation.
Your uſeleſs beadſman ſhall behold with joy
A worthier man mediate your peace with heav'n.

COUNTESS.

Alas! till reconcil'd with my own breaſt,
What peace is there for me?

* On the death of the comte de Vermandois, his mother, the ducheſs de la Valiere ſaid, Muſt I weep for his death before I have done weeping for his birth?

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

In th' neighb'ring diſtrict
There lives a holy man, whoſe ſanctity
Is mark'd with wondrous gifts. Grace ſmiles upon him:
Converſion tracks his footſteps: miracles
Spring from his touch: his ſacred caſuiſtry
Pours balm into deſpair. Conſult with him.
Unfold th' impenetrable myſtery,
That ſets your ſoul and you at endleſs diſcord.

COUNTESS.

Conſult a holy man! Inquire of him!
—Good father, wherefore? What ſhould I inquire*?
Muſt I be taught of him, that guilt is woe?
That innocence alone is happineſs?
That martyrdom itſelf ſhall leave the villain
The villain that it found him? Muſt I learn
That minutes ſtamp'd with crimes are paſt recall?
That joys are momentary; and remorſe
Eternal? Shall he teach me charms and ſpells,
To make my ſenſe believe againſt my ſenſe?
Shall I think practices and penances
Will, if he ſay ſo, give the health of virtue
To gnawing ſelf-reproach?—I know they cannot.
Nor could one riſen from the dead proclaim
This truth in deeper ſounds to my conviction.
We want no preacher to diſtinguiſh vice
From virtue. At our birth the god reveal'd
All conſcience needs to know. No codicil
To duty's rubric here and there was plac'd
In ſome ſaint's caſual cuſtody. Weak minds
Want their ſoul's fortune told by oracles

* Imitated from Cato's ſpeech in Lucan, beginning, Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes?

And

And holy jugglers. Me, nor oracles,
Nor prophets, death alone can certify,
Whether, when juſtice's full due's exacted,
Mercy ſhall grant one drop to ſlake my torment.
—Here, father, break we off; you to your calling;
I to my tears and mournful occupation. [*Exeunt.*

*End of the firſt Act.*

ACT

# ACT the SECOND.

*The* SCENE *continues.*

Count EDMUND, FLORIAN.

EDMUND.

DOUBT not, my friend; Time's pencil, hardſhips, war,
Some taſte of pleaſure too, have chas'd the bloom
Of ruddy comelineſs, and ſtamp'd this face
With harſher lineaments, that well may mock
The prying of a mother's eye;—a mother,
Thro' whoſe firm nerves tumultuous inſtinct's flood
Ne'er guſh'd with eager eloquence, to tell her,
This is your ſon! your heart's own voice proclaims him.

FLORIAN.

If not her love, my lord, ſuſpect her hatred.
Thoſe jarring paſſions ſpring from the ſame ſource:
Hate is diſtemper'd love.

EDMUND.

Why ſhould ſhe hate me?
For that my opening paſſion's ſwelling ardour
Prompted congenial neceſſary joy,
Was that a cauſe?—Nor was ſhe then ſo rigid.
No ſanctified diſſembler had poſſeſs'd
Her ſcar'd imagination, teaching her,
That holineſs begins where nature ends.
No, Florian, ſhe herſelf was woman then;
A ſenſual woman. Nor ſatiety,
Sickneſs and age and virtue's frowardneſs,
Had ſo obliterated pleaſure's reliſh—
She might have pardon'd what ſhe felt ſo well.

FLORIAN.

Forgive me, Edmund; nay, nor think I preach,
If I, God wot, of morals looſe enough,
Seem to condemn you. You have often told me,
The night, the very night that to your arms
Gave pretty Beatrice's melting beauties,
Was the ſame night on which your father died.

EDMUND.

'Tis true—And thou, ſage monitor, doſt thou
Hold love a crime ſo irremiſſible?
Wouldſt thou have turn'd thee from a willing girl,
To ſing a requiem to thy father's ſoul?
I thought my mother buſied with her tears,
Her faintings, and her maſſes, while I ſtole
To Beatrice's chamber.—How my mother
Became appriz'd, I know not: but her heart,
Never too partial to me, grew eſtrang'd.
Eſtrang'd!—Averſion in its felleſt mood
Scowl'd from her eye, and drove me from her ſight.
She call'd me impious; nam'd my honeſt lewdneſs,
A prophanation of my father's aſhes.
I knelt and wept, and, like a puling boy,
For now my blood was cool, believ'd, confeſs'd
My father's hov'ring ſpirit incens'd againſt me.
This weak confeſſion but inflam'd her wrath;
And when I would have bath'd her hand with tears,
She ſnatch'd it back with horror.

FLORIAN.

'Twas the trick
Of over-acted ſorrow. Grief fatigues;
And each collateral circumſtance is ſeiz'd
To cheat th' uneaſy feeling. Sable chambers,
The winking lamp, and pomp of midnight woe,
Are but a ſpecious theatre, on which

Th' in-

Th' inconſtant mind with decency forgets
Its inward tribute. Who can doubt the love
Which to a father's ſhade devotes the ſon? [*Ironically.*

EDMUND.

Still muſt I doubt; ſtill deem ſome myſtery,
Beyond a widow's pious artifice,
Lies hid beneath averſion ſo relentleſs.
All my inheritance, my lordſhips, caſtles,
My father's laviſh love bequeath'd my mother.
Choſe ſhe ſome ſecond partner of her bed,
Or did ſhe waſte her wealth on begging ſaints,
And rogues that act contrition, it were proof
Of her hypocriſy, or luſt of fame
In monkiſh annals. But to me her hand
Is bounteous, as her heart is cold. I tell thee,
Bating enjoyment of my native ſoil,
Narbonne's revenues are as fully mine,
As if I held them by the ſtrength of charters.

FLORIAN.

Why ſet them on the hazard then, when ſhe
Who deals them may revoke? Your abſence hence
The ſole condition.

EDMUND.

I am weary, Florian,
Of ſuch a vagrant life. Befits it me,
Sprung from a race of heroes, Narbonne's prince,
To lend my caſual arm's approved valour
To quarrels, nor my country's nor my own?
To ſtain my ſword with random blood?—I fought
At Buda 'gainſt the Turk—a holy war,
So was it deem'd—I ſmote the turban'd race:
Did zeal, or did ambition nerve my blow?
Or matter'd it to me, on Buda's domes
Whether the creſcent or the croſs prevail'd?
Mean time on alien climes I diſſipated

Wealth from my ſubjects wrung, the peaſant's tribute,
Earn'd by his toil. Mean time in ruin laid
My mould'ring caſtles—Yes, ye moſs-grown walls!
Ye tow'rs defenceleſs!—I reviſit ye
Shame-ſtricken.—Where are all your trophies now?
Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,
That ſpoke the grandeur of my houſe, the homage
Of neighb'ring barons? Thus did Thibalt, Raoul,
Or Clodomir, my brave progenitors,
Creep like a ſpy, and watch to thrid your gates
Unnotic'd? No; with martial attributes,
With waving banners and enlivening fifes,
They bade your portal wide unfold its jaws,
And welcome them and triumph.

FLORIAN.

True, my lord:
They reign'd the monarchs of a ſcore of miles;
Imperial lords of ev'ry trembling cottage
Within their cannon's mandate. Deadly feuds
For obſolete offences, now array'd
Their livery'd banditti, prompt to deal
On open valleys and unguarded herds,
On helpleſs virgins and unweapon'd boors,
The vengeance of their tribe. Sometimes they dar'd
To ſcowl defiance to the diſtant throne,
Impriſon'd, canton'd inacceſſibly
In their own rock-built dungeons—Are theſe glories
My Edmund's ſoul ambitions to revive?
Thus would he bleſs his vaſſals?

EDMUND.

Thy reproof,
My friend, is juſt. But had I not a cauſe,
A tender cauſe, that prompted my return?
This cruel parent, whom I blame, and mourn,
Whoſe harſhneſs I reſent, whoſe woes I pity,

Has

Has won my love, by winning my reſpect.
Her letters! Florian; ſuch unſtudied ſtrains
Of virtuous eloquence! She bids me, yes,
This praying Magdalen enjoins my courage
To emulate my great forefather's deeds;
Tells me, that ſhame and guilt alone are mortal;
That death but bars the poſſibility
Of frailty, and embalms untainted honour.
Then blots and tears efface ſome half-told woe
Lab'ring in her full boſom. I decypher'd
In one her bleſſing granted, and eras'd.
And yet what follow'd, mark'd anxiety
For my ſoul's welfare. I muſt know this riddle.
I muſt, will comfort her. She cannot ſurely,
After ſuch perils, wounds by her command
Encounter'd, after ſixteen exil'd years
Spurn me, when kneeling—Think'ſt thou 'tis poſſible?

FLORIAN.

I would not think it; but a hoſt of prieſts
Surround her. They, good men, are ſeldom found
To plead the cauſe of pity. Self-denial,
Whoſe diſſonance from nature's kindeſt laws
By contradicting wins on our perverſeneſs,
Is rank fanaticiſm's belov'd machine.
Oh! 'twill be heroiſm, a ſacrifice,
To curb the torrent of maternal fondneſs!
You ſhall be beggar'd, that the ſaint your mother
May, by cowl'd ſycophants and canting jugglers,
Be hail'd, be canoniz'd a new Tereſa.
Pray be not ſeen here: let's again to th' wars.

EDMUND.

No, Florian: my dull'd ſoul is ſick of riot;
Sick of the thoughtleſs jollity of camps,
Where revelry ſubſiſts on deſolation,
And ſhouts of joy contend with dying groans.

Our

Our ſports are fleeting; ſnatch'd, perhaps, not granted.
'Tis time to bid adieu to vagrant pleaſure,
And fix the wanderer love. Domeſtic bliſs—

FLORIAN.

Yes, your fair penſioner, young Adeliza,
Has ſober'd your inconſtancy. Her ſmiles
Were exquiſite—to rule a family! [*Ironically.*
So matron-like an air—She muſt be fruitful.

EDMUND.

Paſs we this levity—'Tis true, the maiden
Is beauty's type renew'd. Like blooming Eve
In nature's young ſimplicity, and bluſhing
With wonder at creation's opening glow,
She charms, unknowing what it is to charm.

FLORIAN.

This is a lover's language—Is ſhe kind?

EDMUND.

Cold as the metal bars that part her from me;
She liſtens, but replies not to my purpoſe.

FLORIAN.

How gain'd you then admittance?

EDMUND.

This whole month,
While waiting your arrival, I have haunted
Her convent's parlour. 'Tis my mother's wiſh
To match her nobly. Hence her guardian abbeſs
Admits ſuch viſitors as claim her notice
By worthy bearing, and convenient ſplendor.
O Florian, union with that favour'd maiden
Might reconcile my mother—Hark! what ſound— [*A chapel bell rings.*

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

A ſummons to ſome office of devotion.
My lord, weigh well what you project— [*Singing within.*

EDMUND.

I hear
Voices that ſeem approaching—Huſh! they ſing.
Liſten!

FLORIAN.

No; let us hence: you will be known.

EDMUND.

They cannot know me—See!

## SCENE II.

FLORIAN, EDMUND, MARTIN, ORPHANS.

[*A proceſſion of children of both ſexes, neatly clothed in a white and blue uniform, iſſue from the caſtle, followed by friar* MARTIN, *and advance towards the ſtage door. They ſtop, and the children repeat the following hymn, part of which they ſhould have ſung within the caſtle.*]

I.

Throne of juſtice! lo! we bend.
Thither dare our hopes aſcend,
Where ſeraphs, wrapt in light'ning rays,
Diſſolve in mercy's tender blaze?

II.

Hear us! harmleſs orphans hear!
For her who dries our falling tear.
Huſh her ſorrows; calm her breaſt:
Give her, what ſhe gives us, reſt.

III.

Guard our ſpotleſs ſouls from ſin!
Grant us virtue's palm to win!
Clothe the penitent with grace;
And guilt's foul ſpots efface! efface!

EDMUND.

I'll ſpeak to them.
Sweet children—or, thou ſanctified conductor,
Give me to know what ſolemn pilgrimage,
What expiation of offences paſt,
Thus ſadly ye perform? In whoſe behoof
To win a bleſſing, raiſe theſe little ſuppliants
Their artleſs hands to heav'n? Pray pardon too
A ſoldier's curioſity.

MARTIN.

The dew
Of grace and peace attend your ſteps! You ſeem
A ſtranger, or you could but know, ſir knight,
That Narbonne's pious counteſs dwells within:
A lady moſt diſconſolate. Her lord,
Her beſt-beloved, by untimely fate
Was ſnatch'd away in luſty life's full 'vantage—
But no account made up! no abſolution!
Hence ſcant the diſtance of a mile he fell.
His weeping relict o'er his ſpot of doom
A goodly croſs erected. Thither we,
At his year's mind, in ſad and ſolemn guiſe,
Proceed to chant our holy dirge, and offer
Due interceſſion for his ſoul's repoſe.

EDMUND.

'Tis fitly done. And dar'd a voice profane
Join in the chorus of your holy office,
Myſelf would kneel for Narbonne's peace.

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

Young ſir,
It glads my ſoul to hear ſuch pious breathings
From one, whoſe occupation rarely ſcans
The diſtance 'twixt enjoyment and the tomb.
Say, didſt thou know the count?

EDMUND.

I knew his ſon.

MARTIN.

Count Edmund? Where ſojourns he?

EDMUND.

In the grave.

MARTIN.

Is Edmund dead? Say, how?

EDMUND.

He fell at Buda:
And not to his diſhonour.

MARTIN.

(Welcome ſounds! [*Aſide.*
I muſt know more of this)—Proceed, my children;
Short of the croſs I'll overtake your ſteps.

ORPHAN GIRL.

Oh! father, but I dare not paſs without you
By the church-porch. They ſay the count ſits there,
With clotted locks, and eyes like burning ſtars.
Indeed I dare not go.

Other CHILDREN.

Nor I. Nor I.

MARTIN.

My loves, he will not harm ſuch innocents.
But wait me at the bridge: I'll ſtraight be with ye.

[*Children go out reluctantly.*

FLORIAN.

I marvel, father, gravity like yours
Should yield aſſent to tales of ſuch complexion;
Permitting them in baby fantaſy
To ſtrike their dangerous root.

MARTIN.

I marvel not,
That levity like yours, unhallow'd boy,
Should ſpend its idle ſhaft on ſerious things.
Your comrade's bearing warrants no ſuch licence.

FLORIAN.

Think'ſt thou, becauſe my friend with humble fervour
Kneels to Omnipotence, each goſſip's dream,
Each village-fable, domineers in turn
His brain's diſtemper'd nerves? Think'ſt thou a ſoldier
Muſt by his calling be an impious braggart?
Or, being not, a ſuperſtitious ſlave?
True valour, owning no preheminence
In equals, dares not wag preſumption's tongue
Againſt high heav'n.

MARTIN.

In us reſpect heav'n's ſervants.

FLORIAN.

Monks may reach heav'n, but never came from thence.

[*Violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning.*

MARTIN.

Will this convince thee? Where's the goſſip's dream,
The village-fable, now? Hear heav'n's own voice
Condemn impiety!

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

Hear heav'n's own voice
Condemn impoſture!

EDMUND.

Here end your diſpute.
The ſtorm comes on.

MARTIN.

Yes, you do well to check
Your comrade's profanation, leſt ſwift juſtice
O'ertake his guilt, and ſtamp his doom in thunder.

FLORIAN.

Father, art thou ſo read in languages
Thou canſt interpret th' inarticulate
And quarreling elements? What ſays the ſtorm?
Pronounces it for thee or me? Do none
Diſpute within the compaſs of its bolt
But we? Is the ſame loud-voic'd oracle
Definitive for fifty various brawls?
Or but a ſhock of clouds to all but us?
"What if two drunkards at this inſtant hour
"Contend for preference of taſte, one ranking
"The vines of Burgundy before the juice
"That dances in a foam of brilliant bubbles
"From Champagne's berries, think'ſt thou thunder ſpeaks
"In favour of the white or ruby grape?"

MARTIN.

What mockery! I reſign thee to thy fate. [*Going.*

[*The* ORPHAN-CHILDREN *run in terrified.*]

Firſt ORPHAN.

O father, ſave us! ſave us, holy father!

MARTIN.

What means this panic?

First ORPHAN.

Oh! a ſtorm ſo dreadful!
Some demon rides in th' air.

MARTIN.

Undoubtedly.
Could ye diſtinguiſh aught?

First ORPHAN.

I fell to earth,
And ſaid the pray'r you taught me againſt ſpectres.

MARTIN.

'Twas well—But none of you, had none the courage
To face the fiend?

Second ORPHAN.

I wink'd, and ſaw the lightning
Burſt on the monument. The ſhield of arms
Shiver'd to ſplinters. Ere I could repeat
An Ave-Mary, down with hideous craſh
The croſs came tumbling—Then I fled—

MARTIN.

Retire;
This is unholy ground. Acquaint the Counteſs.
I will not tarry long. [*Ex. children.*] Thou mouth accurſt, [*To* FLORIAN.
Repent, and tremble! Wherefore haſt thou drawn
On Narbonne's plains, already viſited
By long calamity, new ſtorms of horror?
The ſeaſons change their courſe; th' afflicted hind
Bewails his blaſted harveſt. Meteors ride
The troubled ſky, and chaſe the darken'd ſun.
Heav'n vindicates its altars: tongues licentious

Have

Have ſcoff'd our holy rites, and hidden ſins
Have forc'd th' offended elements to borrow
Tremendous organs! Sixteen fatal years
Has Narbonne's province groan'd beneath the hand
Of deſolation—for what crimes we know not!
To edge ſuſpended vengeance art thou come?

EDMUND, *preventing* FLORIAN.

My friend, reply not.—Father, I lament
This caſual jarring—let us crave your pardon.
I feel your country's woes: I lov'd count Edmund;
Revere his father's aſhes. I will viſit
The ruin'd monument—and at your leiſure
Could wiſh ſome conf'rence with you.

MARTIN.

(This is well: [*Aſide.*
I almoſt had forgotten)—Be it ſo.
Where is your haunt?

EDMUND.

A mile without the town;
Hard by St. Bridget's nunnery.

MARTIN.

There expect me.
*Aſide.*] (I muſt to Benedict)—Heav'n's peace be with you! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

COUNTESS, PORTER.

PORTER.

Return, my gracious lady. Tho' the ſtorm
Abates its clamours, yonder angry clouds
Are big with ſpouting fires—Do not go forth.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Wretches like me, good Peter, dread no ſtorms.
'Tis delicate felicity that ſhrinks,
When rocking winds are loud, and wraps itſelf
Inſultingly in comfortable furs,
Thinking how many naked objects want
Like ſhelter and ſecurity. Do thou
Return; I'll ſeek the monument alone.

PORTER.

No, my good lady; never be it ſaid
That faithful Peter his dear miſtreſs left
Expos'd to tempeſts. Theſe thin-ſprinkled hairs
Cannot hold long. If in your ſervice ſhed,
'Twere a juſt debt—Hark! ſure I heard a groan!
Pray let us in again.

COUNTESS.

My honeſt ſervant,
Thy fear o'er-pow'rs thy love. I heard no groan;
Nor could it 'ſcape a ſenſe ſo quick as mine
At catching miſery's expreſſive note:
'Tis my ſoul's proper language.—Injur'd ſhade!
Shade of my Narbonne! if thy ſcornful ſpirit
Rode in yon whirlwind, and impell'd its bolt
Implacable! indignant! 'gainſt the croſs
Rais'd by thy wretched wife—behold ſhe comes
A voluntary victim! Re-aſſemble
Thy lightnings, and accept her deſtin'd head.

PORTER.

For pity! gracious dame, what words are theſe!
In any mouth leſs holy they would ſeem
A magic incantation. Goblins riſe
At ſounds leſs pow'rful. Laſt year's 'clipſe fell out,
Becauſe your maidens croſs'd a gipſy's palm
To know what was become of Beatrice.

COUNTESS.

And didſt thou dare inform them where ſhe dwells?

PORTER.

No, on my duty—True, they think I know;
And ſo thinks Benedict, your confeſſor.
He ſays, ſhe could not paſs the caſtle-gates
Without my privity.—Well! I had a taſk
To ſay him nay. The honour of my keys,
My office was at ſtake. No, father, ſaid I,
None paſs the drawbridge without Peter's knowledge.
How then to beat him from his point?—I had it—
Who knows, quoth I, but ſudden malady
Took off the damſel? She might, or might not,
Have ſepulture within the caſtle-walls.

COUNTESS.

Peace, fool!—And thus thy ſhrewd equivocation
Has ſtain'd my name with murder's foul ſuſpicion.
—O peace of virtue! thy true votaries
Quail not with ev'ry blaſt! I cloak my guilt!
Things foreign riſe and load me with their blackneſs.
Erroneous imputation muſt be borne;
Leſt, while unravelling the knotty web,
I lend a clue may vibrate to my heart.
—But who comes here?—Retire we and obſerve. [*They withdraw.*

## SCENE IV.

FLORIAN, COUNTESS, PORTER.

FLORIAN.

'Tis not far off the time the porter will'd me
Expect him here. My friend, indulging grief,
Choſe no companion of his penſive walk.
Yes, I muſt ſerve thee. May my proſp'rous care
Reſtore thee to thy ſtate, and aid thy love
To make the blooming Adeliza thine!

COUNTESS,

COUNTESS, *apart to the* PORTER.

Methought he ſpoke of love and Adeliza.
Who may it be?

PORTER.

I never heard his name.

COUNTESS, *approaching.*

Stranger, did chance or purpoſe guide thy ſteps
To this lone dwelling?

[PORTER *makes ſigns to* FLORIAN *not to diſcover their former interview.*

FLORIAN.

Pardon, gentle lady,
If, curious to behold the pious matron
Whom Narbonne's plains obey, I ſought this caſtle,
And deem my wiſh indulg'd in viewing thee.

COUNTESS.

Me! ſtranger? Is affliction then ſo rare
It occupies the babbler Fame?—Oh! no.
My ſorrows are not new. Auſterities
And rigid penance tempt no curious eyes.
Nor ſpeaks your air deſire of ſearching out
The houſe of mourning. Rather ſhould you ſeek
Some unſunn'd beauty, ſome unpractis'd fair one,
Who thinks the firſt ſoft ſounds ſhe hears, are love.
There may be ſuch at Narbonne: none dwell here,
But melancholy, ſorrow, and contrition.

FLORIAN.

Pleaſure has charms; but ſo has virtue too.
One ſkims the ſurface, like the ſwallow's wing,
And ſcuds away unnotic'd. T'other nymph,
Like ſpotleſs ſwans in ſolemn majeſty,
Breaſts the full ſurge, and leaves long light behind.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Your courtly phraſe, young knight, beſpeaks a birth
Above the vulgar. May I aſk, how old
Your reſidence in Narbonne? whence your race?

FLORIAN.

In Brabant was I born: my father's name,
The baron of St. Orme. I wait at Narbonne
My letters of exchange, while paſſing homewards
To gather my late ſire's no mean ſucceſſion.

COUNTESS.

Dead is your father, and unwet your cheek?
Truſt me, young ſir, a father's guardian arm
Were well worth all the treaſures it withheld.
A mother might be ſpar'd.

FLORIAN.

Mothers like thee
Were bleſſings.

COUNTESS.

Curſes!

PORTER.

Lady, 'tis the hour
Of pray'r. Shall I ring out the chapel-bell?

COUNTESS.

Stranger, I'm ſummon'd hence. Within theſe walls
I may not ſpeak with thee: my ſolemn purpoſe
Admits no converſe with unſteady youth.
But at St. Bridget's nunnery, to-morrow,
If you can ſpare ſome moments from your paſtime,
In preſence of the abbeſs, I would talk with thee.

FLORIAN.

Madam, I ſhall not fail.

COUNTESS.
Good angels guard thee!
[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and* PORTER.

## SCENE V.

FLORIAN, *alone.*

So, this is well. My introduction made,
It follows that I move her for her ſon.
She ſeems of gentler mould than fame beſpoke her;
Nor wears her eye the ſaucy ſuperiority
Of bigot pride. Who knows but ſhe may wiſh
To ſhake the trammels of enthuſiaſm off,
And reconcile herſelf to eaſier paths
Of ſimple goodneſs? Women oft wear the maſk
Of piety to draw reſpect, or hide
The loſs of it. When age diſpells the train
That waits on beauty, then religion blows
Her trumpet, and invites another circle;
Who, full as falſe as the preceding crew,
Flatter her problematic mental charms:
While ſnuffing incenſe, and devoutly wanton,
The Pagan goddeſs grows a Chriſtian ſaint,
And keeps her patent of divinity.
Well! Edmund, whatſoe'er thy mother be,
I'll put her virtue or hypocriſy
To the ſevereſt teſt.—Counteſs, expect me! [*Exit.*

*End of the ſecond Act.*

ACT

# ACT the THIRD.

## SCENE I.

*A ſmall Garden within the Caſtle, terminated by a long Cloiſter, beyond which appear ſome Towers.*

COUNTESS, *alone.*

THE monument deſtroy'd!—Well! what of that?
Were ev'ry thunderbolt addreſs'd to me,
Not one would miſs me. Fate's unerring hand
Darts not at random. Nor, as fractious children
Are chid by proxy, does it deal its wrath
On ſtocks and ſtones to frighten, not chaſtiſe us.
Omens and prodigies are but begotten
By guilt on pride. We know the doom we merit;
And ſelf-importance makes us think all nature
Buſied to warn us when that doom approaches.
Fie! fie! I bluſh to recollect my weakneſs.
My Edmund may be dead: the houſe of Narbonne
May periſh from this earth: poor Adeliza
May taſte the cup of woe that I have drug'd:
But lightnings play not to announce our fate:
No whirlwinds riſe to propheſy to mites:
Nor, like inquiſitors, does heav'n dreſs up
In flames the victims it intends to puniſh;
Making a holiday for greater ſinners.
—Greater! oh! impious! Were the faggots plac'd
Around me, and the fatal torch applied,
What wretch could view the dreadful apparatus,
And be a blacker criminal than I am?
—Perhaps my virtues but enhance my guilt.

Penance attracts reſpect, and not reproach.
How dare I be eſteem'd? Be known my crimes!
Let ſhame anticipate the woes to come!
—Hah! monſter! wouldſt diſcloſe the frightful ſcene?
Wouldſt teach the vicious world unheard-of ſins,
And be a new apoſtle of perdition?
—My Edmund too! has not a mother's hand
Afflicted him enough? Shall this curs'd tongue
Brand him with ſhame indelible, and ſting
His honeſt boſom with his mother's ſcorpions?
Shall Adeliza hear the laſt of horrors,
Ere her pure breaſt, that ſighs for ſins it knows not,
Has learn'd the rudiments of human frailty?
No, hapleſs maid—

*Enter a* SERVANT.

Madam, young Adeliza
Entreats to ſpeak with you. The lady abbeſs
Sickens to death.

COUNTESS.

Admit her.—Now, my ſoul, [*Ex. Servant.*
Recall thy calm; ſupport alone thy torments;
And envy not the peace thou ne'er muſt know.

## SCENE II.

COUNTESS, ADELIZA.

Approach, ſweet maid. Thy melancholy mien
Speaks thy compaſſionate and feeling heart.
'Tis a grave leſſon for thy blooming years,
A ſcene of diſſolution! But when Death
Expands his pinions o'er a bed ſo holy,
Sure he's a welcome gueſt.

ADELIZA.

Oh! do not doubt it.
The pious matron meets him like a friend

Expected long. And if a tender tear,
At leaving your poor ward, melts in her eye,
And downward ſinks its fervent ecſtacy;
Still does impatience to be gone, betray
Her inward ſatisfaction. Yeſternight,
As weeping, praying, by her couch I knelt,
Behold, my Adeliza, mark, ſhe ſaid,
How happy the death-bed of innocence *!
Oh! lady, how thoſe ſounds affected me!
I wiſh'd to die with her—and oh! forgive me,
If in that moment I forgot my patroneſs!

COUNTESS.

It was a wiſh devout. Can that want pardon?
But to confeſs it, ſpeaks thy native candour.
Thy virtuous, thy ingenuous truth diſdains
To hide a thought—

ADELIZA, *falling at her feet.*

Oh! can I hear this praiſe,
And not expire in bluſhes at thy feet?

COUNTESS.

What means this paſſion?

ADELIZA.

Ah! recall thy words:
Thy Adeliza merits no encomium.

COUNTESS.

Thou art too modeſt. Praiſe is due to truth.
Thou ſhouldſt not ſeek it; nor ſhould I withhold it.

ADELIZA.

For pity, ſpare me.—No, my honour'd miſtreſs,
I merit not—oh! no, my guilty heart
Deſerves thy frowns—I cannot ſpeak—

* Dr. Young relates that Mr. Addiſon, on his death-bed, ſpoke in this manner to his pupil lord Warwick.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Be calm:
Thou know'ſt no guilt. Unfold thy lab'ring breaſt.
Say, am not I thy friend? Me canſt thou fear?

ADELIZA.

Can I fear aught beſide? fear aught but goodneſs?
Has not thy laviſh bounty cloth'd me, fed me?
Haſt thou not taught me virtue? Whom on earth
But ſuch a benefactreſs, ſuch a friend,
Can Adeliza fear? Alas! ſhe knows
No other friend! and chriſtian fortitude
Dreads not a foe.—Methinks I would have ſaid
That chriſtian innocence—but ſhame reſtrain'd
My conſcious tongue—I am *not* innocent.

COUNTESS.

Thou deareſt orphan, to my boſom come,
And vent thy little ſorrows. Purity
Like thine affrights itſelf with fancied guilt.
I'll be thy confeſſor; and truſt me, love,
Thy penance will be light.

ADELIZA.

In vain you cheer me.
Say, what is guilt, but to have known a thought
I bluſh'd to tell thee? to have lent mine ear,
For three long weeks, to ſounds I did not wiſh
My patroneſs ſhould hear! Ah! when till now
Have I not hoped thy preſence, thought it long,
If two whole days detain'd thee from our maſs?
When have I wept, but when thou haſt refus'd
To let thy Adeliza call thee mother?
I know I was not worthy of ſuch honour,
Too ſplendid for a child of charity.
I now am moſt unworthy! I, undone,

Have not desir'd thy presence; have not thought it
Long, if two days thou hast declin'd our mass.
Other discourse than thine has charm'd mine ear;
Nor dare I now presume to call thee mother!

COUNTESS.

My lovely innocence, restrain thy tears.
I know thy secret; know, why beats and throbs
Thy little heart with unaccustom'd tumult.

ADELIZA.

Impossible.—Oh! let me tell thee all—

COUNTESS.

No; I will tell it thee. Thou hast convers'd
With a young knight—

ADELIZA.

Amazement! Who inform'd thee?
Pent in her chamber, sickness has detain'd
Our abbess from the parlour. There I saw him,
Oft as he came alone.

COUNTESS.

He talk'd of love;
And woo'd thee for his bride.

ADELIZA.

He did.

COUNTESS.

('Tis well: [*Aside.*
This is the stranger I beheld this morning.)
His father dead, he hastes to take possession
Of his paternal fortunes—Is't not so?

ADELIZA.

He sorrows for a father—something too
He utter'd of a large inheritance
That should be his—In truth I mark'd it not.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

But when he ſpoke of love, thy very ſoul
Hung on his lips. Say, canſt thou not repeat
Each word, each ſyllable? His accent too
Thou notedſt: ſtill it rings upon thine ear.
And then his eyes—they look'd ſuch wondrous truth;
Art thou not ſure he cannot have deceiv'd thee?

ADELIZA.

Alas! my noble miſtreſs, thou doſt mock
Poor Adeliza—What can I reply?

COUNTESS.

The truth. Thy words have ever held its language.
Say, doſt thou love this ſtranger? Haſt thou pledg'd
Thy faith to him?

ADELIZA.

Angels forbid! What faith have I to give?
Can I diſpoſe of aught without thy leave?

COUNTESS.

Inſinuating ſoftneſs!—ſtill thou turneſt
Aſide my queſtion. Thou doſt love this ſtranger.

ADELIZA.

Yes, with ſuch love as that I feel for thee.
His virtues I revere: his earneſt words
Sound like the precepts of a tender parent:
And, next to thee, methinks I could obey him.

COUNTESS.

Ay, as his wife.

ADELIZA.

Oh! never. What, to loſe him,
As thou thy Narbonne?

COUNTESS.

Check not, Adeliza,

Thy

Thy undevelop'd paſſion. Should this ſtranger
Prove what my wiſh has form'd, and what his words
Report him, it would bleſs my woeful days
To ſee thee plac'd above the reach of want,
And diſtant from this reſidence of ſorrow.

ADELIZA.

What! wouldſt thou ſend me from thee? Oh! for pity!
I cannot, will not leave thee. If thy goodneſs
Withdraw its bounty, at thy caſtle-gate
I'll wait, and beg thoſe alms thy gracious hand
To none refuſes. I ſhall ſee thee paſs,
And, paſs'd, will kiſs thy footſteps—Wilt thou ſpurn me?
Well then, I'll die and bleſs thee.—Oh! this ſtranger!
'Tis he has done this; he has drawn thy anger
On thy poor ward!—I'll never ſee him more.

COUNTESS.

Be calm, my lovely orphan! huſh thy fears.
Heav'n knows how fondly, anxiouſly I love thee!
The ſtranger's not to blame. Myſelf will taſk him,
And know if he deſerves thee. Now retire,
Nor ſlack thy duty to th' expiring ſaint.
A lover muſt not weigh againſt a friend. [*Ex.* ADELIZA.
And lo! where comes the friar. 'Twere not fit
He knew my purpoſe. Benedict, I fear,
Has views on this ſide heav'n.

## SCENE III.

COUNTESS, BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

The dew of grace
Reſt on this dwelling!

COUNTESS.

Thanks, my ghoſtly friend.

But ſure, or I miſtake, in your ſad eye
I ſpell affliction's ſignature. What woes
Call for the ſcanty balm this hand can pour?

BENEDICT.

You, lady, and you only, need that balm.

COUNTESS.

To tutor my unapt and ill-ſchool'd nature
You come then—Good my confeſſor, a truce
With doctrines and authority. If aught
Can medicate a ſoul unſound like mine,
Good deeds muſt operate the healthful change,
And penance cleanſe it to receive the bleſſing.
Shall I for faith, ſhall I, for but believing
What 'tis my int'reſt to believe, efface
The ſtains, which, tho' believing, I contracted?

BENEDICT.

Lady, your ſubtle wit, like daring infants,
Sports with a weight will cruſh it—But no more.
It is not mine to argue, but pronounce.
The church, on rock of adamant eſtabliſh'd,
*Now* inch by inch diſputes not its domain.
Heav'n's law promulg'd, it reſts obedience follow.
And when ſupreme It taxes that obedience,
Not at impracticable, vain perfection,
But rates its prodigality of bleſſings
At the ſlight credence of its pow'r to grant them;
Shall man with ſtoic pride reject the boon,
And cry, We will do more, we will deſerve it*?

COUNTESS.

Deſerve it!—Oh! have all your ſainted hoſts,
Your choirs of martyrs, or your clouds of cherubim,

* We will do more, Sempronius, we'll deſerve it. Portius in CATO.

Deſerv'd

Deſerv'd to feel the tranſport but of hope?
Away; nor tell me of this holy juggle
'Twixt faith and conſcience. Shall the latter roam,
Waſting and ſpoiling with a ruffian hand,
While her accomplice faith, wrapt up at home
In proud ſecurity of ſelf-exiſtence,
Thinks that exiſtence ſhall abſolve them both?

BENEDICT.

'Twas not to war with words, ſo heav'n's my judge,
That your poor rated ſervant ſought your preſence.
I came with charitable friendly purpoſe
To ſoothe—But wherefore mitigate your griefs?
You mock my friendſhip, and miſcall my zeal.
Since then to counſel, comfort, and reproof
Obdurate—learn the meaſure of your woes:
Learn, if the mother's fortitude can brave
The bolt the woman's arrogance defied.

COUNTESS.

The mother! ſaidſt thou?

BENEDICT.

Yes, imperious dame:
Yes, 'twas no viſion rais'd by dreams and fumes,
Begot 'twixt nightly fear and indigeſtion:
Nor was it artifice and pious fraud,
When but this morning I announc'd thy Edmund
Was number'd with the dead.

COUNTESS.

Prieſt, mock me not!
Nor dally with a mother's apprehenſion.
Lives, or lives not, my ſon?

BENEDICT.

Woman, heav'n mocks thee!

On Buda's plain thy ſlaughter'd Edmund lies.
An unbeliever's weapon cleft his heart;
But 'twas thy unbelief that pois'd the ſhaft,
And ſped its aim.

COUNTESS.

To heav'n's high will I bow me.
Oh! may its joys be open to his ſoul,
Tho' clos'd to mine for ever!

BENEDICT.

Then you lov'd him!

COUNTESS.

Lov'd him!—Oh! nature, bleeding at my heart,
Heareſt thou this? Lov'd him!—Ha! whither!—rage,
Be dumb—Now liſten, monk, nor dare reply
Beyond my purpoſe. In the grave, thou ſay'ſt,
My Edmund ſleeps—How didſt thou learn his fate?

BENEDICT.

No angel whiſper'd it; no dæmon ſpoke it.
Thou, by the ſelf-ſame means I learn'd, mayſt learn it.

COUNTESS.

Be brief.

BENEDICT.

Then—But what boots his life or death
To a poor taunted friar?—Benedict,
Leave this proud miſtreſs of the fleeting hour,
Ere the deſtroying angel's kindling brand
Smokes in the tow'rs of Narbonne.

COUNTESS.

Hold! preſumptuous!
I am thy miſtreſs yet: nor will I brook
Such inſolent reproof. Produce thy warrant,
Aſſure my Edmund's death—or dread his vengeance!

Severely

Severely ſhall he queſtion ev'ry throb
His agonizing mother now endures.

BENEDICT.

My warrant is at hand. [*Goes out, and returns with* EDMUND.

## SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, BENEDICT, EDMUND.

BENEDICT.

This gentleman
Beheld thy Edmund breathleſs on the ground.

COUNTESS.

Hah! is this ſorcery? or is't my huſband? [*Swoons.*

EDMUND.

Stand off, and let me claſp her in my arms!
The flame of filial fondneſs ſhall revive
The lamp of life, repay the breath ſhe gave,
And waken all the mother in her ſoul.

BENEDICT.

Hah! who art thou then?

EDMUND.

Do not my fears tell thee?
Look up! O ever dear! behold thy ſon!
It is thy Edmund's voice; bleſt, if thy eyes
Awake to bleſs him.—Soft! her pulſe returns;
She breathes!—Oh! ſpeak. Dear parent, mother, hear!
'Tis Edmund.—Friar, wherefore is this horror?
Am I then deadly to her eyes?—Dumb ſtill!
Speak, tho' it be to curſe me.—I have kill'd her!
My brain grows hot—

BENEDICT.

My lord, reſtrain your paſſion;
See! ſhe revives—

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Oh! if theſe lips, that quiver
With dread of thy diſdain, have force to move thee
With nature's, duty's, or affection's voice,
Feel how I print thy hand with burning zeal,
Tho' tortur'd at this awful interval!
Art thou, or not, a mother?

COUNTESS.

Hah! where am I?
Why do you hold me? Was it not my Narbonne?
I ſaw him—on my ſoul I did.

EDMUND.

Alas!
She raves—Recall thy wand'ring apprehenſion—
It was no phantom: at thy feet behold—

COUNTESS.

Hah! whom? quick, anſwer—Narbonne, doſt thou live?
Or comeſt to tranſport me to perdition?

BENEDICT.

Madam, behold your ſon: he kneels for pardon.
And I, I innocent, I ignorant
Of what he was, implore it too.

COUNTESS.

Diſtraction!
What means this complicated ſcene of horrors?
Why thus aſſail my ſplitting brain?—Be quick—
Art thou my huſband wing'd from other orbs
To taunt my ſoul? What is this dubious form,
Impreſs'd with ev'ry feature I adore,
And ev'ry lineament I dread to look on?
Art thou my dead or living ſon?

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

I am
Thy living Edmund. Let theſe ſcalding tears
Atteſt th' exiſtence of thy ſuff'ring ſon.

COUNTESS.

Ah! touch me not.

EDMUND.

How?—In that cruel breaſt
Revive then all ſenſations, but affection?
Why ſo ador'd the memory of the father,
And ſo abhor'd the preſence of the ſon?
But now, and to thy eyes I ſeem'd my father—
At leaſt for that reſemblance-ſake embrace me.

COUNTESS.

Horror on horror! Blaſted be thy tongue!
What ſounds are thoſe?

BENEDICT.

Lady, tho' I excuſe not
This young lord's diſobedience, his contrition
Beſpeaks no rebel principle. I doubt not,
Your bleſſing firſt obtain'd and gracious pardon,
But ſoon as morning ſtreaks the ruddy Eaſt,
He will obey your pleaſure, and return
To ſtranger climes.

EDMUND.

'Tis falſe; I will not hence.
I have been fool'd too long, too long been patient.
Nor are my years ſo green as to endure
The manacles of prieſts and nurſeries.
Am I not Narbonne's prince? Who ſhall rule here
But Narbonne? Have I ſapp'd my country's laws,
Or play'd the tyrant? Who ſhall baniſh me?
Am I a recreant knight? Has cowardice
Diſgrac'd the line of heroes I am ſprung from?
Shall I then ſkulk, hide my inglorious head?

Or does it pleaſe your worſhip's gravity
Diſpatch me on ſome ſleeveleſs pilgrimage,
Like other noble fools, to win you empires;
While you at home mock our credulity,
The maſters of our wealth, our ſtates, and wives?

COUNTESS.

*Aſide.*] (Brave youth! there ſpoke his ſire. How my ſoul yearns
To own its genuine offspring!)—Edmund, hear me!
Thou art my ſon, and I will prove a mother.
But I'm thy ſovereign too. This ſtate is mine.
Learn to command, by learning to obey.
Tho' frail my ſex, I have a ſoul as maſculine
As any of thy race. This very monk,
Lord as thou thinkeſt of my ductile conſcience,
Quails—look if 'tis not true—when I command.
Retire thee to the village. 'Tis not ripe
As yet my purpoſe—Benedict, attend me.
To-morrow, Edmund, ſhalt thou learn my pleaſure.
[*Ex.* COUNTESS *and* BENEDICT.

EDMUND, *alone.*

Why, this *is* majeſty. Sounds of ſuch accent
Ne'er ſtruck mine ear till now. Commanding ſex!
Strength, courage, all our boaſted attributes,
Want eſtimation; ev'n the preheminence
We vaunt in wiſdom, ſeems a borrow'd ray,
When virtue deigns to ſpeak with female organs.
Yes, O my mother, I *will* learn t'obey:
I *will* believe, that, harſh as thy decrees,
They wear the warrant of benign intention.
Make but the blooming Adeliza mine,
And bear, of me unqueſtion'd, Narbonne's ſceptre;
Till life's expiring lamp by intervals
Throws but a fainter and a fainter flaſh,
And then relumes its waſted oil no more. [*Exit.*

*End of the third Act.*

ACT

# ACT the FOURTH.

*The* SCENE *continues.*

BENEDICT, MARTIN.

MARTIN.

I KNOW thy ſpirit well; know how it labours,
When curb'd, and driv'n to wear the maſk of art.
But till this hour I have not ſeen thy paſſions
Boil o'er the bounds of prudence. So impetuous,
And ſo reſerv'd!

BENEDICT.

Miſtake me not, good brother:
I want no confidence: I know thy faith.
But can I to thy naked eye unfold
What I dare ſcarce reveal to my own boſom?
I would not know one half that I ſuſpect,
Till I have acted as if not ſuſpecting.

MARTIN.

How, brother! thou a caſuiſt! and apply
To thy own breaſt thoſe damning ſubtleties,
Which cowards with half-winking conſciences
Purchaſe of us, when they would ſin ſecure,
And hope the penalty will all be ours!

BENEDICT.

Brother, this moment is too big with action
To waſte on bootleſs curioſity.
When I try ſins upon the touchſtone conſcience,
It is for others' uſe, not for my own.

'Tis time enough to make up our account,
When we confeſs, and kneel for abſolution.

MARTIN.

Still does thy genius ſoar above mankind!
How many fathers of our holy church
In Benedict I view!

BENEDICT.

No flattery, brother.
'Tis true the church owes Benedict ſome thanks.
For her, I have forgot I am a man.
For her, each virtue from my breaſt I baniſh.
No laws I know but her proſperity;
No country, but her boundleſs acquiſitions.
Who dares be true to country, king or friend,
If enemies to Rome, are Benedict's foes.

MARTIN.

Has it then gone ſo far? Does ſhe ſpeak out?
Is Edmund too infected with like errors?

BENEDICT.

Both, brother, both are thinking heretics.
I could forgive them, did ſome upſtart ſect
With ſharper rigours charm their headlong zeal.
But they, in ſooth, muſt *reaſon*—Curſes light
On the proud talent! 'twill at laſt undo us.
When men are gorged with each abſurdity
Their ſubtle wits can frame, or we adopt;
For very novelty they will fly to ſenſe,
And we ſhall fall before that idol, faſhion.

MARTIN.

Fear not a reign ſo tranſient. Stateſmen too
Will join to ſtem the torrent: or new follies
Replace the old. Each chieftain that attacks us
Muſt grow the pope of his own hereſy.
E'en ſtern philoſophy, if once triumphant,

Shall

Shall frame ſome jargon, and exact obedience
To metaphyſic nonſenſe worſe than ours.
The church is but a ſpecious name for empire,
And will exiſt wherever fools have fears.
Rome is no city; 'tis the human heart;
And there ſuffice it if we plant our banners.
Each prieſt cannot command—and thence come ſects.
Obdurate Zeno and our great Auguſtine
Are of one faith, and differ but for power.

BENEDICT.

So be it—Therefore intereſt bids us cruſh
This cockatrice and her egg: or we ſhall ſee
The ſinging ſaints of Savoy's neighb'ring vale
Fly to the covert of her ſhadowy wings,
And foil us at our own dexterity.
Already to thoſe vagrants ſhe inclines;
As if the rogues, that preach reform to others,
Like idiots, minded to reform themſelves.

MARTIN.

Be cautious, brother: you may loſe the lady.

BENEDICT.

She is already loſt—or ne'er was ours.
I cannot dupe, and therefore muſt deſtroy her:
Involve her houſe in ruin ſo prodigious,
That neither ſhe nor Edmund may ſurvive it.

MARTIN.

How may this be accompliſh'd?

BENEDICT.

Aſk me not.
From hints long treaſur'd up, from broken phraſe
In phrenſy dropp'd, but vibrating from truth:
Nay, from her caution to explain away

What the late tempeſt of her ſoul had utter'd,
I gueſs her fatal ſecret—Or, no matter—
Say, I do not—by what ſhe has forbidden,
I know what ſhould be done.—Then haſte thee, brother;
Facilitate count Edmund's interview
With Adeliza; nouriſh their young paſſion—
Curſe them—and if you can—why—join their hands.

MARTIN.

I tremble!

BENEDICT.

Daſtard, tremble, if we fail.
What can we fear, when we have ruin'd them?

*(A deep-toned voice is heard.)*

Forbear!

BENEDICT.

Ha! whence that ſound?

*(Voice again.)* Forbear!

BENEDICT.

Again!
Comes it from heav'n or hell?

*(Voice again.)* Forbear!

MARTIN.

Good angels,
Protect me!—Benedict, thy unholy purpoſe—

SCENE

## SCENE II.

BENEDICT, MARTIN, ADELIZA, FRIARS.

[*A proceſſion of friars chanting a funeral anthem, and followed by* ADELIZA, *advance ſlowly from a cloiſter at the end of the ſtage.*]

*The* ANTHEM.

Forbear! forbear! forbear!
The pious are heav'n's care.
Lamentations ill become us,
When the good are raviſh'd from us.
The pangs of death but ſmooth the way
To viſions of eternal day.

BENEDICT. [*Aſide to* MARTIN.

Now, man of aſpin conſcience! lo! the gods,
That ſentence Benedict's unholy purpoſe!
Art thou a prieſt? Waſt thou initiated
In each fond mummery that ſubdues the vulgar,
And ſtandeſt thou appall'd at our own thunders?

MARTIN.

Who trembled firſt? It was thy guilty conſcience
That gave th' alarm to mine.

BENEDICT.

Peace, dotard, peace!
Nor when the lamb is nigh, muſt eagles wrangle.
Fair ſaint, give us to know why flow theſe tears; [*To* ADELIZA.
Why ſighs that gentle boſom; and why chant ye
That heav'n-invoking ſoul-diſſolving dirge?

ADELIZA.

Ah! holy father, art thou then to learn
The pious abbeſs is at peace? We go
To bear her parting bleſſing to the Counteſs.

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

It muſt not be. Occaſions of much import
Engroſs her faculties. By me ſhe wills you
Reſtrain your ſteps within the cloiſter's pale,
Nor grant acceſs but to one ſtranger knight.

ADELIZA.

Is't poſſible? Can my dear miſtreſs bar
Her faithful handmaid from her gracious preſence?
Shall I not pour my ſorrows in her boſom,
And moiſten it with grief and gratitude?
Two friends were all poor Adeliza's wealth.
Lo! one is gone to plead the orphan's cauſe.
My patroneſs, like Tobit's guardian ſpirit *,
Confirms my ſteps, and points to realms of glory.
She will not quit me in this vale of bondage;
She muſt be good, who teaches what is goodneſs.

BENEDICT.

(Indeed! my pretty prattler!—Then am I [*Aſide.*
As ſound a ſaint as e'er the rubric boaſted.
—Ha! 'tis the Counteſs—now for my obedience.)
Young lady, much I marvel at theſe murmurs. [*To* ADELIZA.
Juſt ſenſe and ſober piety ſtill dictate
The Counteſs's commands. With truth I ſay it,
My ſins diminiſh, as I copy her.

## SCENE III.

COUNTESS, ADELIZA, BENEDICT, MARTIN.

COUNTESS.

What voices heard I? Does my rebel ſon
Attempt againſt my peace?—Hah! Adeliza!

* Alluding to a picture of Salvator Roſa, in which the ſtory is thus told.

I charg'd

I charg'd thee guard thy convent—wherefore then
This diſobedience?

BENEDICT.

Madam, I was urging
The fitneſs of your orders; but vain youth
Scoff'd my importunate rebuke.

ADELIZA.

Oh! no.
I am the thing you made me. Cruſh me, ſpurn me,
I will not murmur. Should you bid me die,
I know 'twere meant in kindneſs.

COUNTESS.

Bid *thee* die!
My own deteſted life but lingers round thee!
Ha! what a glance was there! It ſpoke reſemblance
To all I hate, adore——My child, retire:
I am much diſcompos'd—the good old abbeſs
Claims thy attendance.

ADELIZA.

Mercy crown her ſoul!
She needs no duty we can pay her now.

COUNTESS.

How! art thou deſolate? not a friend left
To guard thy innocence?—Oh! wretched maid!
Muſt thou be left to ſpoilers? or worſe, worſe,
To the fierce onſet of thy own dire paſſions?
Oh! is it come to this?

ADELIZA.

My noble miſtreſs,
Can Adeliza want a miniſtring angel,
When ſhelter'd by thy wing?—Yet Benedict
Says, I muſt ſhun this hoſpitable roof.
Indeed I thought it hard.

COUNTESS.

Did Benedict,
Did he audacious dare forbid my child,
My little orphan, to embrace her——Curſes
Swell in my throat——Hence—or they fall on thee.

ADELIZA.

Alas! for pity! how have I offended?

BENEDICT.

Madam, it is the pupil of your care,
Your favour'd child—

COUNTESS.

Who told thee ſo? Be dumb
For ever—What, art thou combin'd with Edmund,
To daſh me down the precipice? Churchman, I tell thee,
I view it with impatience. I could leap
And meet the furies—but muſt *ſhe* fall with me?

BENEDICT.

*Aſide.*] (Yes, and thy Edmund too)—Be patient, lady:
This fair domain, thou know'ſt, acknowledges
The ſovereignty of the church. Thy rebel ſon
Dares not attempt—

COUNTESS.

Again I bid thee peace.
There is no queſtion of lord Edmund. Leave us:
I have to talk with her alone.

BENEDICT. [*Aſide to* MARTIN.

(Now tremble
At voices ſupernatural; and forfeit
The ſpoils the tempeſt throws into our lap.)

[*Ex.* BENEDICT *and* MARTIN.

## SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, ADELIZA.

COUNTESS.

Now, Adeliza, ſummon all thy courage.
Retrace my precepts paſt: nor let a tear
Profane a moment that's worth martyrdom.
Remember, patience is the chriſtian's courage.
Stoics have bled, and demigods have died.
A chriſtian's taſk is harder—'tis to ſuffer.

ADELIZA.

Alas! have I not learnt the bitter leſſon?
Have I not borne *thy* woes? What is to come
Can tax my patience with a ruder trial?

COUNTESS.

Oh! yes, thou muſt do more. Adverſity
Has various arrows. When the ſoul is ſteel'd
By meditation to encounter ſorrow,
The foe of man ſhifts his artillery,
And drowns in luxury and careleſs ſoftneſs
The breaſt he could not ſtorm. Canſt thou bear wealth,
And pleaſure's melting couch? Thou haſt known virtue
But at a ſcanty board. She has awak'd thee
To chilling vapours in the midnight vault,
And beckon'd thee to hardſhips, tears, and penance.
Wilt thou acknowledge the divine inſtructreſs,
When ſyren pleaſures lap thee in delights?

ADELIZA.

If ſuch the witchery that waits on guilt,
Why ſhould I ſeek th' enchantreſs and her wiles?
The virgin veil ſhall guard my ſpotleſs hours,
Aſſure my peace, and ſaint me for hereafter.

COUNTESS.

It cannot be—
To Narbonne thou muſt bid a laſt adieu,
And with the ſtranger knight depart a bride.

ADELIZA.

Unhappy me! too ſure I have o'erburthen'd
Thy charity, if thou wouldſt drive me from thee.
Reſtrain thy alms, dear lady. I have learnt
From our kind ſiſter-hood the needle's art.
My needle and thy ſmiles will life ſupport.
Pray let me bring my laſt embroidery;
'Tis all by my own hand. Indeed I meant it
For my kind lady's feſtival.

COUNTESS.

Great juſtice!
Does this ſtroke pierce not deep enough? Theſe tears,
Wrung from my vital fondneſs, ſcald they not
Worſe than the living coal that ſears the limbs?

ADELIZA.

Alas! thou heareſt not! What grief o'erwhelms thee?
Why darts thy eye into my inmoſt ſoul;
Then vacant, motionleſs, arreſts its courſe,
And ſeems not to perceive what it reads there?
My much-lov'd patroneſs!

COUNTESS.

O Adeliza,
Thy words now ſlake, and now augment my fever!
But oh! ere reaſon quits this lab'ring frame,
While I dare weep theſe tears of anguiſh o'er thee,
Unutterable, petrifying anguiſh!
Hear my laſt breath. Avoid the ſcorpion pleaſure.
Death lurks beneath the velvet of his lip,

And

And but to think him over, is perdition!
—O retroſpect of horror!——To the altar!
Haſte, Adeliza,—vow thou wilt be wretched!

ADELIZA.

Doſt thou then doom me to eternal ſorrows?
Haſt thou deceiv'd me? Is not virtue, happineſs?

COUNTESS.

I know not that. I know that guilt is torture.

ADELIZA.

Sure peſtilence has flapp'd his baleful wing,
And ſhed its poiſon o'er thy ſaintlike reaſon!
When thou ſo patient, holy, ſo reſign'd,
Doubteſt of virtue's health, of virtue's peace.
—But 'tis to try me—Look upon this relic:
'Twas the good abbeſs's bequeſt. 'Twill chaſe
The fiend that walks at twilight.

COUNTESS.

How ſhe melts me!
What have I ſaid?—My lovely innocence,
Thou art my only thought—Oh! waſt thou form'd
The child of ſin?—and dare I not embrace thee?
Muſt I with eager ecſtacy gaze on thee,
Yet curſe the hour that ſtamp'd thee with a being?

ADELIZA.

Alas! was I then born the child of ſin?
Who were my parents? I will pray for them.

COUNTESS.

Oh! if the bolt muſt come, here let it ſtrike me!
[*Flinging herſelf on the ground.*
Nature! theſe feelings were thy gift. Thou knoweſt
How ill I can reſiſt thy forceful impulſe.

If theſe emotions are imputed to me,
I have one ſin I cannot yet repent of!

ADELIZA.

Oh! raiſe thee from the earth. Shall I behold thee
Proſtrate, embracing an unfriended beggar?
Or doſt thou mock me ſtill? What is my lot?
Wilt thou yet cheriſh me? Or do the great
Exalt us but in ſport, lend us a taſte,
A viſion of enjoyment, and then daſh us
To poverty, more poignant by compariſon?
Sure *I* could never wanton with affliction!

COUNTESS.

Ah! canſt thou doubt this conflict of the ſoul?
Mock thee!—Oh! yes, there are ſuch ſavage natures,
That will deride thy woes—and thou muſt bear it—
With foul reproach will gall thy ſpotleſs ſoul,
And taunt thee with a crime paſt thy conceiving.
Oh! 'tis to ſhield thee from this world of ſorrows,
That thou muſt fly, muſt wed, muſt never view
The tow'rs of Narbonne more; muſt never know
The doom reſerv'd for thy ſad patroneſs!

ADELIZA.

Who threatens thy dear life? Recall thy ſon.
His valiant arm will ſtem a hoſt of foes,
Replace thy lord, and woo thee to be happy.

COUNTESS.

Hah! little imp of darkneſs! doſt thou wear
That angel form to gird me with upbraidings?
Fly, ere my rage forget diſtinction, nature,
And make a medley of unheard-of crimes.
Fly, ere it be too late—

ADELIZA.

For pity!

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Hence!
Pity would bid me ſtab thee, while the charm
Of ignorance locks thee in its happy ſlumbers.

ADELIZA.

Alas! ſhe raves—I will call help. [*Exit.*

COUNTESS, *alone.*

[*After a long pauſe, in which ſhe looks tenderly after* ADELIZA.

She's gone.
—That pang, great God, was my laſt ſacrifice!—
Now recollect thyſelf, my ſoul! conſummate
The pomp of horror with tremendous coolneſs.
'Tis fit that reaſon puniſh paſſion's crime.
—Reaſon!—alas! 'tis one of my convulſions!
Now it empow'rs me paſt myſelf; now leaves me
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, eyeing with deſpair
The heights I cannot reach. Then madneſs comes,
Imperial fool! and promiſes to waft me
Beyond the grin of ſcorn——But who ſits there,
Supereminent?—'Tis conſcience!——Phrenſy ſhield me!
I know the foe—See! ſee! he points his lance!
He plunges it all flaming in my ſoul,
And down I ſink, loſt in eternal anguiſh! [*Runs out.*

## SCENE V.

BENEDICT, ADELIZA.

ADELIZA.

She is not here. Shall we not follow her?
Such agonies of paſſion! Sure ſome dæmon
Aſſaults her. Thou ſhalt pray by her. Indeed
I tremble for her life.

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

Thou know'ſt her not.
Her tranſport is fictitious. 'Tis the coinage
Of avarice and caprice. Doſt thou not ſee
Her bounty wearies? While thy babbling years
Wore the trick of novelty, thou waſt her plaything.
The charity of the great muſt be amus'd.
Mere merit ſurfeits it; affliction kills it.
The ſick muſt jeſt and gambol to attract
Their pity.—Come, I'll warrant, thou haſt wept,
And told her heav'n would regiſter each ducat
Her piety had ſpar'd to clothe and feed thee.
Go to; thou haſt eſtrang'd her; and ſhe means
To drive thee hence, leſt thou upbraid her change.

ADELIZA.

Upbraid my patroneſs! I! I upbraid her,
Who ſee her now the angel that ſhe will be!
How knew I virtue, goodneſs, but from her?
Her leſſons taught me heav'n; her life reveal'd it.
The wings of gratitude muſt bear me thither,
Or I deſerve not Paradiſe.

BENEDICT.

Thou art young.
Thy novice ear imbibes each ſilver ſound,
And deems the muſic warbled all by truth.
Grey hairs are not fool'd thus. I know this Counteſs:
An errant heretic. She ſcoffs the church.
When did her piety adorn our altars?
What holy garments gliſten with her gifts?
The fabric of our convent threatens ruin—
Does ſhe repair it?—No. On lazy lepers,
On ſoldiers maim'd and ſwearing from the wars
She laviſhes her wealth——But note it, young one;
Her days are number'd; and thou ſhalt do wiſely
To quit her ere the meaſure is complete.

ADELIZA.

Alas! ſhe bids me go. She bids me wed
The ſtranger knight that woo'd me at our parlour.

BENEDICT.

And thou ſhalt take her at her word. Myſelf
Will join your hands——And lo! in happy hour
Who comes to meet her boon.

## SCENE VI.

EDMUND, BENEDICT, ADELIZA.

EDMUND.

In tears!—That cowl
Shall not protect th' injurious tongue, that dares
Inſult thy innocence—for ſure, thou dear one,
Thou haſt no ſins to weep.

BENEDICT.

My gracious lord,
Yourſelf and virgin coyneſs muſt be chidden,
If my fair ſcholar wears the mien of ſadneſs.
'Tis but a bluſh that melts in modeſt ſhowers.

EDMUND.

Unriddle, prieſt. My ſoul is too impatient,
To wait th' impertinence of flow'ry dialect.

BENEDICT.

Then briefly thus. The Counteſs wills me join
Your hand with this fair maiden's—Now, my lord,
Is my poor language nauſeous?

EDMUND.

Is it poſſible?

Doſt

Doſt thou conſent, ſweet paſſion of my ſoul?
May I then claſp thee to my heart?

ADELIZA.

Forbear!
It muſt not be—Thou ſhalt not wed a beggar.

EDMUND.

A beggar! Thou art riches, opulence.
The flaming ruby and the dazzling di'mond,
Set in the world's firſt diadem, could not add
A ray to thy leaſt charm—For pity, grant me
To breathe my warmth into this marble hand.

ADELIZA.

Never!—This orphan, this abandon'd wanderer,
Taunted with poverty, with ſhameful origin,
Dower'd with no lot but ſcorn, ſhall ne'er beſtow
That, her ſole portion, on a lordly huſband.

BENEDICT.

My lord, the Counteſs is my gracious miſtreſs:
My duty bade me to report her words.
It ſeems her charities circumſcribe her wiſhes.
This goodly maiden has full long experienc'd
Her ampleſt bounty. Other piteous objects
Call for her largeſs. Lovely Adeliza
Plac'd in your arms can never feel affliction.
This the good Counteſs knows—

EDMUND.

By my ſire's ſoul
I will not thank her. Has ſhe dar'd to ſcorn thee,
Thou beauteous excellence?—Then from this hour
Thou art her equal. In her very preſence
I will eſpouſe thee. Let us ſeek the proud one!
—Nay, no reſiſtance, love!

BENEDICT.

(By heav'n all's loſt, [*Aſide.*
Should they meet now)—My lord, a word. The maiden [*Aſide to* EDMUND.
Is tutor'd to ſuch awe, ſhe ne'er will yield
Conſent, ſhould but a frown dart from the Counteſs.
But now, and ſhe enjoin'd your marriage. Better
Profit of that beheſt—

EDMUND.

I tell thee, monk,
My haughty ſoul will not—

BENEDICT.

Pray be advis'd.
Heav'n knows how dear I tender your felicity.
The chapel is few paces hence—Nay, lead her
With gentle wooing, nor alarm her fears.
Arriv'd there, I will ſpeedily pronounce
The ſolemn words—

EDMUND.

Well, be it ſo. My fair one,
This holy man adviſes well. To heaven
We will addreſs our vows, and aſk its pleaſure.
Come, come; I will not be refus'd—

ADELIZA.

Yes, heav'n!
To thee I fly; thou art my only refuge. [*Exeunt.*

*End of the fourth Act.*

# ACT the FIFTH.

*The* SCENE *continues.*

*Enter* BENEDICT.

THE buſineſs is diſpatch'd. Their hands are join'd.
The puling moppet ſtruggled with her wiſhes;
Invok'd each ſaint to witneſs her refuſal:
Nor heeded, tho' I ſwore their golden harps
Were tun'd to greet her hymeneal hour.
Th' impetuous count, fir'd with th' impure ſuggeſtion,
As if deſcending clouds had ſpread their pillows
To meet the preſſure of his eager tranſports,
Would have forerun the rites. The maid, affrighted
At ſuch tumultuous unaccuſtom'd onſet,
Sunk lifeleſs on the pavement. Haſtily
I mumbled o'er the ſpell that binds them faſt,
Like an invenom'd robe, to ſcorch each other
With mutual ruin——Thus am I reveng'd.
Proud dame of Narbonne, lo! a bare-foot monk
Thus pays thy ſcorn, thus vindicates his altars.
Nor, while this woollen frock ſhall wrap our order,
Shall e'en the lilied monarchs of our realm
Be plac'd ſo high, but a poor friar's knife*
Shall fell their tow'ring grandeur to the earth,
Oft as they ſcant obedience to the church.

* Alluding to the aſſaſſinations of Henry III. and IV.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

BENEDICT, PORTER.

PORTER.

Ah! woe of woes! Good father, haſte thee in,
And ſpeak ſweet words of comfort to our miſtreſs.
Her brain is much diſturb'd—I fear ſome ſpell,
Or naughty bev'rage—Will you not in and pray by her?
In ſooth ſhe needs your pray'rs.

BENEDICT.

She ſcorns my pray'rs. [*Coldly.*

PORTER.

Oh! no; but now ſhe call'd for you. Pray ſeek her.

BENEDICT.

I can adminiſter no comfort to her.

PORTER.

Yes, yes, you can. They ſay the foul fiend dreads
A ſcholar.—Tut, your holy wit can poſe him,
Or bind him to the red waves of the ocean.
Oh! he afflicts her gentle ſpirit, and vomits
Strange menaces and terrible from her mouth!
Then he is ſullen; gags her lab'ring lips,
And ſhe replies not—

BENEDICT.

Goodman exorciſt,
Thy pains are unavailing. Her ſins preſs her.
Guilt has unhing'd her reaſon.

PORTER.

Beſhrew thy heart,
Thou doſt aſperſe her. I know thoſe are paid
For being ſaints that—

BENEDICT.

Stop that tongue profane:
Thou art infected with her hereſies.
" Judgments already have o'erta'en thy miſtreſs.
" Thou at thy peril leave her to her fate."

PORTER.

" Father, belike there is a different heaven
" For learned clerks and ſuch poor men as I am.
" Me it behoves to have ſuch humble virtues
" As ſuit my ſimple calling. To my maſters
" For raiment, food, for ſalary, and protection
" My honeſt heart owes gratitude. They took me
" From drudgery to guard their honour'd perſons.
" Why am I call'd a man of worſhip? Why,
" As up the chancel I precede my lady,
" Do th' vaſſals of the caſtle, rang'd in rows,
" Bow e'en to Peter?—Why? but, by the rood,
" Becauſe ſhe plac'd this ſilver-garniſh'd ſtaff
" In Peter's hand. Why, but becauſe this robe,
" Floating with ſeemly tufts, was her gift too.
" For honours of ſuch note owe I not thanks?
" Were my life much to ſacrifice for hers?"

BENEDICT.

" Peace with thy ſaucy lecture, or harangue
" Thy maudling fellows o'er the hall's dull embers
" With this thy goſſiping morality."—
Now anſwer—Mentions ſhe her ſon?

PORTER.

Ah me!
I had forgotten—this old brain—'Tis true,
'Tis very true—ſhe raves upon her ſon,
And thinks he came in viſion.

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

'Twas no viſion.

PORTER.

How!—heav'nly fathers!

BENEDICT.

He has ſpoken with her.

PORTER.

And I not ſee him!—Go to; it could not be.
How did he paſs the gate?

BENEDICT.

I tell thee, Edmund,
Thy quondam maſter's ſon has ſeen his mother;
Is but few paces hence.

PORTER.

Oh! joyous ſounds!
Where is my noble lord?

BENEDICT.

Here—and undone.

## SCENE III.

FLORIAN, BENEDICT, PORTER.

FLORIAN.

Sure the foul fogs, that hang in lazy clouds
O'er yonder moat, infect the moping air,
And ſteam with phrenſy's melancholy fumes.
But now and I met Edmund—With a voice
Appall'd and hollow like a parricide's,
He told me he was wedded. When I aſked
To ſee his bride, he groan'd, and ſaid his joys
Were blaſted e'er accompliſh'd. As he urg'd
His ſuit, the maiden's tears and ſhrieks had ſtruck

On his ſick fancy like his mother's cries!
Th' idea writhing from his brain, had won
His eye-balls, and he thought he ſaw his mother!
—This ague of contagious bigotry
Has gain'd almoſt on me. Methinks yon monk
Might fell me with a chaplet.—Edmund left me
Abruptly—I muſt learn this myſtery.
[*To* BENEDICT.] [*To* PETER.]
Health to your rev'rence—Hah! my new acquaintance!
In tears, my good old friend! What, has the cricket
Chirp'd ominouſly?—Come, away with ſorrow:
Joy marks this day its own.

PORTER.

A joyful day!
The twentieth of September!—Note it, ſir,
Note it for th' ugliеſt of the calendar.
'Twas on this day—ay, this day ſixteen years
The noble count came to his death!

FLORIAN.

No matter.
Th' arrival of a nobler younger count
Shall mock prognoſtics paſt, and paint the year
With ſmiling white, fair fortune's fav'rite livery.
But tell me, father, tell me, has the Counteſs [*To* BENEDICT.
Pardon'd her ſon's return? Has ſhe receiv'd him
With th' overflowings of a mother's joy?
Smiles ſhe upon his wiſhes?—As I enter'd
Methought I heard an hymeneal accent.
And yet, it ſeems, the favour of your countenance
Wears not the benediction of rejoicing.

BENEDICT.

The Counteſs muſt unfold her book of fate.
I am not ſkill'd to read ſo dark a volume.

FLORIAN.

Oracular as the Delphic god!—Good Peter,

Thy

Thy wit and mine are more upon a level.
Reſolve me, has the Counteſs ſeen lord Edmund?
Say, did ſhe frown and chide? or bathe his cheek
With tears as warm as leaping blood?

PORTER.

Ah! maſter,
You ſeem too good to mock our miſery.
A ſoldier cauſes woe, but ſeldom jeers it.
Or know'ſt thou not—(And ſure 'twill pity thee!)
The gracious Counteſs, our kind lady—(Indeed
I truſt they will return)—is ſtrangely chang'd!

FLORIAN.

By my good ſword, thou ſhalt unriddle, prieſt.
What means this tale? What mintage is at work
To coin deluſion, that this fair domain
May become holy patrimony? Thus
Teach you our matrons to defraud their iſſue
By artificial fits and acted ravings?
I have beheld your juggles, heard your dreams.
Th' impoſture ſhall be known. Theſe ſixteen years
Has my friend Edmund pin'd in baniſhment:
While maſſes, mummings, goblins and proceſſions
Uſurp'd his heritage, and made of Narbonne
A theatre of holy interludes
And ſainted frauds. But day darts on your ſpells.
Th' enlighten'd age eſchews your vile deceits,
And truth ſhall do mankind and Edmund juſtice.

BENEDICT.

Unhallow'd boy, I ſcorn thy contumely.
In camps and trenches vent thy lewd reproaches,
Blaſpheming while ye tremble. Heav'n's true ſoldiers,
Endu'd with more than mortal courage, defy
Hoſts numerous as the Pagan chivalry
Pour'd forth to cruſh the church's riſing glories.

—But this is an enlighten'd age!—Behold
The triumphs of your ſect! to yonder plains
Bend thy illumin'd eye! The Vaudois there,
Writhing in flames, and quiv'ring at th' approach
Of Rome's impending knife, atteſt the bleſſings
Conferr'd on their inſtructed ignorance!

FLORIAN.

Monſtrous! unparallel'd! Are cries and groans
Of butcher'd conſcientious men the hymns
With which you chant the victories of the church?
Do you afflict and laugh? ſtab and huzza?
—But I am dallying with my own impatience—
Where is this mother? I will tent her ſoul;
And warn thee, if I find ſuggeſtion's whiſper
Has practis'd to the detriment of my friend,
Thy caitiff life ſhall anſwer to my ſword,
Tho' ſhrin'd within the pillars of the Vatican.

BENEDICT.

Judge heaven betwixt us!
If, ere the dews of night ſhall fall, thou ſeeſt not
The cup of wrath pour'd out, and triple woes
O'ertake unheard-of crimes; call me falſe prophet,
Renounce my gods, and join thee to the impious!
Thou in thy turn, if truth lives on my lips,
Tremble! repent!—behold! the hour approaches!

## SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, FLORIAN, BENEDICT, PORTER.

COUNTESS.

I dare not ſhoot the gulf—Ha! Benedict!
Thou art a prieſt, thy miſſion ſhould be holy,
If thou believeſt not heav'n—Quick, do thy work!
If there is pow'r in pray'r, teach me ſome ſounds

To

To charm my ſenſes, leſt my coward fleſh
Recoil, and win the maſtery o'er my will.
—'Tis not the wound; it is the conſequence!
See! ſee! my Narbonne ſtands upon the brink,
And ſnatches from the readieſt fury there
A blazing torch! he whirls it round my head,
And aſks where are my children!

PORTER.

Split, my heart,
At this ſad ſight!

FLORIAN.

Stand off! thou'rt an accomplice.
Madam, it was your morning's gracious pleaſure
I ſhould attend you. May I hope your pardon,
If I anticipate—

COUNTESS.

Ha! Who art thou?

FLORIAN.

Have you forgot me, lady?

COUNTESS.

Memory
Is full. A head diſtract as mine can hold
Two only objects, guilt and eternity!

FLORIAN.

No more of this. Time has abundant hours
For holy meditation. Nor have years
Trac'd ſuch deep admonition on your cheek,
As call for ſudden preparation.

COUNTESS. [*Wildly.*

Prayer
Can do no more: its efficacy loſt—
What muſt be, muſt be ſoon—He will return.

FLORIAN.

He is return'd, your ſon—have you not ſeen him?

COUNTESS.

Would I had never!

FLORIAN.

Come, this is too much.
This villainous monk has ſtep'd 'twixt you and nature;
And miſreported of the nobleſt gentleman
That treads on chriſtian ground.—Are you a mother?
Are legends dearer to you than your ſon?
Think you 'tis piety to gorge theſe miſcreants,
And drive your child from your embrace?

COUNTESS.

Ye ſaints!
This was the dæmon prompted it—Avaunt!
He beckons me—I will not—Lies my lord
Not bleeding in the porch? I'll tear my hair
And bathe his wounds.—Where's Beatrice!—monſter! monſter!
She leads the dæmon—See! they ſpread the couch!
No, I will periſh with my Narbonne——Oh!
My ſtrength, my reaſon faint—darkneſs ſurrounds me!
To-morrow?—Never will to-morrow come!
Let me die here! [*Sinks on a bench.*

FLORIAN.

This is too much for art.
Chill damps ſit on her brow: her pulſe replies not.

BENEDICT.

No; 'tis fictitious all—'twas I inſpir'd
The horrors ſhe has been ſo kind to utter
At my ſuggeſtion.

FLORIAN.

That inſulting ſneer
Speaks more the devil than if thy words were ſerious.

Be

Be her diſtraction counterfeit or real,
Her ſex demands compaſſion or aſſiſtance.
But ſhe revives!

COUNTESS.

Is death then paſt? My brain
Beats not its wonted tempeſt—In the grave
There is peace then!

FLORIAN.

Her agony abates.
Look up and view your friends.

COUNTESS.

Alas! I fear me,
This is life ſtill!—Am I not in my caſtle?
Sure I ſhould know this garden——Good old Peter!
My honeſt ſervant, thou I ſee wilt never
Quit thy poor miſtreſs!—Kind old man, he weeps!

PORTER.

Indeed it is for joy—How fares my lady?

COUNTESS.

Exhauſted, Peter, that I have not ſtrength
To be diſtracted——Hah! your looks betray
Tremendous innuendoes!——Gracious heaven!
Have I ſaid aught—has wildneſs——Truſt me, ſirs,
In theſe ſad fits my unhing'd fancy wanders
Beyond the compaſs of things poſſible.
Sometimes an angel of excelling brightneſs
I ſeem to whirl the orbs and lanch the comet.
Then hideous wings with forked points array me,
And I ſuggeſt ſtrange crimes to ſhuddering matrons—
Sick fancy muſt be pardon'd.

BENEDICT.

(Artful woman! [*Aſide.*
Thou ſubtle emblem of thy ſex, compos'd

Of madneſs and deceit—But ſince thy brain
Has loſt its poize, I will ſend thoſe ſhall ſhake it
Beyond recovery of its reeling bias.) [*Exit.*

[COUNTESS *makes a ſign to* PETER *to retire.*

## SCENE V.

COUNTESS, FLORIAN.

COUNTESS.

This interval is well—'tis thy laſt boon,
Tremendous Providence! and I will uſe it
As 'twere th' elixir of deſcending mercy:
Not a drop ſhall be waſte—accept my thanks!
Preſerve my reaſon! and preſerve my child!
—Stranger, thy years are green; perhaps may mock
A woman's words, a mother's woe!—but honour,
If I believe this garb, is thy profeſſion.
Haſt thou not dealt in blood?—Then thou haſt heard
The dying groan, and ſin's deſpairing accent.
Struck it not on thy ſoul? Recall it, ſir!
What then was thy ſenſation, feel for me!

FLORIAN.

I ſhudder! liſten, pity, and reſpect thee!

COUNTESS.

Reſolve my anxious heart. Tho' vagrant pleaſure,
Th' ebriety of youth, and worſe than paſſion,
Example, lead thee to the ſtrumpet vice;
Say, if, beneath the waves of diſſipation,
The germ of virtue bloſſoms in thy ſoul.

FLORIAN.

A ſoldier's honour is his virtue. Gownmen
Wear it for ſhow, and barter it for gold,
And have it ſtill. A ſoldier and his honour
Exiſt together, and together periſh.

COUNTESS.

I do believe thee. Thus my Narbonne thought.
Then hear me, child of honour! Canſt thou cheriſh
Unblemiſh'd innocence? Wilt thou protect it?
Wilt thou obſerve its wand'rings? call it back,
Confine it to the path that leads to happineſs?
Haſt thou that genuine heroiſm of ſoul
To hug the little fondling ſufferer,
When neſtling in thy boſom, drown'd in bluſhes,
Nor caſt her from thee, while a grinning world
Reviles her with a mother's foul miſdeeds?

FLORIAN.

My arm is ſworn to innocence diſtreſt:
Point out the lovely mourner.

COUNTESS.

'Tis enough.
Nor ſuffer th' ebbing moments more enquiry.
My orphan ſhall be thine—Nay, ſtart not, ſir,
Your loves are known to me. Wealth paſt th' ambition
Of Gallia's proudeſt baron ſhall endow her.
Within this caſket is a monarch's ranſom.
Ten thouſand ducats more are lodg'd within.
All this is thine with Adeliza's hand.

FLORIAN.

With Adeliza!

COUNTESS.

Ha! doſt thou recoil?
Doſt thou not love her?

FLORIAN.

I love Adeliza!
Lady, recall thy wand'ring memory.

COUNTESS.

Doſt thou reject her? and has hope beguil'd me

In

In this ſad only moment? Haſt thou dar'd
With ruffian inſolence gaze on her ſweetneſs,
And mark it for an hour of wanton dalliance?
Oh! I will guard my child, tho' gaping dæmons
Howl with impatience!

FLORIAN.

Moſt rever'd of matrons,
Tho' youth and roſy joy flush on my cheek,
Tho' the licentious camp and rapine's holiday
Have been my ſchool; deem not ſo reprobate
My morals, that my eye would note no diſtance
Between the harlot's glance and my friend's bride.

COUNTESS.

Thy friend! what friend?

FLORIAN.

Lord Edmund—

COUNTESS.

What of him?

FLORIAN.

Is Adeliza's lord—her wedded bridegroom.

COUNTESS.

Confuſion! phrenſy! Blaſt me, all ye furies!
Edmund and Adeliza! when? where? how?
Edmund wed Adeliza! Quick, unſay
The monſtrous tale—Oh! prodigy of ruin!
Does my own ſon then boil with fiercer fires
Than ſcorch'd his impious mother's madding veins?
Did reaſon reaſſume its ſhatter'd throne,
But as ſpectatreſs of this laſt of horrors?
Oh! let my dagger drink my heart's black blood,
And then preſent my hell-born progeny
With drops of kindred ſin!—*that* were a torch
Fit to light up ſuch loves! and fit to quench them!

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

What means this agony? Didſt thou not grant
The maiden to his wiſhes?

COUNTESS.

Did I not couple
Diſtinctions horrible? plan unnatural rites
To grace my funeral pile, and meet the furies
More innocent than thoſe I leave behind me?

FLORIAN.

Amazement!—I will haſten——Grant, ye pow'rs!
My ſpeed be not too late! [*Exit.*

COUNTESS.

Globe of the world,
If thy frame ſplit not with ſuch crimes as theſe,
It is immortal!

## SCENE VI.

COUNTESS, EDMUND, ADELIZA.

[EDMUND *and* ADELIZA *enter at the oppoſite door from which* FLORIAN *went out. They kneel to the* COUNTESS.]

EDMUND.

Dear parent, look on us, and bleſs your children!

COUNTESS.

My children! Horror! horror! Yes, too ſure
Ye are my children!—Edmund, looſe that hand;
'Tis poiſon to thy ſoul!—Hell has no venom
Like a child's touch!—Oh! agonizing thought!
—Who made this marriage? whoſe unhallow'd breath
Pronounc'd the inceſtuous ſounds?

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Inceſt! good heavens!

COUNTESS.

Yes, thou devoted victim! let thy blood
Curdle to ſtone! perdition circumvents thee!
Lo! where this monſter ſtands! thy mother! miſtreſs!
The mother of thy daughter, ſiſter, wife!
The pillar of accumulated horrors!
Hear! tremble!—and then marry, if thou dareſt!

EDMUND.

Yes, I do tremble, tho' thy words are phrenſy.
So black muſt be the paſſions that inſpir'd it,
I ſhudder for thee! pitying duty ſhudders!

COUNTESS.

For me!—O Edmund, I have burſt the bond
Of every tie.—When thou ſhalt know the crimes,
In which this fury did involve thy youth,
It will ſeem piety to curſe me, Edmund!
Oh! impious night!——Hah! is not that my lord?
He ſhakes the curtains of the nuptial couch, [*Wildly.*
And ſtarts to find a ſon there!

EDMUND.

Gracious heaven!
Grant that theſe ſhocking images *be* raving!

ADELIZA.

Sweet lady, be compos'd—Indeed I thought
This marriage was thy will—But we will break it—
Benedict ſhall diſcharge us from our vows.

COUNTESS.

Thou gentle lamb, from a fell tyger ſprung,
Unknowing half the miſeries that await thee!

—Oh!

—Oh! they are innocent——Almighty pow'r!—
[*Kneels, but riſes again haſtily.*
Ha! dare I pray? for others intercede?
*I* pray for them, the cauſe of all their woe!
—But for a moment give me leave, deſpair!
For a ſhort interval lend me that reaſon
Thou gaveſt, heav'n, in vain!—It muſt be known
The fullneſs of my crime; or innocent theſe
May plunge them in new horrors. Not a word
Can 'ſcape me, but will do the work of thunder,
And blaſt thoſe moments I regain from madneſs!——
Ye know how fondly my luxurious fancy
Doted upon my lord. For eighteen months
An embaſſy detain'd him from my bed.
A harbinger announc'd his near return.
Love dreſs'd his image to my longing thoughts
In all its warmeſt colours—but the morn,
In which impatience grew almoſt to ſickneſs,
Preſented him a bloody corſe before me.
I rav'd—The ſtorm of diſappointed paſſions
Aſſail'd my reaſon, fever'd all my blood.
Whether too warmly preſs'd, or too officious
To turn the torrent of my grief aſide,
A damſel, that attended me, diſclos'd
Thy ſuit, unhappy boy!

EDMUND.
What is to come?
Shield me, ye gracious pow'rs, from my own thoughts!
My dreadful apprehenſion!

COUNTESS.
Give it ſcope!
Thou canſt not harbour a foreboding thought
More dire, than I conceiv'd, I executed.
Guilt ruſh'd into my ſoul—my fancy ſaw thee
Thy father's image—

EDMUND.

Swallow th' accurſed ſound!
Nor dare to ſay—

COUNTESS.

Yes, thou polluted ſon!
Grief, diſappointment, opportunity,
Rais'd ſuch a tumult in my madding blood,
I took the damſel's place; and while thy arms
Twin'd, to thy thinking, round another's waiſt,
Hear, hell, and tremble!—thou didſt claſp thy mother!

EDMUND.

Oh! execrable! [ADELIZA *faints.*

COUNTESS.

Be that ſwoon eternal!
Nor let her know the reſt——She is thy daughter,
Fruit of that monſtrous night!

EDMUND.

Infernal woman! [*Draws his dagger.*
My dagger muſt repay a tale like this!
Blood ſo diſtemper'd——No—I muſt not ſtrike—
I dare not puniſh what you dar'd commit.

COUNTESS. [*Seizing his dagger.*
Give me the ſteel—my arm will not recoil.
Thus, Edmund, I revenge thee! [*Stabs herſelf.*

EDMUND.

Help! hoa! help!
For both I tremble, dare not ſuccour either!

COUNTESS.

Peace! and conceal our ſhame—Quick, frame ſome legend.
They come!

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, EDMUND, ADELIZA, FLORIAN, BENEDICT, ATTENDANTS.

COUNTESS.

Aſſiſt the maid——An accident— [*They bear off* ADELIZA.
By my own hand——Ha! Benedict!——But no!
*I* muſt not turn accuſer!

BENEDICT.

Mercy, heaven!
Who did this deed?

COUNTESS.

Myſelf.

BENEDICT.

What was the cauſe?

COUNTESS.

Follow me to yon gulph, and thou wilt know.
I anſwer not to man.

BENEDICT.

Bethink thee, lady—

COUNTESS.

Thought ebbs apace——O Edmund, could a bleſſing
Part from my lips, and not become a curſe,
I would——Poor Adeliza—'tis accompliſh'd! [*Dies.*

BENEDICT.

My lord, explain theſe horrors. Wherefore fell
Your mother? and why faints your wife?

EDMUND.

My wife!
Thou damning prieſt! I have no wife—thou know'ſt it—
Thou gaveſt me indeed——No—rot my tongue

Ere the dread ſound eſcape it!——Bear away
That hateful monk—

BENEDICT. [*As he goes out, to* FLORIAN.
Who was the prophet now?
Remember me!

EDMUND.
O Florian, we muſt haſte
To where fell war aſſumes its uglieſt form:
I burn to ruſh on death!

FLORIAN.
I dare not aſk;
But ſtiffen'd with amazement I deplore—

EDMUND.
O tender friend! I muſt not violate
Thy guiltleſs ear——Ha! 'tis my father calls! [*Wildly.*
I dare not ſee him!

FLORIAN.
Be compos'd, my lord,
We are all your friends—

EDMUND.
Have I no kindred here?
They will confound all friendſhip! interweave
Such monſtrous union—

FLORIAN.
Good my lord, reſume
Your wonted reaſon. Let us in and comfort
Your gentle bride—

EDMUND.
Forbid it, all ye pow'rs!
O Florian, bear her to the holy ſiſters.
Say, 'twas my mother's will ſhe take the veil.
I never muſt behold her!—never more
Review this theatre of monſtrous guilt!
No; to th' embattled foe I will preſent
This hated form—and welcome be the ſabre
That leaves no atom of it undefac'd!

POSTSCRIPT.

# POSTSCRIPT.

FROM the time that I firſt undertook the foregoing ſcenes, I never flattered myſelf that they would be proper to appear on the ſtage. The ſubject is ſo horrid, that I thought it would ſhock rather than give ſatisfaction to an audience. Still I found it ſo truly tragic in the two eſſential ſprings of terror and pity, that I could not reſiſt the impulſe of adapting it to the ſcene, though it ſhould never be practicable to produce it there. I ſaw too that it would admit of great ſituations, of lofty characters, and of thoſe ſudden and unforeſeen ſtrokes, which have ſingular effect in operating a revolution in the paſſions, and in intereſting the ſpectator. It was capable of furniſhing, not only a contraſt of characters, but a contraſt of vice and virtue in the ſame character: and by laying the ſcene in what age and country I pleaſed, pictures of ancient manners might be drawn, and many alluſions to hiſtoric events introduced to bring the action nearer to the imagination of the ſpectator. The moral reſulting from the calamities attendant on an unbounded paſſion, even to the deſtruction of the criminal perſon's race, was obviouſly ſuited to the purpoſe and object of tragedy.

The ſubject is more truly horrid than even that of Oedipus: and yet I do not doubt but a Grecian poet would have made no ſcruple of exhibiting it on the theatre. Revolting as it is, a ſon aſſaſſinating his mother, as Oreſtes does, exceeds the guilt that appears in the foregoing ſcenes. As murder is the higheſt crime that a man can commit againſt his fellow beings, parricide is the deepeſt degree of murder. No age but has ſuffered ſuch guilt to be repreſented on the ſtage. And yet I feel the diſguſt that muſt ariſe at the cataſtrophe of this piece; ſo much is our delicacy more apt to be ſhocked than our good-nature. Nor will it be an excuſe that I thought the ſtory founded on an event in real life.

I had heard, when very young, that a gentlewoman, under uncommon agonies of mind, had waited on archbiſhop Tillotſon, and beſought his counſel. Many years before, a damſel that ſerved her, had acquainted her

that ſhe was importuned by the gentlewoman's ſon to grant him a private meeting. The mother ordered the maiden to make the aſſignation, when, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would diſcover herſelf, and reprimand him for his criminal paſſion: but being hurried away by a much more criminal paſſion herſelf, ſhe kept the aſſignation without diſcovering herſelf. The fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the gentlewoman cauſed to be educated very privately in the country: but proving very lovely, and being accidentally met by her father-brother, who had never had the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of the truth, he had fallen in love with and actually married her. The wretched guilty mother, learning what had happened, and diſtracted with the conſequence of her crime, had now reſorted to the archbiſhop to know in what manner ſhe ſhould act. The prelate charged her never to let her ſon and daughter know what had paſſed, as they were innocent of any criminal intention. For herſelf, he bade her almoſt deſpair.

Some time after I had finiſhed the play on this ground-work, a gentleman to whom I had communicated it, accidentally diſcovered the origin of the tradition in the novels of the queen of Navarre, vol. 1. nov. 30. and to my great ſurpriſe I found a ſtrange concurrence of circumſtances between the ſtory as there related, and as I had adapted it to my piece: for though I believed it to have happened in the reign of king William, I had, for a purpoſe mentioned below, thrown it back to the eve of the reformation; and the queen, it appears, dates the event in the reign of Louis XII. I had choſen Narbonne for the ſcene; the queen places it in Languedoc. Theſe rencounters are of little importance; and perhaps curious to nobody but the author.

In order to make uſe of a canvaſs ſo ſhocking, it was neceſſary as much as poſſible to palliate the crime, and raiſe the character of the criminal. To attain the former end, I imagined the moment in which ſhe had loſt a beloved huſband, when grief, diſappointment, and a conflict of paſſions might be ſuppoſed to have thrown her reaſon off its guard, and expoſed her to the danger under which ſhe fell. Strange as the moment may ſeem for vice to have ſeized her, ſtill it makes her leſs hateful, than if ſhe had coolly meditated ſo foul a crime. I have endeavoured to make her very fondneſs for her huſband in ſome meaſure the cauſe of her guilt.

But as that guilt could not be leſſened without deſtroying the ſubject itſelf, I thought that her immediate horror and conſequential repentance were eſſential towards effectuating her being ſuffered on the ſtage. Still more was neceſſary: the audience muſt be prejudiced in her favour; or an uniform ſentiment of diſguſt would have been raiſed againſt the whole piece. For this reaſon I ſuppreſſed the ſtory till the laſt ſcene; and beſtowed every ornament of ſenſe, unbigoted piety, and intereſting contrition, on the character that was at laſt to raiſe univerſal indignation; in hopes that ſome degree of pity would linger in the breaſts of the audience; and that a whole life of virtue and penance might in ſome meaſure atone for a moment, though a moſt odious moment, of a depraved imagination.

Some of my friends have thought that I have puſhed the ſublimity of ſenſe and reaſon, in the character of the Counteſs, to too great a height, conſidering the dark and ſuperſtitious age in which ſhe lived. They are of opinion that the exceſs of her repentance would have been more likely to have thrown her into the arms of enthuſiaſm. Perhaps it might—but I was willing to inſinuate that virtue could and ought to leave more laſting ſtings in a mind conſcious of having fallen; and that weak minds alone believe or feel that conſcience is to be lulled aſleep by the incantations of bigotry. However, to reconcile even the ſeeming inconſiſtence objected to, I have placed my fable at the dawn of the reformation; conſequently the ſtrength of mind in the Counteſs may be ſuppoſed to have borrowed aid from other ſources, beſides thoſe ſhe found in her own underſtanding.

Her character is certainly new, and the caſt of the whole play unlike any other that I am acquainted with. The incidents ſeem to me to flow naturally from the ſituation; and with all the defects in the writing, of many of which I am conſcious, and many more no doubt will be diſcovered, ſtill I think, as a tragedy, its greateſt fault is the horror which it muſt occaſion in the audience; particularly in the fairer, more tender, and leſs criminal part of it.

It will be obſerved that, after the diſcovery of her ſon, the Counteſs is for ſome moments in every ſcene diſordered in her underſtanding by the violent impreſſion

impreſſion of that interview, and from the guilt that is ever uppermoſt in her mind. Yet ſhe is never quite mad—ſtill leſs does ſhe talk like Belvidera of

"Lutes, laurels, ſeas of milk, and ſhips of amber;"

which is not being mad, but light-headed. When madneſs has taken poſſeſſion of a perſon, ſuch character ceaſes to be fit for the ſtage; or at leaſt ſhould appear there but for a ſhort time; it being the buſineſs of the theatre to exhibit paſſions, not diſtempers. The fineſt picture ever drawn of a head diſcompoſed by misfortune is that of king Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every ſentence that falls from his wildneſs excites reflection and pity. Had phrenſy entirely ſeized him, our compaſſion would abate: we ſhould conclude that he no longer felt unhappineſs. Shakeſpeare wrote as a philoſopher, Otway as a poet.

The villainy of Benedict was planned to divide the indignation of the audience, and to intercept ſome of it from the Counteſs. Nor will the blackneſs of his character appear extravagant, if we call to mind the crimes committed by catholic churchmen, when the reformation not only provoked their rage, but threatened them with total ruin.

I have ſaid that terror and pity naturally aroſe from the ſubject, and that the moral is juſt. Theſe are the merits of the ſtory, not of the author. It is true alſo, that the rules laid down by the critics are ſtrictly inherent in the piece—remark, I do not ſay, obſerved; for I had written above three acts before I had thought of, or ſet myſelf to obſerve thoſe rules; and conſequently it is no vanity to ſay that the three unities reign throughout the whole play. The time neceſſary is not above two or three hours longer than that of the repreſentation; and at moſt does not require half of the four-and-twenty hours granted to poets by thoſe their maſters. The unity of place is but once ſhifted, and that merely from the platform without the caſtle to the garden within it, ſo that a ſingle wall is the ſole infringement of the ſecond law—and for the third, unity of action, it is ſo entire, that not the ſmalleſt epiſode intervenes. Every ſcene tends to bring on the cataſtrophe, and the ſtory is never interrupted or diverted from its courſe. The return of Edmund and his marriage neceſſarily produce the denouement.

If

If the critics are pleaſed with this conformity to their laws, I ſhall be glad they have that ſatisfaction. For my own part, I ſet little value on ſuch merit, which was accidental, and is at beſt mechanic, and of a ſubordinate kind; and more apt to produce improbable ſituations than to remove them.

I wiſh I had no more to anſwer for in the faults of the piece, than I have merit to boaſt in the mechaniſm. I was deſirous of ſtriking a little out of the common road, and to introduce ſome novelty on our ſtage. Our genius and caſt of thinking are very different from the French; and yet our theatre, which ſhould repreſent manners, depends almoſt entirely at preſent on tranſlations and copies from our neighbours. Enſlaved as they are to rules and modes, ſtill I do not doubt, but many both of their tragic and comic authors would be glad they dared to uſe the liberties that are ſecured to our ſtage. They are ſo cramped by the rigorous forms of compoſition, that they would think themſelves greatly indemnified by an ampler latitude of thought. I have chalked out ſome paths that may be happily improved by better poets and men of more genius than I poſſeſs; and which may be introduced in ſubjects better calculated for action than the ſtory I have choſen.

The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakeſpeare; waked with ſome bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a placid pleaſing kind of dignity in Rowe, and even ſhone in his Jane Shore. It trod in ſublime and claſſic fetters in Cato, but void of nature, or the power of affecting the paſſions. In Southern it ſeemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakeſpeare; but falling on an age ſtill more Hottentot, was ſtifled in thoſe groſs and barbarous productions, tragicomedies. It turned to tuneful nonſenſe in the Mourning Bride; grew ſtark mad in Lee; whoſe cloak, a little the worſe for wear, fell on Young; yet in both was ſtill a poet's cloak. It recovered its ſenſes in Hughes and Fenton, who were afraid it ſhould relapſe, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand—and then it languiſhed. We have not mounted again above the two laſt.

# FUGITIVE PIECES.

## EPITAPH

*On the Cenotaph of Lady* WALPOLE, *erected in the Chapel of* Henry VII. *in* Weſtminſter-Abbey, *in July*, 1754.

To the Memory
OF
Catherine Lady Walpole,
Eldeſt Daughter of JOHN SHORTER, Eſq. of Bybrook in Kent,
AND
Firſt Wife of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, afterwards EARL of ORFORD,
Horace,
Her youngeſt Son,
Conſecrates this MONUMENT.

She had beauty and wit —
Without vice or vanity,
And cultivated the arts
Without affectation.
She was devout,
Though without bigotry to any ſect;
And was without prejudice to any party,
Though the Wife of a Miniſter,
Whoſe power She eſteemed
But when She could employ it to benefit the miſerable,
Or to reward the meritorious.
She loved a private life,
Though born to ſhine in public;
And was an ornament to Courts,
* Untainted by them.
She died AUGUST 20, 1737.

* Mr. Pope ſaid, "She was untainted by a Court."

# A SCHEME FOR RAISING A Large Sum of Money for the Use of the Government, By laying a TAX on MESSAGE-CARDS and NOTES.

*First printed in* N° II. *of the* Museum, *April*, 1746.

To the Keeper of the Museum.

SIR,

AS you have opened a *Museum* for literary *Curiosities*, I think the following paper may merit a place in your repository, which I ask it for upon the genuine foot of a *rarity*. The notion I have of a *Museum*, is an hospital for every thing that is *singular*; whether the thing have acquired singularity, from having escaped the rage of Time; from any natural oddness in itself; or from being so insignificant, that nobody ever thought it worth their while to produce any more of the same sort. Intrinsic value has little or no property in the merit of *curiosities*. Misers, though the most intense of all *collectors*, are never allowed to be *virtuosoes*, because guineas, dollars, ducats, &c. are too common to deserve the title of *rarities*; and unless one man could attain to the possession of the whole specie, he would never be said to have a fine *collection* of money. Neither * sir Gilded Heathen, nor the late † princess of Mildenheim, were ever esteemed *virtuosoes*. A ‡ physician

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote.
† Duchess of Marlborough.
‡ Dr. Kennedy, who wrote on the coins of Carausius.

who

who lives in a garret, and does not get a guinea in a week, is more renowned for the poſſeſſion of an illegible *Carauſius*, than doctor Mithridate, who unloads his pocket every night of twenty or thirty new *Lima* guineas.

To inſtance in two ſorts of things, which I ſaid had pretenſions to places in a *Muſeum*. If the learned world could be ſo happy as to diſcover a *Roman*'s old ſhoe (provided that the Literati were agreed it were a ſhoe, and not a leathern caſque, a drinking veſſel, a balloting box, or an empreſs's head-attire), ſuch ſhoe would immediately have the *entrée* into any collection in Europe; even though it appeared to be the ſhoe of the moſt vulgar artiſan in Rome, and not to have belonged to any beau of claſſic memory. And the reaſon is plain; not that there is any intrinſic value in an old ſhoe, but becauſe an old Roman ſhoe would be a *Unique*; a term which you, ſir, who have erected a *Muſeum*, know perfectly well is a patent of *Antiquity*. Natural oddity is another kind of merit which I mentioned. Monſtrous births, hermaphrodites, petrifactions, &c. are all true members of a collection. A man perfectly virtuous might be laid up in a *Muſeum*, not for any intrinſic worth, but for being a *rarity*; and a *dealer* might honeſtly demand five hundred pounds for ſuch a man of ſir Hans Sloane or doctor Meade. A third ſort (and I will not run into any more deſcriptions) are things become *rare* from their inſignificance. Of this ſpecies was that noble collection of fooliſh tracts in the Harleian library, puritanical ſermons, party pamphlets, voyages, &c. which being too ſtupid to be ever re-printed, grew valuable, as they grew ſcarce. So modern a thing as a queen Anne's farthing has riſen to the dignity of a curioſity, merely becauſe there were but a few of them ſtruck. Some induſtrious artiſts, who would have the greateſt ſcruple of counterfeiting the current coin of the kingdom, have been ſo blinded by the love of *virtù*, as to imitate theſe rare farthings, looking upon them ſolely as *curioſities*. I juſt mention this for the ſake of thoſe laborious medalliſts; becauſe the preſent honourable attorney-general, though a very learned man, is no *antiquarian*, and might poſſibly be of an opinion, that thoſe admirable copies would come under the penalties of the ſtatute againſt clipping and coining.

But to come to my point. It is under this laſt denomination, ſir, that I apply to you for a place in your *Muſeum*. A ſcheme for raiſing money may (as I fear the age is too obſtinate in their luxury to ſuffer their follies to be taxed) be admitted into a *collection*, as well as ſome of thoſe pieces which I mentioned

mentioned to have filled the Harleian ſhelves; eſpecially as it will have a double title to a rarity. Firſt, from never having been thought of by any other perſon; and ſecondly, as it will give poſterity ſome light into the cuſtoms of the preſent age. It is this merit that has preſerved the works of the elder Pliny, an author who in his own time, I ſuppoſe, was upon a little better foot than the editors of the Daily Advertiſers, the Vade-Mecums, and the Magazines. We are glad to know now how much a luxurious Roman laid out on a ſupper, a ſlave or a villa, a miſtreſs or a tame carp; how much Pompey expended on a public ſhow; or to read the order of a proceſſion. But though this author now elbows Virgil and Horace, and equally employs the ſpectacles of the Gronoviuses and the Hardouins, I am perſuaded his works at Rome were never advanced above being read in the ſteward's parlour. But hereafter I expect, that Mr. * Salmon, † Sylvanus Urban, and myſelf, ſhall be as good claſſics as Mr. Pope and Mr. Prior.

One of the lateſt and moſt accepted faſhions is the *ſending Cards* and *Notes:* a cuſtom that might perhaps eſcape the knowledge of poſterity, if you and I, ſir, did not jointly tranſmit an account of it down to them. No buſineſs, that is no buſineſs, is now carried on in this great city, but by this expedient. How Congreve, Farquhar, and the comic writers of the laſt age would be chagrined, to find that half the wit of their plays is already obſolete! ‡ Foible and Archer are grown dull characters by the diſuſe of verbal meſſages. But thank heaven! the age has made great progreſs in literature, and all thoſe fatal miſtakes and irreparable quarrels that formerly happened in the polite world, by ladies truſting long meſſages to the faithleſs memory of ſervants, are now remedied by their giving themſelves the trouble to tranſmit their commands to cards and paper; at once improving themſelves in ſpelling, and adjuſting the whole ceremonial of engagements, without the poſſibility of errors. Not to mention the great encouragement given to the ſtationary trade, by the large demands for crow-quills, paper, wafers, &c. commodities that are all the natural produce of this country.

I know a celebrated § legiſlator and reformer of manners, who not being ſo deeply read in the faſhions as he is in the vices of the age, was unhappily

* Author of A Modern Hiſtory, The Chronological Diary, &c.

† The name aſſumed by the editor of The Gentleman's Magazine.

‡ Characters in The Way of the World, and Beaux Stratagem.

§ Mr. T. Carew.

drawn

drawn into a miſtake by his ignorance of this cuſtom. About two years ago, this gentleman had thoughts of enforcing and *letting out* the laws againſt gaming; and being very nice and exact in his method of proceeding, he was determined to lay before parliament, a calculation of the numbers of gameſters, games, and circulation of money played for in the cities of London and Weſtminſter. In order to this, he firſt went to an eminent card-maker, and enquired into the ebb and flow of his buſineſs; and with great ſecret ſatisfaction was informed, that the tradeſman ſold, upon a moderate computation, twenty dozen packs of cards in a week, more than he uſed to do a few years ago. The honeſt reformer was exceſſively pleaſed with his diſcovery; for a real zealot is never ſo happy as when he finds vice grown to ſo monſtrous a height, that every body will allow it neceſſary to be regulated. But he was terribly puzzled when the card-maker told him, that at leaſt two thirds of the number were *blank cards*, or cards without pips. To ſatisfy his ſurpriſe, he even ventured himſelf into a celebrated gaming-houſe at this end of the town; to find out in what game the libertines of this age had ſo far refined upon their anceſtors, as to be able to practiſe with pipleſs cards. In ſhort, it was not till ſome time after, that he diſcovered that theſe *blank cards* were on purpoſe to write meſſages. He then exclaimed againſt the extravagance of our women, who would not condeſcend to uſe their old cards to write upon, but were at the expence of clean ones; but it was proved to him, that a woman of moderate faſhion could not poſſibly have cards enough uſed at her houſe to ſerve her for meſſages, and that therefore it was cheaper to purchaſe blank cards, becauſe, not being ſtamped, they pay no duty, and are conſequently half in half cheaper to the conſumer. For example; ſuppoſing a lady has but one aſſembly a month, to which ſhe invites four hundred perſons; many diſappointing her, ſix perſons belonging to each table, two or three ſets playing with the ſame cards, and ſeveral not playing at all, we may reckon that ſhe never has above ten tables, to which allowing two packs, ſhe, at that rate, can uſe but twenty packs a month: now I ſhall eaſily make it appear, that *that* number cannot ſupply her with decent materials for meſſages. For inſtance,

20 packs at 52 cards per pack - - - - 1040.

Now ſhe muſt ſend cards to invite all theſe people, which will employ four hundred of the thouſand and odd; and allowing her to ſend but twenty private meſſages every morning, in howd'ye's, appointments, diſappointments,

&c. and to make but ten viſits every *night* before ſhe ſettles for the *evening*, at each of which ſhe muſt leave her name on a card, the account will ſtand thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Meſſages to 400 people - - - - | 400 |
| 20 Meſſages a day, will be per month - - | 560 |
| 10 Viſits a night, will be per month - - | 280 |
| Total | 1240 |

Which, without including extraordinary occaſions, as a quarrel, with all its train of conſequences, explanations, ceſſation of hoſtilities, renewal of civilities, &c. makes her debtor to two hundred cards more than ſhe is creditor for. I know it may be objected, that a good œconomiſt will cut one card into three names; but if ſhe lives in a good part of the town, and chooſes to inſert the place of her abode under her name, that will be impoſſible. Before I quit this article of leaving one's name, I muſt mention a ſtory of a Frenchman, from whoſe nation we are ſaid to borrow this cuſtom, who being very devout and very well bred, went to hear maſs at the church of a particular ſaint in Paris; but ſome reparations being making to the church, which prevented the celebration of divine ſervice, the gentleman, to ſhow he had not been wanting in his duty, left his name on a card for the ſaint on his altar.

I ſhall now proceed to acquaint you with my ſcheme, which is, to lay a tax on *cards* and *notes*; the latter of which are only a more voluminous kind of *cards*, and more ſacred; becauſe a footman is allowed to read the former, but is depended upon for never opening the latter. Indeed, if the parti-coloured gentry's honour were not to be truſted, what fatal accidents might ariſe! for there is not a young lady in London under five-and-twenty, who does not tranſact all her moſt important concerns in this way. She does not fall in love, ſhe does not change her lover or her fan, her party or her ſtay-maker, but ſhe notifies it to twenty particular friends by a *note*; nay, ſhe even enquires or truſts by note where the only good lavender-water in town is to be ſold. I cannot help mentioning to the honour of theſe fair virgins, that after the fatal day of Fontenoy, they all wrote their notes on Indian paper, which being red, when inſcribed with Japan ink, made a melancholy military kind of elegy on the brave youths who occaſioned the faſhion, and were often the honourable ſubject of the epiſtle.

I think the loweſt computations make the inhabitants of this great metropolis to be eight hundred thouſand. I will be ſo very moderate as to ſuppoſe that not above twenty thouſand of theſe are obliged to *ſend cards*, becauſe I really have not yet heard that this faſhion has ſpread much among the lower ſort of people; at leaſt I know, that my own fiſhmonger's wife was extremely ſurpriſed laſt week at receiving an invitation to an aſſembly at Billingſgate, written on a very dirty queen of clubs. Therefore, as it is the indiſpenſable duty of a legiſlature to impoſe taxes where they will fall the lighteſt, nobody will diſpute the gentleneſs of this duty, which I would not have exceed one penny per *card*. I ſhall recur to my former computation of a lady's ſending 1240 *cards* per month, or 16,120 per annum, which multiplied by 20,000, and reduced to pounds ſterling, fixes the produce of the duty at £.1,343,333 6*s.* 8*d.* a year for the cities of London and Weſtminſter only. But ſhould this appear too enormous a ſum to be thrown into the ſcale of miniſterial influence, I beg it may be conſidered that for near four months in the year this tax will produce little or nothing, by the diſperſion of the nobility and gentry, and the diſuſe of viſits and aſſemblies; and I cannot think that what may be raiſed by this tax in all the reſt of the kingdom, will replace the deficiency of one third which may fail in the capital.

I have not reckoned notes, becauſe it will be time enough to conſider them when the bill is brought in, as well as to what province of the great officers of the crown this duty ſhall belong. Whether the ſum of a penny may bring it under the inſpection of the tribunal in Lombard-ſtreet, or whether the buſineſs negotiated may not ſubject it to the lord chamberlain's office: for as to the groom-porter, the claim which I foreſee he will put in under the notion of tranſactions with cards, I think it will be of no weight. A friend of mine, to whom I communicated my ſcheme, was of opinion, that wherever the duty was collected, the office would be a court of record; becauſe, as I propoſe that all engagements ſhould be regiſtered, it would be an eaſy matter to compile a diary of a lady of quality's whole life. One caveat I muſt put in, which is, that the tax being to be laid chiefly on people of faſhion, it may not be allowed to members of either houſe to frank their wives' *cards*, which would almoſt entirely annihilate this ſupply for the ſervice of the government.

I propoſe too, that printed *cards* (a late improvement) ſhould be liable to the ſtamp-duties; for though this practice has not hitherto made great progreſs, yet ſuch induſtry is uſed to evade acts of parliament, that I am perſuaded we ſhould no longer hear of written cards, though the greater part of the card muſt neceſſarily be left blank to inſert the name and quality of the perſon invited, the day appointed, and the buſineſs to be performed.

The moſt of a *meſſage card* that ever I have ſeen printed was as follows:

"*Lady* M. M. *or* N. N's----------*to*----------*and*----------*ſhe*----------*of*----------*company on*----------*to*----------."

I ſhall add two other cards with theſe blanks filled up, to ſhew that the reſt of the meſſage cannot be certain enough to be left to the printer.

"*Lady* M. M. *or* N. N's *humble ſervice* to *her grace the ducheſs of* T. and *begs* the *honour* of *her* company on *Monday five weeks to drink tea.*"

"*Lady* M. M. *or* N. N's *compliments to Mrs.* B. and *deſires the favour* of *her* company *to-morrow* to *play at whiſk.*"

I have a ſecret ſatisfaction in thinking how popular I ſhall be with the gentlemen of the upper gallery, who, by this eſtabliſhment of poſts for *cards* and *notes*, will get all their mornings to themſelves, and have time to dreſs themſelves for the play, or even to read the play on which they are to paſs their judgment in the evening. Indeed this toil of theirs has already been ſomewhat abridged by the indefatigable care and generoſity of that learned and exact lady, the lady *Northriding*, who introduced the uſe of viſiting maps: every lady has now a particular map of her own viſits, accurately engraved for a trifling expence, and can ſend her cards, or bid her coachman drive methodically to all her acquaintance, who, by this invention, are diſtributed into ſquares, pariſhes, hundreds, &c.

I do not know how far it may be neceſſary to licenſe the *cards* of foreign miniſters; but as thoſe illuſtrious perſonages pretty ſteadily adhere to the dignity of their character, and do not frequently let themſelves down to

divert the natives of the country, if my poor assistance should be required by the legislature in drawing up the bill, I should not be against granting this immunity to the representatives of so many great monarchs and princes. But I am entirely against any other exceptions, unless of some fair and noble ladies, who I hear intend to give balls on the approaching birth-day of the * *Royal Youth*, who has so gloriously delivered his country and beauteous countrywomen from their apprehensions of a race of barbarous mountaineers; and who is now extirpating rebellion in the very heart of those inhospitable mountains.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DESCARTES.

* The duke of Cumberland.

ADVERTISEMENT*.

*This Day is publiſhed, in Ten Volumes in Folio,*

THE

# HISTORY OF GOOD-BREEDING,

FROM THE

CREATION OF THE WORLD,

TO THE

PRESENT TIMES:

As ſet forth in

FORMS AND CEREMONIES.

And appointed to be uſed in

CHURCHES, VISITS, CORONATIONS, &c.

Collected from the beſt Authors;

As *Baker's Chronicle*, the *Compleat Dancing-Maſter*, the *Law of Nations*, the *Margrave's Monitor*, the *Conſtable's Guide*, *Picart's Religious Ceremonies*, *&c.*

The Whole adapted to the meaneſt Capacities,

Whether PEERESSES, LORDS, CHAMBERLAINS, EMBASSADORS, BISHOPS, JUSTICES OF THE PEACE, GENTLEMEN USHERS, BARBERS, or CHAMBER-MAIDS.

In this Great Print,

PRAY LET US.

---

By the AUTHOR of the *Whole Duty of Man.*

---

*N. B.* The Eight laſt Volumes, which relate to *Germany*, may be had ſeparate.

---

*At her Feet he bowed.* JUDGES, chap. v. ver. 27.

---

DUBLIN, Printed; LONDON, Re-printed;

For † CLEMENT QUOTEHERALD, at the Sign of *Champion Dimock*, in *Ave-Maria-Lane.*

* Publiſhed in number V. of the Muſeum, May, 1746.

† Sir Clement Cotterel was maſter of the ceremonies.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

# TABLE OF THE CONTENTS.

## BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*OF Good Breeding in general. Its Uſe and Abuſe.*

CHAP. II.

*Of Ceremonies: Why ſome are aboliſhed, and ſome retained.*

CHAP. III.

*Of their Origin and Antiquity.*

CHAP. IV.

*Of Brutality: Why ſometimes taken for Wit. Some Endeavours to prove, that Bluntneſs and Beaſtlineſs are no Marks of Courage.*

CHAP. V.

*A critical Enquiry, whether the Black Prince diſcouraged all Good Breeding, except when in actual War with* France.

CHAP. VI.

*Origin of Curt'ſies:* Eve's *to her Shadow in a Fountain.*

CHAP. VII.

*Inſtitution of Ducheſſes; the Serpent calling* Eve, Your Grace.

CHAP. VIII.

*A Digreſſion on illegitimate Princes; and why they contract all the Dignity of the Father, and none of the Baſeneſs of the Mother.*

CHAP. IX.

*Enquiry whether* Adam *called* Eve, Madam, *or* My Dear, *before Company: The latter Opinion condemned by the Council of* Nice.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

*Which went first out of the Door of* Paradise, Adam *or* Eve.

## BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

*A Description of* Noah's *living* en Famille *in the Ark. Some Reflections on his Wife for not washing her Face and Hands, though they had such Plenty of Water. A severe Censure on married Folks, who break Wind before one another.*

CHAP. II.

*Origin of Visits. The Queen of* Sheba's *to* Solomon. *Quære, If ever he returned it.*

CHAP. III.

*The Invention of Bows ascribed to* Semiramis, *by* Herodotus.

CHAP. IV.

*On Duels. The Practice defended: Highly commendable to take away a Man's Life for treading on your Toe, even by Accident. Challenges may be refused by Crowned Heads; or from any Inferior. More honourable to be beat by one that is no Gentleman, than to fight him.*

CHAP. V.

*Rules when to take or give the Wall; and when to give or take a Box on the Ear.*

CHAP. VI.

*Compliments no Lies. Whether it is lawful to be denied; St.* Austin *thinks not. Porters excommunicated by Pope* Pius.

CHAP. VII.

*On the Folly of being well-bred to Persons in Want or Affliction.*

CHAP. VIII.

*Nothing so ill-bred, as to persist in any thing that is out of fashion. Taste and Fashion synonymous Terms.*

CHAP. IX.

*Good Breeding different in different Ages: For inſtance, Formality and Punctilio the Height of Good Breeding in Queen* Anne's *Reign; a Diſſolution of all Civility in King* George's.

## BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

*The Nature and End of Dancing. The Duty of it proved from the Example of King* David, *and others. What Perſons are qualified to give Balls.*

CHAP. II, III, IV, V, and VI.

*Rules to be obſerved at Balls: and in general, at all public Meetings.*

CHAP. VII.

*Diſſertation on School-Miſtreſſes. By whom firſt* incorporated.

CHAP. VIII.

*Whether Superiors, or Inferiors, are to bow and curt'ſey firſt. Whether a Knight's Wife may take any thing ill of a Ducheſs; and how impertinent any Peereſs may be. At what Age a handſome Woman* ſhould *grow civil; and at what Age they have been* known *to grow ſo.*

CHAP. IX.

*On what Occaſions it may be civil to be rude to Women: When well-bred to talk Bawdy: Whether Biſhops ſhould at Chriſtenings. With many other curious Particulars, on Marriages, Maidenheads, Widows, Hoops, Fans, Wigs, Snuff-boxes, Entertainments, &c. As alſo Directions for forgetting one's Friends, &c. &c. To which is annexed, a curious Sermon of Biſhop* Latimer *againſt ſelling Bargains.*

# The WORLD*.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VI. *Thurſday, February* 8, 1753.

### To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

† *Totum mundum agit hiſtrio.*

SIR,

AS you have choſen the whole world for your province, one may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. Moſt of your predeceſſors have beſtowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very diſtinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern ſtage. I ſhall not undertake to decide a queſtion which ſeems to me ſo impoſſible to be determined, as which have moſt merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or ſuch as we every day ſee acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and cuſtoms. The only preference that I ſhall pretend to give to the modern ſtage over Greece and Rome, relates to the ſubject of the preſent letter: I mean the daily progreſs we make towards *nature*. This will ſtartle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether ‡ Juliet's nurſe be a more natural goſſip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the repreſentation of either perſons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to thoſe excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furniſhed

* A periodical paper, undertaken by Mr. E. Moore, author of ſeveral plays and poems. The World has been re-printed in ſix volumes, 12mo.

† The play-houſe motto reverſed: "Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem."

‡ In Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet.

by

by the worthy philoſophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having perceived that art was become ſo perfect that it was neceſſary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a caſcade of real water *.

I know there are perſons of a ſyſtematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely becauſe they are pleaſed with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you, that the town is charmed with a genuine caſcade upon the ſtage, and were in raptures laſt year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never ſated with ſhow, is ſick of fiction. I foreſee the time approaching, when deluſion will not be ſuffered in any part of the drama: the inimitable ſerpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous oſtrich in the Sorcerer, ſhall be replaced by real monſters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly eſcaped being damned, on my lady Maxim's obſerving very judiciouſly, *That the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not ſmell at all like one.*

When this entire caſtigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do juſtice to one of the firſt reformers of the ſtage, Mr. Cibber, who eſſayed to introduce a taſte for real nature in his Cæſar in Egypt, and treated the audience with real—not ſwans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very perſonable geeſe. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a ſtricter adherence to reality would have ſaved even thoſe times from being ſhocked by abſurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myſelf remember, how, much about that æra, the great Seneſino, repreſenting Alexander at the ſiege of Oxydracæ, ſo far forgot himſelf in the heat of conqueſt, as to ſtick his ſword into one of the paſteboard ſtones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach; a puerility ſo renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and ſtone.

* In the pantomime of the Genii.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another paſſage that happened in his youth, and to the ſame excellent performer? He was ſtepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading ſhort, as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orcheſtra than to the breadth of the ſhore, he fell proſtrate, and lay for ſome time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his ſide. In the preſent ſtate of things, the worſt that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, eſpecially in the ſight of a Britiſh audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the ſtage, I ſhall obſerve that this purſuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one ſhould leaſt expect to meet it, in our faſhions. The fair part of the creation are ſhedding all covering of the head, diſplay their unveiled charming treſſes, and, if I may ſay ſo, are daily *moulting* the reſt of their clothes. What lovely fall of ſhoulders, what ivory necks, what ſnowy breaſts in all the pride of nature, are continually diveſted of art and ornament!

In gardening, the ſame love of nature prevails. Clipt hedges, avenues, regular platforms, ſtraight canals, have been for ſome time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent *, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but, like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinſel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a ſect he puſhed his diſcipline to the deformity of holineſs: not content with baniſhing ſymmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemiſhes, and planted † dead trees and mole-hills, in oppoſition to parterres and quincunxes.

The laſt branch of our faſhions into which the cloſe obſervation of nature has been introduced, is our deſſerts;—a ſubject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this

* Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love. POPE.
† In Kenſington garden, and Carlton garden.

paper,

paper, as I ſee them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biſcuits, ſugar-plums and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chineſe, and ſhepherdeſſes of Saxon china. But theſe, unconnected, and only ſeeming to wander among groves of curled paper and ſilk flowers, were ſoon diſcovered to be too inſipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the ſame brittle materials, ſpread themſelves over the whole table; cottages roſe in ſugar, and temples in barley-ſugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-ſhells triumphed over oceans of looking-glaſs, or * ſeas of ſilver tiſſue; and at length the whole ſyſtem of Ovid's metamorphoſis ſucceeded to all the transformations which † Chloe and other great profeſſors had introduced into the ſcience of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china-ſhops were the only faſhionable purveyors of the laſt ſtage of polite entertainments. Women of the firſt quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their houſe-keeper.—— At laſt even theſe puerile puppet-ſhows are ſinking into diſuſe, and more manly ways of concluding our repaſts are eſtabliſhed. Gigantic figures ſucceed to pigmies; and if the preſent taſte continues, Ryſbrack and other neglected ſtatuaries, who might have adorned Grecian ſalons, though not Grecian deſſerts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated ‡ confectioner (ſo the architects of our deſſerts ſtill humbly call themſelves) complained, that after having prepared a middle diſh of gods and goddeſſes eighteen feet high, his lord would not cauſe the ceiling of his parlour to be demoliſhed to facilitate their entrée: "*Imaginez-vous*, ſaid he, *que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*"

I ſhall mention but two inſtances of glorious magnificence and taſte in deſſerts, in which foreigners have ſurpaſſed any thing yet performed in this ſumptuous iſland. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who, ſo long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a deſſert, in which was a repreſentation of mount Ætna, which vomited out real fireworks over the heads of the com-

* The French ambaſſador, the duke de Mirepoix, gave a deſſert in which was the ſtory of Perſeus and Andromeda; the ſea was ſilver tiſſue covered with barley-ſugar.

† A famous French cook, who lived with the duke of Newcaſtle.

‡ Lord Albemarle's.

pany

pany during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, among many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moving by clockwork, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JULIO.

The

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VIII. *Thurſday, February* 22, 1753.

*Date obolum Beliſario.*

A Philoſopher, as I am, who contemplates the world with ſerious reflection, will be ſtruck with nothing in it more than its viciſſitudes. If he has lived any time, he muſt have had ample opportunities of exerciſing his meditation on the vanity of all ſublunary conditions. The change of empires, the fall of miniſters, the exaltation of obſcure perſons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the firſt paſſages in hiſtory which made an impreſſion upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionyſius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach ſchool at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cauſe of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppreſſion, and to be taught to know one's ſelf), I could not help feeling that ſort of ſuperſtitious pity which attends royalty in diſtreſs. Who ever peruſed the ſtories of Edward the ſecond, Richard the ſecond, or Charles the firſt, but forgot their exceſſes, and ſighed for their cataſtrophe? In this free-ſpirited iſland there are not more hands ready to puniſh tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common caſe: we are Romans in reſiſting oppreſſion, very women in lamenting oppreſſors!

If (and I think it cannot be conteſted) there is generoſity in theſe ſenſations, ought we not doubly to feel ſuch emotions, in caſes where regal virtue is become the ſport of fortune? This iſland ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majeſty, as it has been the ſcourge of offending majeſty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an aſylum for the martyrs of ſo bad a cauſe, Britain ought to ſhelter ſuch princes as have been victims for liberty—whenever ſo great a curioſity is ſeen, as a prince contending on the honeſt ſide.

How muſt I bluſh then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch, an unhappy monarch! now actually ſuffered to languiſh for debt in one of the common priſons of this city!—a monarch, whoſe courage raiſed him to a throne, not by a ſucceſſion of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon reſolution of determining to be free! This prince is THEODORE king of Corſica! a man, whoſe claim to royalty is as indiſputable as the moſt ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his ſubjects: the only kind of title allowed in the excellent *gothic* conſtitutions, from whence we derive our own; the ſame kind of title which endears the preſent royal family to Engliſhmen; and the only kind of title againſt which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince (on whoſe hiſtory I ſhall not at preſent enlarge), after having bravely expoſed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his ſubjects, miſcarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he ſtruggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or ſolicitation of ſuccours could attempt, to recover his crown. At laſt, when he had diſcharged his duty to his ſubjects and himſelf, he choſe this country for his retirement—not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious eaſe, but to enjoy the participation of thoſe bleſſings which he had ſo vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corſicans. Here for ſome months he bore with more philoſophic dignity the loſs of his crown, than Charles the fifth, Caſimir of Poland, or any of thoſe viſionaries, who wantonly reſigned theirs to partake the ſluggiſh indolence, and at length the diſquiets, of a cloiſter. THEODORE, though reſigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almoſt lifted our James the ſecond to the ſupreme honour of monkiſh ſainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his

courtiers at St. Germain, he wiſhed for a ſpeedy peace between France and Great Britain; "for then," ſaid he, "we ſhall get Engliſh horſes eaſily."

The veracity of an hiſtorian obliges me not to diſguiſe the bad ſituation of his Corſican majeſty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a priſoner for debt in the King's-Bench: and ſo cruelly has Fortune exerciſed her rigours upon him, that laſt ſeſſion of parliament he was examined before a committee of the houſe of commons, on the hardſhips to which the priſoners in that gaol had been ſubject. Yet let not ill-nature make ſport with theſe misfortunes! His majeſty had nothing to bluſh at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his diſtreſſes. The debts on his civil liſt were owing to no miſapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his miniſters, no indulgence to favourites or miſtreſſes. His diet was philoſophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor could not continue to ſupply an eſtabliſhment, which had no demeſnes to ſupport it, no taxes to maintain it, no exciſes, no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A nation ſo generous, ſo renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cauſe of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this diſtreſſed king, to grant him its protection and compaſſion. If political reaſons forbid the open eſpouſal of his cauſe, pity commands the aſſiſtance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at preſent that our gallant youth ſhould offer themſelves as volunteers in his ſervice, nor do I expect to have a ſmall fleet fitted out at the expence of particular perſons to convey him and his hopes to Corſica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majeſty to accept ſuch a ſupply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raiſing a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age, nor would Aſiatic monarchs have bluſhed to receive a tribute from the united efforts of genius and art. Let it be ſaid, that the ſame humane and polite age raiſed a monument to Shakeſpeare, a fortune for Milton's * grand-daughter, and a ſubſidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute

* Comus was acted at Drury-lane, April 5, 1750, for the benefit of Mrs. Foſter, Milton's only ſurviving deſcendant.

their parts. The incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-dethroned Lear (a play which from some similitude of circumstances I should recommend for the benefit) will, I dare to say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le Grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's-Bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity to king THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the third's treatment of king John of France!

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty is opened at Tully's head in Pall-mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay their contributions to Robert Dodsley, who is appointed high-treasurer and grand-librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts, which, give me leave to say, Mr. Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles:

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have been lord treas'rer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partisans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed small and inconsiderable; yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their conviction. Let them but consider, that though THEODORE had such a flaw (in their estimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn king THEODORE's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded * sir Robert Filmer:—at the same

* Author of the Patriarchal Scheme, refuted by Mr. Locke.

time declaring by my cenſorial authority all perſons Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the uſe of his majeſty of Corſica: and I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William to ſee my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to ſet an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch whoſe cauſe I have eſpouſed, and whoſe deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

*N. B.* Two pieces of king THEODORE's coin*, ſtruck during his reign, are in the hands of the high-treaſurer aforeſaid, and will be ſhown by the proper officer of the exchequer of Corſica, during the time the ſubſcription continues open at Tully's head above mentioned. They are very great curioſities, and not to be met with in the moſt celebrated collections in this kingdom.

* Theſe coins are rudely executed on copper. The legend round the reverſe ſeems to have been, RE PER IL BONO PUBLICO. The other piece is the half of this.



*As a* SUPPLEMENT *to the foregoing Paper, the following Particulars will not be improper.*

THEODORE ANTONY BARON NEWHOFF, more remarkable for being the only one of his profeſſion [of adventurers] who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corſica, was born at Metz about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, ſcrapes, and eſcapes, in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and loſt a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1737. I ſaw him ſoon after his laſt arrival: he was a comely middle-ſized man, very reſerved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the loweſt ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the loweſt ſhifts of his induſtry: an inſtance of the former appeared during his laſt reſidence at Florence, where being reduced to extreme poverty, ſome Engliſh gentlemen made a collection for and carried to him. Being appriſed of their coming, and having only one chamber in a little miſerable lodging, he ſqueezed his bed to one ſide, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he ſat to receive the charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for ſome time received benefactions from the earl of Granville, the counteſs of Yarmouth, and others, and after being arreſted, ſome merchants in the city promoted a ſubſcription for him; but he played ſo many tricks, and counterfeited ſo many bonds and debts, that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when the preceding paper was publiſhed for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raiſed by it and ſent to his priſon: he pretended to be much diſappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he ſaid, amounted to £.1500. He ſent in a few days to Mr. Dodſley, the publiſher of The World, to deſire the ſubſcription might be opened again; which being denied, he ſent a lawyer to Mr. Dodſley to threaten to proſecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented ſeveral contributions.—

"Precibuſque minas Regaliter addit." OVID.

In

In May 1756, this extraordinary event happened: THEODORE, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the act of insolvency, and printed the following petition in the Public Advertiser:

"*An Addreſs to the* Nobility *and* Gentry *of* Great-Britain, *in the Behalf of* THEODORE BARON DE NEWHOFF:

THE baron through a long impriſonment being reduced to very great extremities, his caſe is earneſtly recommended for a contribution to be raiſed, to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his liberty by the late act of parliament. In the late war in Italy the baron gave manifeſt proofs of his affection for England; and as the motives of his coming here are ſo well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to aſſiſt a brave though unfortunate man, who wiſhes to have an opportunity of teſtifying his gratitude to the Britiſh nation.

Thoſe who are pleaſed to contribute on this occaſion, are deſired to depoſit their benefactions in the hands of ſir Charles Aſgyll, alderman, and company, bankers in Lombard-ſtreet, or with meſſieurs Campbell and Coutts, bankers in the Strand."

THEODORE however remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portugueſe miniſter's in Audley-ſtreet; but not finding him at home, the baron prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a taylor's in Chapel-ſtreet, Soho, who having formerly known him, and pitying his diſtreſs, harboured him in his houſe. THEODORE fell ill there the next day, and, dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of ſaint Anne in that pariſh.

A ſtrong peculiarity of circumſtances accompanied him to the laſt: his manner of obtaining his liberty was not ſo extraordinary as what attended *it*. Going to Guild-hall to demand the benefit of the act, he was aſked, "What effects he had?" He anſwered, "Nothing but the kingdom of Corſica." It was accordingly regiſtered for the benefit of his creditors.

So ſingular a deſtiny was thought worthy of a memorial, that might point out the chief adventures and even the place of interment of this remarkable perſonage.

perſonage. The author of this memoir erected a marble near his grave, with a crown, taken from one of his coins, and with this inſcription:

Near this PLACE is interred

# Theodore King of Corſica,

Who died in this PARISH, December 11, 1756,

Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench-Priſon

By the Benefit of the Act of Inſolvency;

In Conſequence of which HE Regiſtered

# His Kingdom of Corſica

For the USE of his CREDITORS.

The GRAVE, great Teacher, to a Level brings
Heroes and Beggars, Galley-ſlaves and Kings.
But THEODORE this Moral learn'd, ere dead;
FATE pour'd its Leſſons on his *living* Head,
Beſtow'd a KINGDOM, and deny'd him BREAD.

The

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. X. *Thurſday, March* 8, 1753.

THE great men, who introduced the reformation into theſe kingdoms, were ſo ſenſible of the neceſſity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by ſome external objects, by ſomewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of viſionary ſaints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preſerved the holy feſtivals, which had been conſecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid obſervance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the diſcretion of the almanack.

The Fanatics in the reign of Charles the firſt loudly condemned the retention of this practice, and were ſuch ſucceſsful preachers, as to procure obedience to the doctrines they taught; that is, they infuſed greater bigotry into their congregations againſt rules, than the warmeſt enthuſiaſts of former times had been able to propagate for the obſervation of times and ſeaſons. But as moſt contradictions run into extremes, it muſt be allowed that the Preſbyterians ſoon grew as ſuperſtitious as the moſt high-flown zealots of the Eſtabliſhed Church. King James the firſt had endeavoured to turn Sunday into a weekly wake by the book of Sports: the Preſbyterians uſed it often for a faſt-day *. In the court of king Charles, Chriſtmas was a ſeaſon of

* One of Dr. Calamy's faſt-ſermons was preached on Chriſtmas-day, 1644, before the houſe of lords.

maſques

maſques and revels: under the Covenant it was ſtill a maſquerading time; for devotion may be as much diſguiſed by hypocritic ſorrow and ſackcloth, as by painted vizors and harlequin jackets.

In ſo enlightened an age as the preſent, I ſhall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the obſervation of certain feſtivals is ſomething more than a mere political inſtitution. I cannot however help thinking that even nature itſelf concurs to confirm my ſentiment. Philoſophers and free-thinkers tell us that a general ſyſtem was laid down at firſt, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any ſubſequent events, or to favour and authorize any human inſtitutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great diſguſt of many worthy perſons who urged how great the harmony was in the old eſtabliſhment between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them ſo), and what a confuſion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for inſtance, was not to be celebrated when ſtubble geeſe are in their higheſt perfection; it was replied, that ſuch a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be loſt of itſelf, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were ſuffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce ſuch a variation, that we ſhould be mourning for good king Charles on a falſe thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our anceſtors uſed to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park in honour of Whitſuntide; and at length be chooſing king and queen for twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London Prentice at Bartholomew-fair.

Cogent as theſe reaſons may ſeem, yet I think I can confute them from the teſtimony of a ſtanding miracle, which, not having ſubmitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be ſaid to put a ſupernatural negative on the wiſdom of this world. My readers no doubt are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glaſtonbury*, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popiſh impoſture, has notably exerted itſelf as the moſt proteſtant plant in the univerſe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by pope Gregory the thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper ſpirit of oppoſition adhered to the

* A very ſenſible ſermon was publiſhed on this occaſion, without a name; it having been pretended that the Glaſtonbury thorn blew on the old Chriſtmas. Several advertiſements were printed pro & con.

old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a papist. * Near two years ago the popish calendar was brought in; (I hope by persons well-affected!) certain it is that the Glastonbury thorn has preserved its † *inflexibility*, and observed its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas-day—Not a bud was to be seen!—On the true Nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted (and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations), instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvy by fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somersetshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury thorn should blow.

Many inconveniencies, to be sure, would follow from this system; but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniencies should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day: and consequently the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that: but it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day, when the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be heresy.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms, that such an infatuation attends the first day of that month, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchemists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

* This bill was brought in by lord Chesterfield and lord Macclesfield, the latter of whom published his speech on that occasion.

† This alludes to sir George Vandeput, candidate for Westminster, who advertised this year, That he would persist *inflexibly* in the part he had taken, but in two days gave up the election.

What confuſion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are diſappointed of their peculiar holiday! The country was formerly diſturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Eaſter: and no wiſe man will tell me, that it is not as reaſonable to fall out for the obſervance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits ariſing from a regulated calendar make amends for an occaſion of new ſects? How many warm men may reſent an attempt to play them off on a falſe firſt of April, who would have ſubmitted to the cuſtom of being made fools on the old computation! If our clergy come to be divided about folly's anniverſary, we may well expect all the miſchiefs attendant on religious wars; and we ſhall have reaſon to wiſh that the Glaſtonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Chriſtmas.

Prudentius * was ſo great a zealot for the obſervation of certain feſtivals, as to believe that the very damned have a holiday, or remiſſion from their torments, on the anniverſary of the Reſurrection. I will not ſay that we ought to follow *their* reckoning, nor ſhall I defend the orthodoxy of the tenet. I only mention it to ſhow how many intereſts may be affected by this regulation, and how impoſſible it is to make adequate proviſions againſt all the unforeſeen miſchiefs that may enſue from diſturbing the eſtabliſhed computation.

There are many other inconveniencies, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with thoſe I have mentioned. I ſhall only hint at a whole ſyſtem overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no proviſion, that I have heard of, made by the legiſlature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which beſtows ſuch ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is aſtoniſhing that the late act of parliament ſhould have overlooked that uſeful branch of our poetry, which conſiſts in couplets, ſaws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and ſeaſons. Why was not a new ſet of diſtichs provided by the late reformers? or at leaſt a clauſe inſerted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or ſome beneficed genius, to prepare and new-caſt the eſtabliſhed rhymes for public uſe? Were our aſtronomers ſo ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would ſerve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that † ſaint Swithin would ac-

* A chriſtian poet.

† There is a vulgar notion, that if it rains on ſaint Swithin's-day O. S. it will rain for forty ſubſequent days.

commodate

commodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculations? Who that hears the following verſes, but muſt grieve for the ſhepherd and huſbandman, who may have all their prognoſtics confounded, and be at a loſs to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient ſages ſung,

"If ſaint Paul be fair and clear,
"Then will betide a happy year;
"But if it either ſnow or rain,
"Then will be dear all kinds of grain:
"And if the wind doth blow aloft,
"Then wars will vex the realm full oft."

I have declared againſt meddling with politics, and therefore ſhall ſay nothing of the important hints contained in the laſt lines: yet if * certain ill-boding appearances abroad ſhould have an ugly end, I cannot help ſaying that I ſhall aſcribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled aſleep by reſting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended converſion of ſaint Paul; whereas it was very bluſtering on that feſtival, according to the good old account, as I honeſtly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great miniſter of ſtate, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day: I muſt entreat my readers and admirers to be very particular in their obſervations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will tranſmit to me, or my ſecretary Mr. Dodſley, a faithful and atteſted account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of thoſe days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miſcarry in attempts to ſurpriſe, or baffle any ſnares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the ſide of the old firſt of April; nay, I much queſtion whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the falſe April-fool-day. I ſhould take it very kind, if any of my friends who may happen to be ſharpers, would try their ſucceſs on the fictitious feſtival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myſelf that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to diſcountenance good old practices and venerable ſuperſtitions.

* Alludes to the ſtoppage of the payment on the Sileſian loan, by the king of Pruſſia.

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XIV. *Thurſday, April* 5, 1753.

I DO not doubt but it is already obſerved that I write fewer letters to myſelf than any of my predeceſſors. It is not from being leſs acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myſelf as ſuperior to ſuch little arts of fame. Compliments, which I ſhould be obliged to ſhroud under the name of a third perſon, have very little reliſh for me. If I am not conſiderable enough to pronounce *ex cathedrâ* that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies and decide upon the cuſtoms of the world with more wit, humour, learning and taſte, than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the ſcheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not the moſt ſelf-ſufficient perſon alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, ſubmit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops and patches to the Spectator, but becauſe he pronounced himſelf the beſt critic in faſhions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftſman, but becauſe Caleb d'Anvers aſſured them that he underſtood the maxims of government and the conſtitution of his country better than any miniſter or patriot of the time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I ſcorn to taſte the ſatisfaction of praiſe from my own pen—and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any ſpecies of writing of which I am not perfect maſter, it is the epiſtolary. My deficience in this particular is happily common to me with the greateſt men: I can even go farther, and declare that it is the fair part of the creation which excells in that province. Eaſe without affectation, the politeſt expreſſion, the happieſt art of telling news or trifles, the moſt engaging turns of ſenti-

ment or paſſion, are frequently found in letters from women who have lived in a ſphere at all above the vulgar; while, on the other ſide, orators write affectedly, miniſters obſcurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and ſoldiers tolerably, when they can ſpell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloiſa, becauſe one would not have one's daughter feel what ſhe felt; yet who ever wrote ſo movingly, ſo to the heart? The amiable madame de Sevigné is the ſtandard of eaſy engaging writing: to call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of marſhal Turenne: ſome little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramſay's life of that hero, give a ſtronger picture of him than the hiſtorian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this fair one's epiſtles are liable to any cenſure, it is for a fault in which ſhe is not likely to be often imitated, the exceſs of tenderneſs for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a perſon of the ſame ſex: Lucretia Gonzaga * was ſo celebrated for the eloquence of her letters and the purity of their ſtyle, that the very notes to her ſervants were collected and publiſhed. I have never read the collection: one or two billets that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of madame de Sevigné. In one to her footman the ſignora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy her houſekeeper; and in another addreſſed to the ſame Mrs. Lucy, ſhe ſays, "If Livia will not be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her till her fleſh be black and blue, and the blood run down to her heels." To be ſure, this ſounds a little oddly to Engliſh ears, but may be very elegant when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy perſons have laid down rules for the compoſition of letters, but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of thoſe books (it was written by a German) there was a ſtrict injunction not to mention yourſelf before you had introduced the perſon of your correſpondent; that is, you muſt never uſe the monoſyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have ſtated expreſſions to be uſed to different ranks of men, and know exactly when to ſubſcribe themſelves the devoted or the moſt devoted ſlave of the illuſtrious or moſt eminent perſon to whom they have the honour to write.

* See her article in the General Dictionary.

It

It is true, in that country they have ſo clogged correſpondence with forms and civilities, that they ſeldom make uſe of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many inſtances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our ſex, I ſhall ſelect two, which are very ſingular in their kind. The compariſon, to be ſure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention ſome particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal leſs abſurdity, than ſeem to have met in one head, which had ſeen ſo much of the world, which pretended ſo much to literature, and which had worn ſo long one of the firſt crowns in Europe. This perſonage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfather of Charles the fifth. His reign was long, ſometimes ſhining, often unproſperous, very often ignominious. His fickleneſs, prodigality and indigence were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-danari*, or the *Pennyleſs*; a quality not more habitual to him than his propenſity to repair his ſhattered fortunes by the moſt unbecoming means. He ſerved under our Henry the eighth, as a common ſoldier, at the ſiege of Terouenne for an hundred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attempt againſt Piſa, and bribed to give it over. In ſhort, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty without firſt offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be deſcribed by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be deſcribed at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verſe. There was another book of his compoſition in a different way, which does not reflect much more luſtre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *Livre rouge*, and was a regiſter of ſeventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the firſt opportunity. After a variety of ſhifts, breach of promiſes, alliances and treaties, he almoſt duped his vain cotemporary Henry the eighth, with a propoſal of reſigning the empire to him, while himſelf was meditating, what he thought, an acceſſion of dignity even to the imperial diadem: in ſhort, in the latter part of his life Maximilian took it into his head to canvaſs for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compaſs this object of his ambition: one, and not the leaſt ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition he really aſſumed

the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the ſovereignty of the Chriſtian Church. Money he knew was the ſureſt method, but the leaſt at his command: it was to procure a ſupply of that neceſſary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret *, ducheſs dowager of Savoy, and governeſs of the Netherlands.

"TRES chiere & tres ameè fylle, jè entendu l'avis que vous m'avez donnè par Guyllain Pingun notre garderobes, dont avons encore mieux pensè. Et ne trouvons point pour nulle reſun bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, maes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation & volontè de jamês plus hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Monſr. de Gurce Eveſque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachon que nous puyſſuns accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que apres ſa mort pouruns eſtre aſſurè de avoer le papat, & devenir preſter, & apres eſtre ſaint, & que yl vous ſera de neceſſitè que apres ma mort vous ſerès contraint de me adorer, dont je me troverè bien glorioes. Je envoye ſur ce ung poſte devers le roy d'Arogon pour ly prier qu'y nous voulle ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il eſt auſſy content, moynant que je reſigne l'empir à noſtre comun fyls Charles, de ſela auſſy je me ſuys contentè. Je commance auſſy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand ſervice, aveque la partialitè qui eſt deja entre eos. Le roy d'Arogon à mandè à ſon ambaxadeur que yl veulent favouryſer le papat à nous. Je vous prie, tenès cette materre empu ſecret, oſſi bien en brieff jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le ſache, car bien mal eſti poſſible de pratiker ung tel ſy grand matere ſecretement, pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens & de argent, ſuccurs & pratike, & a Diù, faet de la main de votre bon pere Maximilianus futur pape, le XVIII jour de Setembre. Le papa a encor les vyevers dubls, & ne peult longement fyvre."

* This princeſs had been eſpouſed in her nonage to Charles the eighth, but before conſummation was ſent back to her father. She was next contracted to the prince of Spain; but being in a great ſtorm at ſea in her paſſage to her bridegroom, ſhe, according to the cuſtom of that age, tied her chief jewels to her arm, that her body, if found, might be known; and with great tranquillity compoſed and faſtened with them the following diſtich:

"Cy giſt Margole, noble Demoiſelle,
"Deux fois mariée, & morte Pucelle."

However, ſhe eſcaped, and lived to have two real huſbands, the prince above mentioned, and the duke of Savoy.

This

This curious piece, which it is impoſſible to tranſlate (for what language can give an adequate idea of very bad old German French?) is to be found in the fourth volume of Letters of Louis the twelfth, printed at Bruſſels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be ſufficient to inform ſuch of my readers as do not underſtand French, that his imperial majeſty acquaints his beloved daughter that he deſigns never to frequent naked women any more, but to uſe all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn prieſt, and at length become a ſaint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he ſhall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expreſſes great want of two or three hundred thouſand ducats to facilitate the buſineſs, which he deſires may be kept very ſecret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with ſigning himſelf *future Pope*.

As a contraſt to this ſcrap of imperial folly, I ſhall preſent my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorſet and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom ſhe wrote) and heireſs of the great houſe of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reverſions, ſhe enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joſeph Williamſon, ſecretary of ſtate to Charles the ſecond, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave counteſs, with all the ſpirit of her anceſtors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic anſwer.

"I Have been bullied by an Uſurper, I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a Subject; your man ſha'n't ſtand.

ANNE DORSET,
PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY."

The

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XXVIII. *Thurſday, July* 12, 1753.

———*Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt*
*Vera bona, atque illis multùm diverſa.*— JUV.

IT is a common obſervation, that though happineſs is every man's aim, and though it is generally purſued by a gratification of the predominant paſſion, yet few have acuteneſs enough to diſcover the points which would effectually procure the long-ſought end. One cannot but wonder that ſuch intenſe application as moſt of us beſtow on the cultivation of our favourite deſires, ſhould yet leave us ignorant of the moſt eſſential objects of our ſtudy. For my part, I was ſo early convinced of the truth of what I have aſſerted, that inſtead of ſearching for what would contribute moſt to my own happineſs, I have ſpent great part of my life in the ſtudy of what may extend the enjoyment of others. That knowledge I flatter myſelf I have diſcovered, and ſhall now diſcloſe to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will aſcertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart ſo great (though ſo often revealed) a ſecret, as that it is religion or virtue: few would believe me; fewer would try the recipe. In ſpite of the philoſophy of the age, in ſpite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto moſt ſanctimoniouſly obſerved, I muſt avow my perſuaſion, that the ſenſual pleaſure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only ſpecific for removing the anxieties of our own paſſions, or for ſupporting the injuries and iniquities which we ſuffer from thoſe of other men.

"Well! (ſhall I be told) and is this your admirable diſcovery? Is this the ARCANUM that has eſcaped the penetration of all enquirers in all ages? What other doctrine has been taught by the moſt ſenſible philoſophers? Was not this the text of the ſermons of EPICURUS? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced ALCIBIADES? What other were the tenets of the ſage lord ROCHESTER, or of the miſſionary *Saint* EVREMONT?" —It is very true; and a thouſand other founders of ſects, nay of religious orders, have taught—or at leaſt practiſed—the ſame doctrines. But I pretend to introduce ſuch refinements into the ſyſtem of ſenſuality, as ſhall vindicate the diſcovery to myſelf, and throw at a diſtance the minute philoſophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only ſerved to lead the world aſtray.

Hear then in one word the myſterious precept! "*Young* women are *not* the proper objects of ſenſual love: it is the MATRON, the HOARY FAIR, who can give, communicate, inſure happineſs." I might enumerate a thouſand reaſons to enforce my doctrine, as the ficklenеſs of youth, the caprices of beauty and its tranſient ſtate, the jealouſy from rivals, the diſtraction from having children, the important avocations of dreſs, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her ſentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thouſand reaſons, I ſhall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happineſs which has attended ſuch diſcreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient ſhrines; and I ſhall clearly demonſtrate by precedents, that ſeveral ladies *in the bloom of their wrinkles* have inſpired more laſting and more fervent paſſions, than the greateſt beauties who had ſcarce loſt ſight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the preſent hour will forgive a preference which is the reſult of deep meditation, great reading, and ſtrict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can ſcarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or ſixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more, than they do twenty now; a ſenſation of happineſs, which they will find increaſe as they advance in years. I cannot but obſerve with pleaſure that the legiſlature itſelf ſeems to coincide * with my way of

* This alludes to the marriage-act paſſed at the concluſion of the preceding ſeſſion.

thinking,

thinking, and has very prudently enacted that young ladies ſhall not enter ſo early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the ſerious duties which belong to an union of hearts:—a ſentiment, which indeed our laws ſeem always to have had in view; for, unleſs there was implanted in our natures a ſtrong temptation towards the love of ELDERLY women, why ſhould the very firſt prohibition in the table of conſanguinity forbid a man to marry his GRAND-MOTHER?

The firſt heroine we read of, whoſe charms were proof againſt the injuries of time, was the accompliſhed SARAH: I think the moſt moderate computations make her to be ninety when that wanton monarch ABIMELECH would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtleſs the obſervance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidneſs of it rather exempts her from, than expoſes her as an object of my doctrine, I ſhall ſay no more of that lady: eſpecially, as her being obliged to wear a ſack to hide a big-belly at a very unſeaſonable age, claſhes with one of my ſtanding arguments for the love of ELDERLY WOMEN.

HELEN, the beautiful HELEN, if there is any truſting to claſſic pariſh-regiſters, was fourſcore when PARIS ſtole her; and though the war laſted ten years after that on her account, monſieur Homer, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having ſhowed the leaſt decay of paſſion or ſymptom of inconſtancy: a fidelity, which in all probability was at leaſt as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleaſure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlaſting lilies and roſes of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, eſpecially in heroic minds, does not increaſe rather than abate the ſentimental flame. The great ELIZABETH, whoſe paſſion for the unfortunate earl of Eſſex is juſtly a favourite topic with all who delight in romantic hiſtory, was full ſixty-eight when ſhe condemned her lover to death for ſlighting her endearments. And, if I might inſtance in our own ſex, the charming, the meritorious ANTONY was not far from ſeventy before he had ſo much taſte as to ſacrifice the meaner paſſion of ambition, nay the world itſelf, to love.

But it is France, that kingdom ſo exquiſitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happineſs, as well as their other

diſcoveries in pleaſure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though paſt her grand climacteric, may be but juſt touching the meridian of her charms. HENRY the ſecond and LOUIS the fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the paſſions they ſo long felt for the ducheſs of VALENTINOIS and madame de MAINTENON. The former, in the heat of youth and proſpect of empire, became a ſlave to the reſpectable attractions of DIANA DE POITIERS, many years after his injudicious * father had quitted the poſſeſſion of her, on the ſilly apprehenſion that ſhe was growing old: and to the laſt moment of his life and reign, HENRY was a conſtant, jealous adorer of her ſtill ripening charms. When the age was over-run with aſtrology, ſuperſtition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, king HENRY ſtill idolized a woman, who had not only married her † grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the deſcription of ſorcery: ſo little do the vulgar diſtinguiſh between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The paſſion of the other monarch was no leſs remarkable. That hero, who had gained ſo many battles by proxy, had preſided in perſon at ſo many tournaments, had raiſed ſuch water-works, and ſhed ſuch ſtreams of heretic blood, and, which was ſtill more glorious, had enjoyed ſo many of the fineſt women in Europe, was at laſt captivated by an old governante, and ſighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable miſtreſs as ſhe worked at her tent with ſpectacles. If LOUIS LE GRAND was not a judge of pleaſure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I ſhall cloſe my catalogue of ancient miſtreſſes with the renowned NINON L'ENCLOS, a lady whoſe life alone is ſufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmoſt force. I ſhall ſay nothing of her numerous conqueſts for the firſt half of her life: ſhe had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract ſilly admirers. It was not till her fifty-ſixth year that her ſuperior merit diſtinguiſhed itſelf; and from that to her ninetieth ſhe went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that ſhe did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains!—It was in her fifty-ſixth year that the chevalier

* Francis the firſt. It is ſaid that the father of Diana de Poitiers being condemned to death, his daughter obtained not only his pardon, but the affection of that prince. However, he quitted her for the ducheſſe d'Eſtampes.

† Mademoiſelle de la Mark.

de VILLIERS, a natural ſon whom ſhe had had by the comte de Gerzé, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He ſaw his mother; he fell in love with her. The increaſe, the vehemence of his paſſion gave the greateſt diſquiets to the affectionate matron. At laſt, when nothing but a diſcovery of the truth could put a ſtop, as ſhe thought, to the impetuoſity of his attempts, ſhe carried him into her bed-chamber.—Here my readers will eaſily conceive the tranſports of a young lover, juſt on the brink of happineſs with a charming miſtreſs of near three-ſcore!—As the adventurous youth would have puſhed his enterpriſes, ſhe checked him, and, pointing to a clock, ſaid, "Raſh boy, look there! At that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of you in this very bed!" It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abaſhed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his ſword. This cataſtrophe had like to have deprived the age of the moſt accompliſhed miſtreſs that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would liſten to any addreſſes of a tender nature. At length the polite abbé de GEDOYN preſſed and obtained an aſſignation. He came and found the enchanting NINON lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the moſt gallant diſhabille; and, what was ſtill more delightful, diſpoſed to indulge his utmoſt wiſhes. After the moſt charming endearments, he aſked her—but with the greateſt reſpect—Why ſhe had ſo long deferred the completion of his happineſs? "Why," replied ſhe, "I muſt confeſs it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myſelf upon having a lover at paſt FOURSCORE, and it was but yeſterday that I was EIGHTY complete."

The

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. CIII. *Thurſday, December* 19, 1754.

I AM never better pleaſed than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country: at the ſame time, I would not endeavour to defend it prepoſterouſly, nor to contradict the eyes, the ſenſes of mankind, out of ſtark good patriotiſm. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world neceſſarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate ſo powerfully on conſtitutions, as to preſerve the ſame character perpetually to the ſame nations. I do not doubt but in ſome age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimſical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour iſlanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the preciſion with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are ſo bigoted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their compoſition with encomiums to our good-nature, our bravery, and our hoſpitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little reſemblance to the modern characteriſtics of the nation. Our good-nature was neceſſarily ſoured by the ſpirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that reſtrained prize-fighting; and hoſpitality is totally impracticable, ſince a much more laudable cuſtom has been introduced, and prevailed univerſally, of paying the ſervants of other people much more than their maſter's dinner coſt. Yet we ſhall always have virtues ſufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics: and if ſome of our more heroic qualities are grown obſolete, others of a gentler caſt, and better calculated for the happineſs

of

of ſociety, have grown up and diffuſed themſelves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite: while we feaſted half a dozen wapentakes with ſurloins of beef, and ſheep roaſted whole, we could not attend to the mechaniſm of a plate, no bigger than a crown piece, *loaded* with the legs of canary birds dreſſed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody ſtart at my calling this a polite nation. It ſhall be the buſineſs of this paper to prove that we are the moſt polite nation in Europe; and that France muſt yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring inſtance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeneſs, the impertinent ſpirit of their parliaments, which, though couched in very civilly-worded remonſtrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and croſſed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themſelves upon complaiſance and attentions.—But I abominate politics, and, when I am writing in defence of politeneſs, ſhall certainly not blend ſo coarſe a ſubject with ſo civil a theme.

It is not virtue that conſtitutes the politeneſs of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a ſyſtem that does not ſhock ſociety. "POLITENESS (as I underſtand the word) is an univerſal deſire of pleaſing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one's intercourſe with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by eaſe without brutality, by complaiſance without flattery, by acquieſcence without ſincerity." A clergyman who puts his patron into a ſweat by driving him round the room till he has found the cooleſt place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while ſhe ſhould perform the refreſhing office in next room; I ſhould think ſhe is not polite. When Boncœur ſhivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raiſe reluctant plantations, and yet profeſſes that only ſome of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry ſeaſon; he is not polite: he is more—he is kind. When Sophia is really pleaſed with the ſtench of a kennel, becauſe her huſband likes that ſhe ſhould go and look at a favourite litter; ſhe muſt not pretend to politeneſs—ſhe is only a good wife. If this definition and theſe inſtances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the moſt extenſive renown for politeneſs, had any pretenſions to it. The Greeks called all the reſt of the world barbarians:

the

the Romans went ſtill farther, and treated them as ſuch. Alexander, the beſt-bred hero among the former, I muſt own, was polite, and ſhowed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I queſtion, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princeſs Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. For the Romans; ſo far from having had any notion of treating foreigners with regard, there is not one claſſic author that mentions a ſingle ball or maſquerade given to any ſtranger of diſtinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the firſt faſhion of other countries, in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their ſhopkeepers and 'prentices:—a practice that we ſhould look upon with horror! What would *The Examiner* have ſaid, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marſhal Tallard to Saint Paul's or the Royal Exchange behind his chariot? How deſervedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marſhal Belleiſle pace along the kennel in Fleet-ſtreet, or up Holborn, while ſome of our miniſters or generals called it an OVATION!

The French, who attempt to ſucceed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have ſucceeded them in politeneſs, have adopted the ſame way of thinking, though ſo contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Engliſhman or a German ever ſees a ſuit of clothes till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a ſoupe at London: and are ſo confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that, with the greateſt complaiſance in the world, they affirm to you, That they ſuppoſe your dukes and ducheſſes live in caves, with only the property of wider foreſts than ordinary; and that *les milords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw fleſh, and ride races without breeches or ſaddles. At their houſes, they receive you with wonder that ſhocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themſelves to the torture of converſing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dreſs like a ſenſible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourſelf like a chriſtian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! How open our houſes to their nobility, our purſes to their tradeſmen! But without drawing antitheſes between our politeneſs and their ill-breeding, I ſhall produce an inſtance in which we have puſhed our refinements *on the duties of ſociety*, beyond what the moſt civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in

common intercourſe, but our very crimes are tranſacted with ſuch a ſoftneſs of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are ſure never to *affront* your neighbour. The inſtance I mean, is the extreme good-breeding which has been introduced into the ſcience of robbery, which (conſidering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuiſance to ſociety, if the profeſſors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which had already got an eſtabliſhed footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all manner of attention *not to frighten the ladies*; and none of the great Mr. * Naſh's laws are more ſacred, than that of reſtoring any favourite bawble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth have leſs of the *ſçavoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has leſs *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. They take your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guêt, a ſevere police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troubleſome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that ſome of our lateſt imported young gentlemen affirm that the ſieur Mandrin †, the terror of the eaſtern provinces, learned to dance of Marſeille himſelf, and has frequently ſupped with the incomparable Jelliot‡. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I ſhall forbear to rank him with the *petit-maîtres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the politeſſe of the latter! Mrs. § Chenevix has not more inſinuation when ſhe ſells a ſnuff-box of *papier-maché*, or a bergamot toothpick-caſe, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings nor bank-bills.

An ‖ acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near ſhot through the head by the going off of the piſtol of the accompliſhed M'LEAN; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greateſt good-breeding on both ſides. The robber, who had only taken a purſe *this way*, becauſe he had that morning been diſappointed of marrying a great fortune, no

* A remarkable perſon, who for a great number of years preſided as maſter of the ceremonies at Bath and Tunbridge.

† A famous French ſmuggler.

‡ A ſinger in the opera at Paris.

§ A faſhionable toy woman.

‖ The author himſelf.

ſooner returned to his lodgings, than he ſent the gentleman two letters of excuſes, which, with leſs wit than the epiſtles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and eaſy politeneſs in the turn of their expreſſion. In the poſt-ſcript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchaſe again* any trifles he had loſt; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it ſeemed liable to be conſtrued by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the ſatisfaction in his power, for having *unluckily* been near ſhooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the Engliſh, who ſeem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to underſtand robbing on the highway, ſhould at the ſame time have been ſo barbarous, as to eſteem poverty, black-broth and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of faſhion, till we had exploded plum-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road, who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT WORLD, none ſeem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS ſo far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the name of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined perſon made it a rule to rob none but *people he viſited*; and whenever he deſigned an impromptu of that kind, dreſſed himſelf in a rich ſuit, went to the * lady's houſe, aſked for her, and, not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after enquiring which way ſhe was gone. He then followed, or met her, on her way home; *propoſed* his demands, which were generally for ſome favourite ring or ſnuff-box that he had ſeen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her ſake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without ſcampering away, as *other* men of faſhion do from a viſit with really the appearance of having ſtolen ſomething.

As I do not doubt but ſuch of my fair readers, as propoſe *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to ſend this charming ſmuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their aſſemblies, I am ſorry to tell them that he was hanged laſt week.

* This happened to Mrs. Cavendiſh at Thiſtleworth.

The

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. CLX. *Thurſday, January* 22, 1756.

### To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I THINK, ſir, more than three years are paſt ſince you began to beſtow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great ſucceſs that has attended your endeavours; but ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourſelf. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to or returned from France ſince you commenced author? Or have fewer French follies been purchaſed or propagated by thoſe who never were in France? Do not women, dreſſed French, ſtill iſſue from houſes dreſſed Chineſe, to theatres dreſſed Italian, in ſpite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear leſs claret, or the beauties leſs *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of faſhion, who uſed to fling for a thouſand pounds a throw, now caſt only for five hundred? Or if they ſhould, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, ſir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the diſcourſes of the divine Socrates, or the ſermons of the affecting Tillotſon. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis, Alcibiades, as ſoon as his philoſophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocoſe, ſatiric, ſevere, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would

give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the ſimplicity of manners of our anceſtors, while there are no ſumptuary laws to reſtrain luxury, no eccleſiaſtic cenſures to caſtigate vice. I ſhall offer to your readers an inſtance or two, to elucidate the monſtrous diſproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce ſome of the wholeſome cenſures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impoſe on perſons of the firſt rank, who contravened the eſtabliſhed rules of ſobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been aſtoniſhed at reading the very firſt article in the late will of a * grocer! "Imprimis, I give to my dear wife *one hundred thouſand pounds*." A ſum exceeding a benevolence, or two ſubſidies, ſome ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the perſonal eſtate of the above-mentioned tradeſman, on whom I am far from deſigning to reflect: he raiſed his fortune honeſtly and induſtriouſly: but I hope ſome future antiquarian, ſtruck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much ſugar and plums muſt have been waſted weekly in one inconſiderable pariſh in London, or even in one or two ſtreets of that pariſh, before a ſingle ſhopkeeper could have raiſed four hundred thouſand pounds by retailing thoſe and ſuch-like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we ſhall find no leſs a perſon than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princeſs dowager of Wales, by her laſt will and teſtament bequeathing the following ſimple moveables; and we may well believe they were the moſt valuable of her poſſeſſions, as ſhe divided them between her ſon the king, and her other children. To her ſon, king Richard, ſhe gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with oſtrich feathers of ſilver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Alſo to her ſon Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other ſon, one bed of red camak. Theſe particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale †: an inſtance of ſimplicity and moderation in ſo great and illuſtrious a princeſs, which I fear I ſhould in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true repreſentative of her fortune and excellence ‡.

* One Craſteyn. † Vol. ii. p. 94. ‡ The preſent princeſs dowager of Wales.

I come

I come now, ſir, to thoſe proper checks upon licentiouſneſs, which, though calculated to ſerve the views of a popiſh clergy, were undoubtedly great reſtraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that ſuch ſober inſtitutions were aboliſhed with the real abuſes of popery. Our eccleſiaſtic ſuperiors had power to lay ſuch fines and mulcts upon wantonneſs, as might raiſe a revenue to the church and poor, and at the ſame time leave the lordly tranſgreſſors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenneſs, and the other amuſements of people of faſhion, it would have been in vain to ſubject to corporal puniſhments. To ridicule thoſe vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confeſſors, who at beſt only knew how to wrap up very coarſe terms in very bald Latin, and jingling verſes. The clergy ſteered a third courſe, and aſſumed a province, which I could wiſh, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your cenſorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almoſt wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent ſupplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wiſeſt exerciſe that I find recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the ſame grave author, from whom I copied the will above mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the caſe of a very exalted perſonage, and ſhows how little the higheſt birth could exempt from the ſevere inſpection of thoſe judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet earl of Kent, uncle of the princeſs Joan, before mentioned, having on the death of the earl her huſband retired to the monaſtery of Waverly, did (I ſuppoſe immediately) make a vow of chaſtity, and was ſolemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, biſhop of Wincheſter. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, ſiſter Elizabeth of Waverly became enamoured of a goodly knight, called ſir Euſtace Drawbridgcourt *, ſmitten (as tradition ſays ſhe affirmed) by his extreme reſemblance to her late lord;

* Froiſſart, ſpeaking of this knight, whom he calls d'Auberticourt, and who had made conſiderable conqueſts in Champagne and held a dozen fortreſſes there, ſays, "Il aima donc par amours, & depuis epouſa madame Yſabella de Julliers, fille jadis au comte de Julliers. Cette dame avoit auſſi en amour monſeigneur Euſtache pour les grandes appertiſſes d'armes qu'elle en oyoit recorder, & luy envoya la dite, haquenies courſiers & lettres amoureuſes, parquoi le dit meſſire Euſtace en eſtoit plus hardi, & faiſoit tant de chevaleries & faits d'armes, que chacun gaignoit avec luy."

though,

though, as other creditable writers affirm, he was conſiderably younger: and notwithſtanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conſcience, and in ſpite of her confinement, which was not ſtrong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, ſhe was clandeſtinely married to her paramour, in a certain chapel of the manſion-houſe of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence from the archbiſhop of Canterbury, by one ſir John Ireland, a prieſt, before the ſunriſing, upon Michaelmas-day, in the thirty-fourth of Edward the third.

Notwithſtanding the great ſcandal ſuch an indecorum muſt have given, it is evident from the ſubſervience of two prieſts to her deſires, that her rank of princeſs of the blood ſet her above all apprehenſion of puniſhment for the breach of her monaſtic vows; yet it is as evident from the ſequel of the ſtory, that her dignity could not exempt her from ſuch proper cenſures and penalties, as might deter others from commiſſion of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expoſe the lady herſelf to bluſhes for her miſcarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their ſuperiors: a ſort of comfort, which, to do them juſtice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author ſays *, that the lady dowager and her young huſband being perſonally convented before the archbiſhop of Canterbury for the ſaid tranſgreſſion, at his manor-houſe of Haghfeld, upon the ſeventh ides of April, the archbiſhop for their penance enjoined them to find a prieſt to celebrate divine ſervice daily for them, the ſaid ſir Euſtace and Elizabeth, and for him, the archbiſhop; beſides a large quantity of penitential pſalms, paternoſters and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the prieſts and the tranſgreſſors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth, whom for ſome reaſons beſt known to himſelf I ſuppoſe he regarded as the ſeducer, to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to faſt on bread and drink, and a meſs of pottage, wearing no ſmock, eſpecially in the abſence of her huſband; a penance that muſt appear whimſical to us, and not a little partial to ſir Euſtace, whom the archbiſhop ſeems in more reſpects than one to have conſidered rather as diſobedient to the canons, than guilty of much

* Vol. ii. page 95.

voluptuouſneſs

voluptuouſneſs by his wedlock. But the moſt remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbiſhop appointed the ſaid ſir Euſtace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their tranſgreſſion had paſſed between them, they ſhould competently relieve ſix poor people, and both of them that day to abſtain from ſome diſh of fleſh or fiſh, whereof they did moſt deſire to eat.

Such was the ſimplicity of our anceſtors. Such were the wholeſome ſeverities to which the greateſt dames and moſt licentious young lords were ſubject in thoſe well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of ſuch corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of ſuch power might be ſafely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not ſo bigoted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and cuſtoms. Paternoſters and aves might be ſupplied by prayers and litanies of a more proteſtant complexion. Inſtead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be ſevere enough for the delicacy of modern conſtitutions. For the article of leaving off a ſhift, conſidering that the upper half is already laid aſide, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole ſhift, might be thought a ſufficient puniſhment; for wiſe legiſlators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and ſeaſons. What moſt offends me, as by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that preſcribes charity to the poor, and a reſtriction from eating of a favourite diſh, after the performance of certain myſteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth aſhamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wiſe one; for as devotion and charity are obſerved to increaſe with increaſe of years, the biſhop's injunction tended to nothing but to leſſen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largeſs.

One can ſcarce reflect without a ſmile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at ſir Euſtace's gate, till he and his lady aroſe, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One muſt not word, but one cannot help imagining, the ſtyle of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfaſt by his maſter and lady to go and ſend away the beggars, for they were to

have nothing that morning. One might even ſuppoſe the good lady pouting a little as ſhe gave him the meſſage. But were ſuch a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of faſhion, invited to dine with two illuſtrious penitents under this circumſtance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the ſubject is inexhauſtible; and as the ideas on ſuch an occaſion muſt be a little corporeal, what *bons mots*, wrapped up indeed, but ſtill intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French diſh, which ſir Euſtace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taſte!—But I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who ſway the cenſorial rod with the greateſt lenity, and who would bluſh to put your fair penitents to the bluſh, might be ſafely truſted with the powers I recommend. Human weakneſſes, and human follies, are very different: continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might reſiſt wearing pink; a matron who cannot reſiſt the proweſs of a ſir Euſtace Drawbridgcourt, is not a topic for ſatire, but compaſſion; as you, who are the beſt-natured writer of the age, will, I am ſure, agree to think with, ſir,

Your conſtant reader

and humble ſervant,

THOMAS HEARNE, Jun.

The

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

* NUMB. CXCV. *Thurſday, September* 23, 1756.

———*Generoſiùs*
*Perire quærens, nec muliebriter*
*Expavit enſem.* HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO a well-diſpoſed mind there can be no greater ſatisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with ſucceſs. This, ſir, is remarkably the caſe of your paper of September the 9th, on ſuicide; a faſhionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expoſe; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what, may I be allowed to call, *ſingle combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's ſelf, as your predeceſſor *The Tatler* was for exploding the ridiculous cuſtom of duels. The pleaſantry of your eſſay on the reigning mode of voluntary deaths has preſerved to a little neighbourhood a very hoſpitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deſerving ſon and daughter a tender parent, and has ſaved the perſon himſelf from a very fooliſh exit. This character, ſir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and not to trouble you with the hiſtory of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is ſo far neceſſary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty,

* This paper is a ſequel to N° 193, written by James Tilſon, eſq.

have a moderate eſtate in very good condition, have ſeen a great deal of the world, and, without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to ſo deſperate a reſolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no illneſs. But alas! ſir, I am extremely *well-born:* pedigree is my diſtemper; and having obſerved how much the mode of ſelf-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's ſelf. I reflected how many of my great anceſtors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the ſeveral ages in which they lived diſpoſed of the nobility; and I thought the deſcendant of ſo many heroes muſt contrive to periſh by means as violent and illuſtrious. What a diſgrace, thought I, for the great grandſon of Mowbrays, Veres and Beauchamps to die in a good old age of a fever! I bluſhed whenever I caſt my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour——I determined to ſhoot myſelf. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my piſtols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my conſtitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die ſuddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choked by a fiſh-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever ſince *preparing for death.* The letter to be left on my table (which indeed coſt me ſome trouble to compoſe, as I had no reaſon to give for my *ſudden reſolution)* was written out fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it ſhould be ever ſo great a diſgrace to my family, I am reſolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good ſir, be encouraged from this example to purſue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the ſmall diſtrict where I live, I am not the only inſtance of a propenſity to ſuch a cataſtrophe. The lord of the manor, whoſe fortune indeed is much ſuperior to mine, though there is no compariſon in the antiquity of our families, has had the very ſame thought. He is turned of ſixty-ſeven, and is devoured by the ſtone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his phyſician was ſitting by his bedſide, on a ſudden his lordſhip ceaſed roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a compoſure unuſual to him even in his beſt health; and putting on the greateſt appearance of philoſophy, or what, if

the chaplain had ſtaid, would have been called reſignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his caſe was really deſperate. The phyſician, with a ſlow profuſion of latinized evaſions, endeavoured to elude the queſtion, and to give him ſome glimmerings of hope, "That there might be a chance that the extremity of the pain would occaſion a degree of fever, that might not be mortal in itſelf, but which, if things did not come to a criſis ſoon, might help to carry his lordſhip off."—"I underſtand you, by G-d," ſays his lordſhip, with great tranquillity and a few more oaths; "Yes, d—n you, you want to kill me with ſome of your confounded diſtempers; but I'll tell you what, I only aſked you, becauſe, if I can't poſſibly live, I'm determined to kill myſelf; for rot me! if it ſhall ever be ſaid that a man of my quality died of a curſed natural death. There, tell * Bowman to give you your fee, and bid him bring me my piſtols." However, the fit abated, and the neighbourhood is ſtill waiting with great impatience to be *ſurpriſed* with an account of his lordſhip's having ſhot himſelf.

However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extenſive as the ſervice is which you may render to the community by aboliſhing this heatheniſh practice, I think in ſome reſpects it is to be treated with tenderneſs; in one caſe always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark: what if the notion of the dignity of ſelf-murder ſhould be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has reſolution enough to kill himſelf, will certainly never dread being killed by any body elſe. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Engliſhman*, to chooſe his death: if any of our high-ſpirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occaſion for all we can exert, I ſhould humbly be of opinion, that you permitted ſelf-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it ſhould be diſhonourable for any man to kill himſelf, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that ſervice for him.

Indeed the very celebration of this myſtery has been tranſacted hitherto in a manner ſomewhat mean, and unworthy people of faſhion. No tradeſman could hang himſelf more felonioufly than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they ſo properly wear on other

* The name of lord Chalkſtone's gentleman in Lethe.

occaſions. They ſteal out of the world from their own cloſets, or before their ſervants are up in a morning. They leave a miſerable apology behind them, inſtead of ſitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for diſpatching themſelves: unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced ſelf-murder to a ſyſtem of good-breeding, and uſed to *ſend cards* to their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome * was to *leave one's name* at the doors of ſuch as were ſtarving themſelves. Particular friends were *let in*; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they ſhould uſe ſome common-place phraſes of diſſuaſion. I can conceive no foundation for our ſhabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obſolete law which inflicts a croſs-road and a ſtake on ſelf-executioners: a moſt abſurd ſtatute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unleſs one could condemn a man who had killed himſelf, to be brought to life again. Somewhere indeed I have read of a ſucceſsful law for reſtraining this crime. In ſome of the Grecian ſtates the women of faſhion incurred the anger of Venus—I quite forget upon what occaſion—perhaps for little or none; goddeſſes in thoſe days were ſcarce leſs whimſical than their fair votaries—Whatever the cauſe was, ſhe inſpired them with a fury of ſelf-murder. The legiſlature of the country, it ſeems, thought the reſentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and, to put a ſtop to the practice, deviſed an expedient, which one ſhould have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beauteous bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public ſquares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any poſition that diſcovered all their charms could be ſo, is not mentioned by hiſtorians; nor, at this diſtance of time, is it poſſible for us moderns to gueſs: certain it is, that the penalty put a ſtop to the barbarous cuſtom.

But what ſhall one ſay to thoſe countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it even in that part of the ſpecies, whoſe ſoftneſs demands all protection, and ſeems moſt abhorrent from every thing ſanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magiſtrate gravely gives permiſſion to the ladies to accompany their huſbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greateſt profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn her-

* Vide Pliny's Epiſtles.

ſelf

ſelf alive. Were this faſhion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havock it would occaſion. Between the natural propenſity to ſuicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one ſhould not ſee ſuch a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu, jointures! adieu, thoſe ſoft reſources of the brave and neceſſitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a ſecond paſſion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you muſt keep a ſtrict eye on your fair country-women. I know one or two, who already wear pocket-piſtols; which, conſidering the tenderneſs of their natures, can only be intended againſt their own perſons. And this article leads me naturally to the only caſe, in which, as I hinted above, I think ſelf-murder always to be allowed. The moſt admirable death in hiſtory is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her ſex, and the eventual foundreſs of Roman liberty. As there has never been a lady ſince that time, in her circumſtances, but what has imitated her example, I think, ſir, I may pronounce the caſe immutably to be excepted: and when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that ſucceſs and glory which always has and muſt attend his labours, has decried the ſavage practice in vogue, I am perſuaded he will declare that ſhe is not only excuſable, but that it is impoſſible any woman ſhould live after having been raviſhed.

I am, ſir,

Your truly obliged

humble ſervant,

and admirer,

H. M.

A WORLD

A

# WORLD

# EXTRAORDINARY.

* The following Paper having been tranſmitted to Mr. FITZ-ADAM's Bookſeller on the very Day of that Gentleman's Misfortune, he takes the Liberty to offer it to the Public juſt as it came to his Hand.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS the contagion of politics has been ſo prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't ſay, infected, but at leaſt) infuſed itſelf into the † papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable preſent in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his diſorder (for I muſt conſider political writings as a diſtemper), and at the ſame time will cool, not increaſe, any ſharpneſs in his blood.

Though the author of this little eſſay is retired from the buſier ſcenes of life, he has not buried himſelf in ſuch indifference to his country, as to deſpiſe, or not attend to, what is paſſing even in thoſe ſcenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from diſguſt, he preſerves the ſame attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from

* It was publiſhed after The World had ceaſed, on the ſuppoſed death of the imaginary author.

† This alludes to N° 207, which under borrowed characters deſcribes a revolution in the miniſtry, very favourably to the duke of Newcaſtle, and not at all ſo to Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.

eſteem,

eſteem, not from intereſt. He ſees with a feeling concern the diſtreſſes and diſtractions of his country; he foreſees with anxiety the conſequences of both. He laments the diſcord that divides thoſe * men of ſuperior genius, whoſe union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the criſis of our affairs. He does not preſume to diſcuſs the grounds of their diſſenſions, which he wiſhes themſelves to overlook; and he would be one of the laſt men in England to foment diviſion, where his intereſt as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a ſtoic, if even theſe inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be ſuſpended, his heart will be partial. From theſe ſenſations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of perſonalities: he ſees with grief the greateſt characters treated with the greateſt licentiouſneſs: his friendſhip has been touched at finding one of the moſt reſpectable aſperſed in the moſt injurious manner. He holds That perſon's fame as much ſuperior to reproach, as he thinks himſelf inferior to That perſon's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his teſtimony to the reputation of a man, with whoſe friendſhip he has long been honoured. This ambition, ſir, has occaſioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; deſigned then as private incenſe to an honoured name; and ever ſince preſerved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addreſſed. I will detain you no longer than to ſay, that if this little piece ſhould be accuſed of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the ſubject of it was no miniſter of ſtate, and that it is publiſhed now (and ſhould not elſe have been publiſhed) when he is no miniſter at all.

I am, ſir,

Your humble ſervant,

H. M.

* Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.

To·

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

## LADY CAROLINE FOX.

MADAM,

I HAVE been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and I think I have in ſome degree ſucceeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myſelf, I chooſe to ſubmit to your ladyſhip's judgment, whoſe prepoſſeſſion for the perſon repreſented is likely to balance what fondneſs I may have for my own performance. As I believe you love the perſon in queſtion, as much as ever other people loved themſelves, the medium between the faults you ſhall find, and the juſt reſemblance that I ſee in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about * three-and-forty: as you ſee all the fondneſs and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyſhip may take him to be but three-and-twenty: but I, whoſe talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority ſhould at firſt ſet him down for threeſcore, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and underſtanding. His perſon decides rather on my ſide; for though he has all the eaſe and amiableneſs of youth, yet your ladyſhip muſt allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will ſcarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I ſhould give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with inſipid ſmiles and unmeaning benignity: but this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at firſt lets one into the vaſt humanity of his temper; or than an undiſtinguiſhing ſmile would ſupply the place of his manly curioſity and penetration. To paint him with a cheerful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation beſtows, which, by not being promiſed, doubly ſatisfies one's ſelf-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by perſuading you that he diſcovers ſome in you.

* This was written in the year 1748.

He

He has that true characteriſtic of a great man, that he is ſuperior to others in his private, ſocial, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this ſuperiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unneceſſarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his preheminence in thoſe moments by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more eaſe, than other people. He ſeems inquiſitive, as if his only buſineſs were to learn; and is unreſerved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of myſtery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the houſe of commons he was for ſome time an ungraceful and unpopular ſpeaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reaſoning has prevailed both over his own defects and thoſe of his audience. He ſpeaks with a ſtrength and perſpicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleaſed. But his vanity cannot ſatisfy itſelf on the terms it could ſatisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unleſs he was conſcious of deſerving it. But he carries this delicacy ſtill farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himſelf fame and honours by purſuing a regular and ſteady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made thoſe fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man who they ſee is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may diſcover another littleneſs in his conduct: in the affairs of his office * he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the ſame poſt; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the ſolicitation and intereſts of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and, to the great detriment of the miniſtry, has turned one of the beſt ſinecures under the government into one of the moſt laborious employments, at the ſame time imagining that the eaſe with which he executes it will prevent a diſcovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who addreſs to him, with as little pride as if he were ſecure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illuſtrious birth is a blemiſh, which ſome of the greateſt men have wanted to make them completely great: Tully had it; had the happineſs and glory of raiſing himſelf from a private condition; but boaſting of it, might as well

* Secretary of war.

have been noble: he degraded himſelf by uſurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cauſe nor prevent.

I ſay nothing of his integrity, becauſe I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by ſuſpicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as thoſe who colour over timidity with gentleneſs of manners, and as bravely ſincere as thoſe who take, or would have brutality taken for honeſty: but though his greateſt freedom is polite, his greateſt condeſcenſion is dignified with ſpirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindneſs to his friends. Yet though he has more ſpirit than almoſt any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his paſſions, by the intimate connection that it always preſerves with his underſtanding. Yet his paſſions are very ſtrong: he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableneſs of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him.—But as your ladyſhip would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I ſhall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP's

moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

VANDYKE.

The

# The WORLD*.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

"*I cannot but think we ſhould have more learning, if we had fewer books.*"
Preface to Baker's Reflections.

THE lovers of literature, whoſe paſſion for books is at leaſt as great as it is laudable, lament the loſs of the Alexandrian library, which is ſaid to have contained ſeven hundred thouſand volumes. Immeaſurable as this loſs was, time and induſtry have prodigiouſly repaired it; and if I might eſcape being thought an abſolute Goth, I ſhould humbly be of opinion, that the deſtruction of that library was rather a bleſſing than a detriment to the common-wealth of letters. What may we ſuppoſe thoſe ſo many thouſand volumes contained? Were ſeven hundred thouſand volumes all worth reading? If they were, who would have leiſure to read them? If they were not, at leaſt as many as were good for nothing have happily met with a proper fate. Theſe books, we may ſuppoſe, contained great treaſures of philoſophy, aſtronomy, geography, hiſtory, poetry, oratory, mathematics, &c. mighty entertaining novels, and a wonderful maſs of knowledge relating to, and explanatory of, or perhaps more beautifully perplexing, the theory of Egyptian divinity and hieroglyphics. One can hardly believe, though it contained greater quantities of ancient ſcience and eloquence than what have reached our days, that this library was repleniſhed with authors of ſuperior knowledge, or with greater diſcoveries than we have received from our other venerable predeceſſors. And do we wiſh for more fabulous hiſtory, for more fantaſtic philoſophy, for more imperfect aſtronomy, for more blunder-

* The two following papers were not publiſhed, the plan not having been completed.

ing geography, than we already poſſeſs under ancient names? I ſpeak not in derogation of the ancients; but as their diſcoveries were very incomplete, and their traditions very inaccurate, why do we wiſh they were multiplied? When we reflect that half our preſent knowledge has ſprung from diſcovering the errors of what had formerly been called by that name, we may comfort ourſelves that the inveſtigation of truth is at leaſt as eaſy without ſo many falſe lights to miſguide us, as if we knew how many more wrong conjectures had been made by our forefathers.

Not to mention how enormouſly this library would have procreated other libraries! What tranſlations, commentaries, explanations, ſcholias, various readings, paraphraſes—nay, what controverſies would have been engendered by almoſt every volume in this capacious repoſitory! Ariſtotle alone, whoſe works, or at leaſt ſuch as are called his, are happily extant, was in ſo great repute about two centuries ago, that no leſs than twelve thouſand authors are computed to have commented or written upon his works: and though the Alexandrian authors might none of them have founded ſuch numerous ſects, yet conſidering the veneration paid to whatever is ancient, or to whatever is called learning, there can be no doubt but the exiſtence of that departed library would have multiplied books to a degree, which even the hardeſt ſtudents might have beheld with regret; as few are maſters of ſuch ſtrength of eyes and conſtitution, or of ſuch extended lives, as to be able to ſatiate their curioſity in ſuch an ocean of literature, let in upon the already immenſe deluge of ſcience. Some men indeed have been ſuch giants in ſtudy, as to conquer Greece, Rome, Arabia, Perſia, and even thoſe impracticable ſtrangers, the Cophti: ſome are renowned for reading ſixteen or eighteen hours a day; and one great * hero of the republic of letters boaſted that he had ſo entirely exhauſted all knowledge, that he was now reduced to read the Hiſtory of the Highwaymen. But few are there now, alas, of ſuch vigour! Few reſemble the great Accurſius, who boaſted that he had corrected ſeven hundred errors in Claudian as he rode poſt through Germany.

To ſay the truth, we have not only enough of ancient books, but are far overſtocked with both ancient and modern, conſidering either how little is read, or how impoſſible it is to read all that has already been written. In

* Dr. Bentley.

the

the latter reſpect, modern authors are far more excuſable than modern readers. The authors write for the preſent hour, becauſe they are not ſure that to-morrow they ſhall be read: but as to readers, who are continually demanding new books, I ſhould humbly ſuggeſt, that all books, however long ago they were written, are, to all intents and purpoſes, new books to ſuch as never read them. People do not generally know what reſervoirs of knowledge and pleaſure are actually in being: there is no ſubject, on which there are not already extant books enough to employ all the idle hours of thoſe idle people who are in daily want of ſomething new: perhaps it may not be exaggeration to ſay, that the only old books are ſuch as are publiſhed every day. The mere catalogue of the Bodleian library compoſes four volumes in folio: the Vatican is ſtill larger. The ſingle Bangorian controverſy, at one, two ſhillings, or half a crown a pamphlet, coſt upwards of thirty pounds: but theſe pieces, with others of the like nature, have I believe long ago been gathered to their forefathers, the Alexandrians. The journals of the war between the moſt ſerene princeſs Canning, and the Egyptian ſultana, Mary Squires, make no inconſiderable figure in modern libraries; and the important point of the reſtoration of Judaiſm added conſiderable recruits to the claſſes of hiſtory and polemic divinity. One Ferri wrote eleven hundred ſermons on the epiſtle to the Hebrews. Other laborious authors have been ſo puzzled to find out new ſubjects, or at leaſt ſo determined to write new books, that they have compoſed catalogues of the different denominations of authors, or of ſuch as have written under particular circumſtances*. Baillet not only publiſhed an account of *Anti's*, that is, of ſuch books as were written againſt others, but he undertook a work, in which he propoſed to give a deſcription of ſuch books as had been intended to be written. Naudé collected a liſt of authors who had diſguiſed their names; and another of great men who had been accuſed of magic. Decker compoſed an account of anonymous writings: Pierius Valerianus gave one catalogue of unfortunate learned men, and another of phyſicians who were poets: Kortholt, of biſhops who had been poets; and Menage, of eccleſiaſtics who had written bawdy poems. Ancillon was ſtill more curious, for he made a catalogue of learned men who had written nothing at all. Hottinger, another grave trifler, has two whole pages filled only with names of thoſe who correſponded with him; and ſome years ago there was a

* The lateſt work of this kind is the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

French * abbé who commenced author upon a very new ſtock; by writing an account of ſuch authors as had preſented him with their writings. The greateſt wonder is, that none of theſe laborious compilers ſhould have pretended to give a relation of ſuch books as have long ſince periſhed, though their authors had, like Horace and Ovid, aſſured the world and themſelves, that their works would be immortal. But it is not neceſſary to go an hundred years back to give inſtances of the exceſſive increaſe of authors. The gazettes, novels, lives, dying ſpeeches, magazines, dictionaries of our own days, are flagrant proofs of my aſſertion. Indeed if the rage of publication continues in the ſame proportion, I do not ſee but all the world muſt be books; and that it will become as neceſſary to burn a field of books, as a field of furze or ſtubble. The very means employed to leſſen the abuſe, is an increaſe of it: I mean, all ſciences are ſo over-written, that the very abridgments are an additional evil.

I can eaſily conceive that a Chineſe or Indian, hereafter viſiting Europe, may acquaint one of his correſpondents, in the hyperbolic ſtyle of the Eaſt, "That it is exceeding difficult to travel in theſe countries, by reaſon of vaſt waſte tracts of land, which they call *libraries*, which being very little frequented, and lying uncultivated, occaſion a ſtagnation of bad and unwholeſome air; that nevertheleſs, the inhabitants, ſo far from deſtroying or rooting out what they ſo little either uſe or eſteem, are continually extending theſe deſerts; that even ſome of the natives, who have waded farther than ordinary into theſe foreſts, are fond and proud of tranſplanting out of one part into another; and though they are ſure that their own labours will be choked up the next day by ſome of their neighbours, they go on in their idle toil, and flatter themſelves with the hopes of immortality for having contributed to extend a wilderneſs, into which nobody thinks it worth his while to penetrate. There are indeed ſome, who, for fear of loſing their way in the vaſt foreſt of learning, where it is pretended that every tree is a tree of knowledge, have endeavoured to perſuade their countrymen to pluck up all, root and branch, except one or two favourite trunks, from which they pretend all knowledge may be gathered, in which all arts and ſciences are included. Indeed they do not totally agree upon which are the authors who thus contain all erudition. One party pretend it is their Alcoran; the other,

* Abbé de Marolles.

an ancient poet called Homer: the former ſeem to ſtudy their religion with a poetic imagination; the latter are as ready to fight for their opinion, as if it was a religious enthuſiaſm."——But not to dwell too long in the perſon of an imaginary future ſatiriſt, I ſhall revert to my firſt propoſition, that there are already books enough, if the world is really diſpoſed to read; and that both regret for old periſhed authors, which we do not know whether they were good or bad, and appetite for new books, which we do not care whether they are good or bad, are equally marks of a falſe and vitiated taſte. The former lamentations were agreeable to the pedantry of the laſt age, when, provided a man did but write pure claſſic Latin, it mattered not how trifling and ridiculous were the topics. Scaliger and Cardan, two great potentates in the empire of learning, had a profound diſpute whether parrots were ugly creatures or not; and both uſed in great abundance thoſe annoying weapons of abuſe, which were ſo much in vogue with the literati of that age. I may perhaps have occaſion in another paper to give ſome account of the ſcurrilous wars which were formerly waged by the graveſt profeſſors in moſt of the univerſities and ſchools from Siena to Leyden. The fondneſs of the moderns for books, books, new books, puts me in mind of certain country gentlemen, neighbours of Balzac, who made him a viſit, and, after a thouſand ſpeeches, aſſured him that it was incredible how great a veneration they had for him and *Meſſieurs ſes Livres*.

The

# The WORLD.

## By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

IN my laſt paper I hinted at ſome of the inconveniences attending the preſent inundation of books, and I have the ſatisfaction of hearing from all hands that a reformation of this abuſe would be univerſally acceptable. Some of the greateſt devourers of books, from whom I expected moſt oppoſition, have exhorted me to proceed in the ſcheme I have conceived of leſſening the number, aſſuring me that they have laid in a ſuch a ſtock of ſcience, as will enable them to furniſh the world with complete bodies of all uſeful knowledge, in a far leſs compaſs than in what it lies at preſent. The illiterate part of my diſciples proteſt that it is nothing but the prodigious number of books which deters them from ſetting about to ſtudy in earneſt; and they offer me, if I will reduce all literature to a few plays, poems, and novels, to make themſelves perfect maſters of all the knowledge that is requiſite for gentlemen. I have long been ſenſible how great a diſcouragement the very ſight of a large library muſt be to a young beginner. The univerſities recommend to me to aboliſh what is called *polite learning:* they obſerve, that the jeſuits, who, among many pernicious arts, have ſometimes been ſerviceable to the world, have already, as far as in them lay, annihilated one Roman author, Lucan, by omitting him, when they illuſtrated all the other claſſics for the uſe of the dauphin; but I believe the objection lay not againſt his poetry, but his principles, the freedom of which I am ſure muſt be very agreeable to each good lady *Alma Mater*. One of them, who formerly placed Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding in her Index Expurgatorius, has very prudently recognized the merit of that treatiſe—and, I am perſuaded, has ſuch a veneration for the author, that ſhe would highly condemn me if I was even to attempt deſtoying his Eſſay on Government, wherein he expoſes the monkiſh doctrine of hereditary right.

Armed

Armed with all the above-mentioned authority, I declare myſelf inveſted with a new dignity, namely, *Inquiſitor of the World of Books*; and in imitation of other great potentates, who, after eſtabliſhing their dominion by force, have endeavoured to ſatisfy the world in the legality of their title by ſome, however far-fetched, deſcent, I declare myſelf iſſued in a right line from the two peculiar monarchs, who of all mankind could derive to me the beſt title to the province I have undertaken of pronouncing upon all books and ſciences, and, in conſequence of that, of proceeding to burn and deſtroy ſuch as I ſhall diſapprove. The firſt of theſe princes was the very patriarch of my genealogy, even Adam, who, as Pinedo, a very competent judge, aſſures us, underſtood all ſciences, but politics—and his deficience in this particular branch of human learning was not to be aſcribed to any imperfection in the univerſality of his genius, but merely becauſe in his time there were no princes, no embaſſadors, no Ratiſbon. The other prince from whom I have the honour of being deſcended, was Chi Hoang Ti, emperor of China, a much-injured name, of whom Pere du Halde in particular, forgetting the reſpect due to crowned heads, is ſo groſs as to ſay, that a certain ordinance of his, which I am going to mention, *rendit ſon nom & ſa memoire execrable à la poſterité*. The venerable decree which this impertinent jeſuit anathematizes, was—not, as one ſhould think by his ſtyle, an order like Herod's for the murder of the innocents—no, it was only a decree for burning all the books in China. But before I enter upon the diſcuſſion of this decree, I ſhall in few words recapitulate the chief events of my anceſtor's reign, which will vindicate his memory, and prove him to have been as well-qualified to ſway a ſceptre as any prince that ever ſat on a throne. If unavoidable misfortunes have reduced *us* to a leſs ſhining, leſs exalted rank, we flatter ourſelves that the prudence and juſtice of our adminiſtration in the univerſal monarchy which we have aſſumed over *follies* and *books*, will ſhow that we have not degenerated from our great predeceſſor.

Chi Hoang Ti lived about two hundred and thirty-ſeven years before Chriſt, and according to the genius of that age *committed* great conqueſts, and rounded his dominions, at the expence of his neighbours, with as much prudence as if he had ſtudied politics in a French ſchool. The only ſlip he ſeems to have made, was in liſtening to the project of a ſea-captain, the Columbus of his time, who adviſed his Chineſe majeſty to ſend out a colony

to ſome of the iſlands of Japan, not indeed to diſcover new worlds, but on a more important ſcent, a remedy for long life; a noſtrum treaſured up in one of thoſe little iſlands. The emperor, my great grandfather, had, as it appears by other circumſtances, a particular partiality for medicines, and readily gave ear to a ſcheme that was at once to prolong the bleſſings of his reign over his ſubjects, and to add ſo great a jewel to his diſpenſatory. He entruſted the captain with one or more ſhips, and three hundred perſons of each ſex, with whom the adventurer founded a little kingdom in one of the iſlands, and was ſo ungrateful as never to ſend his ſovereign a ſingle phial of the precious elixir. The emperor, whoſe mind was always filled with great projects, ſoon turned his thoughts to eſtabliſh the duration, if not of his reign, at leaſt of his empire; and with a ſpirit, which has ſeemed prophetic, apprehending incurſions of the Tartars, he ſet about building that immenſe wall to divide the two nations, which was finiſhed in five years, which exiſts to our days, and which did not however anſwer the purpoſe for which it was projected. The next great action of his reign was publiſhing the celebrated decree for burning all the books in China, excepting only ſuch volumes as treated of architecture or phyſic, the two ſciences, which the affair of the ſea-captain and the erection of the great wall prove to have been the predominant paſſions of his imperial majeſty.

Some malevolent hiſtorians aſcribe this ſentence to his jealouſy of the glory of his predeceſſors; a motive unworthy of the heroic virtue of a prince, who had out-conquered, out-built, and taken more phyſic than any of his anceſtors. Such petty envy may rage in *little* ſouls: we read that Juſtin burnt all the authors from whom he compiled his hiſtory; and that Trebonian, the lawyer, commiſſioned by Juſtinian to reduce the civil law to a practicability, that is, to a ſize capable of being ſtudied by the profeſſors, and underſtood by the ſufferers, laid waſte and demoliſhed the volumes, tracts, charters, decrees, pleadings, reports, &c. from whence he extracted the body of civil law as it now ſtands. But the reaſons which our great anceſtor himſelf vouchſafed to give, are, I do not doubt, the trueſt, as they certainly are the nobleſt precedent to juſtify a parallel proceeding. He reduces them to theſe (for it muſt be obſerved that the Chineſe are as laconic as the Lacedæmonians themſelves): *Books*, ſaid Chi Hoang Ti, *encourage idleneſs, cauſe neglect of agriculture, lay foundations of factions*. Theſe golden rules I ſhall keep in my eye to regulate my future conduct. I ſhall not allow people

people to think they are buſy becauſe they are reading; I ſhall not allow that there is any merit in having read a vaſt number of books; it is indifferent to me whether a man's feet have travelled over ſo many miles of ground, or his eyes over ſo many acres of paper: I ſhall recommend it to ſeveral grave dignitaries to lay aſide all ſuch reading as was never read, and to buy a plough and a team, and cultivate a piece of land, inſtead of labouring ſuch barren ſoil as their own brains, or the works of obſolete authors; and I ſhall be for entirely aboliſhing all books whatever that treat of any kind of government; as to be ſure no nation ought to know that there is any form preferable to what is eſtabliſhed among themſelves: a Ruſſian that was to read Algernon Sidney, might grow to fancy that there are milder ſyſtems than living under the juriſdiction of the Knut!

The laſt inſtance I ſhall produce of the Chineſe monarch's wiſdom, was his refuſing to quarter out his dominions among his ſons. He died in peace, and maſter of immenſe treaſures, having lived to ſee large crops of *rice*, from vaſt tracts of land, which before his time had borne nothing but *libraries*.

In the havoc I meditate, I ſhall confine myſelf to whole bodies of ſcience, not piddle with ſingle authors or ſeparate treatiſes. As I have peruſed very few books myſelf, it would be an endleſs taſk were I to ſet about the examination of what tracts do or do not deſerve to be condemned to the flames; and I have too little of the modern critic in me, to condemn any private work becauſe I happen to diſlike the name, perſon, or country of the author. However, not to proceed too raſhly, I ſhall accept the aſſiſtance of a friend of mine, who is a prodigy of erudition, not only from the quantity he has read, but from his frankneſs in owning that he has read an infinite deal of traſh. He is a near relation by the mother of the celebrated librarian Magliabechi, who being aſked to lend a certain book (that muſt be nameleſs) out of the great duke's library, replied, "*That book!* there is no ſuch book in our library; indeed I know but of one copy of it, and that is in the grand ſeignor's collection; *it* ſtands the ſixth book on the fourth ſhelf on the left hand near the window."

My friend's name is CHRISTOPHER POLYGLOT; a man of extreme benevolence, and very uſeful to all that conſult him, though, to ſay the truth, his

knowledge is of little ſervice to himſelf; for, when he attempts to compoſe any work, the ideas of what he has read, tranſmitted through a very faithful memory, flow in ſo faſt upon him, that he blends every ſcience and every language, and does not even diſtinguiſh in what tongue he deſigns to write. He but two or three years ago, intending to compoſe a pamphlet againſt the jew bill, began in theſe words, "JOSEPHUS *ſays, that* Οι Ιουδαιοι *everſâ urbe* περιφερεοντοιεντ *leurs* צרטטהא," and I ſaw him one morning extremely puzzled with not being able to underſtand a Greek author, whom he did not perceive that he was reading backwards. He is very ſenſible of his misfortune, and ſays, he believes he might have made ſome figure in the republic of letters, if he had never read above twenty thouſand books, and underſtood but ſix or ſeven languages. One great merit of my friend is, that he has a thorough contempt for conjectural antiquities; nobody honours more than he does, the elegance of the Greek arts, the ſumptuouſneſs of Roman buildings, the valour and wiſdom of our Gothic anceſtors, and conſequently nobody admires more any remnant of each nation, which is entire enough to diſcloſe their taſte, their magnificence, the ſtrength of their fortifications, or the ſolemnity of their devotion. But Mr. Polyglot deſpiſes a platform, nay a Stonehenge, if it is uncertain whether its pedigree be Roman, Druid, or Saxon; whether in its ſtate of exiſtence it was an intrenchment, a temple, or a tomb. In his youth he was a tormentor of Tom Hearne, and, before his own mind was bewildered in ſcience, had a pretty turn for poetry, as appeared by his adding two lines to the known diſtich on that antiquary, and which really gave the whole the eſſence of an epigram. I ſhall conclude the preſent paper with them, as I do not know that they were ever printed.

"Pox on't, quoth Time to THOMAS HEARNE,
"Whatever I forget, You learn."

*Anſwer by Mr.* POLYGLOT.

"* Damn it, quoth HEARNE, in furious fret,
"Whate'er I learn, You ſoon forget."

* It was written at Chriſt-church, Oxford, by Richard Weſt, eſq. a young gentleman of great genius, who died at the age of twenty-ſix. He was ſon of Mr. Weſt, lord chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of biſhop Burnet.

A LETTER

A

# LETTER

FROM

## XO HO, a CHINESE Philoſopher at LONDON*,

TO HIS FRIEND

## LIEN CHI, at PEKING.

I HAVE told thee, theſe people are incomprehenſible; not only they differ from us; they are unlike the reſt of the weſtern world: a Frenchman has prejudices, has caprices; but they are the prejudices of his nation, they are the caprices of his age. A Frenchman has ſettled ideas, though built on falſe foundations; an Engliſhman has no fixed ideas: his prejudices are not of his country, but againſt ſome particular parts or maxims of his country: his caprices are his own; they are the eſſential proofs of his liberty. In France they have a high notion of their king; they will *ſtab* him, but they will not *hate* him. An Engliſhman loves or hates his king once or twice in a winter, and that for no reaſon, but becauſe he loves or hates the miniſtry in being. They do not oppoſe their king from a diſlike of royal power, but to avail themſelves of his power; they try to level it till they can mount upon it. They are as little in earneſt about liberty. To have the nation

* This piece was written May 12, 1757, was ſent to the preſs next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight.

free!

free! nobody means it. To have the country enſlaved; they deſire it not: were there vaſſals, they would be the vaſſals of the crown, or of the nobles; while all are free to ſell their *liberty*, the richeſt or craftieſt may purchaſe it.

I have ſaid, that they have no general ideas: they have not; but they have general names. Formerly they had two parties; now they have three factions, and each of thoſe factions has ſomething of the name, or ſomething of the principles, of each of thoſe parties. In my laſt I told thee, that the ſecond faction in magnitude had diſplaced the leaſt faction, and that a new miniſtry would immediately be appointed. I deceived thee; I was deceived. I did not believe ſo becauſe I was told ſo: here one is told ſomething every day: the people demand to be told ſomething, no matter what: if a politician, a miniſter, a member of their aſſembly, was myſterious, and refuſed to impart ſomething to an enquirer, he would make an enemy: if he tells a lie, it is no offence; he is communicative; that is ſufficient to a *free* people: all they aſk is news; a falſehood is as much news as truth. Why I believed a miniſtry would ſoon be named, was; I thought that in a country where the whole real buſineſs of their general aſſembly was to chooſe miniſters, they could never be without: I was deceived. I thought that when a prince diſmiſſed one miniſter he would take another: I was deceived. I thought when a nation was engaged in a great war with a ſuperior power, that they muſt have council; I was deceived: reaſon in China is not reaſon in England. An * officer of the treaſury may be diſplaced, and a judge can execute his office. Their † high-prieſt died lately; I waited to ſee from what profeſſion, which had nothing to do with religion, his ſucceſſor would be choſen.

When a day or two had paſſed, I aſked when a new miniſtry would be named? I heard ſeveral aſk the ſame queſtion. I was told, When ‡ *the enquiries were over*. I found this ſatisfied every body but me. I aſked what *the enquiries* were? By the ſcanty knowledge I have of their language, I concluded it ſignified, an enquiry who was to be miniſter—No ſuch thing—they never enquire before-hand. Sometimes, as in the preſent caſe, they

* On the removal of Mr. Legge, the chief juſtice was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, as the buſineſs of that court requires it to be conſtantly filled.

† Archbiſhop Herring.

‡ Into the cauſes of the loſs of Minorca.

enquire whether a former minister had been fit to be so. Know, that last year the English lost a valuable island: the people were enraged; they blamed the * admiral who commanded their fleet; the † admiral who directed their fleet; their ‡ chief judge; their § chief treasurer; their ‖ chief secretary. The first admiral was imprisoned; the rest quarrelled, and gave up their employments. The ¶ chief man of the little faction was made minister, and his friends got places; yet the friends of the other two factions retained theirs. An enquiry or trial of the late ministers was determined: the imprisoned admiral was tried, acquitted, condemned and put to death. The trials of the others were delayed. At last they were tried—not as I expected, whether they were guilty, but whether they should be ministers again or not. If the executed admiral had lived, he too might be a minister. Just as this trial began, the ** new head of the admiralty forgot to make a bow to the king—upon which he and all his friends were displaced. I understood this: as the English are more free than we are, I conceived that this was a punishment proportioned to their ideas of offended majesty, and reflected how severely one of our countrymen would be dealt with who should affront the dignity of our august emperor. I was again deceived; this mandarin is likely to be again a minister. As his friends have great weight in the general assembly where the trials are held, I concluded they would persecute their antagonists, and I deplored the fate of those unhappy men who would be at the mercy of their bittersest enemies. There is no rule for judging of this people. The third faction, who were in the nature of judges, would only try facts and not persons; and even if they could have punished facts, they showed they were not unmerciful. I do not understand this nation.

What will surprise thee more, the chief men of the capital have bestowed †† *high honours* on the third faction for being dismissed from the government: and the honours they have bestowed are a permission to exercise a *trade*, which the persons so distinguished would think it exceedingly beneath them to follow. Dost thou comprehend this? But the enquiries are finished.—Thou wilt ask me, how? I know not—only I have been told that

* Admiral Byng.
† Lord Anson.
‡ Lord Hardwicke.
§ Duke of Newcastle.
‖ Mr. Fox.
¶ Mr. Pitt.
** Lord Temple.
†† The freedom of the city presented to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge.

the

the general aſſembly affirmed that certain things, which all the land knew before, did or did not happen. Thou wilt attribute this ridiculous account to my ignorance of the language or manners of the country: in truth, I am not maſter of either; but I know the language of the French; theſe very relations that I ſend thee, are tranſlated into French, and the Engliſh ſcruple not to ſend them all over Europe, where the French language is underſtood.

Now thou wilt ſay, my friend Xo Ho, leave theſe things which thou doſt not underſtand, or canſt not explain; and paſs on to facts: tell me, thou wilt ſay, now the trials are finiſhed, who are the new miniſters? From which faction are they choſen?—By Cong-fou-tſeë *, thou wilt believe as little what I ſhall tell thee, as what I have already delivered. Their king, who diſmiſſed a whole miniſtry becauſe one of them did not humble himſelf enough before the throne, is gone into the country, without knowing who are to be his miniſters.—How! how! thou wilt cry; their monarch left his capital, without appointing a miniſtry! For what is he gone into the country? To viſit his provinces? To diſtribute juſtice? To muſter his army?—Alas! alas! dear Lien Chi; England is not China.—Hear, and I will tell thee briefly. The Engliſh have no ſun, no ſummer as we have, at leaſt their ſun does not ſcorch like ours. They content themſelves with names: at a certain time of the year they leave their capital, and that makes ſummer; they go out of the city, and that makes the country. Their † monarch, when he goes into the country, paſſes in his calaſh by a row of high trees, goes along a gravel walk, croſſes one of the chief ſtreets, is driven by the ſide of a canal between two rows of lamps, at the end of which he has a ſmall houſe, and then he is ſuppoſed to be in the country. I ſaw this ceremony yeſterday: as ſoon as he was gone, the men put on under veſtments of white linen, and the women left off thoſe vaſt draperies, which they call *hoops*, and which I have deſcribed to thee; and then all the men and all the women ſaid *it was hot*. If thou wilt believe me, I am now writing to thee before a fire.

At the top of the gravel walk, as their king paſſed, was a large ‡ company of youths and boys, newly clad as mariners, who are clothed by private contributions; for private perſons are rich, the public is poor; and nothing

* Confucius. † The king going to Kenſington. ‡ The boys clothed by the marine ſociety.

is well done, but by these starts and devices. The king has given a thousand pieces of gold to this institution, not as king, but in his *private capacity*, which here they distinguish. If he had given them a thousand pieces of his public money, not one half would have come to the youths, but would have been embezzled by the officers of the revenue. These youths were commanded by no officer in the sea-service, but by the only civil * magistrate they have; and he is totally blind. He commands their charities, instead of being the object of them. Every thing here is reversed.

Thou wilt be impatient to hear why the king has appointed no ministry. If I may believe a man who has always hitherto told me truth, the king has no more to do with the choice of his ministry, than thou with that of our serene emperor. Thou wilt reply, But can the king of England unmake his ministers, and not make them? Truly I know not how that is. He has left the town, and when a ministry is formed he is to be made acquainted with it. The three factions are dealing with each other to come to some agreement, and to whatever they agree, the king *must*. Thou wilt say, Then he is no king. I answer, Not according to thy ideas: the English think differently. Well! wilt thou say, but in thy other letters thou hast described the people of England as not so easily satisfied: will they suffer three factions of different merits and principles to lord it over both king and people? Will those who value royal authority, not regret the annihilation of it? Will those who think the ancient ministers guilty, not be offended if they are again employed? Will those who rewarded the least faction for being dismissed, not resent their uniting with those who contributed to their expulsion? My friend Lien Chi, I tell thee things as they are; I pretend not to account for the conduct of Englishmen; I told thee before, they are *incomprehensible*. It is but lately that a † man entered into the king's service, and vacated his seat in the general assembly by it: the king punished him for it, and would not let him be re-admitted into the general assembly—yet the man who bowed not to the king may be rewarded for it. Farewell.

* Justice Fielding. † Dr. Hay, who vacated his seat on being appointed a lord of the admiralty.

# AN INQUIRY INTO THE PERSON AND AGE OF THE LONG-LIVED COUNTESS OF DESMOND.

HAVING a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged countess of Desmond, I was much surprised to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person; neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition. At last I was informed that she was buried at Sligo in Ireland, and a gentleman of that place was so kind as to procure for me the following inscriptions on the monument there; which however soon convinced me of that supposition being a mistake, as will appear by the observations in my letter, in consequence of this which contained the epitaph.

To C. O. Esq.

Nymphsfield, August 23, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE made I think as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost much time to clear the letters.

The loweſt inſcription is this; but you are to obſerve, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compaſs to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

" Hic jacet famoſiſſimus miles Donatus * Cornelianus comitatus Sligiæ dominus cum ſuâ uxore illuſtriſſimâ dn̄a Elinora Butler comitiſſa Deſmoniæ que me fieri fecit A° 1624 poſt mortè ſui mariti qui obiit 11 Aug. A° 1609. Itm̄ ejus filia & primi mariti vizt̄ comitis Deſmoniæ † noie Elizabetha valdè virtuoſiſſima dn̄a ſepulta fuit hoc in tumulo 31° Novem. anno Domini 1623."

Juſt above this is O'Connor in armour kneeling, and his hands raiſed up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him: a tree in an eſcutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one ſide, and over his head this inſcription:

" Sic præter cælum quia nil durabile fiſtit,
‡ Luccat ambobus lux diuturna Dei.
Donato Connor Deſmond Elinora marito——"

On the weſt ſide is the counteſs with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines:

" Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena ſuo.
Cum domino ſaxis Elinoræ filia cumbit,
Et comitis Deſmond Elizabetha virens."

Between the two tablets, which contain the inſcriptions, is a boar, and a coronet over it of five balls, which I ſuppoſe belonged to Deſmond.

On the ſide of the counteſs is an eſcutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open and a roſe on it, croſſed by a ſpade and flambeau, and an urn at bottom.

* Cornelianus is the deſcendant of Cornelius, which in Iriſh is *Conagher*, or, in the ſhort way, *Connor*.

† Abbreviated for nomine.

‡ Luceat.

Above there is a table with this inſcription that runs from each end and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any reſpect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive.

" Siccine Conatiæ per quod florebat eburna
Urna tegit vivax corpora bina decus!
Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto
Oſſa, que Momoniæ ſiccine cura jacet!
Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,
Verſa eſt in cineres ſiccine veſtra manus!
Siccine Penelope ſaxis Elinora ſepulta eſt,
Siccine marmoreis altera caſta Judith!
Mater Ierna genis humidis quæ brachia tenda*,
Mortis ero veſtris, luctibus aucta, memor."

Over this is O'Connor's arms, viz. a tree; and creſt, a lion crowned. The motto is, QUO VINCI, VINCOR. On one ſide of theſe is a figure with a key lying on the breaſt, and a ſword in the left. On the other is a figure with a ſword in the right, and a book in the left lying on the breaſt; and the whole is ſurmounted by a crucifix.

I am, ſir,

Yours, &c.

This letter having been communicated to me by the gentleman who was ſo obliging as to make the enquiry, occaſioned my ſending him the following:

## To C. O. Eſq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

SIR,

I Should have thanked you the inſtant I received the honour of your obliging letter, if you had not told me that you was ſetting out for Ireland: I am now in pain leſt this ſhould not come to your hands, as you gave me no direction, and I ſhould be extremely ſorry that you ſhould think me capable,

* tendo.

ſir,

ſir, of neglecting to ſhow my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourſelf. I cannot think of taking the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inſcriptions you have ſent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the counteſs of Deſmond.—On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the lady interred at Sligo was the perſon reported to have lived to ſuch an immenſe age. If you will excuſe me, I will ſtate my objections.

I have often heard that the aged lady Deſmond lived to one hundred and ſixty-two or ſixty-three years. In the * account of her picture at Windſor, they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple †, from the relation of lord Leiceſter, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, "That ſhe had been married out of England in the reign of Edward the fourth, and, being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Iriſh family into which ſhe had married, came from Briſtol to London towards the end of the reign of James the firſt to beg relief from court."

This account by no means correſponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the new Iriſh Peerage by Lodge. The great particular (beſides that of her wonderful age) which intereſted me in this enquiry, was the tradition which ſays, that the long-lived lady Deſmond had danced with Richard the third, and always affirmed that he was a very well-made man. It is ſuppoſed that this was the ſame lady with whom the old lady Dacre had converſed, and from whoſe teſtimony ſhe gave the ſame account.

In the catalogue of the ancient earls of Deſmond, inſerted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an Engliſhwoman near the period in queſtion: but that we will wave; it might have been a miſtake of ſir William, or his authority, the earl of Leiceſter. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge's account be true‡, that ſhe left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, the tomb in which, as the inſcription ſays, ſhe erected in 1624. But here is the greateſt difficulty: if ſhe was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge the æra of her death (which by the way was in king Charles's and not in king James's reign), ſhe was born in 1496.

* See Pote's Account of Windſor-caſtle, p. 418.
† See his Eſſay on Health and long Life.
‡ Vol. i. page 19.

Gerald earl of Deſmond, her firſt huſband, died according to the Peerage in 1583. She was therefore eighty-ſeven when ſhe married O'Connor of Sligo —That is poſſible—If ſhe lived to one hundred and forty, ſhe might be in the vigour of her age (at leaſt not diſlike the vigour of his) at eighty-ſeven. The earl of Deſmond's firſt wife, ſays Lodge (for our lady Eleanor was his ſecond), died in 1564: if he re-married the next day, his bride muſt have been ſixty-eight, and yet ſhe had a ſon and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, ſhe muſt have been paſt breeding at ſixty-eight.

Theſe accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the third: he died in 1485, and by my computation ſhe was not born till 1496. If we ſuppoſe that ſhe died twelve years ſooner, viz. in 1624, at which time the tomb was erected, and which would coincide with ſir William Temple's date of her death in the reign of James; and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windſor account, ſhe would then have been born in 1474, and conſequently was eleven years old at the death of king Richard: but this ſuppoſition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the fourth, ſcarcely have danced with his brother; and it is as little probable that ſhe had much remembrance of his perſon—the point, I own, in which I am moſt intereſted—not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck has ſo well defended him, both by the ſilence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of king Edward, and was too ſincere to have paſſed over ſuch remarkable uglineſs in a foreigner, and from doctor Shaw's appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his highneſs was not a comely prince and the exact image of his father. The power that could enſlave them, could not have kept them from laughing at ſuch an apoſtrophe, had the Protector been as ill-ſhapen as the Lancaſtrian hiſtorians repreſent him. Lady Deſmond's teſtimony adds great weight to this defence.

But the more we accommodate her age to that of Richard the third, the leſs it will ſuit with that of her firſt huſband. If ſhe was born in 1474, her having children by him (Gerald earl of Deſmond) becomes vaſtly more improbable.

It

It is very remarkable, ſir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, ſhould take notice of this extraordinary perſon's age; and I own, if I knew how to conſult him without treſpaſſing on your goodnature and civility, I ſhould be very glad to ſtate the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, &c.

H. W.

P. S. Since I finiſhed my letter, a new idea has ſtarted, for diſcovering who this very old lady Deſmond was, at leaſt whoſe wife ſhe was, ſuppoſing the perſon buried at Sligo not to be her. Thomas the ſixth earl of Deſmond was forced to give up the earldom: but it is not improbable that his deſcendants might uſe the title, as he certainly left iſſue. His ſon died, ſays Lodge *, in 1452, leaving two ſons, John and Maurice. John, being born at leaſt in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the fourth. If his wife was ſeventeen in the laſt year of that king, ſhe would have been born in 1466. If therefore ſhe died about 1625, ſhe would be one hundred and fifty-nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which ſhe married does to ſir William Temple's. A few years more or leſs in certain parts of this hypotheſis, would but adjuſt it ſtill better to the accounts of her. Her huſband being only a titular earl ſolves the difficulty of the ſilence of genealogiſts on ſo extraordinary a perſon.

Still we ſhould be to learn of what family ſhe herſelf was: and I find a new evidence, which agreeing with ſir William Temple's account, ſeems to claſh a little with my laſt ſuppoſition. This authority is no leſs than ſir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of the firſt book of his Hiſtory of the World, ſays expreſſly, that he himſelf "knew the old counteſs of Deſmond of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years ſince, who was married in Edward the fourth's time, *and held her jointure from all the earls of Deſmond ſince then*; and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munſter can witneſs." Her holding a jointure from all the earls of Deſmond would imply that her huſband was not of the titular line, but of that in poſſeſſion: yet that difficulty is not ſo great, as no ſuch lady

* Vol. i. page 14.

being

being mentioned in the pedigree. By ſir Walter's words it is probable that ſhe was dead when he wrote that account of her. His Hiſtory was printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had ſuppoſed; but having allowed her near one hundred and ſixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypotheſis agree better with ſir William Temple's account, and does not at all deſtroy the aſſumption of her being the wife of only a titular earl. However, all theſe are conjectures, which I ſhould be glad to have aſcertained or confuted by any curious perſon who could produce authentic teſtimonies of the birth, death and family of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or aſſiſt which was the only purpoſe of this diſquiſition.

Having communicated theſe obſervations to the reverend doctor Charles Lyttelton, biſhop of Carliſle, he ſoon afterwards found and gave me the following extract from p. 36 of Smith's Natural and Civil Hiſtory of the County of Corke, printed at Dublin 1750, 8vo.

"* Thomas the thirteenth earl of Deſmond, brother to Maurice the eleventh earl, died this year (1534) at Rathkeile, being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghall. He married, firſt, † Ellen, daughter of McCarty of Muſkerry, by whom he had a ſon, Maurice, who died *vitâ patris*. —The earl's ſecond wife was Catherine Fitzgerald, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of the houſe of Drumana in the county of Waterford. This Catherine was the counteſs that lived ſo long, of whom ſir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his Hiſtory of the World, and was reputed to live to one hundred and forty years of age."

This is the moſt poſitive evidence we have; the author quotes Ruſſel's MS. If ſhe was of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not in ſtrictneſs agree with ſir William Temple's relation of her being married out of England; by which we ſhould naturally ſuppoſe that ſhe was born of Engliſh blood.—Yet his account is ſo vague, that it ought not to be ſet againſt abſolute aſſertion, ſuppoſing the Ruſſel MS. to be of good authority enough to ſupport what it is quoted to ſupport in 1750.

* His name was James, and he was the twelfth earl. † See Lodge's Peerage, vol. i. p. 16.

Upon

Upon the whole, and to reduce this lady's age as low as poſſible, making it at the ſame time coincide with the moſt probable accounts, we will ſuppoſe that ſhe was married at fifteen in 1483, the laſt year of Edward the fourth, and that ſhe died in 1612, two years before the publication of ſir Walter Raleigh's Hiſtory, ſhe will then have been no leſs than * one hundred and forty-five years of age, a particularity ſingular enough to excite, and, I hope, to excuſe this enquiry †.

## N O T E.

HAVING, by permiſſion of his grace the lord chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windſor, called The counteſs of Deſmond, I diſcovered that it is *not* her portrait. On the back is written in an old hand, *The Mother of Rembrandt, given by Sir Robert Carr.* In the Catalogue of King Charles's Collection of Pictures, p. 150, N° 101, is deſcribed the portrait of an old woman with a great ſcarf upon her head, by Rembrandt, in a black frame; given to the king by my lord Ankrom. This was the very ſir Robert Kerr, earl of Ancram, mentioned above, and the meaſures anſwer exactly.

* Lord Bacon, ſays Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at leaſt; and added, that ſhe three times had a new ſet of teeth; for ſo I underſtand *ter vices dentiſſe*, not that ſhe recovered them three times after caſting them, as Fuller tranſlates it, which is giving her four ſets of teeth. *Worthies in Northumb.* p. 310.

† I cannot omit an anecdote, though too extraordinary to be given as authentic, relating to this lady. In an original MS. written by Robert the ſecond earl of Leiceſter, (from whom ſir W. Temple ſays he received the account of lady Deſmond) and containing memorandums of remarkable facts, it is ſaid that that old counteſs came to England to ſolicit a penſion at the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and was ſo poor that ſhe walked from Briſtol to London; her daughter being too decrepit to go on foot, was carried in a cart. "The counteſs, adds lord Leiceſter, might have lived much longer had ſhe not met with a kind of violent death; for ſhe would needs climb a nut-tree to gather nuts; ſo falling down, ſhe hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death." Lord Leiceſter fixes her death to the end of that reign.

# INSCRIPTION

ON A

# PICTURE of the late POPE.

## Proſpero Lambertini

BISHOP of ROME

by the Name of BENEDICT XIV.

Who, though an abſolute Prince,
reigned as harmleſsly
as a DOGE of VENICE:
HE reſtored the Luſtre of the TIARA
by thoſe Arts alone,
by which alone HE obtained it,
HIS VIRTUES.
Beloved by PAPISTS,
Eſteemed by PROTESTANTS:
A Prieſt, without Inſolence or Intereſtedneſs;
A Prince, without Favourites;
A Pope, without Nepotiſm;
An Author, without Vanity;
In ſhort, a MAN,
Whom neither Wit nor Power
could ſpoil.
The SON of a favourite MINISTER,
But One who never courted a Prince,
Nor worſhipped a Churchman,
Offers in a free PROTESTANT Country
This deſerved Incenſe
To the BEST of the ROMAN PONTIFS.
MDCCLVII.

This inſcription having been ſent to ſir Horace Mann at Florence, and by him ſhown to the abbate Niccolini, the latter tranſlated and ſent it to cardinal Archinto, who gave it to the pope. The good old man was ſo pleaſed with this teſtimony borne to his virtues, that he gave copies to all that came near him, and wrote it in a letter to one of his particular friends at Bologna, concluding with this expreſſion of amiable humility; " Noi mandiamo tutto al noſtro Canonico Peggi, acciò conoſca che ſiamo come le ſtatue della facciata di San Pietro in Vaticano, che, a chi è nella piazza è coſi lontano, fanno una bella comparſa, ma a chi poi viene vicino, fanno figure di orridi Maſcheroni."

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO

# PAUL HENTZNER's

# *ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND,

## In the YEAR 1598.

DOCTOR BIRCH, in his Summary of ſir Thomas Edmondes's State-papers, has publiſhed a ſhort extract from the following obſolete author, which, for the elegance of the Latin, and the remarkable deſcription of queen Elizabeth, has been deſervedly admired: her beſt portraits ſcarcely exhibit a more lively image.

The original work, of which perhaps there are not above four or five copies in England, is an Itinerary through Germany, England, France, and Italy, performed by Hentzner, a travelling tutor to a young German nobleman. That doctor Birch has extracted the moſt intereſting paſſage in the whole book, is certain: yet it records ſome circumſtances and cuſtoms not unworthy the notice of an Engliſh antiquarian, and which are mentioned no where elſe. For theſe reaſons, I flatter myſelf, that a publication of the part relating to our own country might not be an unacceptable preſent to perſons of curioſity. The tranſlation was the production of the idle hours of another gentleman †.

* Printed at Mr. Walpole's private preſs at Strawberry-hill.

† Mr. R. Bentley.

The

The author ſeems to have had that laborious and indiſcriminate paſſion for SEEING, which is remarked in his countrymen; and, as his tranſlator obſerved, enjoyed as much the doubtful head of a more doubtful ſaint in pickle, as any upon the ſhoulders of the beſt Grecian ſtatue. Fortunately ſo memorable a perſonage as queen Elizabeth happened to fall under his notice.——Ten years later, he would have been as accurate in painting Anne of Denmark!

The exceſs of reſpectful ceremonial uſed at decking her majeſty's table, though not in her preſence, and the kind of adoration and genuflection paid to her perſon, approach to eaſtern homage. When we obſerve ſuch worſhip offered to an old woman, with bare neck, black teeth, and falſe red hair, it makes one ſmile; but makes one reflect what maſculine ſenſe was couched under thoſe weakneſſes, and which could command ſuch awe from a nation like England!

Not to anticipate the entertainment of the reader, I ſhall make but one more reflection. We are apt to think that ſir William Temple and king William were in a manner the introducers of gardening into England: by the deſcription of lord Burleigh's gardens at Theobalds, and of thoſe at Nonſuch, we find that the magnificent, though falſe taſte, was known here as early as the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter. There is ſcarce an unnatural and ſumptuous impropriety at Verſailles, which we do not find in Hentzner's deſcription of the gardens above mentioned.

With regard to the orthography of proper names, though corrected in the tranſlation, I have left them in the original as I found them.—Accuracy in that particular was not the author's merit: it is a merit peculiar to Engliſhmen: the French are negligent of it to an affectation; yet the author of *Les Mélanges Hiſtoriques* complains that other nations corrupt French names! He himſelf gives ſome Engliſh ones in page 247, 248, which it is impoſſible to decypher. Baſſompierre calls York-houſe, *Jorchaux*, and Kenſington, *Inhimthort*. As a ſoldier and embaſſador, he was not obliged to know the names of houſes; when he turned author, there was no excuſe for not being intelligible. Even Voltaire, who writes the language ſo well, is careleſs in our titles. In England, it is the defect of a ſervant to blunder in proper

per names. It is one of thoſe ſilly pretenſions to politeneſs, which nations that affect a ſuperiority have always cultivated—for, in all affectations, defects are merits. The readers of hiſtory love certainty: it is pity the writers do not. What confuſion would it have ſaved, if it had not been the cuſtom of the Jews to call every Darius and Artaxerxes, Ahaſuerus! It were to be wiſhed, that all nations would be content to uſe the appellations which people or reſpective countries have choſen for themſelves. Proper names ought never to be tortured to any particular idiom. What a ridiculous compoſition is *Aulugel!* Who can conceive that *Meylandt* ſignifies Milan; or Leghorn, *Livorno?* When one is miſled by a proper name, the only uſe of which is to direct, one feels like the countryman, who complained, *That the houſes hindered him from ſeeing Paris.*—The thing becomes an obſtruction to itſelf.

ADVERTISEMENT

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO

# LORD WHITWORTH's

# *ACCOUNT OF RUSSIA,

## As it was in the YEAR 1710.

THE following ſhort but curious account of the Ruſſian Empire, as it began to emerge from barbariſm in the year 1710, cannot but be acceptable to the public from the curioſity of the ſubject, and from the merit of the performance. Lord Moleſworth's Account of the Revolution in Denmark, which totally overturned the conſtitution of that country, is one of our ſtandard books. Lord Whitworth's little treatiſe will throw conſiderable lights upon the formation of the Muſcovite power, and upon the plans of that extraordinary genius, Peter the Great. Each author ſhows what laſting benefits embaſſadors and foreign miniſters might confer on mankind, beyond the temporary utility of negotiating and ſending intelligence.

Our author, Charles lord Whitworth, was ſon of Richard Whitworth, eſq. of Blowerpipe in Staffordſhire, who, about the time of the revolution, had ſettled at Adbaſton. He married Anne Moſely, niece of ſir Oſwald Moſely of Cheſhire, by whom he had ſix ſons and a daughter. Charles; Richard, lieutenant-colonel of the queen's own royal regiment of horſe; Edward, captain of a man of war; Gerard, one of the chaplains to king George the

* Printed at Strawberry-hill.

firſt;

firſt; John, captain of dragoons; Francis, ſurveyor-general of his majeſty's woods, and ſecretary to the iſland of Barbadoes, father of Charles Whitworth, eſq. member in the preſent parliament for Minehead in Staffordſhire; and Anne, married to Tracey Pauncefort, eſq. of Lincolnſhire.

Charles, the eldeſt ſon, was bred under that accompliſhed miniſter and poet, Mr. Stepney, and having attended him through ſeveral courts of Germany, was in the year 1702 appointed reſident at the diet of Ratiſbon. In 1704 he was named envoy extraordinary to the court of Peterſburgh, as he was ſent ambaſſador extraordinary thither on a more ſolemn and extraordinary occaſion in 1710. M. de Matueof, the czar's miniſter at London, had been arreſted in the public ſtreet by two bailiffs, at the ſuit of ſome tradeſmen to whom he was in debt. This affront had like to have been attended with very ſerious conſequences. The czar, who had been abſolute enough to civilize ſavages, had no idea, could conceive none, of the privileges of a nation civilized in the only rational manner, by laws and liberties. He demanded immediate and ſevere puniſhment of the offenders: he demanded it of a princeſs, whom he thought intereſted to aſſert the ſacredneſs of the perſons of monarchs, even in their repreſentatives; and he demanded it with threats of wreaking his vengeance on all Engliſh merchants and ſubjects eſtabliſhed in his dominions. In this light the menace was formidable—otherwiſe, happily the rights of a whole people were more ſacred *here* than the perſons of foreign miniſters. The czar's memorials urged the queen with the ſatisfaction which ſhe had extorted herſelf, when only the boat and ſervants of the earl of Mancheſter had been inſulted at Venice. That ſtate had broken through their fundamental laws to content the queen of Great Britain. How noble a picture of government, when a monarch that can force another nation to infringe its conſtitution, dares not violate his own! One may imagine with what difficulties our ſecretaries of ſtate muſt have laboured through all the ambages of phraſe in Engliſh, French, German, and Ruſs, to explain to Muſcovite ears and Muſcovite underſtandings, the meaning of indictments, pleadings, precedents, juries, and verdicts *; and how impatiently Peter muſt have liſtened to promiſes of a hearing next term!

* Mr. Dayrolles in his letter to the Ruſſian embaſſador, March 10, 1705, gives him a particular account of the trial before the lord chief juſtice Holt.

*Vide Mottley's Life of Peter* I. vol. ii. p. 57.

With

With what aſtoniſhment muſt he have beheld a great queen engaging to endeavour to prevail on her parliament to paſs an act to prevent any ſuch outrage for the future! What honour does it reflect on the memory of that princeſs, to ſee her not bluſh to own to an arbitrary emperor, that even to appeaſe *him* ſhe dared not put the meaneſt of her ſubjects to death uncondemned by law! "There are," ſays ſhe*, in one of her diſpatches to him, "inſuperable difficulties with reſpect to the ancient and fundamental laws of the government of our people, which we fear do not *permit* ſo ſevere and rigorous a ſentence to be given, as your Imperial Majeſty at firſt ſeemed to expect in this caſe: and we perſuade our Self, that your Imperial Majeſty, who are a prince famous for clemency and for exact juſtice, will not require us, *who are the guardian and protectreſs of the laws*, to inflict a puniſhment upon our ſubjects, which the law does not empower us to do." Words ſo venerable and heroic, that this broil ought to become hiſtory, and be exempted from the oblivion due to the ſilly ſquabbles of embaſſadors and their privileges. If Anne deſerved praiſe for her conduct on this occaſion, it reflects ſtill greater glory on Peter, that this ferocious man *had* patience to liſten to theſe details, and had moderation and juſtice enough to be perſuaded by the reaſon of them.

Mr. Whitworth had the honour of terminating this quarrel. In 1714 he was appointed plenipotentiary to the diet of Auſbourg and Ratiſbon; in 1716, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the king of Pruſſia; in 1717, envoy extraordinary to the Hague. In 1712 he returned in his former character to Berlin; and in 1721 king George I. rewarded his long ſervices and fatigues, by creating him baron Whitworth of Galway in the kingdom of Ireland, the preamble of his patent, enumerating many of his virtues and labours, being as follows:

*CUM alii homines re aliâ clari inclytique ſeſe Nobis commendaverint, haud minorem tamen vel ſibimet gloriam acquirere, vel Regnis noſtris utilitatem conferre eos exiſtimamus, qui res noſtras apud principes ſtatuſque exteros prudenter feliciterque adminiſtrant. Inter hoſce quidem eminet plurimum tum longinquo uſu atque exercitatione, tum ſolertiâ quadam ſingulari fidelis & dilectus nobis Carolus Whitworth Armiger. Variis in aulis externis perfunctis muneri-*

* Mottley's Life of Peter I. vol. ii. p. 67.

*bus ſeſe anteceſſoribus noſtris glorioſæ memoriæ, Gulielmo Tertio Regi, Reginæque Annæ perſpectum imprimis comprobatumque reddidit. In Comitiis Ratiſbonenſibus, in Aulâ Cæſareo-Germanicâ, atque apud Czarum Muſcoviæ temporibus difficillimis res maximi momenti ſemper cum laude tractavit, ac meritis ſuis eximiis ſummos honores rerum exterarum curatoribus tribui ſolitos, legati ſcilicet extraordinarii et plenipotentiarii characterem conſecutus eſt. Ita ornatum, ita commendatum nos Eum accepimus, ac proinde ejus operâ in arduis compluribus negotiis tanto cum noſtro commodo tantoque omnium plauſu uſi ſumus, ut teſtimonio aliquo illuſtri ejus virtutes, intemeratam præciſuè fidem et conſtantiam, remunerandas eſſe cenſuerimus; et cum Majeſtatem imperii noſtri deceat, tum rebus tractandis pondus aliquod adjiciat nobilitatis ſplendor atque amplitudo, nos prædictum Carolum Whitworth, quem legati noſtri extraordinarii ac plenipotentiarii titulis inſignivimus ad tractatus pacis in congreſſu Brunſvicenſi proximo celebrandos, qui in Aulâ Berolinenſi, atque apud Ordines Generales Uniti Belgii, plenâ potentiâ res noſtras procurat, ad dignitatem gradumque Baronis in Regno noſtro Hiberniæ promovendum eſſe ſtatuimus: Sciatis igitur, &c.*

The next year his lordſhip was entruſted with the affairs of Great Britain at the congreſs of Cambray, in the character of embaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary. He returned home in 1724, and died the next year at his houſe in Gerard-ſtreet, London. His body was interred in Weſtminſter-abbey.

Theſe ſhort memorials, communicated to me by his family without any oſtentation, are all I have been able to recover of a man ſo uſeful to his country; who beſides the following little piece, which muſt retrieve and preſerve his character from oblivion, has left many volumes of ſtate-letters and papers in the poſſeſſion of his relations. One little anecdote of him I was told by the late ſir Luke Schaub, who had it from himſelf: Lord Whitworth had had a perſonal intimacy with the famous czarina Catherine, at a time when her favours were not purchaſed nor rewarded at ſo extravagant a rate as that of a diadem. When he had compromiſed the rupture between the court of England and the czar, he was invited to a ball at court, and taken out to dance by the czarina. As they began the minuet, ſhe ſqueezed him by the hand, and ſaid in a whiſper, *Have you forgot little Kate?*

It

It is to be lamented that ſo agreeable a writer as lord Whitworth has not left us more ample accounts of this memorable woman. Even his portrait of her lord is not detailed enough to ſatisfy our curioſity. How ſtriking a picture might an author of genius form from the contraſt exhibited to Europe by four extraordinary men at the ſame period! Peter recalled that image of the founders of empires, of whom we read with much ſatisfaction and much incredulity in ancient ſtory:—Charles the twelfth, of thoſe frantic heroes of poeſy, of whom we read with perhaps more ſatisfaction and no credulity at all. Romulus and Achilles filled half our gazettes, while Lewis the fourteenth was treading to univerſal monarchy with all the pomp and policy of theſe latter ages. William the third was oppoſing this modern Xerxes with the ſame arts; and (with perhaps a little of Charles's jealouſy) had the good fortune to have his quarrel confounded with that of Europe. While Peter tamed his ſavages, raiſed cities, invited arts, converted foreſts into fleets, Charles was trying to recall the improvements of war to its firſt principle, brutal ſtrength; fancying that the weight of the Turkiſh empire was to be overturned by a ſingle arm, and that heroic obſtinacy might be a counterpoiſe to gunpowder.

A philoſopher in theſe four men ſaw at once the great outlines of what the world had been, and what it is.

Lord Whitworth's MS. was communicated to me by Richard Owen Cambridge, eſq. having been purchaſed by him in a very curious ſet of books, collected by monſieur Zolman, ſecretary to the late Stephen Poyntz, eſq. This little library relates ſolely to Ruſſian hiſtory and affairs, and contains in many languages every thing that perhaps has been written on that country. Mr. Cambridge's known benevolence, and his diſpoſition to encourage every uſeful undertaking, has made him willing to throw open this magazine of curioſity to whoever is inclined to compile a hiſtory or elucidate the tranſactions of an empire, almoſt unknown even to its cotemporaries.

# ADVERTISEMENT
TO
# THE MISTAKES;
OR,
# The Happy Reſentment.
## A COMEDY,
By HENRY Lord * HYDE and CORNBURY.

THE following ſcenes were written many years ago by a noble lord, and given at that time to Mrs. Porter to diſpoſe of for her benefit. Several reaſons, unneceſſary to mention, prevented the repreſentation of them: but it would be ingratitude to the memory of the illuſtrious author not to acquaint the world, that they were a very juvenile production; and this notice is given, leſs with an intention of avowing blemiſhes, than of calling for approbation on ſuch early talents, and on virtues ſo mature in an age in which wit is too apt to want judgment, and is ſo ſeldom attentive to the beauties of morality. The plan of the comedy was to contraſt the celebrated Provoked Huſband, and to vindicate the ſofter ſex from the aſperſion of being the weaker in their peculiar province, domeſtic life; a good-natured and a diſintereſted deſign. His lordſhip's abilities have been too much diſtinguiſhed ſince to want the flattery of our comparing his performance with one of the beſt comedies in the Engliſh language: the enſuing piece is evidently inferior to the Provoked Huſband, in every thing but what ought to be the foundation of all comedy, the moral leſſons it inculcates: no wonder

* Only ſon of Henry Hyde the laſt earl of Clarendon. Lord Hyde died at Paris before his father.

his lordſhip's writings excelled in what he himſelf excelled ſo eminently! They were the emanations of one of the beſt hearts that ever warmed a human breaſt. He was upright, calm, ſteady; his virtues were of the gentleſt complexion, yet of the firmeſt texture: vice could not bend him, nor party warp him; even his own talents could not miſlead him. Though a maſter of eloquence, he preferred juſtice and the love of his country, to all the applauſe which the violence of the times in which he lived, was ſo prodigal of beſtowing upon orators who diſtinguiſh themſelves in any faction; but the tinſel of popularity, and the intrinſic of corruption, were equally his contempt. He ſpoke, nor wrote, nor acted for fame.—As goodneſs was the object and end of all his actions, can that life be obſcure? Can thoſe writings which breathe his ſoul not be valuable, when we are aſſured by the greateſt * authority, and that too of one who knew him well, that it is a teſt of virtue to diſdain whatever *he diſdained?*

Let it not be thought preſumption in an old and once favoured ſervant of the public, if ſhe avows herſelf more proud than intereſted in publiſhing the beneficence of ſo illuſtrious and honoured a patron; and if ſhe flatters herſelf, when her powers of contributing to the amuſement of the public are no more, that ſhe at leaſt makes it no unacceptable offering.

She begs leave to embrace this opportunity of acknowledging and returning her moſt humble thanks for the great and uncommon generoſity ſhe has experienced on this occaſion, and for the patronage of ſo many noble perſons; and ſhe deſires to repeat her gratitude for ſuch a ſeries of favours from the kind indulgence of the public, who have had the goodneſs to accept her inclination and endeavours to pleaſe, as real merit.

Her grateful ſenſe of their benevolence can never expire but with her life.

* Diſdain whatever Cornbury diſdains. Pope.

ADVERTISEMENT

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

# *LIFE

OF

# EDWARD LORD HERBERT

## OF CHERBURY,

### Written by himſelf.

SOME years ago the following pages would have been reckoned one of the greateſt preſents which the learned world could have received. The Life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himſelf, would have excited the curioſity of the whole republic of letters. Perhaps a leſs proportion of expectation may attend this its late appearance. Not that the abilities of the noble writer have fallen into diſeſteem. His reign of Henry VIII. is allowed to be a maſterpiece of hiſtoric biography. But they were his ſpeculative works, which, raiſing a multitude of admirers or cenſors from their acuteneſs and ſingularity, made lord Herbert's a name of the firſt importance. The many great men, who illuſtrated the ſucceeding period, have taken off ſome of the public attention; for it is only a genius of the firſt force, whoſe fame dilates with ages, and can buoy itſelf up above the indifference which ſteals upon mankind, as an author becomes leſs and leſs the ſubject of converſation. Speculative writers, however penetrating, however ſublime their talents, ſeldom attain the ſeal of univerſal approbation; becauſe, of all the various abilities which Providence has beſtowed on man, reaſoning is not the power which has been brought to ſtandard perfection.

* Printed at Strawberry-hill.

Poetry




Jx. Oliver pinx. Ant. Walker sculp.

Edward Lord Herbert of Chirbury.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Poetry and eloquence have been ſo far perfected, that the great maſters in thoſe branches ſtill remain unequalled. But where is that book of human argumentation, where that ſyſtem of human opinions, which has not been partly confuted or exploded? Novelty itſelf in matters of metaphyſical enquiry often proves, in effect, a confutation of antecedent novelties. Opponents raiſe the celebrity of the doctrine they attack: newer doctrines ſtifle that celebrity. This is a truth, which the bigots of lord Herbert's age would not have liked to hear; but what has happened to many other great men, has been his fate too: they who meaned to wound his fame, extended it: when the cry of enthuſiaſts was drawn off to freſher game, his renown grew fainter. His moral character recovered its luſtre, but has fewer ſpectators to gaze at it.

This Introduction to his Life may not be improper, though at firſt it may miſlead the reader, who will hence perhaps expect from his own pen ſome account of a perſon's creed, whom a few ſottiſh zealots once repreſented as having none at all. His lordſhip's thorough belief and awful veneration of the Deity will clearly appear in theſe pages; but neither the unbeliever nor the monk will have farther ſatisfaction. This life of a philoſopher is neither a deduction of his opinions, nor a table of philoſophy—I will anticipate the reader's ſurpriſe, though it ſhall be but in a word: to his aſtoniſhment he will find, that the hiſtory of don Quixote was the life of Plato.

The noble family, which gives theſe ſheets to the world, is above the little prejudices which make many a race defraud the public of what was deſigned for it by thoſe who alone had a right to give or withhold. It is above ſuppreſſing what lord Herbert dared to tell. Foibles, paſſions, perhaps ſome vanity, ſurely ſome wrongheadedneſs; theſe he ſcorned to conceal, for he ſought truth, wrote on truth, was truth: he honeſtly told when he had miſſed or miſtaken it. His deſcendants, not blind to his faults, but through them conducting the reader to his virtues, deſire the world to make this candid obſervation with them, "That there muſt have been a wonderful fund of internal virtue, of ſtrong reſolution and manly philoſophy, which in an age of ſuch miſtaken and barbarous gallantry, of ſuch abſurd uſages and falſe glory, could enable lord Herbert to ſeek fame better founded, and could make him reflect that there might be a more deſirable kind of glory than that of a romantic duelliſt." None ſhut their eyes ſo obſtinately againſt ſee-

ing what is ridiculous, as they who have attained a maſtery in it: but that was not the caſe of lord Herbert. His valour made him a hero, be the heroiſm in vogue what it would; his ſound parts made him a philoſopher. Few men in truth have figured ſo conſpicuouſly in lights ſo various; and his deſcendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, would perhaps injure his memory, if they ſuffered the world to be ignorant, that he was formed to ſhine in every ſphere, into which his impetuous temperament or predominant reaſon conducted him.

As a ſoldier, he won the eſteem of thoſe great captains the prince of Orange and the conſtable de Montmorency; as a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the pureſt founts of the Fairy Queen. Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his perſon would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aſpire to go. As a public miniſter, he ſupported the dignity of his country, even when its prince diſgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals as well as to ennoble them, the hiſtory I have mentioned proves, and muſt make us lament that he did not complete, or that we have loſt, the account he purpoſed to give of his embaſſy. Theſe buſy ſcenes were blended with, and terminated by, meditation and philoſophic enquiries. Strip each period of its exceſſes and errors, and it will not be eaſy to trace out, or diſpoſe the life of a man of quality into a ſucceſſion of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth; buſineſs of ſtate in the middle age; contemplation and labours for the information of poſterity in the calmer ſcenes of cloſing life: this was lord Herbert: the deduction he will give himſelf.

The MS. was in great danger of being loſt to the world. Henry lord Herbert, grandſon of the author, died in 1691 without iſſue, and by his will left his eſtate to Francis Herbert of Oakly-park, (father of the preſent earl of Powis), his ſiſter's ſon. At Lymore in Montgomeryſhire (the chief ſeat of the family after Cromwell had demoliſhed Montgomery-caſtle) was preſerved the original manuſcript. Upon the marriage of Henry lord Herbert with a daughter of Francis earl of Bradford, Lymore, with a conſiderable part of the eſtate thereabouts, was allotted for her jointure. After his deceaſe, lady Herbert uſually reſided there; ſhe died in 1714. The MS. could not then be found; yet while ſhe lived there it was known to have been in her hands. Some years afterwards it was diſcovered at Lymore among

among ſome old papers, in very bad condition, ſeveral leaves being torn out, and others ſtained to ſuch a degree as to make it ſcarcely legible. Under theſe circumſtances, enquiry was made of the Herberts of Ribbisford (deſcended from ſir Henry Herbert, a younger brother of the author-lord) in relation to a duplicate of the memoirs, which was confidently ſaid to be in their cuſtody. It was allowed that ſuch a duplicate had exiſted; but no one could recollect what was become of it. At laſt, about the year 1737, this book was ſent to the earl of Powis, by a gentleman whoſe father had purchaſed an eſtate of Henry Herbert of Ribbisford (ſon of ſir Henry Herbert above mentioned), in whom was revived in 1694 the title of Chirbury, which had extinguiſhed in 1691. By him (after the ſale of the eſtate) ſome few books, pictures, and other things were left in the houſe, and remained there to 1737. This manuſcript was amongſt them; which not only by the contents (as far as it was poſſible to collate it with the original) but by the ſimilitude of the writing, appeared to be the duplicate ſo much ſought after.

Being written when lord Herbert was paſt ſixty, the work was probably never completed. The ſpelling is in general given as in the MS. but ſome obvious miſtakes it was neceſſary to correct, and a few notes have been added, to point out the moſt remarkable perſons mentioned in the text. The ſtyle is remarkably good for that age, which coming between the nervous and expreſſive manlineſs of the preceding century, and the purity of the preſent ſtandard, partook of neither. His lordſhip's obſervations are new and acute; ſome very ſhrewd, as that to the duc de Guiſe, p. 148; his diſcourſe on the reformation, very wiſe. To the French confeſſor his reply, p. 168, was ſpirited; indeed his behaviour to Luynes, and all his conduct gave ample evidence of his conſtitutional fire. But nothing is more marked than the air of veracity or perſuaſion which runs through the whole narrative. If he makes us wonder, and wonder makes us doubt, the charm of his ingenuous integrity diſpels our heſitation. The whole relation throws ſingular light on the manners of the age, though the gleams are tranſient. In thoſe manners nothing is more ſtriking than the ſtrange want of police in this country: I will not point out inſtances, as I have already perhaps too much opened the contents of a book, which, if it gives other readers half the pleaſure it afforded me, they will own themſelves extraordinarily indebted to the noble perſon, by whoſe favour I am permitted to communicate to them ſo great a curioſity.

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO A

# CATALOGUE and DESCRIPTION

Of KING CHARLES the FIRST's

CAPITAL COLLECTION OF

# Pictures, Statues, Bronzes, Medals, &c.

THE catalogue, now offered to the public, of the collection of pictures belonging to king Charles the firſt, was tranſcribed by the late curious and induſtrious Mr. VERTUE, from a MS. in the Aſhmolean muſæum, and was by him prepared for the preſs, part of it being actually printed off before his death. The catalogue appears, from pages 57 and 63, to have been taken by one * Vanderdoort, keeper of the king's cabinet, pictures, jewels, &c. who had before ſerved prince Henry in the ſame employment: and indeed, from every page, it appears not to have been compiled by an Engliſhman, the language in many places being barely intelligible; in none,

* In Saunderſon's Graphice is this account of this Abraham Vanderdoort's death. The king had recommended to him to take particular care of an excellent miniature by Gibſon, the parable of the loſt ſheep: he laid it up ſo carefully, that when the king aſked for it, Vanderdoort could not find it: in deſpair he went and hanged himſelf. After his death, his executors found and reſtored it. As it is not mentioned in this catalogue, probably it was newly purchaſed.

*Vide Saunderſon*, p. 14.

There is a fine head of Vanderdoort in lord Oxford's collection, by Dobſon, whom king Charles called the Engliſh Tintoret, and yet there is not one picture by him in the following catalogue.

tolerably pure *. Yet it was apprehended, that putting it into a new dreſs might have deſtroyed much of the fidelity of the deſcriptions, which ſeem very accurately taken; and as elegance of diction is by no means a neceſſary ingredient to a catalogue, it is hoped that the curious will prefer the rude original, in its native truth, to a more poliſhed, but perhaps leſs faithful narrative.

King Charles's collection was one of the moſt celebrated in Europe: he loved, he underſtood, he patronized the arts. Not having the fortune to find great geniuſes in painting among his own ſubjects, he † called over ſome of the ableſt maſters of other nations—a commendable partiality to foreigners, as it tended to enrich and inſtruct his own country. Nor did he confine his expence to artiſts: beſides ſeparate pieces, he purchaſed the celebrated collection of the duke of Mantua; having firſt laid a foundation of what he inherited from his brother the amiable prince Henry, who, as appears from this catalogue, had, amongſt his other qualifications, a taſte for pictures, and a noble zeal for encouraging the arts.

It is recorded of king Charles, that at one time he made a preſent of ultramarine to the value of five hundred pounds to Vandyke and Mrs. Carliſle, a celebrated paintreſs; and the immenſe price of eighty thouſand pounds, which his majeſty is ſaid to have agreed to pay to the ſame great maſter, for illuſtrating the banqueting-houſe with the ceremonies of the garter, is rather a comment on the magnificence of the prince, and the genius of the painter, than probably a matter of fact.—That noble chamber was ſoon deſtined to a more melancholy ſolemnity!

The ſtroke that laid royalty ſo low, diſmiſſed the painter, and diſperſed the royal virtuoſo's collection: the firſt cabinets in Europe ſhine with its ſpoils ‡. The few fine pieces thinly ſcattered through the royal palaces at

* Tom Hearne, who was going to print it, took it for German, and dropped the deſign.

† He invited Albano into England, by a letter written with his own hand. *Acad. Pict.* p. 282.

‡ After the reſtoration a commiſſion was iſſued out to examine Hugh Peters concerning the diſpoſal of the pictures, jewels, &c. belonging to the royal family, but ſoon came to nothing, by the obſtinacy or ignorance of Peters, who would not or could not give the deſired ſatisfaction. *Vide Gen. Dict.* vol. ii. p. 384.

home, are chiefly what were ſaved or re-aſſembled of king Charles's ſplendid gallery: the Dutch are reported to have purchaſed and reſtored ſome * to his ſon: the beſt part are buried in the gloom or periſhing in the vaults of the Eſcurial. The late prince of Wales, who had begun to aſſemble a fine collection, propoſed to acquire as many as poſſible of king Charles's pictures—but painting has ſtill been unfortunate in Britain!

The fire of Whitehall contributed to deſtroy what rebellion and rapine had ſpared. Many portraits of royal perſons, of whom no image is left, periſhed in thoſe flames. The faireſt works of the natural Holbein, and the exquiſite Iſaac Oliver, were probably loſt there: works ſo valuable, that the memory of them, preſerved in this rude tranſcript, muſt recommend it to the judicious and curious reader.

A ſtill farther view is aimed at. Catalogues of this ſort are deſervedly grown into eſteem: while a collection remains entire, the uſe of the catalogue is obvious; when diſperſed, it often ſerves to authenticate a picture, adds to its imaginary value, and beſtows a ſort of hiſtory on it. It is to be wiſhed, that the practice of compoſing catalogues of conſpicuous collections was univerſal: and perhaps this, ſo coarſely executed, may tend to incite more elegant imitations. Hitherto, this Vanderdoort, and one or two foreigners ſcarce better qualified, have been the chief illuſtrators of Britiſh muſæums †. One Gambarini began with lord Pembroke's collection, and made pompous promiſes of proceeding with what he was incapable of executing well. There is another account of the pictures and ſtatues at Wilton ‡: the coins and medals have been publiſhed in a fair edition. Many of the duke of Devonſhire's and doctor Mead's appear in Haym's *Teſoro Britannico*. Theſe, and the *Ædes Walpolianæ*, are, I think, the only deſcriptions of the riches of a country, which for ſome years has been aſſembling the arts and works of the politeſt nations and greateſt maſters.

* They are publiſhed in Gerard Reyntz's Gallery, of whoſe widow they were bought.

† It ſeems that king Charles's medals were ſaved, or that his ſon made a collection; for the latter ordered Aſhmole to make a deſcription of his medals, and aſſigned Henry the eighth's cloſet for that purpoſe. He made the catalogue accordingly; but I do not find that it was ever printed.

*Vide Memoirs of El. Aſhmole, prefixed to his Berkſhire*, p. 10, 24.

‡ By Cowdrey. Another ſince by Kennedy.

The

The eſtabliſhment of the Britiſh muſæum ſeems a charter for incorporating the arts, a new æra of *virtù*. It is to be hoped that collections, wont to ſtraggle through auctions into obſcurity, will there find a centre! Who that ſhould deſtine his collection to the Britiſh muſæum, would not purchaſe curioſities with redoubled ſpirit and pleaſure, whenever he reflected, that he was collecting for his country, and would have his name recorded as a benefactor to its arts and improvements? And when ſo fair a foundation is laid, if pictures and ſtatues flow in to books and medals, and curioſities of every kind, may we not flatter ourſelves, that a Britiſh academy of arts will ariſe? at leaſt, that we ſhall not want great maſters of our own, when models are prepared, and our artiſts can ſtudy Greece and Rome, Praxiteles and Raphael, without ſtirring from their own metropolis?

ADVERTISEMENT

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO A

# CATALOGUE

OF THE

# COLLECTION of PICTURES, &c.

BELONGING TO

# KING JAMES the SECOND.

THE following catalogues, as well as that of king Charles's collection publiſhed laſt ſummer, were purchaſed by the * editor at the ſale of Mr. VERTUE. The firſt [that of king James's collection] was tranſcribed from a book in the poſſeſſion of the late earl of Oxford, with the king's arms on the covers, which probably was for his majeſty's own uſe. There are ſhort deſcriptions of each picture, but no meaſures. In one leaf it is ſaid, that the Mantuan collection, which by the former catalogue ſeems to have been greatly damaged, coſt king Charles fourſcore thouſand pounds. It adds, that part of the collection was purchaſed of one Mr. Froſely; another part, preſented to the ſame king by the lord abbot Montagu, almoner to queen Henrietta-Maria; and a handſome number, the gift of the States to Charles II. They had belonged to his father, were bought during the rebellion by mynheer Reyntz, a virtuoſo, [whoſe collection was engraved, with prints of theſe very pictures] and on his death were purchaſed and re-

* William Bathoe, Bookſeller.

ſtored

ſtored by the States. The catalogue is ſigned by Mr. Chiffinch, of the king's bed chamber; and in the laſt leaf are ſome memorandums of furniture in the cuſtody of different wardrobe-keepers, and quantities of royal plate, all which ſeem to have been ſpecified in lord Oxford's manuſcript.

The catalogue of queen Caroline's cloſet was taken by Mr. Vertue himſelf in 1743, and contains an account of a very valuable cabinet; particularly of that curious parcel of original drawings of Holbein, the ſketches for his portraits in oil. They are not only ſome of his moſt maſterly performances, but preſerve repreſentations of many illuſtrious perſons of the court of Henry VIII. and of whom no other pictures are known. There are portraits of the accompliſhed earl of Surrey at different ſtages of his life; of an admired poet at the ſame time, lord Vaux; of two or three of the queens, and other beauties. It is pity that ſo valuable a treaſure ſhould not be enſured to the public by engravings *. They ſeem to have compoſed that book mentioned in king Charles's collection, page 4, which his majeſty exchanged with the lord chamberlain Pembroke for a Saint George by Raphael, and which his lordſhip gave to that great collector the earl of Arundel. A few of the ſame ſet are in the poſſeſſion of the lady Elizabeth Germain. I do not doubt but it is the ſame book mentioned with ſuch encomiums, and ſo deſervedly, by Saunderſon, in his Graphice, page 79. There are many other curious pieces in this cabinet, aſſembled by her late majeſty, who had great pleaſure in collecting and preſerving the diſperſed remains of the collection belonging to the crown, who formed the gallery of royal portraits at Kenſington, and was the gracious patroneſs of every art.

* We cannot help lamenting, that the portraits [at Windſor] of an age ſo celebrated for beauty as the reign of Charles II. ſhould likewiſe remain ſhut up from the public, and be liable to be totally loſt, by not being engraved.

ADVERTISEMENT

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO A

# CATALOGUE

OF THE CURIOUS

# COLLECTION of PICTURES

OF

## GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WE proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections: the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, and was only such part of his museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave 10,000l. for what had been collected by sir Peter Paul Rubens; and sir Henry Wootton, when embassador at Venice, purchased * many other capital ones for his

* Particularly a Madona and child (probably one of those hereafter mentioned) by Titian; and Abishag brought to David, by old Palma, in page 9. *Vide Cabala*, p. 399.

grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection muſt have been, by this liſt of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, ſeventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Baſſan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veroneſe, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; beſides other eſteemed and ſcarce maſters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought ſome of them; but the greater part were purchaſed by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the caſtle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the Ecce Homo by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the fifth, and Solyman the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuſcript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the firſt duke the value of 7000 *l.* in money or land for that ſingle piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland-houſe.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when ſent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negotiate the reſtoration of the Palatinate, purchaſed a curious collection of Arabic manuſcripts, collected by Erpinius, a famous linguiſt; which, according to the duke's deſignation of them, were, after his death, beſtowed on the univerſity of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.



Carl. Rivers presenting his Book & Caxton his Printer to Edw. 4. the Queen & Prince; from a curious M.S. in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth. The Portrait of the Prince (afterw.ds Edw. 5th) is the only one known of him, & has been engraved by Vertue among the Heads of the Kings. The Person in a Cap & Robe of State is probably Richard D. of Gloucester, as he resembles the King, and as Clarence was always too great an Enemy of the Queen to be distinguished by her Brother. The Book was printed in 1477, when Clarence was in Ireland, & in the beginning of the next Year he was murderd.

C. Grignion sculp.

A

# CATALOGUE

OF THE

# ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS

OF

# ENGLAND,

With LISTS of their WORKS.

Dove, diavolo! Meſſer Ludovico, avete pigliato tante coglionerie?

CARD. D'ESTE to ARIOSTO.

Enlarged with many new Articles, with ſeveral Paſſages reſtored from the original MS. and with many other Additions.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

A

# CATALOGUE

OF THE

# ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS

OF

# ENGLAND,

With LISTS of their WORKS.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

To the Most Noble

# FRANCIS SEYMOUR CONWAY,

## EARL OF HERTFORD,

VISCOUNT BEAUCHAMP,

BARON CONWAY AND KILLULTA,

KNIGHT of the Most Noble Order of the GARTER,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN of his MAJESTY's HOUSHOLD,

AND

LORD LIEUTENANT of the County of Warwick.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHOULD be afraid to offer you the following work, if it was not written with the utmost impartiality towards all persons and parties: it would be unpardonable to have a bias in a mere literary narrative. Yet some may think that I ought to be apprehensive of offering it to you from this very impartiality; I mean, from the freedom with which I speak of your great ancestor, the protector Somerset. But whoever suspects you of unwillingness to hear truth, is little acquainted with you—and indeed, when you need not fear what truth can say of yourself, it would be too nice to feel for a remote progenitor; especially as your virtues reflect back more honour to him, than his splendour has transmitted to you. Whatever blemishes he had, he amply atoned,

atoned, not only by his unhappy death, but by that beautiful humanity, which prompted him to erect a *court of requests* in his own house to hear the suits, the complaints of the poor.

If there were no other evident propriety, my lord, in *my* presenting *you* with any thing that I should wish were valuable, the poor would bear testimony that an encomium on the protector's benevolence can be no where so properly addressed as to the heir of his goodness.

I am, my LORD,

your LORDSHIP'S

most affectionate

humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE compiler of the following liſt flatters himſelf that he offers to the public a preſent of ſome curioſity, though perhaps of no great value. This ſingular catalogue contains an account of no fewer than ten Engliſh princes, and of above fourſcore peers, who at different periods have thrown their mite into the treaſury of literature. The number much exceeds what is generally known.—Perhaps the obſcurity of ſome will not at firſt ſight make a favourable impreſſion on the mind of the reader, nor incline him to think that it was worth while to preſerve the names of authors, whoſe works have not ſeemed worth preſerving. But when it is obſerved that it has been impoſſible to recover even the titles of many pieces written by ſo maſterly a genius as lord Somers, it may not be too favourable a judgment to preſume that other able authors have met as unmerited a fate. As lord Somers's pieces were anonymous, we no longer know what to aſcribe to him; and one cannot help making an inference a little ſevere; that the world is apt to eſteem works more from the reputation of the author, than from their intrinſic merit. Another cauſe that has drawn oblivion over ſome of our catalogue, was the unfortunate age in which they appeared, when learning was but in its dawn, when our language was barbarous. How brightly would earl Rivers have ſhined, had he flouriſhed in the poliſhed æra of queen Anne! How would the thoughts of Bolingbroke twinkle, had he written during the wars of York and Lancaſter!

Be this as it may; yet are there ſuch great names to be found in this catalogue, as will excuſe erecting a particular claſs for them: Bacon, Clarendon, Villiers duke of Buckingham, the latter lord Shaftſbury, lord Herbert, lord Dorſet, and others, are ſufficient founders of a new order. Some years ago nothing was more common than ſuch diviſions of writers. How many German, Dutch, and other heralds have marſhalled authors in this manner! Balthazar Bonifacius made a collection of ſuch as had been in

love with ſtatues*: Raviſius Textor, of ſuch as have died laughing†: Voſſius, of chronologers: Bartholinus, of phyſicians who have been poets. There are catalogues of modern Greek poets; of illuſtrious baſtards; of tranſlators; of Frenchmen who have ſtudied Hebrew‡; of all the authors bred at Oxford, by Antony Wood; and of all Britiſh writers in general by Bale, Pitts, and biſhop Tanner. But if this collection, fortified with ſuch grave authorities, ſhould ſtill be reckoned trifling by the generality; it cannot, I would hope, but be acceptable to the noble families deſcended from theſe authors. Conſidering what traſh is thought worthy to be hoarded by genealogiſts, the following liſt may not be a deſpicable addition to thoſe repoſitories. Of one uſe it certainly may be; to aſſiſt future editors in publiſhing the works of any of theſe illuſtrious perſonages.

In compiling this catalogue, I have not inſerted perſons as authors, of whom there is nothing extant but letters or ſpeeches. Such pieces ſhow no intention in the writers to have been authors, and would ſwell this treatiſe to an immenſe magnitude. Biſhop Tanner has erected many kings and queens into authors on theſe and ſtill ſlenderer pretenſions, in which he ſurpaſſes even his bountiful predeceſſor Bale. According to the former, even queen Eleanor was an author for letters which ſhe is *ſaid* to have written; and Edward the third for his writs and precepts to ſheriffs. But this is ridiculous.

I have choſen to begin no higher than the Conqueſt, though the venerable name of Alfred did tempt me to add ſo great an ornament to my work: but as I ſhould not then have known on what æra to fix; and being terrified at finding I muſt have to do with another Alfred king of Northumberland, with Arviragus, Canute; nay, with that virago Boadicia, and king Bladud, a magician, who diſcovered the Bath waters, and the art of flying §, to all whom the biſhop very gravely allots their niches, I contented myſelf with a later period, whoſe commencement however, as the reader will find, is uncertain enough to ſatisfy any admirer of hiſtoric paradoxes and fables.

* Gen. Dict. vol. x. p. 360.

† Theatr. Hiſt. lib. 2. chap. 87.

‡ In a book called Gallia Orientalis.

§ It ſeems he had a mind to paſs for a god: inviting his people to the capital to ſee a proof of his divinity, after a few evolutions in the air, his wings failed him, and he tumbled upon the temple of Apollo and broke his neck; which Leland mentions as a judgment; allowing an impoſſibility, in order to get at a miracle; vol. i. page 11.

One liberty I have taken, which is *calling up by writ*, if I may ſay ſo, ſome eldeſt ſons of peers, who never attained the title; as the earl of Surrey, and the lord Rochford, &c. In ranging the whole ſeries, I have generally gone by the years of their deaths, except where they long out-lived their ſignificance, or the period in which they chiefly ſhone.

I will not detain the reader any longer from what little entertainment he may find in the work itſelf, but to make an apology for freedoms I have taken of two ſorts; the one, with ſome hiſtoric names, whoſe deſcendents ſtill exiſt. There are families mentioned in this work, whoſe firſt honours were the wages of ſervility; their latter, the rewards or ornaments of the moſt amiable virtues. It were an affront to the latter, to ſuppoſe that one is not at liberty to treat the former as they deſerved. No man who is conſcious of the one, can be ſolicitous about the other. Another ſort of licence I have allowed myſelf is in ſcrutinizing ſome favourite characters; yet I never mean to offer my opinion but with ſubmiſſion to better judgments, which I chooſe to ſay here, rather than repeat it tireſomely on every occaſion. This freedom of diſcuſſion on the dead of any rank, or however conſecrated by the authority of great names, or even by the eſteem of ages, every man ought to be at liberty to exerciſe. The greateſt men certainly may be miſtaken; ſo may even the judgment of ages, which often takes opinions upon truſt. No authority, under divine, is too great to be called in queſtion; and however venerable monarchy may be in a ſtate, no man ever wiſhed to ſee the government of letters under any form but that of a republic. As a citizen of that commonwealth, I propoſe my ſentiments for the reviſion of any decree, of any honorary ſentence, as I think fit: my fellow-citizens, equally free, will vote according to their opinions.

Thus much with regard to great names: as to any other notions which may claſh with thoſe commonly received or better eſtabliſhed, let it be underſtood that I propoſe my own with the ſame deference and diffidence, and by no means expecting they ſhould be adopted, unleſs they are found agreeable to good ſenſe: ſtill leſs intending to wrangle for them, if they are conteſted. This work was calculated to amuſe: if it offends any man, or is taken too ſeriouſly, the author will be concerned; but it will never make him ſo ſerious as to defend it.

# ROYAL AUTHORS.

## RICHARD the First.

THOUGH Henry the firſt obtained the fair appellation of Beauclerc, or the Learned, yet has no author, I think, aſcribed any * compoſition to him. Conſidering the ſtate of literature in that age, one may conjecture what was the erudition of a prince to whom the monks [the doctors of his time!] imparted a title ſo confined to their own brotherhood. One is more ſurpriſed to be obliged to attribute the firſt place in this catalogue to his fierce great-grandſon, Coeur de Lion! It is aſſerted, that towards the end of his father's reign, which his rebel temper diſturbed, he lived much in the courts of the princes of Provence, learned their language, and practiſed their poetry, then called *The gay Science*, and the ſtandard of politeneſs in that age. The Engliſh, who had a turn to numbers, are particularly ſaid to have cultivated that dialect, finding their own tongue too ſtubborn and inflexible.

Mr. Rymer, in his ſhort view of tragedy, is earneſt to aſſert the pretenſions of this monarch as a poet, againſt Roger Hoveden the monk, who, he ſuppoſes, was angry at the king's patronizing the provençal bards, reckoned of the party of the Albigenſes, then warring on the pope and France. Hoveden ſays poſitively, that Richard, to raiſe himſelf a name, bought and begged verſes and flattering rhymes, and drew over ſingers and jeſters from France to chant panegyrics on him about the ſtreets, and it was every where

* Biſhop Tanner, in his Bibliotheca Britannica, has ranked Henry among his authors; but I cannot ſo lightly call him one, as the biſhop does after Leland, on the latter having diſcovered in St. Auſtin's church at Canterbury a book compoſed from laws or decrees elucidated and enacted by that king, *vide* p. 95, nor is it ſufficient that biſhop Bale ſays he wrote epiſtles to Anſelm.

ſaid, That the world contained nothing like him. This account ſeems more agreeable to the character of that ambitious reſtleſs monarch, whoſe vagrant paſſion for fame let him, in a reign of ten years, reſide but eight months in his own kingdom, than Mr. Rymer's *, who would metamorphoſe him into the ſoft lute-loving hero of poeſy, and at the ſame time aſcribes to him connections with a faction at variance with the king of France, his ally againſt his father †.

However, ſince this article was written, I have found great reaſon to believe that Richard was actually an author. Creſcimbeni, in his Commentary on the lives of the provençal poets, ſays, that Richard, being ſtruck with the ſweetneſs of that tongue, ſet himſelf to compoſe a ſonnet in it, which he ſent to the princeſs Stephanetta, wife of Hugh de Baux, and daughter of Giſbert, the ſecond count of Provence ‡. He ſays afterwards in a chapter expreſſly written on this king, that reſiding in the court of Raimond Berlinghieri, count of Provence, he fell in love with the princeſs Leonora, one of that prince's four daughters, whom Richard afterwards married: that he employed himſelf in rhyming in that language, and, when he was priſoner, compoſed ſome ſonnets, which he ſent to Beatrix, counteſs of Provence, ſiſter of Leonora, and in which he complains of his barons for letting him lie in captivity. Creſcimbeni quotes four lines, which are nearly the ſame with a part of the ſonnet itſelf, as it ſtill exiſts; and which is ſo poor a compoſition, as far as I can decypher it, that it weighs with me more than Creſcimbeni's authority or Rymer's arguments, to believe it of his majeſty's own fabric. Otherwiſe, Creſcimbeni's account is a heap of blunders. Richard married Berengaria daughter of Sancho king of Navarre; and no princeſs of Provence. In the Life of the very Raimond here mentioned, p. 76, Creſcimbeni makes the ſame Eleanor, wife of Edward III. and Sanchia, the third daughter, wife of Richard I. to whom this author had before allotted her ſiſter Eleanor, and which king was great great uncle of Edward III. whom this miſerable hiſtorian miſtakes for Edward I. as he certainly does Richard I. for his nephew Richard king of the Romans. Creſcimbeni informs us that there are poems of our king Richard in the library of ſaint Lorenzo at Florence, *in uno de' codici Provenzali*; and others *nel* N° 3204

* Not to mention how much nearer to the time the monk lived than Mr. Rymer.

† Gen. Dict. vol. ii. page 293.

‡ Vol. ii. page 8.

*della*

*della Vaticana.* I have had both repoſitories carefully ſearched. The reference to the Vatican proves a new inaccuracy of this author: there is no work of king Richard. In page 71 of N° 3204 there is a poem of Richauts de Teraſcon; with ſhort accounts of each author prefixed to their ſonnets, but without the leaſt mention of any royalty belonging to them.

In the Laurentine library is the king's ſonnet mentioned above, which I have twice had tranſcribed with the greateſt exactneſs; and as it has never been printed, ſo ancient and ſingular a curioſity will probably be acceptable to the reader. I do not pretend to give him my interpretation, as I am ſenſible it is very imperfect; and yet I think I underſtand the drift of every ſtanza but the laſt, which has proved totally unintelligible to every perſon that has hitherto ſeen it.

" * Biblioth. Laura. Plut. XLI. cod. 42. Membran. in folio p. 184. ben conſervato; ſino alla paga 72 ſono poeſi Provenzali."

## REIS RIZARD.

Ja nus hom pris non dira ſa raiſon
Adreitament ſe com hom dolent non
Mas per conort pot il faire chanſon
Pro adamis, mas povre ſon li don
Onta j avron, ſe por ma reezon
Soi fai dos yver pris.

† Or Sachon ben mi hom e mi baron
Engles, Norman, Pettavin et Guaſcon
Qe ge navoie ſi povre compagnon
Qeu laiſſaſſe por aver en preiſon
Ge nol di pas, por nulla retraiſon
Mas anquar ſoige pris.

* This note was ſent from Florence with the ſonnet. † This is the ſtanza quoted by Creſcimbeni.

Jan

Jan ſai eu de ver certanament
Com mort ne pris na amie ne parent
Quant il me laiſſent por or ni por argent
Mal mes de mi, mas perz mes por ma gent
Qapres ma mort n auron reperzhament
Tan longament ſoi pris.

Nom merveill ſeu ai le cor dolent
Qe meſſen her met ma terra en torment
No li menbra del noſtre ſegrament
Qe nos feimes an dos comunelment
Bem ſai de ver qe gaire longament
Non ſerai eu ſa pris.

Mi compagnon cui j amoi e cui j am
Cil de Chaill e cil de Perſarian
De lor chanzon qil non ſont pas certain
Uncha vers els non oi cor fals ni vain
Sil me guertoient il feron qe vilain
Tan com ge ſoie pris.

Or ſachent ben Enjevin e Torain
E il bachaliers qi ſon legier e ſain
Qen gombre ſoie pris en autrui main
Il ma juvaſſen mais il no ve un grain
De belles armes ſont era voit li plain
Per zo qe ge ſoi pris.

Conteſſa ſoit votre prez ſobrain
Sal deus e garde cel per cui me clam
Et per cui ge ſoi pris:
Ge nol di pas por cela de certrain
La mere Loys.

" Queſta

" Queſta canzone e ſtata ricorretta e riconfrontata con l' originale, e ritrovata eſſere in tutto fedele, ſecondo il parere anco del canonico Bandini bibliotecario."

Beſides this ſonnet, there is publiſhed by Rymer a letter written by king Richard himſelf to the abbot of Clairvaux, giving an account of his wars in the Holy Land.

## EDWARD the SECOND.

BISHOP Tanner ſays *, that in the herald's-office is extant in MS. a Latin poem written by this unhappy prince, while a priſoner, the title of which is

" Lamentatio glorioſi regis Edwardi de Karnarvan quam edidit tempore ſuæ incarcerationis."

† Fabian mentions the ſame verſes, and has given us ſix lines as a ſpecimen; they are in Latin and in rhyme; and yet as this king never ſhowed any ſymptoms of affection to literature, as one never heard of his having the leaſt turn to poetry, I ſhould believe that this melody of a dying monarch is about as authentic as that of the old poetic warbler the ſwan, and no better founded than the title of Glorioſi. His majeſty ſcarcely beſtowed this epithet on himſelf in his affliction; and whoever conferred it, probably made him a preſent of the verſes too ‡.

* Page 253.

† See his Chronicle and the Parl. Hiſt. of Eng. vol. i. p. 188.

‡ Among the letters to archbiſhop Uſher is one from ſir Robert Cotton, deſiring his grace to procure for him a poem of Richard the ſecond, of which that prelate had told him. As this is the ſingle paſſage in which I find any mention of ſuch a poem, and as ſo great an antiquarian appears to have no other knowledge of it, I ſuſpect that Richard II. was miſtaken for Richard I. *Vide Uſher's Letters*, p. 79.

In a trifling book called The Lady's Dictionary, written by one N. H. in 1694, it is ſaid that king Henry V. wrote certain Latin verſes on Ethelfletda, ſiſter of Edwin, a Saxon king before the Conqueſt, and wife of Ethelred duke of Mercia, a heroine who overthrew the Welſh. If there is any truth in this aſſertion, they were probably an exerciſe compoſed while he was at Oxford, where Ethelfletda might be ſome collegiate ſaint.

# HENRY the EIGHTH.

AS all the ſucceſſors of this prince owe their unchangeable title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH to his piety and learning, we do not preſume to queſtion his pretenſions to a place in this catalogue. Otherwiſe, a little ſcepticiſm on his majeſty's talents for ſuch a performance, mean as it is, might make us queſtion whether he did not write the defence of the ſacraments againſt Luther, as * one of his ſucceſſors is ſuppoſed to have written the Εικων Βασιλικη; that is, with the pen of ſome † court-prelate. It happened unfortunately, that the champion of the church neither convinced his antagoniſt nor himſelf: Luther died a heretic; his majeſty would have been one, if he had not erected himſelf into the head of that very church, which he had received ſo glorious a compliment for oppoſing. But by a ſingular felicity in the wording of the title, it ſuited Henry equally well, when he burned papiſts or proteſtants; it ſuited each of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth; it fitted the martyr Charles, and the profligate Charles: the Romiſh James, and the Calviniſt William; and at laſt ſeemed peculiarly adapted to the weak head of high-church Anne.

The work I have mentioned was printed in quarto by Richard Pinſon, with this title,

"Aſſertio ſeptem ſacramentorum adverſus Martyn Luther, edita ab invictiſſimo Angliæ & Franciæ rege & d°. Hyberniæ Henrico ejus nominis octavo." It ends, "apud inclytam urbem Londinum, in ædibus Pinſonianis, anno M.DXXI. quarto idus Julii. Cum privilegio à rege indulto. Editio prima ‡."

Luther not only treated this piece of royal theology in a very cavalier manner, but [which ſeems to have given the moſt offence] aſcribed it to others. The king in the year 1525 replied in a ſecond piece, entitled,

* Charles the firſt.

† Saunders and Bellarmine aſcribed it to biſhop Fiſher, others to ſir Thomas More. *Vide lord Herbert's Life of Hen. VIII.* p. 240.

‡ Ames's Typogr. Antiq. page 122.

"Litterarum,

"Litterarum, quibus invictiſſimus princeps Henry VIII. &c. reſpondit ad quandam epiſtolam Martini Lutheri ad ſe miſſam, & ipſius Lutheranæ quoque epiſtolæ exemplum *." It is remarkable that the emperor's arms were affixed to the title page.

In the Sylloge epiſtolarum at the end of Hearne's edition of T. Livius's hiſtory of Henry the fifth, is a wretched controverſial letter written by this king to the biſhop of Durham, on auricular confeſſion, in which he profeſſes *not* being apt to conſult learned men for his writings.

Critics have ways of diſcovering the genuineneſs of a book by comparing it with other works of the ſame author: we have † little of his majeſty's compoſition to help us to judge whether the tracts againſt Luther be really his, but his love-letters to Anne Boleyn: the ſtyle of *them* has certainly no analogy to his polemic divinity. Strype ‡ gives an account of a book which the king wrote and ſent to Rome during the proceedings on his firſt divorce, in which he had ſet down the reaſons for diſſolving his marriage, and the ſcruples of his conſcience: but I cannot find that it exiſts, or was ever printed: it was probably nothing more than a memorial, as many pieces in biſhop Tanner's liſts were only ſtate-papers. What may be properly reckoned his works [for it is abſurd to call inſtructions and proclamations ſo] are the following §, though not exiſting as I can find:

"An introduction to grammar."

"A book of prayers."

* Ames, p. 130, and Strype's Memorials, page 59.

† Strype, upon the authority of Beutherus, aſcribes to king Henry a book on the tyranny and uſurpation of the biſhop of Rome; but I am of opinion with lord Herbert, that it was a miſtake for one written by Fox, biſhop of Hereford, which was tranſlated by lord Stafford, and of which an account will be given hereafter. Strype's Memorials, vol. i. p. 149.

‡ Pages 92, 93: and in the appendix to the firſt volume are ſome notes written by himſelf on purgatory and the marriage of prieſts; pp. 262, 264, 265.

§ Page 393.

" Preface by the king to his primer."

Beſides many of his ſpeeches and letters *, and the following, mentioned too by Holland †:

" De poteſtate regiâ contra papam."

" De chriſtiani hominis inſtitutione, lib. 1. ‡"

" De inſtituendâ pube, lib. 1."

" Sententiam de Mantuano conſilio, lib. 1."

" De juſto in Scotos bello."

And ſome § moſt eloquent epiſtles to the dukes of Saxony, to Eraſmus,

* Some of which are in the library of C. C. C. Cambridge. Two others in the muſeum; ſee Harl. cat. N° 296, art. 11, and N° 297, art. 12.

† Heroologia, p. 5.

‡ This work is actually extant, but ſcarce correſponds with its title, not containing directions for the practice but for the faith of a chriſtian, and ſuch chriſtianity as Henry choſe to compound out of his old religion and his new, when he found that his people did not ſtop at throwing off obedience to the pope, but were diſpoſed to receive a more real reformation than his majeſty's revenge had prompted, or his ſuperſtition or his power could digeſt. The work in queſtion is probably not of his own compoſition, being, as the preface aſſerts, drawn up with the advice of his clergy, and the approbation of his parliament. It is an expoſition of the creed, as he choſe it ſhould be believed; of the ſeven ſacraments (all which he was pleaſed to retain); of the ten commandments; of the paternoſter; of the angel's ſalutation to Mary; and of the doctrines of free-will, juſtification and good works; and concludes with an authorized prayer for departed ſouls. I think the contents of this medley juſtify the curioſity I had expreſſed in the text to ſee the inſtitution of ſuch a reformer. See Mr. Hume's account of this book and the occaſion of it, in the reign of Hen. VIII. chap. 6, p. 250. In the year 1740 Dr. Salmon ſhowed to the ſociety of antiquaries an edition of this book corrected by the king himſelf; in which was remarkable that in the Lord's prayer his majeſty had blotted out the words, *Lead us not into temptation*, and inſerted, *Suffer us not to be led into temptation*—a propriety of veneration not much to have been expected from ſuch a man as Henry!

§ A ſpecimen of his majeſty's *eloquence* may be ſeen in his laſt ſpeech to parliament, the chief flower of which is couched in theſe words: " I hear daily that you of the clergy preach one againſt another without charity or diſcretion; ſome be too ſtiff in their old mumpſimus, others be too buſy and curious in their new ſumpſimus."
*Ld. Herbert's Life of Hen. VIII.* p. 598.

and

and other famous men *. But in that age, when the ſeverity of criticiſm did not lay ſuch reſtraint on the invention of authors as it does at preſent, it was common for them to multiply titles of treatiſes at the expence of their accuracy. It is notorious how Bale ſplits the performances of his authors into diſtinct books. Holland ſeems to have been as little exact. Hiſtorians tell us, that Henry, during the life of prince Arthur, was deſigned by his father for archbiſhop of Canterbury. How far his education was carried with that view, I know not: the catholics have reaſon to lament that the deſtination did not take place: a man, whoſe paſſions made him overturn a church, was likely to have carried its intereſts high, if his own had coincided with them.

If the pieces above mentioned ever exiſted, it would be curious to ſee what rules for the education of youth, or for the inſtitution of a chriſtian, were laid down by a man who confounded every idea of government and religion; who burned martyrs of oppoſite ſects at the ſame ſtake; baſtardized his own children, and then entailed his crown on them; and who ſeems to have provided for nothing but a ſucceſſion of civil wars by the unwarrantable diſpoſition he made of his dominions †.

## QUEEN CATHERINE PARR,

WHOSE beauty raiſed her to a throne, and whoſe merit deſerved a better fate than to be linked to two men, one of whom was near putting her to death for her attachment to a religion which he himſelf had introduced; and the latter of whom is ſuſpected of removing her to promote his marriage with the lady Elizabeth. The king indeed was ſo bounteous as to leave her a legacy of about 4000l. beſides her jointure! Each of his children,

* One of theſe I take to have been the following: "An epiſtle of Henry the eighth, ſupreme head of the churche of England, to the emperor, to all chriſtian princes, and to all thoſe who truly and ſyncerely profeſſe Chriſte's religion." 12mo. black letter, Lond. in ædibus T. Bertheleti impr. reg. 1538. *Vide Harl. Catal.* vol. i. p. 1363 and *Ames*, p. 171.

† Beſides his literary talents, he was well ſkilled in muſic, could ſing his part, and uſed to compoſe ſervices for his own chapel. *Vide Eng. Worthies*, p. 12. A ſervice compoſed by this king is ſtill performed in ſome cathedrals. In the Britiſh muſeum is preſerved a miſſal, which belonged to his majeſty after his breach with the ſee of Rome; in the calendar he has blotted out all the ſaints that had been popes.

even after his death, ſhowed her the greateſt reſpect, as is evident from their letters to her, ſtill extant. She was not only learned, but a patroneſs of learning, interceding for and ſaving the univerſity of Cambridge, when an act had paſſed to throw all colleges, &c. into the king's diſpoſal *.

Nicholas Udal, maſter of Eton ſchool (whom Bale calls *the moſt elegant maſter of all good letters)*, and who was employed by this princeſs in tranſlating and publiſhing Eraſmus's paraphraſe on the four goſpels, gives this ſimple and natural account of the learning of the women of quality in that age. In his dedication to her majeſty he obſerves "the great number of noble women at that time in England, given to the ſtudie of human ſciences, and of ſtrange tongues." And he adds, "It was a common thyng to ſee young virgins ſo nouzled and trained in the ſtudy of letters, that thei willyngly ſet all other vain paſtymes at naught for learnynges ſake. It was now no news at all to ſee queens and ladies of moſt high eſtate and progenie, inſtede of courtly daliaunce to embrace vertuous exerciſes, readyng and writyng, and with moſte earneſte ſtudie both erlye and late, to apply themſelves to the acquiryng of knowledge as well in all other liberal arts and diſciplines, as alſo moſt ſpecially of God and his moſt holy word. And in this behalf, ſays he, lyke as to your highneſſe, as well for compoſyng and ſettyng forth many godly pſalmes and diverſe other contemplative meditations, as alſo for cauſyng theſe paraphraſes to be tranſlated into our vulgare language, England can never be able to render thanks ſufficient †."

Her majeſty wrote

"Queen Catherine Parr's lamentation of a ſinner, bewailing the ignorance of her blind life."

This was a contrite meditation on the years ſhe had paſſed in popery, in faſts and pilgrimages; and being found among her papers after her death, was publiſhed with a preface by ſecretary Cecil [afterwards lord Burleigh], 8vo. 1548 and 1563 ‡.

* Vide Ballard's Memoirs of celebrated ladies, page 88.

† Vide Lewis's Hiſt. of the tranſlations of the Bible, pp. 159, 163, 164.

‡ Bale de ſcript. Britan. p. 106.

In

In her life-time ſhe publiſhed many pſalms, prayers and pious diſcourſes, of which this was the title,

" Prayers or meditations, wherein the mynd is ſtirred patiently to ſuffre all afflictions here, to ſet at nought the vain proſperitee of this worlde, and always to long for the everlaſtynge felicitee. Collected out of holy workes, by the moſt vertuous and gracious princeſſe Katherine queene of Englande, France and Irelande. Printed by John Wayland, 12mo. 1545 *."

To this was ſometimes prefixed a ſet of fifteen pſalms, which ſhe compoſed in imitation of David's: the titles of them may be ſeen in Strype †. To them were ſubjoined, " The xxi pſalm, another of thankſgiving, and two prayers, for the king, and for men to ſay entring into battail."

" A godly expoſition, after the manner of a contemplation, upon the 11 pſalm, which Hierom of Ferrary made at the latter end of his days. Tranſlated by the queen, with other meditations, and a prayer ‡."

" A pious prayer in ſhort ejaculations §."

" A Latin epiſtle to the lady Mary, entreating her to let the tranſlation of Eraſmus's paraphraſe on the New Teſtament [which her majeſty had procured] be publiſhed in her highneſs's name ‖."

Several of her letters are extant, viz.

" To king Henry, then on an expedition againſt France ¶."

" To the univerſity of Cambridge," on the occaſion above mentioned. It is a piece of artful duty to the king **.

* Ames, page 211.
† Vol. ii. p. 131.
‡ Ib. 132.
§ Ib. in Append. p. 82.
‖ Ballard, p. 91.
¶ Strype, vol. ii. H.
** Ibid. K.

" A letter

" A letter to the lady Wriotheſly, on the death of her only ſon." From the orthography of this letter appears the ancient manner of pronouncing the name *Wriotheſly*, which her majeſty writes *Wreſely* *.

" To the college of Stoke, that Edward Waldgrave may have a leaſe of their manour of Chipley in Suffolk †."

" To her huſband, the lord admiral ‡."

" Two letters to ditto §."

" Another curious one to ditto, before their marriage was owned ‖."

Voſſius, in his treatiſe de philologiâ ¶, aſcribes by miſtake to Katherine of Arragon the lamentations of a ſinner, and the meditations on the pſalms.

## EDWARD the SIXTH.

MANY authors have preſerved accounts of this prince's writings. Cardan talks much of his parts and learning: his own diary gave the ſtill better hopes of his proving a good king, as in ſo green an age he ſeemed reſolved to be acquainted with his ſubjects and his kingdom. Holland affirms ** that he not only wrote notes from the lectures or ſermons he heard, but compoſed a moſt elegant comedy, the title of which was, " The whore of Babylon." Precious as ſuch a relique would be in the eyes of zealots or antiquarians, I cannot much lament that it is periſhed, or never exiſted.—What an education for a great prince, to be taught to ſcribble controverſial ribaldry! As elegant as it is ſaid to have been, I queſtion whether it ſurpaſſed the other buffooneries, which engroſſed the theatres of Europe in that and the preceding century: all the ſubjects were religious; all the conduct, farcical.

* Strype, vol. ii. I.
† In the library of C. C. C. Cambridge.
‡ In Hearne's Sylloge epiſt. p. 209.
§ In the collection of ſtate-papers publiſhed by Haynes.
‖ Ballard, p. 94, from the Aſhmolean collection.
¶ Page 36.
** Page 27.

Biſhop Bale, whom I have mentioned, compoſed above twenty of theſe ridiculous interludes.

King Edward wrote beſides,

"The ſum of a conference with the lord admiral," written with his own hand, and extant among the Aſhmolean manuſcripts*.

"A method for the proceedings in the council." In his own hand, in the Cotton library †.

"King Edward the ſixth's own arguments againſt the pope's ſupremacy, &c." tranſlated out of the original, written with the king's own hand in French, and ſtill preſerved. To which are ſubjoined ſome remarks upon his life and reign, in vindication of his memory from doctor Heylin's ſevere and unjuſt cenſure. Lond. 1682.

He drew himſelf the rough draught of a ſumptuary law, which is preſerved by Strype; and an account of a progreſs he made, which he ſent to one of his particular favourites called Barnaby Fitzpatrick, then in France ‡. The ſame author has given ſome ſpecimens of his Latin epiſtles and orations, and an account of two books written by him; the firſt before he was twelve years of age, called

"L'encontre les abus du monde;" a tract of thirty-ſeven leaves in French, againſt the abuſes of popery: it is dedicated to the protector his uncle, is corrected by his French tutor, and atteſted by him to be of the king's own compoſition. The other, preſerved in the library of Trinity college, Cambridge, is

"A tranſlation into French of ſeveral paſſages of ſcripture §."

* Tanner, page 253.

† Ibid.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 319. The earl of Oſſory, immediate deſcendant of this Fitzpatrick, has theſe letters to his anceſtor, written during a progreſs to the ſea-coaſts. The remarks ſhow great attention to the defence and improvement of his kingdom; and one of them betrays much inſenſibility to the death of his uncle the protector.

§ Ib. p. 436.

"A treatiſe

"A treatiſe de fide, addreſſed to the duke of Somerſet." I find this mentioned no where but in the preface to the works of king James I. It is probably the ſame with the foregoing. In the ſame place it is ſaid that king Edward wrote ſeveral epiſtles and orations, in Greek and Latin. In 1552, when it was thought neceſſary to reform the ſuperſtitious ceremonies uſed at the inſtallation of knights of the garter, a new ſervice was drawn up, which his majeſty himſelf tranſlated from Engliſh into Latin. Vide Burnet's Hiſt. of the reform. vol. ii. pp. 205, 206. The king's performance is printed in the appendix to that book, p. 73 of the firſt edition.

In Tanner may be ſeen a liſt of what letters of this king are extant*. One other, not mentioned there, is in the Harleian coll. N° 353, art. 23. It is to the lords of the council, perſuading them to moderate councils againſt his uncle the protector; and two more, N° 6986.

## QUEEN MARY.

A FEW devout pieces of her compoſition are preſerved. At the deſire of queen Catherine Parr † ſhe began to tranſlate Eraſmus's paraphraſe on ſaint John; *but being caſt into ſickneſs, partly by overmuch ſtudy in this work, after ſhe had made ſome progreſs therein, ſhe left the doing of the reſt to Dr. Mallet* her chaplain ‡. This was in the reign of her brother. The good queen dowager was at the expence of procuring a tranſlation and edition of Eraſmus's Paraphraſe upon the four goſpels and the acts, for the helping of the ignorant multitude towards more knowledge of the holy ſcriptures; and probably had an eye to the converſion of the princeſs Mary.——Sufficient reaſon for § her to relinquiſh it. She would not ſo eaſily have been *caſt into ſickneſs*, had ſhe been employed on the legends of ſaint Tereſa, or ſaint Catherine of Sienna.

Strype has preſerved three prayers or meditations of hers: the firſt, "Againſt the aſſaults of vice;" at the end of which ſhe wrote theſe words,

* Page 253.

† Vide Lewis's Hiſt. of the tranſlations of the Bible, p. 164.

‡ Strype, vol. ii. p. 28.

§ Soon after her acceſſion, a proclamation was iſſued for calling in, and ſuppreſſing, this very book.
*Vide Fox's Acts and Monum.* pp. 1450, 1451.

"Good

"Good Francis [meaning probably her chaplain doctor Francis Mallet], pray that I may have grace to obtain the petitions contained in this prayer before written: your assured loving mistress during my life, MARIE." The second, "A meditation touching adversity," made by her in the year 1549: at the end are these words, "Good cousin Capel, I pray you, as often as you be disposed to read this former writing, to remember me, and to pray for me, your loving friend, MARIE." Who this cousin Capel was does not appear, but probably sir Henry Capel, or his wife Catherine, daughter of Thomas Manners lord Roos, whose mother Anne was daughter of the duchess of Exeter, sister of Edward the fourth. The third, "A prayer to be read at the hour of death," is doubtful whether of her composition *.

Erasmus says †, that she "scripsit benè Latinas epistolas." Whatever her Latin letters were, her French ones are miserable. Strype has printed one from the Cotton library in answer to a haughty mandate from her husband, when he had a mind to marry the lady Elizabeth to the duke of Savoy, against the queen's and princess's inclination, in which he bids the former examine her conscience, whether her repugnance does not proceed from obstinacy; and insolently tells her, that if any parliament went contrary to this request of his, he should lay the fault on her. The mortified queen, in a most abject manner and wretched style, submitting entirely to his will, professes to be more bounden to him than any other wife to a husband, notwithstanding his ill-usage of her, "dont, says she, j'ay commencée desja d'en taster trop à mon grand regret;" and mentions some fryars whom he had sent to make her conformable, but who proposed to her "questions si obscures, que mon simple entendement ne les pourroit comprehendre ‡."

In Foxe's Acts and Monuments are printed

Eight of her letters to king Edward and the lords of the council, on her non-conformity, and on the imprisonment of her chaplain doctor Mallet.

In the Sylloge epistolarum are several more of her letters, extremely curious; one of her delicacy in never having written but to three men; one of

* Strype, vol. iii. p. 468.
† Lib. 19, ep. 31.
‡ Ib. vol. iii. p. 318; and Append. 190.

affection for her ſiſter; one after the death of Anne Boleyn; and one very remarkable of Cromwell to her.

In Haynes's ſtate-papers are two in Spaniſh to the emperor Charles the fifth.

In the Harleian coll. one to her father *; another to her ſiſter †.

In the Bodleian library is a curious miſſal, which, by a paſſage in her own hand at the beginning of the pſalms, ſeems to have been a preſent to one of her ladies.

Biſhop Tanner is ſo abſurd as to aſcribe to her, "A hiſtory of her own life and *death*, and an account of *martyrs* in her reign ‡."

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN the earlier part of her life, when her ſituation was precarious, and adverſity her lot or her proſpect; in the days when, as Camden ſays §, king Edward was wont to call her *his ſweet ſiſter Temperance*, this great princeſs applied much to literature, and under the celebrated Roger Aſcham made great progreſs in ſeveral languages. Her ready reſponſes in Latin to the compliments of the univerſity of Cambridge, many years after ſhe had ceaſed to have learned leiſure, are well known; and her ingenious evaſion of a captious theologic queſtion is ſtill more and deſervedly applauded;

"CHRIST was the word that ſpake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it ‖."

This

* N° 283, 58.

† N° 7047, 3.

‡ Page 510.

§ In the preface to his Hiſtory.

‖ She excelled even in things of a much more trifling nature: there cannot be a ſillier ſpecies of poetry than rebuſes; yet of that kind there are few better than the following, which queen Elizabeth made on Mr. Noel:

The

This is the liſt of her writings:

"A comment on Plato."

"Two of the orations of Iſocrates, tranſlated into Latin."

"A play of Euripides, likewiſe tranſlated into Latin."

"A tranſlation of Boethius de conſolatione*."

"A tranſlation of the meditations of the queen of Navarre." The latter work was printed at London in 1548 †."

"One of her orations at Cambridge" is preſerved in the king's library ‡.

"Another at Oxford §."

"Another, on a ſecond viſit to that univerſity ‖."

"The word of *denial* and letter of *fifty*,
Is that gentleman's name that will never be thriſty." *Collins in Gainſborough.*

The ſame author, in his account of the houſe of Stanhope, mentions this diſtich, in which her majeſty gave the characters of four knights of Nottinghamſhire,

Gervaſe the gentle, Stanhope the ſtout,
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout.
*Vide Cheſterfield.*

Fuller records an Engliſh hexameter, compoſed by this queen, in imitation of ſir Philip Sidney: coming into a grammar-ſchool, ſhe thus expreſſed her opinion of three claſſic authors:

Perſius, a crab-ſtaffe; bawdy Martial; Ovid, a fine wag. *Worthies in Warw.* 126.

The ſame author relates, that ſir Walter Raleigh having written on a window, obvious to the queen's eye,

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall:

She immediately wrote under it,

If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.
*Worthies in Devon.* p. 261.

* Vide Ballard's Memoirs, p. 233.

† Vide Strype, vol. ii. p. 146; and Ames.

‡ Caſley's Catal. p. 199; and Hollingſhed's Chron. p. 1206.

§ Wood's Hiſt. & Antiq. Univ. Ox. vol. i. p. 289. This oration was to expreſs her ſatisfaction at her entertainment: on the ſame occaſion ſhe anſwered a Greek oration in Greek. Her orations are printed too in Peck's Deſid. Cur. vol. ii.

‖ Ib. p. 306.

" A tranſlation of a dialogue out of Xenophon in Greek, between Hiero, a king, yet ſome tyme a private perſon, and Simonides a poet, as touching the life of the prince and private man." This was firſt printed in the year 1743, in N° II. of miſcellaneous correſpondence. A ſpecimen of her hand-writing was engraved with it: ſhe ſometimes took the pains to write exceedingly fair.

" Her ſpeech to her laſt parliament *."

" A prayer compoſed by her †."

" Another, for the uſe of her fleet in the great expedition in 1596 ‡."

In the king's library is a volume of prayers in French, Italian, and Spaniſh, written with her own hand. Hentznerus mentions ſuch an one only in French, written on vellum, and dedicated to her father, in theſe words: " A tres haut & tres puiſſant & redoubté prince Henry VIII. de ce nom, roy d'Angleterre, de France & d'Irelande, defenſeur de la foy §."

Camden ſays, that ſhe either read or wrote ſomething every day; that ſhe tranſlated " Salluſt de bello Jugurthino;" and, as late as the year 1598, turned into Engliſh the greater part of " Horace de arte poeticâ," and a little treatiſe of " Plutarch de curioſitate ‖."

" A godly meditation of the ſoule, concerning a love towards Chriſte our Lorde, tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by the right highe and moſt

* In lord Somers's Coll. of tracts, publiſhed by Cogan, vol. iv. p. 130.

† In Ant. Bacon's Papers, vol. ii. p. 18.

‡ Ibid.

§ Eng. edit. p. 30.

‖ It appears by a letter from the earl of Eſſex to ſir Francis Bacon, that her majeſty was not quite indifferent to fame even as an author. Sir Francis being in diſgrace with her on having oppoſed three ſubſidies in the laſt parliament, and the earl, as he conſtantly did, endeavouring to recommend him again to favour, artfully told the queen that his ſuit was not ſo much for the good of Bacon, as for her own honour, that thoſe excellent tranſlations of hers might be known to them who could beſt judge of them. Here we ſee this great woman with all her weakneſſes about her, and in the hands of a man who knew how to humour them.

*Ant. Bacon's Papers*, vol. i. p. 121.



vertuous

vertuous princeſſe, Elizabeth queen of England." Black letter, printed by H. Denham *. This is only a various edition of the Meditations of the queen of Navarre.

In the preface to the works of king James I. it is ſaid that queen Elizabeth tranſlated the prayers of queen Catherine into Latin, French, and Italian; that ſhe wrote

" A century of ſentences, dedicated to her father;" and that ſhe made

" A tranſlation of Salluſt."

In the Sylloge epiſtolarum are ſeveral of her Latin letters, one in Italian, and one in Engliſh to the queen dowager, ſending her a proſe tranſlation from a French poem, which ſhe calls " The mirrour, or the glaſs of the ſinfull ſoul." This letter is followed by her preface to the ſame book, and that by a prayer compoſed by her †.

" A curious letter to lord Burleigh," in Strype's Annals ‡.

" Another of humour, to divert him from retiring from buſineſs §."

" A very genteel letter written by her when princeſs to king Edward, on his deſiring her picture ‖."

" Another to him upon his recovery from ſickneſs ¶."

" Six letters to different perſons." Printed in Peck's Deſid. curioſa **.

A letter to Peregrine lord Willoughby ††.

* Vide Harl. Cat. vol. i. p. 115.

† Page 161.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 166.

§ Vol. iv. p. 77. It is reprinted in the Life of Burleigh in the Biographia.

‖ Printed in Strype's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 234.

¶ Bickerton's Coll. of letters, p. 53.

** Vol. i. and ii.

†† Printed in Fuller's Worthies of Lincolnſhire, p. 163.

Her letter to the king of Scots, disavowing her knowledge of the death of his mother *.

A letter to lady Norris on the death of her son. It begins, "My owne crowe," a term of familiarity which her majesty used to this lady, whose father suffered with Anne Boleyn †.

A short letter to Henry lord Hunsdon, added by way of postscript to a solemn letter of thanks sent to his lordship by the secretary of state on the suppression of some disturbances in the north ‡.

A letter to George Carew, afterwards earl of Totnes, thanking him for his services in Ireland §.

A letter to lady Paget on the death of her daughter, lady Crompton. MS. in the possession of doctor Ch. Lyttelton, dean of Exeter.

Two letters among the Burleigh-papers published by Murdin in 1759.

Nine, of which one is entirely written with her own hand, are in Fynes Morryson's Travels.

A bullying letter to Heaton, bishop of Ely; printed in the Annual Register for 1761.

A few more of her letters are preserved in the library of C. C. C. Camb.

Several of her letters of state are among the Harleian MSS. but must not be looked upon as indited by herself, except three to her brother in N° 6986.

But she did not only shine in prose; the author ‖ of a very scarce book, entitled, "The art of English poesy," says, "but last in recital and first in

* Preserved in the Cotton library, and printed in different books, particularly in Howard's coll. p. 246.

† Fuller's Worthies in Oxfordshire, p. 336.

‡ Fuller's Worthies in Hertfordshire, p. 24.

§ Prince's Worthies in Devon. p. 205.

‖ Puttenham; printed at London, 1589, 4°.

degree

degree is the queen, our ſovereign lady, whoſe learned, delicate, noble muſe eaſily ſurmounteth all the reſt that have written before her time or ſince, for ſenſe, ſweetneſs or ſubtilty, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or any other kind of poem, wherein it ſhall pleaſe her majeſty to employ her pen, even by as much odds, as her own excellent eſtate and degree exceedeth all the reſt of her moſt humble vaſſals." In that collection is one little poem of hers, (beſides ſome ſcattered lines, as in page 197; and, I believe, two in page 177) as there is another in Hentznerus*. A greater inſtance of genius, and that too in Latin, was her extempore reply to an inſolent prohibition delivered to her from Philip the ſecond, by his embaſſador, in this tetraſtic:

"Te VETO ne pergas bello defendere Belgas:
Quæ Dracus eripuit, nunc reſtituantur oportet:
Quas Pater evertit, jubeo te condere cellas:
Religio Papæ ſac reſtituatur ad unguem."

She inſtantly anſwered, with as much ſpirit as ſhe uſed to return his invaſions †,

"Ad Græcas, bone Rex, ſient mandata Calendas."

An inſtance of the ſame ſpirit, and proof that her compoſitions even in the learned tongues were her own, is that rapid piece of eloquence with which ſhe interrupted an inſolent embaſſador from Poland. "Having ended her oration, ſhe ‡ lion-like riſing," ſaith Speed, "daunted the malapert orator no leſs with her ſtately port and majeſtic departure, than with the tartneſs of her princely checks; and turning to the train of her attendants, ſaid, *God's death! my lords, I have been forced to ſcour up my old Latin that hath long lain ruſting* §." Another time being aſked if ſhe preferred the learning of Buchanan or of Walter Haddon? ſhe replied, "Buchananum omnibus antepono, Haddonum nemini poſtpono ‖."

* Engliſh edition, p. 66.

† Ballard, p. 227.

‡ This draught has been lately worked up into a noble picture:

"A lion-port, an awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd ſweet to virgin grace."
*Gray's Odes.*

§ Vide Speed and Ballard.

‖ G. S. Worthies of England, p. 77.

It is known that ſcarce a church in London but had an epitaph on this illuſtrious woman, of which many are ſtill extant; but * Camden has preſerved one which he calls doleful, but with which, as a moſt perfect example of the Bathos, I ſhall conclude this article:

"The queen was brought by water to Whitehall;
At every ſtroake the oars did tears let fall:
More clung about the barge; fiſh under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and ſwome blind after.
I think the bargemen might with eaſier thighs
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
For how ſo-ere, thus much my thoughts have ſcan'd,
Sh'ad come by water, had ſhe come by land."

## JAMES the FIRST.

IF there are doubts on the genuineneſs of the works of thoſe two champions of the church, Henry the eighth, and Charles the firſt; if ſome critics have diſcovered that the latter royal author ſtole a prayer from the Arcadia; and if the very exiſtence of king Richard's ſonnets have been queſtioned; yet there is not the leaſt ſuſpicion that the folio under the reſpectable name of James the firſt is not of his own compoſition.

Roger Aſcham may have corrected or aſſiſted periods of his illuſtrious pupil; but nobody can imagine that Buchanan dictated a word of the "Dæmonologia," or of the polite treatiſe entitled "A counterblaſt to tobacco." Quotations, puns, ſcripture, witticiſms, ſuperſtition, oaths, vanity, prerogative and pedantry, the ingredients of all his ſacred majeſty's performances, were the pure produce of his own capacity, and deſerving all the incenſe offered to ſuch immenſe erudition by the divines of his age, and the flatterers of his court. One remark I cannot avoid making: the king's ſpeech is always ſuppoſed by parliament to be the ſpeech of the miniſter: how cruel

* Remains, page 388.

would

would it have been on king James's miniſters, if that interpretation had prevailed in his reign * !

Beſides his majeſty's proſe works printed in folio †, we have a ſmall collection of his poetry, under this title, " His majeſty's poetical exerciſes at vacant hours. Edinb." In the preface he condeſcends to make an excuſe for their incorrectneſs, as having been written in his youth, and from his having no time to reviſe them afterwards, ſo that " when his ingyne and age could, his affaires and faſcherie would not permit him to correct them, ſcarſlie but at ſtolen moments he having the leaſure to blenk upon any paper." However, he bribes the reader's approbation, by promiſing, if theſe are well received, to preſent him with his apocalyps and pſalms. This little tract contains, " The furies and the Lepanto." His majeſty wrote other poetical pieces, particularly " An encomium upon ſir Philip Sidney ‡."

And two ſonnets §.

* It is obſervable, that notwithſtanding his boaſted learning, he was ſo ignorant of a country which had had ſuch ſtrong connections with his own, that when queen Elizabeth wanted to hinder him from matching with a daughter of Denmark, Wootton her embaſſador perſuaded him that the king of Denmark was deſcended but of merchants, and that few made account of him or his country but ſuch as ſpoke the Dutch tongue**. Hiſtorians ſeem little more acquainted with the character of his queen, than his majeſty was with her country. Her gallantries are ſlightly mentioned; yet it is recorded that James, being jealous of her partiality to the earl of Murray, then eſteemed the handſomeſt man in Scotland, perſuaded his great enemy the marquis of Huntley to murder him, and by a writing under his own hand promiſed to ſave him harmleſs ††. Queen Anne's ambitious intrigues are developed in the Bacon-papers, among which is one moſt extraordinary paſſage, entirely overlooked, and yet of great conſequence to explain the misfortunes into which her deſcendents afterwards fell. The pope ſends her beads and reliques, *and thanks her for not communicating with heretics at her coronation* ‡‡.

And this evidence of her being a papiſt is confirmed by a letter from ſir Ch. Cornwallis to the earl of Saliſbury, in which he tells him, " that the Spaniſh embaſſador hath advertized that the queen ſhould ſay unto him, he might one day peradventure ſee the prince on a pilgrimage at ſaint Jago ‖‖."

† The Baſilicon dōron was turned into Latin verſe by Peacham, who preſented it, richly illuminated, to the prince.

‡ Printed in Harris's Life of king James, p. 138.

§ Printed in his works, pp. 89, 137.

** *Harris's Life of king James, p.* 31, *quoted from Melvil.*

†† *Ib. p.* 14, *taken from Burnet.*

‡‡ *Vol. ii. pp.* 503, 504.

‖‖ *Harris's Life of James, p.* 33, *in a quotation from Winwood.*

Verſes on the death of his queen, preſerved in the Britiſh muſeum, and publiſhed in Letters on that collection 1767.

Some verſes prefixed to Tycho Brahe's works *; and he began a tranſlation of the pſalms †, which was printed at Edinburgh, 1637, by Robert Young, printer to Charles I.

Another of his poems is preſerved in Drummond of Hawthornden's works; and a poem by lord Stirling upon that poem. The original of the king's ſonnet is in the advocate's library at Edinburgh. By this ſketch king James appears to have been a pains-taking writer, for there are alterations and amendments in every line. It is followed by a fair copy in the handwriting of lord Stirling; in ſo worthy an office did his majeſty employ his ſecretary of ſtate!

In the Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry publiſhed by Mr. Percy, is a copy of verſes, or rather a ſtring of puns rhymed by this monarch, on a ſubject very ſuitable both to his diſpoſition and poetical talents, an act in the ſchools at Stirling: the whole piece quibbles on the names of the diſputants ‡.

Many of his letters are extant; ſeveral in the Cabala; others MS. in the Britiſh muſeum; others in Howard's collection §: one among the Burleigh-papers publiſhed by Murdin ‖; and many among the Harleian MSS. particularly in volumes 291, 292, 787, 6011, 6987, 6999, 7033, of which N° 6987 contains ſuch a picture as an hiſtorian would ſcruple to draw, and a full anſwer to whatever has been ſaid in defence of him.

Two other pieces I find aſcribed to him, but I doubt if they are genuine; they are called,

The prince's cabala, or myſteries of ſtate, written by king James I. printed in 1715.

* Vide Biograph. Brit. vol. iv. p. 2506.
† Harris, p. 137.
‡ Pages 241, 523.
§ Vol. ii. page 308.
‖ Page 812.

The

The duty of a king in his royal office *.

Biſhop Montagu tranſlated all his majeſty's works into Latin: a man of ſo much patience was well worthy of favour.

## CHARLES the FIRST.

THE works of this prince were ſoon after his death collected and publiſhed together in a volume, entitled, "Reliquiæ ſacræ Carolinæ, or the works of that great monarch and glorious martyr king Charles the firſt, both civil and ſacred," printed by Sam. Brown at the Hague; without date. After the reſtoration a fine edition was publiſhed in folio, containing, beſides the famous Εικων Βασιλικη †, ſeveral of his ſpeeches, letters, declarations, and meſſages for peace; his anſwer to a declaration of the commons; the papers which paſſed between his majeſty and Mr. Henderſon of Newcaſtle, concerning the alteration of church-government; the papers on the ſame ſubject exchanged between the king and the miniſters at Newport; and the prayers which he uſed in his ſufferings, and delivered immediately before his death to biſhop Juxon ‡.

I ſhall not enter into the controverſy, whether the Εικων Βασιλικη was compoſed by king Charles or not; a full account of that diſpute may be found in the General Dictionary §. For the reſt of the papers mentioned above, there is no doubt but the greater part were of his own inditing. His ſtyle was peculiar and the ſame: it was formed between a certain portion of ſenſe, adverſity, dignity, and perhaps a little inſincerity. He had ſtudied the points diſputed between the proteſtants, papiſts, and ſectaries; and the trou-

* Somers's Tracts, 2d coll. p. 188.

† Which has gone through 47 impreſſions: the number of copies are ſaid to have been 48000. *Harris's Life of Charles the Firſt*, p. 115.

‡ Some letters and inſtructions, not much to his honour, were omitted in this collection, particularly his letters to two popes, and ſome of thoſe taken in his cabinet at Naſeby. *Harris*, pp. 98, 117. Surely it was at leaſt as allowable for his friends to ſink what did not tend to his glory, and what were never intended for publication, as it was for his enemies to print his moſt private correſpondences with his wife!

§ Vol. iii. p. 359, and vol. x. p. 76.

bles of his reign dipped him ſo deep in thoſe diſcuſſions, that between leiſure and neceſſity he may well be believed to have thrown together the chief papers included in this volume; to which may be added, that his enemies did not often indulge him in the aſſiſtance of many or able clergymen of his own.

Beſides theſe pieces we have "His majeſty's reaſons againſt the pretended juriſdiction of the high court of juſtice, which he intended to deliver in writing on Monday, Jan. 22d, 1648. Faithfully tranſcribed out of the original copy under the king's own hand *."

A letter to his queen †.

"A letter to the marquis of Newcaſtle ‡."

Several of his letters in MS. are extant in private hands; and ſome among the Harleian MSS. §

This prince, like his father, did not confine himſelf to proſe: biſhop Burnet (and from him Mr. Harris, p. 125) has given us a pathetic elegy ſaid to be written by Charles in Cariſbrook-caſtle. The poetry is moſt uncouth and unharmonious; but there are ſtrong thoughts in it, ſome good ſenſe, and a ſtrain of majeſtic piety.

His majeſty likewiſe tranſlated ‖ "Biſhop Saunderſon's lectures de juramenti promiſſorii obligatione," which he deſired biſhop Juxon, doctor Hammond, and Mr. Thomas Herbert to compare with the original. This tranſlation was printed in 8vo. at London, 1655. A man who ſtudies caſes of conſcience ſo intimately, is probably an honeſt man; but at leaſt he ſtudies them in hopes of finding that he need not be ſo very honeſt as he thought. Oliver Cromwell, who was not quite ſo ſcrupulous, knew, that caſuiſtry is never wanted for the obſervance of an oath; it may to the breach of it: had he truſted the king, his majeſty would probably not have contented himſelf with doctor Saunderſon, but would have ſought ſome caſuiſt who teaches, that faith is not to be kept with rebels.

* General Dictionary, vol. ix. p. 62.

† Printed in the appendix to Carte's Life of the duke of Ormond.

‡ Vide Somers's Tracts, vol. iv. p. 168.

§ See N° 296, 305, 6986, 6988.

‖ Peck's Deſid. Curioſ. vol. ii. lib. 8, p. 1.

JAMES

# JAMES the SECOND.

THE only genius of the line of STUART, CHARLES the SECOND, was no author; unleſs we allow him to have compoſed the two ſimple papers found in his ſtrong box after his death: but they are univerſally ſuppoſed to have been given to him as a compendious excuſe for his embracing doctrines, which he was too idle to examine, too thoughtleſs to remember, and too ſenſible to have believed on reflection. His brother James wrote "Memoirs of his own life and campaigns to the reſtoration:" the original in Engliſh is preſerved in the Scotch college at Paris; but the king himſelf, in 1696, to oblige the cardinal de Bouillon, made an extract of it in two books in French, chiefly with a view to what related to marſhal Turenne. This piece is printed at the end of Ramſay's Life of that hero.

We have beſides under the name of this prince the following works:

* The royal ſufferer king James II. conſiſting of meditations, ſoliloquies, vows, &c. one of the latter is, to riſe every morning at ſeven: the whole, ſaid to be compoſed by his majeſty at St. Germains, is written in bad Engliſh, and was publiſhed at Paris by father Bretonneau, a jeſuit. The frontiſpiece repreſents the king ſitting in a chair in a penſive manner, and crowned with thorns.

Memoirs of the Engliſh affairs, chiefly naval, from the year 1660 to 1673, written by his royal highneſs James duke of York, under his adminiſtration of lord high admiral, &c. publiſhed from his original letters, and other royal authorities, Lond. 1729, 8vo. Though this work is aſcribed to king James, I believe it was drawn up by ſecretary Pepys.

Three letters from king James were publiſhed by William Fuller, gent. in 1702, with other papers relating to the court of ſaint Germains; and

* In another edition it is called, Royal tracts. This is evidently an imitation of his father's works, containing his ſpeeches, orders, meſſages, letters, &c. The ſecond part is entitled, Imago regis, or the ſacred image of his majeſty in his ſolitudes and ſufferings, &c. Paris, 1692. 16°.

are ſaid in the title-page to be printed by command. He was voted by the houſe of commons to be a notorious cheat, was proſecuted by the attorney-general, and was whipped and pilloried, I think, for this very book.

## FREDERIC Prince of Wales

WROTE French ſongs, in imitation of the regent*, and did not miſcarry ſolely by writing in a language not his own.

* Philip duke of Orleans.

NOBLE

# NOBLE AUTHORS.

## SIR *JOHN OLDCASTLE*, LORD COBHAM.

THE abolition of taſte and literature was not the ſlighteſt abuſe proceeding from popery; the revival of letters was one of the principal ſervices effected by the reformation. The Romiſh clergy feared, that if men read, they would think:—it is no leſs true, that the moment they thought, they wrote. The firſt author, as well as the firſt martyr among our nobility, was ſir John Oldcaſtle, called the good lord Cobham: a man whoſe virtues made him a reformer, whoſe valour a martyr, whoſe martyrdom an enthuſiaſt. He was much eſteemed by Henry the fifth, and had ſerved him with great zeal, at a time when the church was lighting its holy fires for Lollards, or the diſciples of Wicliff. Henry at firſt with ſenſe and goodneſs reſiſted inſinuations againſt the lord Cobham, whom he tried to ſave by gentle exhortations: but as the peer was firm, it naturally made the prince weak, and he delivered the hero over to the inquiſitors. Lord Cobham was impriſoned, but eſcaped. The clergy, however, with great zeal for the royal perſon, informed the king, then lying at Eltham, that 20,000 Lollards were aſſembled at ſaint Giles's for the deſtruction of him and his brothers. The brave young monarch immediately headed a troop, and, arriving at ten at night at the ſign of the Axe without Biſhopſgate, took the man of the houſe and ſeven others priſoners; which cloſed his firſt campaign. Fourſcore more were ſeized about ſaint Giles's; and ſome of them being induced [as Rapin gueſſes] to confeſs a deſign of murdering the royal family, and making the lord Cobham protector, the king no longer doubted of the conſpiracy, but ordered about half of them to be executed, and iſſued a proclamation for apprehending Cobham, who was all this time concealed in

Wales. The king, who was Lollard enough himſelf to caſt a rapacious eye on the revenues of the clergy, was diverted by a free gift, and by a perſuaſion to undertake the conqueſt of France, to which kingdom they aſſured him he had an undoubted right: when he thought he had any to the crown of England, the other followed of courſe. In ſuch reciprocal intercourſe of acts of amity, heretics were naturally abandoned to their perſecutors. The conqueſt of France ſoon followed, and the ſurpriſal of lord Cobham, after a very valiant reſiſtance*, in which he was wounded. Being examined before the duke of Bedford, he would have expatiated on his faith; but the chief juſtice moved, "That they ſhould not ſuffer him to ſpend the time ſo vainly in moleſting of the nobles of the realm." Not being indulged to ſpeak on what he was accuſed, and naturally provoked by the ingratitude and weakneſs of Henry, the ſtout lord avowed allegiance to king Richard †: his ſentence and execution ſoon followed. He died entreating ſir Thomas Erpingham, that if he ſaw him riſe from death to life the third day, he would procure that his ſect might be in peace and quiet ‡.

He wrote

"Twelve concluſions, addreſſed to the parliament of England." At the end of the firſt book, he wrote ſome monkiſh rhymes in Latin, which Bale has preſerved, and which he ſays were "copyed out by dyverſe men and ſet upon theyr wyndowes, gates and dores, which were then knowen for obſtynate hypocrytes and fleſhlye livers, which made the prelates madde §."

"The complaints of the countryman ‖."

* He was ſeized by the lord Powis. The proclamation for apprehending him offered 1000 marks of gold and 20*l.* a year for life, and a diſcharge from all taxes to any city, borough or town, that ſhould deliver him up. Vide appendix to Bale's breſe chronycle concernynge the examynacyon and death of the bleſſed martyr of Chriſt ſyr Johan Oldcaſtell the lorde Cobham. Reprinted in 1729. His ready wit and brave ſpirit appear to great advantage in this account of his trial.

† King Richard had long been dead: I ſuppoſe it is only meant that lord Cobham diſclaimed obedience to the houſe of Lancaſter, who had uſurped the throne of king Richard and his right heirs.

‡ Stowe, p. 356.

§ Bale's breſe chronycle, p. 99.

‖ Tanner, p. 561.

"His

" His confeſſion and abjuration;" but this piece is believed to be, and certainly was, a forgery.

## *JOHN TIPTOFT*, EARL of WORCESTER.

IN thoſe rude ages when valour and ignorance were the attributes of nobility, when metaphyſical ſophiſtries and jingling rhymes in barbarous Latin were the higheſt endowments and prerogatives of the clergy; and when " it was enough for noblemen's ſons to wind their horn, and carry their hawke fair, and leave ſtudy and learning to the children of mean people *;" it is no wonder that our old peers produced no larger nor more elegant compoſitions than the inſcription on the ſword of the brave earl of Shrewſbury,

" Sum Talboti pro occidere inimicos †."

It *is* ſurpriſing that the turbulent times of Henry the ſixth and Edward the fourth ſhould have given to the learned world ſo accompliſhed a lord as the earl of Worceſter. He early taſted of the muſes' fountain, diſpenſed in more copious ſtreams over Europe by the diſcovery of printing in 1450. Pope Nicholas the fifth patronized the new art; and the torrent of learned men that was poured upon Italy by the taking of Conſtantinople in 1453, by Mahomet the ſecond, revived the arts and the purity of the almoſt-forgotten tongues. The celebrated Æneas Sylvius, then on the throne by the name of Pius the ſecond, encouraged learning by his munificence and example. One of his brighteſt imitators and cotemporaries was John Tiptoft earl of Worceſter, who was born at Everton in Cambridgeſhire, and educated at ‡ Baliol college in Oxford. He was ſon of the lord Tibetot, or Tiptoft and

* A nobleman's ſpeech to Rich. Pace, in the reign of Henry the eighth. *Biographia*, vol. ii. p. 1236.

† Others give it, " Sum Talboti pro vincere inimico meo." *Camden's Remains*. And thus it is written on the ſword, preſerved as the genuine one in the treaſury of ſaint Denis in France. It was bought by an armourer of Bourdeaux from a peaſant, who found it in the Dordogne. Thevet has given a print of it, and of a curious head of John Talbot, copied from a ſtatue erected in his life at Paris, in a place called La Porte aux Anglois.

‡ Leland de Script. Brit. vol. ii. p. 475. The earl is not mentioned by Ant. Wood, whoſe account does not commence before the year 1500.

Powys, and was created a viſcount and earl of Worceſter by king Henry the ſixth, and appointed lord deputy of Ireland. By king Edward the fourth he was made knight of the garter, and conſtituted juſtice of North-Wales for life. Dugdale, who is more ſparing of titles to him than our other writers, ſays he was ſoon after made conſtable of the Tower for life, and twice treaſurer of the king's exchequer: but other hiſtorians * ſay he was lord high conſtable, and twice lord treaſurer, the firſt time, according to Lud. Carbo, at twenty-five years old; and again deputy of Ireland for the duke of Clarence. But whatever diſpute there may be about his titles in the ſtate, there is no doubt but he was eminently at the head of literature, and ſo maſterly an orator, that he drew tears from the eyes of the before-mentioned pope Pius, by an oration which he pronounced before him when he viſited Rome through a curioſity of ſeeing the Vatican library, after he had reſided at Padua and Venice, and made great purchaſes of books †: this was on his return from a ‡ pilgrimage to Jeruſalem; which holy expedition is attributed by a modern writer § to the ſuſpenſe of his lordſhip's mind between gratitude to king Henry and loyalty to king Edward.—But he ſeems not to have been much embarraſſed with the former, conſidering how greatly he had profited of king Edward's favour. It is certain that the rapid Richard Nevil earl of Warwick did not aſcribe much gratitude to the earl of Worceſter, and that the earl did not conſide much in any merit of that ſort; for, abſconding during the ſhort reſtoration of Henry, and being taken concealed in a tree in Weybridge-foreſt in Huntingdonſhire, he was brought to London, accuſed of cruelty in his adminiſtration of Ireland ‖, particularly towards

* Ames. Britiſh Librarian. Bale, &c.

† He is ſaid to have given MSS. to the value of 500 marks to the univerſity of Oxford. *Tanner's Biblioth. Brit.* p. 715.

‡ He had before this diſtinguiſhed himſelf by clearing the ſeas from pirates. *Vide Leland.*

§ G. S. Worthies of England, p. 88.

‖ Leland owns that he had exerted himſelf too ſeverely againſt ſome Lancaſtrians, which drew down the vengeance of that party on him, p. 497. In ſir Richard Cox's Hiſtory of Ireland it is ſaid, "That the earl of Worceſter was ſent over in 1467, and held a parliament at Drogheda, in which the earls of Deſmond and Kildare were attainted, on accuſation of having aſſiſted the king's enemies in that country; but that the Iriſh affirm it was in revenge for Deſmond's undervaluing his majeſty's match with Elizabeth Gray, and that as ſoon as Deſmond, the great earl, was beheaded, Kildare was pardoned and left deputy by Tiptoft, who returned to England." Pages 169, 170, 171. Campion ſays that the queen *cauſed* the earl of Deſmond's trade of life to be ſifted after the Iriſh manner (contrary to fundry old ſtatutes) by his ſucceſſor the earl of Worceſter; in conſequence of which Deſmond was attainted and put to death. *Hiſt. of Ireland*, p. 101.

TWO

two infant ſons of the earl of Deſmond, and condemned and beheaded at the Tower, 1470. Hall and Hollingſhead ſpeak of his tyranny as not quite equivocal, though more favourable writers aſcribe his imputed crimes to the malice of his enemies. Indeed it was an unwonted ſtrain of tenderneſs in a man ſo little ſcrupulous of blood as Warwick, to put to death ſo great a peer for ſome inhumanity to the children of an Iriſh lord * ; nor does one conceive why he ſought for ſo remote a crime—he wasn ot often ſo delicate. Tiptoft ſeems to have been puniſhed by Warwick for leaving Henry for Edward, when Warwick had thought fit to quit Edward for Henry †.

This earl of Worceſter ‡, " which," as Caxton his printer, who was much enamoured of him, ſays, " in his tyme flowred in vertue and cunnyng, and to whom he knew none lyke emong the lordes of the temporalitie in ſcience and moral vertue," tranſlated " Cicero de amicitiâ," and " Two declarations made by Publius Cornelius Scipio, and Gayus Flamyneus, rivals for the love of Lucrece," which he dedicated to Edward the fourth, and wrote ſome other orations and epiſtles ; and engliſhed " Cæſar's commentaries," as touching Britiſh affairs ; which verſion was publiſhed without name of printer, place, or date, but was ſuppoſed to be printed by John Raſtell, who lived in the reign of Henry the eighth.

In the ſixth of Edward the fourth, he drew up " Orders for the placing of the nobility in all proceedings §." And " Orders and ſtatutes for juſts and triumphs ‖." In the Aſhmolean collection ¶ are the following " Ordi-

* In The mirrour of magiſtrates, a poem, and conſequently not the beſt authority, it is ſaid, that Tiptoft actually put them to death, but by the abſolute command of king Edward, whoſe butcher he was called. In the ſame piece is recorded a remarkable circumſtance, mentioned no where elſe ; that the people deteſted the earl of Worceſter ſo much, that they were on the point of tearing him to pieces as he went to execution, and that he was ſaved by the ſheriff hurrying him to the Fleet. The next day the people behaved with great tranquillity, leſt they ſhould again hinder his execution. If he merited theſe outrages and this fate, let it be remembered that I commend him as a patron of learning, not as a miniſter.

† What made this more remarkable was, that Tiptoft had actually to his firſt wife married Warwick's own ſiſter, Cecily, widow of the young duke of Warwick, who by Henry VI. had been crowned king of the iſle of Wight.

‡ Ames on Printing, in his account of Caxton, p. 26, & ſeq.

§ MS. Cotton Tiber. E. viii. 35.

‖ Ibid. 40.

¶ MS. 763.

nances, ſtatutes and rules, made by John Tiptoft earle of Worceſter and conſtable of England, by the king's commandment at Windſore *, to be obſerved in all manner of juſtes of peirs within the realm of England, &c." He is alſo ſaid to have written "A petition againſt the Lollards †;" and "An oration to the citizens of Padua ‡."

Among the manuſcripts belonging to the cathedral of Lincoln is a volume of ſome twenty epiſtles, of which four are written by our earl, and the reſt addreſſed to him §.

"O good bleſſed Lord God!" ſaith Caxton, "what grete loſſe was it of that noble, vertuous and well-diſpoſed lord! &c. and what worſhip had he at Rome in the preſence of our fader the pope! And ſo in all other places unto his deth; at which deth every man that was there might lern to dye, and take his deth pacientlye."—"The axe then did at one blow cut off more learning than was left in the heads of all the ſurviving nobility ‖."

## *ANTONY WIDVILLE*, EARL RIVERS.

THOUGH Caxton knew "none like to the erle of Worceſter," and though the author laſt quoted thinks that all learning in the nobility periſhed with Tiptoft, yet there flouriſhed at the ſame period a noble gentleman, by no means inferior to him in learning and politeneſs, in birth his equal, by alliance his ſuperior, greater in feats of arms, and in pilgrimages more abundant: this was Antony Widville earl Rivers, lord Scales and Newfells, lord of the iſle of Wight, "defenſeur and directeur of the cauſes apoſtolique for our holy fader the pope in this royame of Englond, and uncle and governour to my lord prince of Wales ¶."

He was ſon of ſir Richard Widville by Jaqueline of Luxemburgh ducheſs-dowager of Bedford, and brother of the fair lady Gray, who captivated that

* 29 Maii, 6th Edward the fourth. There are two or three copies of them among the Harleian MSS. in the Britiſh muſeum.

† Fuller's Ch. Hiſt. iv. p. 162.

‡ Tanner, p. 716.

§ Ib. p. 717.

‖ Fuller's Worthies in Camb. p. 155.

¶ Caxton in Ames's Catal. p. 14.

monarch of pleaſure Edward the fourth. When about ſeventeen years of age he was taken by force from Sandwich with his father, and carried to Calais by ſome of the oppoſite faction*. The credit of his ſiſter, the countenance and example of his prince, the boiſterouſneſs of the times, nothing ſoftened, nothing roughened the mind of this amiable lord, who was as gallant as his luxurious brother-in-law, without his weakneſſes; as brave as the heroes of either roſe, without their ſavageneſs; ſtudious in the intervals of buſineſs, and devout after the manner of thoſe whimſical times, when men challenged others whom they never ſaw, and went barefoot to viſit ſhrines in countries of which they had ſcarce a map. In ſhort, lord Antony was, as ſir Thomas More ſays †, "Vir, haud facile diſcernas, manuve aut conſilio promptior."

He diſtinguiſhed himſelf ‡ both as a warrior and a ſtateſman: the Lancaſtrians making an inſurrection in Northumberland, he attended the king into thoſe parts, and was a chief commander at the ſiege of Alnwick-caſtle; ſoon after which he was elected into the order of the garter. In the tenth of the ſame reign he defeated the dukes of Clarence and Warwick in a ſkirmiſh near Southampton, and prevented their ſeizing a great ſhip called the Trinity, belonging to the latter. He attended the king into Holland on the change of the ſcene, returned with him, and had a great ſhare in his victories, and was conſtituted governor of Calais, and captain-general of all the king's forces by ſea and land. He had before been ſent embaſſador to negotiate a marriage between the king's ſiſter and the duke of Burgundy; and in the ſame character concluded a treaty between king Edward and the duke of Bretagne. On prince Edward being created prince of Wales, he was appointed his governor, and had a grant of the office of chief butler of England; and was even on the point of attaining the high honour of eſpouſing the Scottiſh princeſs, ſiſter of king James the third; the biſhop of Rocheſter, lord privy-ſeal, and ſir Edward Widville, being diſpatched into Scotland to perfect that marriage §.

* In the reign of Henry VI. theſe lords were Lancaſtrians: the father was employed by queen Margaret to equip a ſquadron in order to deprive the earl of Warwick of the government of Calais; but was ſurpriſed by the earl and taken priſoner with his ſon, as mentioned in the text.

† In Vitâ Rich. III.

‡ Vide Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 231.

§ The queen had before projected to marry him to that great heireſs, Mary of Burgundy, who at the ſame time was ſought by Clarence; a circumſtance that muſt have heightened that prince's averſion to the queen and her family.

A re-

A remarkable event * of this earl's life was a perſonal victory he gained in a tournament over Antony count de la Roche, called the Baſtard of Burgundy, natural ſon of duke Philip the Good. This illuſtrious encounter was performed in a ſolemn and moſt magnificent tilt held for that purpoſe in Smithfield: our earl was the challenger; and from the date of the year and the affinity of the perſon challenged, this ceremony was probably in honour of the afore-mentioned marriage of the lady Margaret the king's ſiſter, with Charles the Hardy, laſt duke of Burgundy†. Nothing could be better adapted to the humour of the age, and to the union of that hero and virago, than a ſingle combat between two of their near relations. In the Biographia Britannica is a long account extracted from a curious manuſcript of this tournament, for which letters of ſafe conduct were granted by the king, as appears from Rymer's Fœdera; the title of which are, "Pro Baſtardo Burgundiæ ſuper punctis armorum perficiendis." At theſe juſts the earl of Worceſter (before mentioned) preſided as lord high conſtable, and atteſted the queen's giving *The flower of Souvenance* to the lord Scales, as a charge to undertake the enterpriſe, and his delivery of it to Cheſter-herald, that he might carry it over to be touched by the Baſtard, in token of his accepting the challenge. This prize was a collar of gold with the rich flower of Souvenance enamelled, and was faſtened above the earl's knee by ſome of the queen's ladies on the Wedneſday after the feaſt of the reſurrection. The Baſtard, attended by four hundred lords, knights, ſquires and heralds, landed at Graveſend; and at Blackwall he was met by the lord high conſtable with ſeven barges and a galley full of attendants, richly covered with cloth of gold and arras. The king proceeded to London; in Fleet-ſtreet the champions ſolemnly met in his preſence; and the palaces of the biſhops of Saliſbury and Ely were appointed to lodge theſe brave ſons of holy church; as ſaint Paul's cathedral was for holding a chapter for the ſolution of certain doubts upon the articles of combat. The timber and workmanſhip of the liſts coſt above 200 marks. The pavilions, trappings, &c. were ſumptuous in proportion. Yet however weighty the expence, the queen could not but think it well beſtowed, when ſhe had the ſatisfaction of beholding her bro-

* Dugdale ubi ſupra, and Biogr. Brit. p. 1231.

† That it was ſo, is confirmed by Hall, who has given a particular account of the combat in his Chronicle.

ther

ther victorious in ſo ſturdy an encounter; the ſpike in the front of the lord Scales's horſe having run into the noſtril of the Baſtard's horſe, ſo that he reared an end and threw his rider to the ground. The generous conqueror diſdained the advantage, and would have renewed the combat, but the Baſtard refuſed to fight any more on horſeback. The next day they fought on foot; when Widville again prevailing, and the ſport waxing warm, the king gave the ſignal to part them.

Earl Rivers had his ſhare of his ſiſter's afflictions as well as of her triumphs; but making a right uſe of adverſity, and underſtanding that there was to be a jubilee and pardon at St. James's in Spain in 1473, he ſailed from Southampton, and for ſome time was "full vertuouſly occupied in goyng of pilgrimagis to St. James in Galice, to Rome, and to ſeint Nicholas de Bar in Puyle, and other diverſe holy places. Alſo he procured and got of our holy fader the pope a greet and large indulgence and grace unto the chapel of our Lady of the piewe by St. Stephen's at Weſtmenſtre*."

The diſmal cataſtrophe of this accompliſhed lord, in the forty-firſt year of his age, is well known:

"——— Rivers, Vaughan and Gray †,
Ere this lie ſhorter by the heads at Pomfret."

The works of this gallant and learned perſon were:

I. "The dictes and ſayinges of the philoſophers; tranſlated out of Latyn into Frenſhe by a worſhipful man called Meſſire Jehan de Teonville, provoſt of Paris;" and from thence rendered into Engliſh by our lord Rivers, who ſailing to the Spaniſh jubilee, "and lackyng ſyght of all londes, the wynde being good and the weder fayr, thenne for a recreacyon and paſſyng of time,

* Ames, p. 14.

† Queen Elizabeth Gray is deſervedly pitied for loſing her two ſons; but the royalty of their birth has ſo engroſſed the attention of hiſtorians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her ſecond ſon ſir Richard Gray. It is as remarkable how ſlightly the death of our earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man inveſted with ſuch high offices of truſt and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Haſtings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of Engliſh ſtory from the tragic rather than the hiſtoric authors.

had

had delyte and axed to rede ſome good hiſtorye. A worſhipfull gentylman called Lowys de Bretaylles" lent him the above-mentioned treatiſe, which when he had "heided and looked upon, as he had tyme and ſpace, he gaaf thereto a veray affection; and in ſpecial by cauſe of the holſom and ſwete ſaynges of the Paynems, which is a glorious fair myrrour to all good chriſten people to behold and underſtonde." And afterwards being appointed governor to the prince, he undertook this tranſlation for the uſe and inſtruction of his royal pupil. The book is ſuppoſed to be the ſecond ever printed in England by * Caxton; at leaſt the firſt which he printed at Weſtminſter, being dated November 18, 1477. A fair manuſcript of this tranſlation, with an illumination repreſenting the earl introducing Caxton to Edward the fourth, his queen and the prince, is preſerved in the archbiſhop's library at Lambeth †.

The moſt remarkable circumſtance attending this book is the gallantry of the earl, who omitted to tranſlate part of it, becauſe it contained ſarcaſms of Socrates againſt the fair ſex: and it is no leſs remarkable that his printer ventured to tranſlate the ſatire, and add it to his lordſhip's performance; yet with an apology for his preſumption ‡.

II. "The moral proverbs of Chriſtian of Pyſe;" another tranſlation §. The authoreſs Chriſtina was daughter of Thomas of Piſa, otherwiſe called of Boulogne, whither her father removed; and though ſhe ſtyled herſelf a woman Ytalien, yet ſhe wrote in French, and flouriſhed about the year 1400 ‖. In this tranſlation the earl diſcovered new talents, turning the work

* Ames, p. 9.

† There is another old verſion of this book, "Sythe now tranſlatyd out of Frenſhe tung into Englyſhe, the yere of our Lorde 1450 (dedicated) to John Foſtalfe knyghte for his contemplation and ſolas, by Stevyn Scrope ſqyer, ſonne in law to the ſeide Foſtalfe. Deo gratias." *V. Catal. of Harl. MSS.* N° 2266. Though this tranſlation was made for the uſe of ſo conſiderable a perſonage, yet, through the deficience of printing, it is plain that our earl had never heard of it.

‡ Ames; and the Britiſh Librarian.

§ Ames, p. 12.

‖ She wrote La vie du roi Charles le Sage. It is preſerved in MS. in the library of the king of France. Another of her works is in the Harleian collection of MSS. entitled Epiſtre d'Othea déeſſe de Prudence à Hector, exhortant à les choſes neceſſaires à vaillance, & contraires à l'opoſite de proueſſe. Mis en vers François & dedié à Charles V. roy de France, par Chriſtine fille de Thomas de Pizan de Buloin le graſſe & conſeiller de meme roy. *Harl. Cat.* N° 219, art. 5. She alſo wrote ſongs and ballads: See Memoire hiſtorique,



Reason, Rectitude & Justice appearing to Christina de Pisan, and promising to assist her in writing La Cité des Dames From an illumination in the Library of the King of France.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

work into a poem of two hundred and three lines, the greateſt part of which he contrived to make conclude with the letter E: an inſtance at once of his lordſhip's application, and of the bad taſte of an age, which had witticiſms and whims to ſtruggle with as well as ignorance. It concludes with two ſtanzas of ſeven lines each, beginning thus:

" The grete vertus of our elders notable
Ofte to remembre is thing profitable;
An happy hous is, where dwelleth Prudence,
For where ſhe is, Raiſon is in preſence, &c."

EXPLICIT.

" Of theſe ſayynges Criſtyne was the auctureſſe,
Which in makyn had ſuch intelligence,
That thereof ſhe was mireur and maiſtreſſe;
Her werkes teſtifie thexperience;
In Frenſſh languaige was written this ſentence;
And thus engliſhed doth hit reherſe
Antoin Widevylle therle Ryvers."

Caxton, inſpired by his patron's muſe, concludes the work thus:

" Go thou litil quayer and recommaund me
Unto the good grace of my ſpecial lorde
Therle Ryveris, for I have emprinted the
At his commandement, following evry worde
His copye, as his ſecretarie can recorde;
At Weſtmeſtre, of Feverer the xx daye,
And of kyng Edward the xvii yere vraye.

Emprinted by CAXTON
In Feverer the colde ſeaſon."

hiſtorique, p. 31, prefixed to the firſt volume of the Anthologie Françoiſe. For a farther account of her ſee Memoires de l'academie des belles lettres, tom. ii. p. 762. Her father was an aſtrologer whom Charles V. had ſent for from Italy, for in that age France was ſo ignorant that it could not furniſh an impoſtor.

III. The book named "Cordial, or memorare noviſſima;" * a third tranſlation from the French; the original author not named: begun to be printed by Caxton "the morn after the purification of our bliſſid lady in the yere 1478, which was the daye of ſeint Blaſe, biſhop and martir; and finiſhed on the even of thannunciation of our ſaid bliſſid lady in the xix yere of kyng Edward the fourth, 1480." By which it ſeems that Caxton was above two years in printing this book. It does not appear that he publiſhed any other work in that period; yet he was generally more expeditious; but the new art did not, or could not, multiply its productions, as it does now in its maturity.

IV. A little elegy compoſed the night before his execution, preſerved by Roſs of Warwick, who calls it, *unum Balet in Anglicis*; and reports that the earl had for ſome time worn out of devotion a haircloth, which was long preſerved by the Carmelite friars of Doncaſter, and hung up before an image of the virgin Mary †. It is printed among Mr. Percy's Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry, vol. ii. p. 44.

Theſe are all the remains of this illuſtrious lord, though, as Caxton ſays, "notwithſtonding the greet labours and charges he had in the ſervice of the kyng and of my ſaid lord prince, which hath be to him no little thought and biſineſs, yet over that, tenrich his vertuous diſpoſition, he put him in devoyr at all tymes, when he might have a leyſer, which was but ſtarte mete, to tranſlate diverſe bookes out of Frenſh into Engliſh." He then mentions thoſe I have recited, and adds,

V. "Over that hath made divers balade ayenſt the ſeven dedely ſynnes ‡."

It is obſervable with what timidity and lowlineſs young Learning ventured to unfold her recent pinions, how little ſhe dared to raiſe herſelf above the ground. We have ſeen that earl Tiptoft and earl Rivers, the reſtorers and patrons of ſcience in this country, contented themſelves with tranſlating the works of others; the latter condeſcending even to tranſlate a tranſlation. But we muſt remember how ſcarce books were; how few of the claſſic ſtandards

* Ames, page 13. † Page 214. ‡ Ames, page 14.

were

were known, and how much leſs underſtood. Whoever conſiders the account which Caxton gives of his meeting "with the lytyle book in Frenſhe, tranſlated out of Latyn by that noble poete and grete clerke Virgyle," will not wonder that invention did not exert itſelf. Whatever was tranſlated, was new and a real preſent to the age. Invention operates only where there is no pattern, or where all patterns are exhauſted. He, who in the dawn of ſcience made a verſion of Chriſtina of Piſa, in its vigorous maturity would tranſlate Monteſquieu—and, I truſt, not in metre!

I have dwelled the longer on the articles of theſe two lords, as they are very ſlightly known, and as I think their country in a great meaſure indebted to them for the reſtoration of learning. The countenance, the example of men in their ſituation muſt have operated more ſtrongly than the attempts of an hundred profeſſors, Benedictines, and commentators. The ſimilitude of their ſtudies was terminated by too fatal a reſemblance in their cataſtrophe!

## *NICHOLAS* Lord *VAUX*

SEEMS to have been a great ornament * to the reign of Henry the ſeventh, and to the court of Henry the eighth in its more joyous days, before queens, miniſters, peers, and martyrs, embrued ſo many ſcaffolds with their blood. William Vaux his father had forfeited his fortunes in the cauſe of Henry the ſixth: they were reſtored to the ſon with the honour of knighthood on his fighting ſtoutly at the battle of Stoke againſt the earl of Lincoln, on the ſide of Henry the ſeventh. In the ſeventeenth of that reign, at the marriage of prince Arthur, the brave young Vaux appeared in a gown of purple velvet, adorned with pieces of gold ſo thick and maſſive, that excluſive of the ſilk and furs it was valued at a thouſand pounds: about his neck he wore a collar of S S. weighing eight hundred pounds in nobles. In thoſe days, it not only required great bodily ſtrength to ſupport the weight of their

* The rev. and judicious Mr. Percy, editor of the Reliques of ancient poetry, has, on very good reaſons (which ſee at the end of the third volume), ſurmiſed, that Nicholas lord Vaux was not the poet, but his ſon Thomas. Puttenham calls the poet Nicholas; yet mentions him as ſucceeding lord Surrey and ſir Thomas Wyat: and in truth, as Mr. Percy obſerves, lord Vaux's poetry is too elegant for the age of Henry VII. This criticiſm therefore is ſubmitted to the reader, till more certain evidence can be diſcovered.

cumberſome armour; their very luxury of apparel for the drawing-room would oppreſs a ſyſtem of modern muſcles! In the firſt of Henry the eighth, Vaux was made lieutenant of the caſtle of Guiſnes in Picardy; and in the fifth of that reign was at the ſiege of Therouenne. In the tenth year he was one of the embaſſadors for confirming the peace between Henry and the French king; and ſoon after in commiſſion for preparing the famous interview between thoſe monarchs near Guiſnes. Theſe martial and feſtival talents were the direct road to Henry's heart, who in his fifteenth year created ſir Nicholas a baron at the palace of Bridewell: but he lived not long to enjoy the ſplendour of this favour. Departing this life in 1523, he founded chantries for the ſouls of his anceſtors; portioned his three daughters with five hundred pounds a-piece for their marriages; and to his ſons Thomas and William bequeathed all his wearing gere, except cloth of gold, cloth of ſilver, and tiſſue*. A battle, a pageant, an embaſſy, a ſuperſtitious will, compoſe the hiſtory of moſt of the great men of that age: but our peer did not ſtop there: he had been bred at Oxford, and had a happy genius for poetry, of which ſome ſamples are extant in The Paradiſe of dainty devices†. An author‡, who wrote nearer to thoſe times, ſays, "that his lordſhip's fancy lay chiefly in the facility of his metre, and the aptneſs of his deſcriptions, ſuch as he takes upon him to make; namely, in ſundry of his ſongs, wherein he ſheweth the counterfeit-action very lively and pleaſantly." And he quotes a ſonnet printed among thoſe of the earl of Surrey, beginning "When Cupid ſcaled firſt the fort, &c.§" In Antony Wood‖ may be ſeen the titles of ſome of his ſonnets; and the ſame author ſays that there goes a doleful ditty alſo under his name, beginning thus, "I loath that I did love, &c." which was thought by ſome to be made upon his death-bed. It is printed among lord Surrey's poems, p. 157, and contains the ſtanza ſung by the grave-digger in Hamlet, "A pickaxe and a ſpade."

* Wood, vol. i. p. 19. Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304. Tanner, p. 731.

† Written by Richard Edwards. *Vide Wood*, vol. i. p. 152.

‡ Art of Engliſh poeſy.

§ Ib. p. 201.

‖ Vol. i. p. 19.

JOHN

# *JOHN BOURCHIER*, LORD BERNERS,

GRANDSON and heir of a lord of the ſame name, who was deſcended from Thomas of Woodſtock duke of Gloceſter, and had been knight of the garter and conſtable of Windſor-caſtle under Edward the fourth *. Our lord John was created a knight of the bath at the marriage of the duke of York, ſecond ſon of Edward the fourth, and was firſt known by quelling an inſurrection in Cornwall and Devonſhire under the conduct of Michael Joſeph a blackſmith in 1495 †, which recommended him to the favour of Henry the ſeventh. He was captain of the pioneers at the ſiege of Therouenne under Henry the eighth, by whom he was made chancellor of the exchequer for life, lieutenant of Calais and the marches ‡, appointed to conduct the lady Mary, the king's ſiſter, into France on her marriage with Louis the twelfth, and with whom [Henr. viii.] he had the rare felicity of continuing in favour eighteen years. He died in 1532, leaving his gown of damaſk-tawney furred with jennets to his natural ſon Humphrey Bourchier; and certain legacies to two other illegitimate ſons, having had only two daughters by his wife Catherine, daughter of John duke of Norfolk; from one of which ladies is deſcended the preſent lady baroneſs Berners, whoſe right to that title, which had long lain in obſcurity, was clearly made out and recovered by the late Peter Leneve, eſq. Norroy.

Lord Berners, by the command of king Henry §, tranſlated "Froiſſart's Chronicle," which was printed in 1523, by Richard Pinſon, the fifth on the liſt of Engliſh printers, and ſcholar of Caxton.

Others of his works were a whimſical medley of tranſlations from French, Italian and Spaniſh novels, which ſeem to have been the mode then, as they were afterwards in the reign of Charles the ſecond,

"When ev'ry flow'ry courtier wrote romance."

* Blomfield's Hiſt. of Norf. vol. iii. p. 100.

† Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 34.

‡ Dugd. Baron. vol. ii. p. 133.

§ Ames in Pinſon, p. 125.

Theſe were, " The Life of ſir Arthur, an Armorican knight *; The famous exploits of ſir Hugh of Bourdeaux †; Marcus Aurelius ‡; and The caſtle of Love §." He compoſed alſo a book " Of the duties of the inhabitants of Calais;" and a comedy, entitled " Ite in Vineam ‖," which is mentioned in none of our catalogues of Engliſh plays: Antony Wood ¶ ſays it was uſually acted at Calais after veſpers **.

Some of his letters of negotiation are preſerved in the Britiſh muſeum. †† By theſe letters it appears that he was embaſſador to the emperor Charles the fifth; a circumſtance unknown to, or overlooked by, all the writers who mention him.

Lord Berners died at Calais, 1532, aged 63.

## *GEORGE BOLEYN*, VISCOUNT ROCHFORD,

THE unfortunate brother of Anne Boleyn; raiſed by her greatneſs, involved in her fall, and more cruelly in her diſgrace. He was accuſed of too intimate familiarity with his ſiſter, by a moſt infamous woman his wife, who continued a lady of the bed-chamber to the three ſucceeding

* Lord Oxford had one of theſe, with this title, " The hiſtory of the moſt noble and valyaunt knight, Arthur of Lytell Brytaine, tranſlated out of Frenche by John Bourgcher, knyght, lord Barners." Black letter.

*V. Harleian catal.* vol. iii. p. 32, and *Ames*, p. 151.

† Done at the deſire of the earl of Huntingdon; it paſſed through three editions. *Tanner*, p. 116.

‡ Ames, p. 169. This was undertaken at the deſire of his nephew ſir Francis Bryan. *Tanner*, ib. and *Ames*, p. 169.

§ Dedicated to the lady of ſir Nicholas Carew, at whoſe deſire he tranſlated it from the Spaniſh. *Tanner*, ib. and *Ames*, p. 158.

‖ Bale, cent. 9, p. 706.

¶ Vol. i. p. 33.

** Fuller [in his Worthies of Hertfordſhire, p. 27] ſays, " I behold his [lord Berners's] as the *ſecond*, accounting the lord Tiptoft the *firſt*, *noble hand*, which, ſince the decay of learning, took a pen therein to be author of a book." But I have ſhown that lord Berners was but the fifth writer among the nobility in order of time.

†† See Catal. of Harleian MSS. N° 295, art. 41 and 66.

queens,

queens, till her adminiſtering * to the pleaſures of the laſt of them, Catherine Howard, brought that ſentence on her, which her malice or jealouſy had drawn on her lord and her ſiſter-in-law. The weightieſt proof againſt them was his having been ſeen to whiſper the queen one morning as ſhe was in bed †. But that could make inceſt, where a jealous or fickle tyrant could make laws at his will!—Little is recorded of this nobleman, but two or three embaſſies to France, his being made governor of Dover and the cinque ports, and his ſubſcribing the famous declaration to Clement the ſeventh. Like earl Rivers, he roſe by the exaltation of his ſiſter; like him, was innocently ſacrificed on her account; and, like him, ſhowed that the luſtre of his ſituation did not make him neglect to add accompliſhments of his own.

Antony Wood ſays he was much adored at court, eſpecially by the female ſex, for his admirable diſcourſe and ſymmetry of body; which one may well believe: the king and the lady Rochford would ſcarce have ſuſpected the queen of inceſt, unleſs her brother had had uncommon allurements in his perſon.

Wood aſcribes to him

Several poems, ſongs and ſonnets, with other things of the like nature.

Bale calls them "Rythmos elegantiſſimos," lib. 1. But none of his works are come down to us, unleſs any of the anonymous pieces, publiſhed along with the earl of Surrey's poems, be of his compoſition.

* Honeſt Stowe has preſerved a converſation between Anne of Cleves and this lady Rochford, in which the arch ſimplicity of the former and the petulant curioſity of the latter are very remarkable. The lady Eleanor Rutland, the lady Catherine Edgcumbe, and lady Rochford, were ſifting to know whether her majeſty was breeding: the queen fairly owned, "That the king, when they went to bed, took her by the hand, kiſſed her, and bid her *Good-night, ſweet-heart*; and in the morning, kiſſed her, and bid her *Farewell, darling*: and is not this enough?" quoth her majeſty. *Stowe's Annals*, p. 578.

† The poor queen had ſo little idea of guilt, or of what ſhe was accuſed, that, on her firſt commitment to the Tower, ſhe exclaimed tenderly, "Oh! where is my ſweet brother?" The lieutenant, willing to ſpare her a new ſhock, replied, without telling her that the lord Rochford was committed too, "That he left him at York-place." *Strype*, vol. i. p. 280. The author of Engliſh Worthies tells a ſtory which is related too by Fuller in his Worthies of Wiltſhire, p. 146. That on Jane Seymour's firſt coming to court, queen Anne ſnatched at a jewel pendent about this Jane's neck, and hurt her own hand with the violence ſhe uſed.—She was ſtruck with finding it the king's picture. Page 348.

## *JOHN* LORD *LUMLEY*,

SON of Richard lord Lumley *, was the ſeventh baron of that family, and an eminent warrior in the reign of Henry the eighth. Being about the age of twenty-one in the fifth of that king, he carried a conſiderable force to the earl of Surrey at York, and was a principal commander at Flodden-field, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf with great bravery. He was preſent at moſt of the interviews between his maſter and foreign monarchs, which ſo much delighted that prince and his hiſtorians; and again ſerved againſt the Scots in the fifteenth of that king. He was one of the barons who ſigned the memorable letter to Clement the ſeventh, threatening him with the loſs of his ſupremacy in England, unleſs he proceeded to diſpatch the king's divorce: but notwithſtanding this, we find him deeply engaged in the rebellion, which our old writers call *The pilgrimage of grace*. The duke of Norfolk, general of the royaliſts, offered them a free pardon; lord Lumley was commiſſioned to treat on the part of the revolters, and with great dexterity extricated himſelf and his followers. Yet ſoon after he loſt his only ſon George, who, being taken in another inſurrection with the lord Darcy, was beheaded. Of the father we find no more mention, but that in the year 1550 he tranſlated "Eraſmus's inſtitution of a chriſtian prince," which is preſerved in manuſcript in the king's library †.

## *HENRY PARKER*, LORD MORLEY,

WAS ſon of ſir William Parker ‡, by Alice ſiſter of Lovel lord Morley, by which title this Henry was ſummoned to parliament in the twenty-firſt of Henry the eighth. Except being a pretty voluminous author, we find nothing remarkable of him, but that he too ſigned the before-mentioned letter to pope Clement; and, having a quarrel for precedence with the lord Dacre of Gilleſland, had his pretenſions confirmed by parliament. § Antony

* Vide Dugdale's and Collins's Peerages.

† Vide Caſley's Catalogue, p. 262.

‡ Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 307.

§ Vol. i. p. 53.

Wood

Wood ſays, he was living an ancient man and in eſteem among the nobility in the latter end of the reign of Henry the eighth *; and in the catalogue of king Charles's collection †, a portrait is mentioned of a lord Parker, who probably was the ſame perſon.

He wrote

" A declaration of the XCIV pſalm," printed by T. Berthelet, 1539‡.

" The lives of ſectaries."

" An epitaph on Thomas Weſt, lord Delawar §."

Several tragedies and comedies, whoſe very titles are loſt ‖.

And, according to Bale and Baker ¶, certain rhimes.

Beſides theſe pieces, there are in the ** king's library the following manuſcripts tranſlated by him, ſtyling himſelf Henry Parker, knight, lord Morley.

" Seneca's XVIII and XCII epiſtles."

" Eraſmus's praiſe to the virgin Mary;" dedicated to the princeſs Mary.

" St. Athanaſius's prologue to the pſalter."

" Thomas Aquinas of the angelical ſalutation."

" Anſelme, of the ſtature, form and life of the virgin Mary and our Saviour."

* It is plain, by the laſt article in the liſt of his works, that he outlived king Henry and king Edward VI; and in the Hiſtory and Antiquities of Eſſex, p. 93, I find that ſir Henry Parker, lord Morley, died in 1556 (which was the fourth of queen Mary), and was buried at Walbury in that county.

† Page 3.

‡ Ames, p. 171.

§ Collins's Peerage in Delawar.

‖ Theatr. Records, p. 5.

¶ Vide Men of note under Henry the eighth.

** Vide Caſley's Catalogue.

"The Eccleſiaſtes of Solomon, with a long paraphraſe."

"Tranſlation of the Somnium Scipionis."

"The hiſtory of Paulus Jovius."

"Hiſtory of the pope's ill-treatment of the emperor Frederick, tranſlated from the Latin of Maſſuetius Salernitanus *."

"Plutarch's life of Theſeus;" dedicated to Henry the eighth.

"Plutarch's lives of Scipio and Hannibal."

"Plutarch's life of Paulus Æmilius †."

"John de Turre crematâ, his expoſition of the xxxiv pſalm."

And there is in the ſame collection a book entitled "Expoſitio in pſalterium," in which is written "Henricus Parker, eques, baro Morley, hunc codicem dono dedit dominæ Mariæ, regis Henrici VIII. filiæ."

In an old catalogue of a ſale of books I found this article:

"Lyff of the good kyng Ageſilaus, wretten by the famous clerke Plutarche in the Greke tounge, and traunſlated out of the Greke into Latyn by Antony Tudartyn, and drawen out off Latyn into Engliſhe by me Henry lord Morley, and dedycated unto the right honorable baron the lorde Cromwell, lord privy-ſeal; with a compariſon adjoyned of the life and actions of our late famous king Henrie the eighth, MS. wrote in his lordſhip's own handwriting, as appears by letter to the lord Zouch, preſident of the queene's counſaill in the marches of Wales, wrote by William Henrick, one of the clerkes of that court in 1602. Price ten ſhillings and ſix-pence."

* Tanner, p. 573. † MS. in the Bodl. library. Vide *Tanner*, ib.

*HENRY*

# *HENRY HOWARD*, EARL of SURREY.

WE now emerge from the twilight of learning to an almoſt claſſic author, that ornament of a boiſterous, yet not unpoliſhed court, the earl of Surrey, celebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton and Pope, illuſtrated by his own muſe, and lamented for his unhappy and unmerited death: "A man," as ſir Walter Raleigh ſays*, no leſs valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes."

He was ſon and grandſon of two lord treaſurers, dukes of Norfolk, and ſeemed to have a promiſe of fortune as illuſtrious, by being the friend, and at length the brother-in-law, of the duke of Richmond, Henry's natural ſon—But the cement of that union proved the bane of her brother! He ſhone in all the accompliſhments of that martial age; his name is renowned in its tournaments and in his father's battles: in an expedition of his own he was unfortunate, being defeated endeavouring to cut off a convoy to Boulogne; a diſgrace he ſoon repaired, though he never recovered the king's favour, in whoſe eyes a moment could cancel an age of ſervices!

The unwieldy king, growing diſtempered and froward, and apprehenſive for the tranquillity of his boy ſucceſſor, eaſily conceived or admitted jealouſies infuſed into him by the earl of Hertford and the proteſtant party, though one of the laſt acts of his fickle life was to found a convent†! Rapin ſays, he apprehended, if the popiſh party ſhould prevail, that his marriage with Catherine of Arragon would be declared good, and by conſequence his ſon Edward baſtardized.—A moſt inaccurate concluſion! It would have affected the legitimacy of Elizabeth, whoſe mother was married during the life of Catherine; but the latter was dead before the king married Jane Seymour. An odd circumſtance is recorded, that Anne Boleyn wore yellow for mourning for her predeceſſor‡.

* In the preface to his Hiſtory.

† Lord Herbert's Life of Henry the eighth.

‡ Notes to Tindal's Rapin: fol. It was a faſhion ſhe had brought from France. Du Tillet ſays, "Le pourpre eſt le deuil des rois, et le jaune celui des reines." *Recherches*, liv. ii. p. 196.

It ſeems that the family of Howard were greatly at variance *; the duke and his ſon had been but lately reconciled; the ducheſs was frantic with jealouſy, had been parted four years from her huſband, and now turned his accuſer; as her daughter the ducheſs of Richmond, who inclined to the proteſtants, and hated her brother, depoſed againſt him. The duke's miſtreſs too, one Mrs. Holland, took care to provide for her own ſafety, by telling all ſhe knew: that was little, yet equal to the charge, and coincided with it. The chief accuſation againſt the earl was his quartering the arms of Edward the Confeſſor †: the duke had forborne them, but left a blank quarter. Mrs. Holland depoſed, that the duke diſapproved his ſon's bearing them, and forbad her to work them on the furniture for his houſe. The ducheſs of Richmond's teſtimony was ſo trivial, that ſhe depoſed her brother's giving a coronet‡, which to her judgment ſeemed a cloſe crown, and a cypher which ſhe took to be the king's: and that he diſſuaded her from going too far in reading the ſcripture. Some ſwore that he loved to converſe with foreigners; and, as if ridiculous charges, when multiplied, would amount to one real crime, ſir Richard Southwell affirmed, without ſpecifying what, that he knew certain things which touched the earl's fidelity to the king. The brave young lord vehemently affirmed himſelf a true man, and offered to fight his accuſer in his ſhirt; and with great ſpirit and a ready wit defended himſelf againſt all the witneſſes—to little purpoſe! When ſuch accuſations could be alleged, they were ſure of being thought to be proved. Lord Herbert inſinuates that the earl would not have been condemned, if he had not been a commoner and tried by a jury. On what could he ground this favourable

* Lord Herbert.

† Yet in the 13th of Edward IV. it was decided in a chapter of the office of arms, that where a nobleman is deſcended lineally hereditable to three or four coats, and afterwards is aſcended to a coat near to the king, and of his royal blood, he may for his moſt honour bear the ſame coat alone, and no lower coat of dignity to be quartered therewith, &c. *Sandford*, p. 232, book iii. c. 15. And it appears by a deed in the poſſeſſion of James Weſt, eſq. that the duke actually did ſo for ſome time; his ſeal to this deed containing only the arms of England with a label of three points within the garter and his name over it. This deed was ſhewn to the Society of Antiquaries, March 11, 1735, as appears by their minutes.

‡ This ſhews that at that time there were no eſtabliſhed rules for coronets. I cannot find when thoſe of dukes, marquiſſes and earls were ſettled: ſir Robert Cecil, earl of Saliſbury, when viſcount Cranborn, was the firſt of that degree that bore a coronet. Barons received theirs from Charles the ſecond: the original warrant is preſerved among the Harleian MSS. N° 1073, art. 8.

opinion

opinion of the peers? What twelve tradeſmen could be found more ſervile than almoſt every court of peers during that reign? Was the duke of Buckingham, was Anne Boleyn condemned by a jury, or by great lords *?

The duke, better acquainted with the humour of his maſter, or fonder of life as it grew nearer the dregs, made a moſt abject confeſſion, in which however the greateſt crime he avowed was having concealed the manner in which his ſon bore his coat-armour—an offence, by the way, to which the king himſelf and all the court muſt long have been privy. As this is intended as *a treatiſe of curioſity*, it may not be amiſs to mention, that the duke preſented a petition to the lords, deſiring to have ſome books from Lambeth, without which he had not been able to recompoſe himſelf to ſleep for a dozen years. He deſired leave too to buy ſaint Auſtin, Joſephus, and Sabellicus †; and he begged for ſome ſheets.—So hardly was treated a man, who had married a daughter of Edward the fourth ‡, who had enjoyed ſuch dignities, and, what was ſtill more, hadg ained ſuch victories for his maſter!

The noble earl periſhed; the father eſcaped by the death of the tyrant.

* The parliaments of that reign were not leſs obſequious than the peers diſtinctively: "The counteſs of Saliſbury," ſays Stowe in his Annals, p. 581, "was condemned by parliament, though ſhe was never arraigned nor tried before. Catherine Howard was attainted by parliament, and ſuffered without trial. Cromwell, earl of Eſſex, though a lord of parliament, was attainted without being heard." The power granted to the king of regulating the ſucceſſion by his will was an unheard-of abuſe. If we paſs from the peers to the houſe of commons, and from thence to the convocation, we ſhall find that juries by no means deſerved to be ſtigmatized for peculiar ſervility. The commons beſought the king to let his marriage with Anne of Cleves be enquired into. The diſſolution of that marriage for ſuch abſurd reaſons as his majeſty vouchſafed to give, *as her being no virgin*, which it ſeems he diſcovered by a peculiar ſecret of his own, without uſing the common method of knowing ‖; and his whimſical inability, which he pretended to have in vain attempted to remove by taking phyſic the more to enable him; that diſſolution, I ſay, was an inſtance of the groſſeſt complaiſance; as Cranmer's having before pronounced the divorce from Anne Boleyn was an effect of the moſt wretched timidity.

† The artful duke, though a ſtrong papiſt, pretended to aſk for Sabellicus as the moſt vehement detector of the uſurpations of the biſhop of Rome. *Lord Herbert*, p. 629.

‡ His firſt wife was the lady Anne, who left no iſſue. His ſecond was daughter of the duke of Buckingham.

‖ *In the caſe of his next wife it proved how bad a judge he was of thoſe matters; nay, ſo humble did he grow on that head, and conſequently ſo uncertain did his conforming parliament immediately think that diſquiſition, that an act was paſſed to oblige any Woman, before ſhe ſhould eſpouſe a king*, To declare whether ſhe was a virgin or not.

We

We have a ſmall volume of elegant and tender ſonnets compoſed by Surrey; and with them ſome others of that age *, particularly of ſir Thomas Wyat the elder, a very accompliſhed gentleman, father of him who fell in a rebellion againſt queen Mary. Francis the firſt had given a new air to literature, which he encouraged by mixing gallantry with it, and by producing the ladies at his court along with the learned. Henry, who had at leaſt as much taſte for women as letters, and was fond of ſplendour and feats of arms, contributed to give a romantic turn to compoſition; and Petrarch, the poet of the fair, was naturally a pattern to a court of that complexion. In imitation of Laura, our earl had his Geraldine. Who ſhe was, we are not told directly; himſelf mentions ſeveral particulars relating to her, but not her name. The author of the laſt edition of his poems ſays, in ſome ſhort notes on his life, that ſhe was the greateſt beauty of her time, and maid of honour to queen Catherine; to which of the three queens of that name he does not ſpecify. I think I have very nearly diſcovered who this fair perſon was; here is the earl's deſcription:

" From Tuſcane came my ladies worthy race,
Fair Florence was ſometyme *her* † auncient ſeate;
The weſtern yle whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did geve her lyvely heate:
Foſtered ſhe was with milke of Iriſh breſt:
Her ſire, an earl; her dame, of princes blood;
From tender yeres in Britaine ſhe doth reſt
With kinges childe, where ſhe taſteth coſtly foode.
Honſdon did firſt preſent her to myne yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine ſhe hight,
Hampton me taught to wiſhe her firſt for mine,
And Windſor alas! doth chaſe me from her ſight.
Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,
Happy is he, that can obtain her love."

* The earl was intimate too with ſir Thomas More and Eraſmus; and built a magnificent houſe, called Mount-Surrey, on Lennard's hill near Norwich. *See note to verſe* 152, *of Drayton's epiſtle from Geraldine to the earl.*

† I would read, *their.*

I am

I am inclined to think that her poetical appellation was her real name, as every one of the circumſtances tallies. Gerald Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, in the reign of Henry the eighth, married to his ſecond wife Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gray, marquis of Dorſet; by whom he had three daughters, lady Margaret, who was born deaf and dumb (probably not the fair Geraldine); *Elizabeth*, third wife of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln; and the lady Cicely.

Our genealogiſts ſay, that the family of Fitzgerald derives its origin from Otho, deſcended from the dukes of *Tuſcany*, who in the reign of king Alfred ſettled in England, and from thence tranſplanted themſelves into Ireland. Thus

"From Tuſcane came his lady's noble race."

Her ſire an earl, and her being foſtered with milk of Iriſh breaſt, follow of courſe. Her dame being of prince's blood is as exact; Thomas marquis of Dorſet being ſon of queen Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the ducheſs of Bedford, of the princely houſe of Luxemburg. The only queſtion is, whether the lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, or her ſiſter lady Cicely, was the fair Geraldine: I ſhould think the former, as it is evident ſhe was ſettled in England.

The circumſtance of his firſt ſeeing her at Hunſdon, indifferent as it ſeems, leads to a ſtrong confirmation of this conjecture: ſir Henry Chauncy ſays *, that Hunſdon-houſe in Hertfordſhire was built by Henry the eighth, and deſtined to the education of his children. The lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald was ſecond couſin to the princeſſes Mary and Elizabeth, and it was very natural for her to be educated with them, as the ſonnet expreſſly ſays the fair Geraldine was. The earl of Surrey was in like manner brought up with the duke of Richmond at Windſor †: here the two circumſtances clearly

* In his Hertfordſhire, p. 197.

† One of the moſt beautiful of lord Surrey's compoſitions is a very tender elegy written by him when a priſoner at Windſor, lamenting the happier days he formerly paſſed there. His puniſhment was for eating fleſh in Lent.

*Wood*, vol. i. p. 58.

correſpond

correſpond to the earl's account of his firſt ſeeing his miſtreſs at Hunſdon *, and being deprived of her by Windſor: when he attended the young duke to viſit the princeſſes, he got ſight of their companion; when he followed him to Windſor he loſt that opportunity. If this aſſumption wanted any corroborating incidents, here is a ſtrong one: the lord Leonard Gray, uncle of the Fitzgeralds, was deputy of Ireland for the duke of Richmond; and that connection alone would eaſily account for the earl's acquaintance with a young lady, bred up with the royal family.

The following ſhort genealogy will at once explain what I have ſaid, and ſhow that in every light my opinion ſeems well grounded.

Q. ELIZABETH GRAY.

Elizabeth, Henry VII. — Henry VIII. — Mary. Eliza. Henry. D. of Richmd.

Thomas Marq. of Dorſet. — Margaret, E. of Kildare. — Elizabeth, The fair Geraldine. / Leonard, Dep. to the D. of Richmd.

Since I made the above diſcovery, I find that Michael Drayton, in his heroical epiſtiles, among which are two between this earl and Geraldine †, gueſſes

* Strype has preſerved a curious letter, relating to the maintenance of the lady Elizabeth after the death of her mother: it is written from Hunſdon by Margaret lady Bryan, governeſs to the princeſs, and who, as ſhe ſays herſelf, had been made a baroneſs on her former preferment to the ſame poſt about the lady Mary; a creation which ſeems to have eſcaped all our writers on the peerage. The letter mentions *the towardly and gentle conditions of her grace.* Vol. i. N° LXXI. In the ſame collection are letters of prince Edward from Hunſdon.

† Antony Wood was ſtill more miſtaken, for he thinks ſhe was born at Florence: he ſays that Surrey, travelling to the emperor's court, grew acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, *famous for natural magic*, who ſhowed him the image of his Geraldine in a glaſs, ſick, weeping on her bed, and reſolved all into devout religion for the abſence of her lord; that from thence he went to Florence, her native city, where he publiſhed an univerſal challenge, in honour of her beauty, and was victorious in the tournament on that occaſion. The challenge and tournament are true; the ſhield preſented to the earl by the great duke for that purpoſe is repreſented in Vertue's print of the Arundel family, and was in the poſſeſſion of the laſt earl of Stafford. *Wood*, vol. i. p. 68. It is now in the collection of the duke of Norfolk; and being not only a curioſity, but having intrinſic

gueſſes that ſhe was of the family of Fitzgerald, though he does not ſpecify any particular perſonage *.

† Bale and Tanner aſcribe likewiſe to lord Surrey the following tranſlations and poems:

" Eccleſiaſtes and ſome pſalms."

" One book of Virgil: in blank verſe." Wood ſays ‡ he tranſlated two.

" Poems, addreſſed to the duke of Richmond."

" Satires on the citizens of London," in one book.

" Juvenile poems."

And a tranſlation of " Boccace's conſolation to Pinus on his exile."

Five of his letters are preſerved among the Harleian MSS. §

In Philip Labbè's Biblioth. nummar. Jeſuit. part 2d. p. 11, is this note:

" Henricus Houvedde, Suriæ in Angliâ comes, de ponderibus & menſuris

ſic merit, the reader may not be ſorry to have a deſcription of it. It is round, and painted on leather within and without: the handles of green velvet. On the outſide is the ſtory of Cocles defending the bridge, the horſes and figures painted black and white; the helmets and armour in gold. The inſide is divided into two hiſtories, repreſented in like manner. One exhibits the ſtory of Mutius Scævola, the other of Curtius. All three are finely drawn and highly finiſhed, in the good antique taſte, and little inferior to Polydore. The rims of the ſhield are worn; the outſide damaged, but inconſiderably. The inſide has ſcarcely ſuffered at all, either by time or accident.

* Since the above was written I was informed, that in the new edition of the Peerage, in the earl of Kildare's pedigree, it is hinted that this lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald was the fair Geraldine; but as no reaſons nor authority are quoted to prove it, theſe conjectures before mentioned may ſerve to ſupply their place. Since the firſt edition I have been told that Hollinſhed confirms my ſuppoſition.

† Page 104.

‡ Vol. i. p. 57.

§ See the Catal. N° 78, 123 and N° 284, art. 183, 190, 197, 199.

libros duos confeciſſe perhibetur à quibuſdam: verùm Simlerus ex Joanne Balæo eorum non meminit, docetque decollatum Londini 1547."

In Lambeth church was formerly an affectionate epitaph in verſe, written by this lord on one Clere, who had been his retainer, and caught his death by attending him in his wars. It is preſerved in Aubrey's Survey of Surrey *, and ought to be printed with the earl's poems.

His daughter Jane, counteſs of Weſtmoreland, was a great miſtreſs of the Greek and Latin languages †.

## *EDMUND* LORD *SHEFFIELD.*

OF this lord little is recorded. He was made a baron by Edward the ſixth, and had his brains knocked out by a butcher at an inſurrection in Norfolk, to quell which he attended the marquis of Northampton. Falling into a ditch near Norwich, and raiſing his helmet to ſhow the rebels who he was, he was diſpatched.

To this little, Bale ‡ has added (what obliges us to give him a place in this catalogue), that he wrote

"A book of ſonnets, in the Italian manner."

## *EDWARD SEYMOUR*, DUKE of SOMERSET.

THE riſe, the valour, ambition, weakneſs, and fall of this great lord are ſo univerſally known, that it would be tranſcribing whole pages of our moſt common hiſtories, to give a detail of his life. His contributing to the ruin of the Howards hurt him much in the eyes of the nation: his ſeverity to his own brother, though a vain and worthleſs man, was ſtill leſs excuſable; his injuſtice to his own iſſue by his firſt wife was monſtrous; and both

* Vol. v. p. 247. † Fox's Acts and Monuments. ‡ Page 106.

the latter crimes were impoſed on him by his ſecond ducheſs, a haughty bad woman. I have mentioned the complaiſance of the parliaments and of the nobility under Henry the eighth: their ſervility is ſtill more ſtriking, when we ſee them crouch under a protector, and ſcandalouſly ſuffer him to deprive his eldeſt ſon of his inheritance and titles to humour a domineering wife. Yet having the misfortune to fall by the policy of a man more artful, more ambitious, much leſs virtuous than himſelf [for with all his faults he had many good * qualities], he died lamented by the people, and even his unjuſt diſpoſition of his fortunes and honours was ſuffered to take place, when his family was reſtored. At laſt the true line has recovered their birthright.

He had been educated at Oxford, and was chancellor of Cambridge; and, as Antony Wood obſerves, there is no foundation for what one Parſons has aſſerted, that he could ſcarce write or read. On the contrary, he appears to have been an author: while he was lord protector there went under his name

"Epiſtola † exhortatoria miſſa ad nobilitatem ac plebem univerſumque populum regni Scotiæ." Printed in 4to at London, 1548. This might poſſibly be compoſed by ſome dependent: his other works were penned during his troubles, when he does not appear to have had many flatterers. During his firſt impriſonment he wrote

"A ſpiritual and moſt precious pearl, teaching all men to love and

* I chooſe to throw into a note a particularity on this head, that it may be the more remarked. Great clamour was raiſed againſt him for a merit of the moſt beautiful nature: this was, his ſetting up a *court of requeſts* within his own houſe, "to hear the petitions and ſuits of *poor men*; and upon the compaſſion he took of their oppreſſions, if he ended not their buſineſſes, he would ſend his letters to chancery in their favour." *Strype*, vol. ii. p. 183. In times when almoſt every act of ſtate was an act of tyranny, how amiable does this illegal juriſdiction appear! If princes, who affect an arbitrary power, would exert it in this manner, deſpotiſm would become the only eligible ſpecies of government. To the diſgrace of hiſtory, while there are volumes on *the deſtroyers of mankind*, not ten lines are written on the life of Mahomet Galadin, emperor of Mogul, who gave audience twice a day to his ſubjects, and who had a bell which reached from his own chamber to the ſtreet, at which the poor might ring for juſtice: at the ſound of the bell he always went to, or ſent for the perſon who rung. The Benedictine who records this ſays, it is not known of what ſect he was. The wretched monk did not perceive that this emperor was above all ſects; THAT HE WAS OF THAT DIVINE RELIGION, HUMANITY. *Vide Gen. Dict.* vol. vii.

† Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 87.

embrace the croſs, as a moſt ſweet and neceſſary thing, &c." London, 1550. 16°.

About that time he had great reſpect paid to him by the celebrated reformers, Calvin and Peter Martyr *. The former wrote to him an epiſtle of godly conſolation, compoſed before the time and knowledge of his diſgrace; but being delivered to him in the Tower, his grace tranſlated it from French into Engliſh. It was printed in 1550, by Edward Whitchurch, and is entitled

" An epiſtle † both of godly conſolation, and alſo of advertiſement, written by John Calvin, the paſtour and preacher of Geneva, to the right noble prince Edward, duke of Somerſet, and ſo tranſlated out of French by the ſame duke."

Martyr wrote an epiſtle to him in Latin about the ſame time, which pleaſed the duke ſo much, that at his deſire it was tranſlated into Engliſh by Thomas Norton ‡, and printed in 1550. 8vo.

In Strype § is a prayer of the duke " for God's aſſiſtance in the high office of protector and governor now committed to him."

Some of his letters are preſerved in the library of C. C. C. Camb.

Eighteen more are in the Harleian collection ‖.

## *HENRY* LORD *STAFFORD*,

SON and heir of Edward laſt duke of Buckingham, was reſtored in blood and to part of his lands, but neither to the title of duke, nor to the dig-

* Among the Harleian MSS. is a diſpenſation to the duke of Somerſet from wearing doole or mourning, on occaſion of the death of lady Seymour, his mother, as a thing ſerving rather to pomp than to any edifying. N° 6195, art. 14.

† Vide Ames, p. 207, 208. Bale, p. 109.

‡ The ſame who aſſiſted Sternhold and Hopkins in their verſion of the pſalms.

§ Vol. ii. app. B.

‖ See the Catal. N° 284, and 523.

nity

nity of lord high conſtable. Nothing is related of him but one incident, which diſcovers that he was proud, without feeling pride equal to his birth; for, having loſt ſuch exalted honours, he ſtooped to diſpute precedence with the lord Clinton, in the reign of Philip and Mary—and loſt it *.

We have of his writing a treatiſe called

"The true difference between regal and eccleſiaſtical power, tranſlated from the Latin of Edward Fox, biſhop of Hereford, and dedicated to the protector Somerſet." Printed by William Copland. In the dedication he exceedingly praiſes Henry the eighth for eſtabliſhing the reformation; and with the ſimplicity of that age tells the duke, "that reflecting on the uſurpations of the Roman clergy, he bethought him of this book, which was lent him by his friend maſter Moriſon.

In the next reign, he returned to the old religion, and, I ſuppoſe to make his peace, tranſlated

"Two epiſtles of Eraſmus, wherein," as Strype ſays †, "was undertaken to be ſhewn the brain-ſick headineſs of the Lutherans." They were printed by William Riddel ‡, in 16°.

In Lambeth church § was a wretched rhyming epitaph, written by this lord on his ſiſter the ducheſs of Norfolk, mother of the earl of Surrey, who, it ſhould ſeem, did not inherit from his uncle his poetic talents.

## *FRANCIS HASTINGS*, EARL of HUNTINGDON,

WAS the ſecond earl of this illuſtrious blood, to which he added new dignity, not only by marrying one of the princeſſes of the line of Clarence, but by his own ſervices and accompliſhments. At the coronation of

* Dugdale in Stafford.

† Vol. iii. p. 115.

‡ Ames, p. 286.

§ Aubrey's Survey of Surrey, vol. v. p. 236.

Anne Boleyn he was made knight of the Bath, and of the Garter by Edward the ſixth; from whom he obtained licence to retain an hundred gentlemen and yeomen over and above thoſe of his family *. He was ſent the ſame year with conſiderable forces to diſlodge the French who had planted themſelves between Boulogne and Calais, when in the poſſeſſion of the Engliſh. He ſat on the trial of the protector; and in the firſt of queen Mary, being lord lieutenant of Leiceſterſhire, raiſed forces againſt the inſurrection of the duke of Suffolk, and brought him priſoner from Coventry to the Tower. At the requeſt of cardinal Pole, his uncle-in-law, he tranſlated

"Oſorius de nobilitate;" and

"..... de gloriâ."

Sir Francis, fifth ſon of this earl, was very learned, and author of ſeveral controverſial tracts.—But not coming under the deſcription to which I have confined myſelf, I ſhall ſay no more of him †.

## *HENRY* LORD *PAGET.*

I CANNOT direct the reader to any work of this peer; though he ſhould not be omitted, being expreſsly mentioned by Puttenham, in his liſt of poets in the reign of queen Elizabeth ‡. Peacham too, whoſe book was printed in 1636, names him §, but ſeems to have copied Puttenham. Lord Henry was ſon of William lord Paget, a ſtateſman of much note in that age, and whom Tanner has conſtituted an author too on the idle foundation of having written many letters.

* Dugdale, vol. i. p. 588.

† Vide Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 363.

‡ Page 49.

§ See The Compleat Gentleman, p. 95.

*WILLIAM*

## *WILLIAM POWLETT*, MARQUIS of WINCHESTER,

GRANDSON of the lord treaſurer, is memorable for nothing but being the author of a book ſtyled by Antony Wood *,

" Eſſays, or ſome things called his idleneſs," printed at London in qu°. 1586, which was two years before his death. The whole title, as I find it in Ames's Typographical Antiquities †, runs thus:

" The lord marqueſs [his] idleneſs, conteining manifold matters of acceptable device; as ſage ſentences, prudent precepts, moral examples, ſweet ſimilitudes, proper compariſons, and other remembrances of ſpecial choiſe. No leſſe pleaſant to peruſe, than profitable to practiſe. Compiled by the right honourable William marqueſs of Wincheſter, that now is." Ninety-four pages in qu°. printed by Ninian Newton.

Dugdale ſays ‡, that by one miſtreſs Lambert, his concubine, he left four natural ſons, all knights, called ſir William, ſir Hercules, ſir John, and ſir Hector, to whom he granted leaſes of lands for the term of one hundred years, of little leſs than 4000 *l.* per ann. value; and that thoſe lands retained the name of the Baſtards' lands.

I have been told that he left curious memoirs of his own life, extant in MS. in the poſſeſſion of Thomas Jervoiſe, eſq. of Herrierd in Hampſhire.

## *WILLIAM CECIL*, LORD BURLEIGH.

ONE of thoſe great names, better known in the annals of his country than in thoſe of the republic of letters. In the latter light only it is the buſineſs of this work to record him.

* Vol. ii. p. 525. † Page 402. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 377.

He

He wrote

" La complainte de l'ame pechereſſe, par Guillaume Cicil:" in French verſe; extant in the king's library*.

" Carmina duo Latina in obitum Margaretæ Nevillæ, reginæ Catherinæ à cubiculis." The famous ſir Thomas Chaloner wrote an epitaph on the ſame lady †.

" Carmen Latinum in memoriam Tho. Chaloneri equ. aur. præfixum ejuſdem libro de reſtaur. republ."

" A preface to queen Cath. Parr's lamentation of a ſinner‡."

Being by the protector Somerſet made maſter of the requeſts, the firſt who bore that title in England §, he attended his grace on the expedition to Scotland, and furniſhed materials for an account of that war, which was publiſhed by William Patten, under the title of " Diarium exped. Scoticæ." Lond. 1541, 12mo. It is on this account, I ſuppoſe, that his lordſhip is reckoned by Hollingſhed among the Engliſh hiſtorians.

" The firſt paper or memorial of ſir William Cecil, &c. anno primo Eliz." from a MS. in the Cotton library; printed among Somers's tracts ‖. It is only a paper of memorandums.

" Slanders and lies, maliciouſly, groſly and impudently vomited out in certain traiterous books and pamphlets, concerning two counſellers, ſir Nicholas Bacon lord keeper of the great ſeal, and ſir William Cecil principal ſecretary of ſtate to her majeſty ¶."

" A ſpeech in parliament, 1592**."

* Tanner, p. 216.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid.
§ Camden.
‖ Vol. i. p. 158.
¶ Biogr. p. 1261.
** Strype's Annals, vol. iv. p. 107.

" Inſtructions

" Inſtructions for the ſpeaker's ſpeech; drawn up in ſeveral articles by the lord treaſurer Burleigh *."

" Lord Burleigh's precepts, or directions for the well-ordering and carriage of a man's life." 1637 †.

" Lord treaſurer Burleigh's advice to queen Elizabeth in matters of religion and ſtate ‡."

" His inſtructions to his ſon, T. earl of Exeter, going to travel §."

" Diſcourſe about queen Elizabeth's matching with the arch-duke of Auſtria ‖."

" Meditations on the death of his lady ¶."

" A meditation of the ſtate of England during the reign of queen Elizabeth, by the lord treaſurer of England, the lord Burleigh **."

He wrote anſwers to many libels againſt the queen and government, the titles of many of which are now loſt; ſome are ſaid to be extant in print, more in manuſcript ††. He was ſuppoſed too to be author of a thin pamphlet in defence of the puniſhments inflicted on the Roman catholics in the reign of queen Elizabeth; it is called

" The execution of juſtice in England for maintenance of public and chriſtian peace, againſt certain ſtirrers of ſeditions and adherents to the traytors and enemies of the realm, without any perſecution of them for queſtions of religion, as is falſly reported, &c." Lond. 1583, ſecond edit. ‡‡

* Strype's Annals, p. 124.

† Harleian Catal. vol. ii. p. 755.

‡ Somers's Pap. 4th. coll. vol. i. p. 101.

§ Catal. of Harl. MSS. N° 3638, art. 11.

‖ Ib. N° 4228, art. 14.

¶ Ballard's Memoirs, p. 184.

** Biogr. p. 1257.

†† Ib. 1261.

‡‡ Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 271.

Other political pieces were aſcribed to him, and even the celebrated libel called "Leiceſter's Common-wealth:" it was pretended that he at leaſt furniſhed the hints for that compoſition to Parſons the jeſuit. This aſſertion was never proved: it ought to be, before it deſerves any credit. Leiceſter was a bad man; but would that juſtify Cecil in employing one of his miſtreſs's bittereſt enemies to write againſt one of her miniſters?

Great numbers of his letters are preſerved, a liſt of which may be ſeen in biſhop Tanner. Thirty-three more are printed in Peck's Deſiderata curioſa.

Three others in Howard's collections *.

"Six more, with draughts of inſtructions, publiſhed in the collection of his papers by Murdin, 1759."

"His diary is printed at the end of the ſame collection."

"Near one hundred more of his letters are extant in MS. in the Harleian collection."

His lordſhip alſo drew up a great number of pedigrees, ſome of which are preſerved in the library of the archbiſhop of Canterbury at Lambeth, particularly the genealogies of the kings of England from William the Conqueror to Edward the fourth; of queen Anne Boleyn; and of ſeveral princely houſes in Germany. MS. libr. Lambeth, N° 299, N° 747.

## *ROBERT DEVEREUX*, EARL of ESSEX.

TO enter into all the particulars of this remarkable perſon's life, would be writing a hiſtory of the ſixteen or eighteen laſt years of the reign of queen Elizabeth: yet I ſhall touch many paſſages of his ſtory, and enter into a larger diſcuſſion of ſome circumſtances relating to him than may be agreeable to perſons who are not curious about ſuch minute facts as do not compre-

* Pages 202, 314.

hend

bend the hiſtory of illuſtrious men, though they in a great meaſure compoſe their character. It is eſſential to the plan of this work to examine many particulars of this lord's ſtory, becauſe it was not choice or private amuſement, but the caſt of his public life that converted him into an author. Having conſulted a great variety of writers who deſcribe or mention him, I may perhaps be able to unfold ſome of the darker parts of his hiſtory; at leaſt ſome anecdotes, though of a trifling ſort, will appear in a ſtronger light than I think they have hitherto done. Theſe ſheets are calculated for the cloſets of the *idle* and *inquiſitive:* they do not look up to the ſhelves of what Voltaire ſo happily calls "la bibliotheque du monde."

"The elegant perſpicuity *," the conciſeneſs, the quick ſtrong reaſonings, and the engaging good breeding of his letters, carry great marks of genius.—Yet his youth gave no promiſe of parts; his father died with a mean opinion of him. The malicious ſubtleties of an able court were an overmatch for his impetuous ſpirit: yet he was far from wanting art; but was ſo confident of the queen's partiality, that he did not bend to her as his enemies did, who had not the ſame hold on her tender paſſions: he truſted to being always able to maſter her by abſenting himſelf: his enemies embraced thoſe moments to ruin him. I am aware that it is become a mode to treat the queen's paſſion for him as a romance. Voltaire laughs at it, and obſerves, that when her ſtruggle about him muſt have been the greateſt [the time of his death] ſhe was ſixty-eight—had *he* been ſixty-eight, it is probable ſhe would *not* have been in love with him. As a great deal turns upon this point, and as there are the ſtrongeſt preſumptions of the reality of her majeſty's inclination for him, I ſhall take leave to enter into the diſcuſſion.

I do not date this paſſion from her firſt ſight of him, nor impute his immediate riſe to it, as ſome have done, who did not obſerve how nearly he was related to the queen, as appears by the following ſhort table:

* Biographia Britannica.

## Thomas Boleyn Earl of Wiltſhire.

| | |
|---|---|
| Anne, | Mary, |
| Henry VIII. | William Lord Hunſdon. |
| Q. Elizabeth. | Katherine, |
| | Sir Francis Knolles. |
| | Lettice, |
| | Walter Earl of Eſſex. |
| | Robert Earl of Leiceſter. |
| | Robert Earl of Eſſex. |

His mother being couſin to the queen, and wife of her great favourite Leiceſter, eaſily accounted for young Eſſex's ſudden promotion: it went on rapidly without thoſe ſupports. At twenty he was made maſter of the horſe; the next year general of the horſe at the camp at Tilbury, and knight of the garter. On theſe dignities were afterwards heaped the great poſts of maſter of the ordnance, earl marſhal, chancellor of Cambridge, and lord lieutenant of Ireland.—Lofty diſtinctions from a princeſs ſo ſparing of her favours—of what ſhe was ſtill more ſparing, he obtained to the value of 300,000l. * In one of her letters ſhe reproached him with her great favours beſtowed without his deſert: in every inſtance but in his and Leiceſter's, ſhe was not wont to over-pay ſervices †.

His early marriage with the widow of ſir Philip Sidney did not look as if he himſelf had any idea of her majeſty's inclination for him: perhaps he had learned from the example of his father-in-law, that her majeſty's paſſions never extended to matrimony. Yet before this he had inſulted ſir Charles Blount, on a jealouſy ‡ of the queen's partiality. Inſtead of ſentimental ſoft-

* So lord treaſurer Buckhurſt computed. *Vide ſir Henry Wotton's Parallel*, p. 175.

† Biogr. Brit. p. 1661, in the notes.

‡ Sir Charles Blount, afterwards earl of Devonſhire, a very comely young man, having diſtinguiſhed himſelf at a tilt, her majeſty ſent him a cheſs-queen of gold enamelled, which he tied upon his arm with a crimſon ribband. Eſſex perceiving it, ſaid with affected ſcorn, "Now I perceive every fool muſt have a favour!" On this ſir Charles challenged, fought him in Marybone-park, diſarmed and wounded him in the thigh. *Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 191.

neſs,

neſs, the ſpirit of her father broke out on that occaſion; ſhe ſwore a round oath, "That unleſs ſome one or other took him down, there would be no ruling him."

Lord Clarendon, in his ſenſible anſwer to ſir Harry Wotton's Parallel of the earl of Eſſex and the duke of Buckingham, obſerves, that the former endeavoured rather to maſter the queen's affection than to win it: if he was croſſed in a ſuit, he abſented himſelf from court, and made her purchaſe his return. A fond woman may be moulded thus; it is not the method practiſed on princes by mere favourites. When Charles the firſt on ſome jealouſy reſtrained the earl of Holland to his houſe, the queen would not cohabit with the king till the reſtraint was taken off. Whenever Eſſex acted a fit of ſickneſs, not a day paſſed without the queen's ſending often to ſee him; and once went ſo far as to ſit long by him, *and order his broths and things* *. It is recorded by a diligent † obſerver of that court, that in one of his ſick moods he took the liberty of going up to the queen in his night-gown. In the height of theſe fretful fooleries, there was a ‡ maſk at Black-Friars on the marriage of lord Herbert and Mrs. Ruſſel. Eight lady-maſkers choſe eight more to dance the meaſures. Mrs. Fitton, who led them, went to the queen and wooed her to dance. Her majeſty aſked what ſhe was?—AFFECTION—ſhe ſaid. AFFECTION!—ſaid the queen;—AFFECTION IS FALSE.—— Were not theſe the murmurs of a heart ill at eaſe?—Yet her majeſty roſe and *dawnced*.—She was then ſixty-eight:—ſure it was as natural for her to be in love!

That her court and cotemporaries had an uniform opinion of her paſſion is evident from many paſſages. Sir Francis Bacon, in a § letter of moſt ſenſible advice to the earl, in which he diſſuades him from popular courſes, which the queen could not brook in her greateſt favourites, ſays to him, "Win the queen; I will not now ſpeak of favour or affection, but of other correſpondence and agreeableneſs."—That is, do not be content with her prepoſſeſſion in your favour, but humour and make yourſelf agreeable to her. "How dangerous," adds he, "to have her think you a man not to be ruled, that has her affection and knows it; that ſeeks a popular reputation and a military

* Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 312.

† Rowland White, in the Sidney Papers.

‡ Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 203.

§ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 159.



dependence!"

dependence!" He adviſes the earl not to play or ſtratagem with too long journies from her; and bids him conſult her taſte in his very apparel and geſtures. He concludes remarkably with adviſing the earl even to give way to any other inclination ſhe may have; "for whoſoever ſhall tell me that you may not have ſingular uſe of a favourite at your devotion, I will ſay he underſtandeth not the queen's affection nor your lordſhip's condition." The queen herſelf ſir Francis adviſed, as knowing her inclination, to keep the earl about her for *ſociety* *. Oſborne † aſcribes Eſſex's preſumption to the fond opinion which he entertained that the queen would not rob her eyes of the dear delight ſhe took in his perſon. But the moſt marked expreſſion is one of Henry the fourth of France to the queen's own embaſſador ſir Antony Mildmay, "Que ſa majeſté ne laiſſeroit jamais ſon couſin d'Eſſex s'eſloigner de ſon cotillon ‡". Sir Antony reporting this to the queen, ſhe wrote four lines with her own hand to the king, which one may well believe were ſharp enough; for he was near ſtriking ſir Antony, and drove him out of his chamber.

When the earl had offended the queen ſo much by his abrupt return from Ireland, he was treated with a whimſical fond mixture of tenderneſs and ſeverity. Though he burſt into her bed-chamber as ſhe was riſing, ſhe talked to him long with coolneſs and kindneſs: when her other counſellors had repreſented his boldneſs, ſhe reſented it too. She ſuſpended him from all his offices but the maſterſhip of the horſe; ſhe gave him a keeper, but who was ſoon withdrawn. On hearing Eſſex was ill, ſhe ſent him word, with tears in her eyes, "That if ſhe might with her honour, ſhe would viſit him §."—Theſe are more than ſymptoms of favour; royal favour is not romantic; it is extravagant, not gallant.

If theſe inſtances are problematic, are the following ſo? In one of the curious letters of Rowland White, he ſays, "The queen hath of late uſed the *fair Mrs. Bridges* with words and blows of anger‖." In a ſubſequent letter he ſays, "The earl is again fallen in love with his *faireſt B.* it cannot chuſe but come to the queen's ears, and then he is undone. The counteſs hears of it, or rather ſuſpects it, and is greatly unquiet ¶." I think there can be

* Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 432.
† Oſborne's Deduction, p. 608.
‡ Bacon Papers, p. 305.
§ Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 151.
‖ Ib. vol. ii. p. 38.
¶ Page 90.

no

no doubt but that the *faireſt B.* and the *fair Mrs. Bridges* were the ſame: if ſo, it is evident why ſhe felt the weight of her majeſty's diſpleaſure *.

It is indeed a very trifling matter for what reaſon a prince chooſes a favourite; nor is it meant as any reproach to this great woman, that ſhe could not diveſt herſelf of all *ſenſibility:* her *feeling* and *maſtering* her paſſion adds to her character. The favourites of other princes never fail to infuſe into them their own prejudices againſt their enemies: that was not the caſe with Elizabeth: ſhe was more jealous of the greatneſs ſhe beſtowed, than her ſubjects could be. How did ſhe mortify Leiceſter, when the ſtates heaped unuſual honours on him! For Eſſex, it is evident, from multiplied inſtances, that his very ſolicitation was prejudicial. Bacon † ſays to his brother Antony, "Againſt me ſhe is never peremptory but to my lord of Eſſex." Amongſt the papers of the Bacons is a moſt extraordinary ‡ letter from lord treaſurer Burleigh to lord Eſſex, recounting unmeaſured abuſe that he had received from the queen, on her ſuſpecting Burleigh of favouring the earl.—So quick was her nature to apprehend union where ſhe loved to diſunite, and with ſuch refinement did old Cecil colour his inveteracy §. Her majeſty was wont to accuſe the earl of *opiniaſtreté*, and *that he would not be ruled, but ſhe would bridle and ſtay him* ‖. On another occaſion ſhe ſaid, "ſhe obſerved ſuch as followed *her*, and thoſe which accompanied ſuch as were in her diſpleaſure; and that they ſhould know as much before it were long ¶." No wonder the earl complained, "that he was as much diſtaſted with the glorious greatneſs of a favourite, as he was before with the ſuppoſed happineſs of a courtier **." No wonder his mind was ſo toſt with contradictory paſſions, when her ſoul, on whom he depended, was a compoſition of tenderneſs and haughtineſs!—nay, when even œconomy combated her affection! He profeſſes, "that her fond

* In the old houſe of ſir Nicholas Carew, at Beddington, was extant on a pane of glaſs this kind of rebus, ICSXOQPU.

† Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 196.

‡ Ib. p. 146.

§ It may be worth while to direct the reader to another curious letter, in which that wiſe man forgot himſelf moſt indecently, ſpeaking of Henry the fourth to his embaſſador in moſt illiberal terms, and with the greateſt contempt for the perſon of the embaſſador himſelf. Ib. p. 328.

‖ Ib. p. 5.

¶ Ib. p. 389.

** Ib. p. 116.

parting

parting with him, when he ſet out for Ireland, pierced his very ſoul *."—In a few weeks ſhe quarrelled with him for demanding a poor ſupply of one thouſand foot and three hundred horſe †.

Having pretty clearly aſcertained the exiſtence of the ſentiment, it ſeems that the earl's ruin was in great meaſure owing to the little homage he paid to a ſovereign, jealous of his perſon and of her own, and not accuſtomed to pardon the want of a proper degree of awe and adoration! Before his voyage to Ireland, ſhe had treated him as ſhe did the fair Mrs. Bridges—in ſhort, had given him a box on the ear for turning his back on her in contempt. What muſt ſhe have felt on hearing he had ſaid "That ſhe grew old and cankered, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcaſe ‡!" What provocation to a woman ſo diſpoſed to believe all the flattery of her court! How did ſhe torture § Melville to make him prefer her beauty to his charming queen's! Elizabeth's foible about her perſon was ſo well known, that, when ſhe was ſixty-ſeven, Veriken, the Dutch embaſſador, told her at his audience, "That he had longed to undertake that voyage to ſee her majeſty, who for *beauty* and wiſdom excelled all other princes of the world ‖." The next year lord Eſſex's ſiſter, lady Rich, interceding for him, tells her majeſty, "Early did I hope this morning to have had mine eyes bleſſed with your majeſty's *beauty*—That her brother's life, his love, his ſervice to her *beauties* did not deſerve ſo hard a puniſhment—That he would be diſabled from ever ſerving again his ſacred goddeſs! whoſe excellent *beauties* and perfections ought to feel more compaſſion ¶." Whenever the weather would permit, ſhe gave audience in the garden; her lines were ſtrong, and in open day-light the ſhades had leſs force. Vertue, the engraver, had a pocket-book of Iſaac Oliver, in which the latter had made a memorandum that the queen would not let him give any ſhade to her features, telling him, "That ſhade was an accident, and not naturally exiſting in a face." Her portraits are generally

* Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 425.

† Camden and Bacon. She even mortified him ſo bitterly, as to oblige him to diſpoſſeſs his dear friend the earl of Southampton of the generalſhip of horſe, which the earl had conferred on him. Page 423.

‡ Dr. Donne, in his 6th ſatire, ſpeaks of the queen and Eſſex thus:

"He ſaid ſhe ſtunk; and men might not have ſaid
That ſhe was old before that ſhe was dead."

§ Vide his Memoirs.

‖ Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 171.

¶ Bacon Papers, p. 442, 443.

without

without any ſhadow. I have in my poſſeſſion another ſtrongly preſumptive proof of this weakneſs; it is a fragment of one of her laſt broad pieces, repreſenting her horridly old and deformed: an entire coin with this image is not known: it is univerſally * ſuppoſed that the die was broken by her command, and that ſome workman of the mint cut out this morſel, which contains barely the face. As it has never been engraved, ſo ſingular a curioſity may have its merit, in a work which has no other kind of merit.



On whatever her favour was founded, it was by no means placed undeſervedly: the earl's courage was impetuous and heroic: to this were added, great talents for the ſtate, great affection for literature and protection of learned men, and the greateſt zeal for the ſervice and ſafety of his miſtreſs. At nineteen he diſtinguiſhed himſelf at the battle of Zutphen, where ſir Philip Sidney fell. At twenty-two he undertook as a volunteer to promote the reſtoration of don Antonio to the throne of Portugal, uſurped by the queen's black enemy, Philip; and by ſound of trumpet challenged the governor of Corunna, or any of equal quality, to ſingle combat. He treated Villars †, the governor of Rouen, in the ſame ſtyle. In the expedition to Cadiz he threw his hat into the ſea for joy, that the lord admiral conſented to attack the Spaniſh fleet. Few royal favourites are ſo prodigal of life! His indignation againſt Philip roſe to the dignity of a perſonal averſion: in his letters he uſed to ſay, "I will teach that proud king to know." As much reaſon as ſhe had to hate Philip, the queen could not endure the earl's aſſuming ſuch arrogance againſt a crowned head. So formidable an ‡ enemy he was, that when the greateſt offers could not bribe him from his duty, the court of

* This piece was purchaſed from the cabinet of the late earl of Oxford.

† In his letter to Villars the earl ſaid, "Si vous voulez combattre vous-même à cheval ou à pied, je maintiendrai que la querelle du roi (Henry iv.) eſt plus juſte que celle de la ligue; que je ſuis meilleur que vous; & que ma *maitreſſe* eſt plus *belle* que la votre, &c."
*Eſſais Hiſt. ſur Paris, par Saintfoix*, vol. ii. p. 82.

‡ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 307.

Spain attempted to have him poiſoned:—luckily they addreſſed their poiſon to the arms of his great chair, which no more than the pummel * of a ſaddle are a mortal part. And as he ſupported the enemies of the Spaniard, he endeavoured to diſpoſſeſs the pope of the duchy of Ferrara, ſending the famous ſir Antony Shirley † thither, to promote the intereſts of a baſtard of the houſe of Eſte. There was as much policy and activity of enterpriſe in this, as in his holineſs ſending a ‡ plume of phœnix-feathers to Tir Oen. While the one iſland flouriſhed with Cecils, Walſinghams, Bacons, the other was ſo buried in barbariſm, that Rome ventured to reward its martyrs with the ſpoils of an imaginary fowl! The earl's intelligences, his ſpies, his penſioners in foreign courts were as numerous as the boaſted informations of Walſingham §. His munificence was unbounded.—What ſums did the perjured houſe of Bacon obtain or extort from him ‖! He buried Spenſer; and, which was more remarkable, was heir to ſir Roger Williams ¶, a brave ſoldier, whom

* Walpole, a jeſuit, was hanged for attempting to poiſon the queen's ſaddle. *Camden*, p. 561.

† Wood's Athen. vol. i. p. 551.

‡ Bacon Papers.

§ Ib. vol. ii. p. 429, &c.

‖ Ib. vol. ii. p. 371; and ſir Henry Wotton's Parallel.

¶ Son of T. Williams, of Penroſs, Monmouthſhire, by Eleanor, daughter of ſir William Vaughan, knight, educated at Oxford in the reign of queen Mary; but being more inclined to a military than a ſtudious life, he became a ſoldier of fortune, and in 1586 was knighted by queen Elizabeth, and was one of the ſtanding council of nine, appointed to provide for defence of the realm againſt the Spaniſh armada. *Biogra.* vol. iv. p. 2287. He wrote a valuable hiſtory of the wars in the Low-countries, in which he had ſerved with great reputation, and where he was one of the introducers of a new military diſcipline, and a brief diſcourſe of war 1590. *Camd. Epiſt.* p. 350. A Spaniſh captain having challenged the general, ſir John Norris, ſir Roger fought him; aſſaulted afterwards the prince of Parma's camp near Venlo, and penetrated to his very tent; and made a brave defence of Sluys. *Fuller in Monmouth*, p. 52. There is a ſtory of ſir Roger Williams, in ſir Robert Dallington's "Method of travel, ſhewed by taking the view of France, as it ſtoode in the year of our Lord 1598."—"Their [the French] march, it ſhould ſeeme, is ſomewhat more ſharp than ours: for I remember I have heard ſay, that upon a time the olde marſhall Biron ſhould bid ſir Roger Williams bring up his companies faſter, taxing the ſlow march of the Engliſh. Sir, ſayth he, with this mareh our forefathers conquered your country of France, and I meane not to alter it. A memorable anſwere of an honourable ſouldier." D'Aubigné mentions his behaviour at the ſiege of Rouen with great encomiums, and calls him "un des plus vaillans hommes du monde." *Hiſt. Univ.* liv. iii. chap. 13. He died in 1595, and was buried in ſaint Paul's. King James lamented his death ſo much, that he wiſhed rather to have loſt five thouſand of his own ſubjects; and intended to write his epitaph. *Bacon Papers*, vol. i. pp. 296, 355. A letter of ſir Roger, complaining of the queen's diſpleaſure and expreſſing a deſire of going into the ſervice of ſome foreign prince, is extant among

whom he brought to a religious and penitent death. But what deſerved moſt, and muſt have drawn the queen's affection to him, was his extreme attention to the ſecurity of her perſon; he alone perſiſted in unravelling the myſterious treaſons of her phyſician Lopez, who was ſcreened and protected by the Cecils—not merely by the ſon, whoſe baſe nature was capable of any ingratitude.—It is melancholy that faction could make even Burleigh careleſs of the ſafety of his queen, when detection of the treaſon would reflect honour on the proſecutor! Yet this zealous Eſſex did ſhe ſuffer her council to keep kneeling for eleven hours at his examination; for this man's liberty did ſhe accept preſents from his mother and ſiſter, yet without vouchſafing to ſee them, or grant their ſuit.—Indeed ſhe did permit him to celebrate ſaint George's day alone *: one ſhould like to know how he played at this ceremony by himſelf. In ſhort, this gallant though raſh man ſhe delivered over to the executioner, becauſe his bittereſt enemies had told her he had declared, That his life was inconſiſtent with her ſafety—A tale ſo ridiculous that it is amazing how moſt of our hiſtorians can give credit to it!—How was he dangerous, or could he be?—His wild attempt on the city had demonſtrated his impotence. So far from this declaration, on receiving ſentence he beſought the lords, "not to tell the queen that he neglected or ſlighted her mercy." He died with devotion, yet undaunted. Marſhal Biron derided his death, and died himſelf like a frantic coward. Raleigh imitated his death more worthily than he beheld it †!

The queen at firſt carried her reſentment ſo far, as to have a ſermon preached at Paul's croſs to blacken his memory ‡. Beſides the ridicule thrown on her perſon, many paſſages in his behaviour had ſhocked her haugh-

among the Harleian MSS, N° 6995, art. 30: but though he complained of her diſpleaſure, it is certain he did not fear it; for once when he wanted pay from her for himſelf and his ſoldiers, he ſaid, Madam, I tell you true, we will be without money for no man's pleaſure. This is related in Peacham's Worth of a penny, p. 34.

* Vide Sidney and Bacon Papers.

† Sir Walter Raleigh was known to bear perſonal enmity to the earl, and endeavoured to excuſe his appearing at the execution, by pretending it was to clear himſelf if the earl ſhould tax him with any indirect dealings. One of their firſt quarrels was the earl's braving ſir Walter at a tilt, and appearing there in defiance of him with two thouſand orange tawney feathers; an affront not very intelligible at preſent. *Vide lord Clarendon's Diſparity*, p. 190. However, it is certain that ſir Walter bore great malice to the earl, and fell ſick on the apprehenſion of his being reſtored to the queen's favour. *Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 438; and *Sidney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 139.

‡ Clarendon's Diſparity, p. 192.

tineſs and combated her affection. His pretending to be head of the Puritans, and to diſlike monarchy, in order to flatter the Dutch; his ſpeaking of the king of Spain in terms too familiar; his preſuming to create knights in ſome of his Spaniſh expeditions; his blaming the queen's parſimony in the affairs of Ireland, which ſhe had once near loſt for the trifling ſum of two thouſand pounds *; his treating with Tir Oen † to abridge his own ſtay in that iſland; his threatening that he would make the earth tremble under him; his boaſting of one hundred and twenty lords devoted to him; his popularity; his importunity for his friends; and his paying court to her ſucceſſor, probably exaggerated to her by ſir Robert Cecil, who was ten times more guilty in that reſpect, all this had alienated her tenderneſs, and imprinted an aſperity which it ſeems even his death could not ſoften.

On a review of his character it appears, that if the queen's partiality had not inflated him, he would have made one of the braveſt generals, one of the moſt active ſtateſmen, and the brighteſt ‡ Mæcenas of that accompliſhed age. With the zeal though without the diſcretion of Burleigh, he had nothing of the dark ſoul of Leiceſter. Raleigh excelled him in abilities, but came not near him in generoſity. It was no ſmall merit to have inſiſted on giving Bacon to that orb, from which one of Bacon's firſt employments was to contribute to expell his benefactor. The earl had a ſolemn tincture of religion, of which his enemies availed themſelves to work him to the greateſt blemiſh

* Sidney Papers.

† The earl's treaty with Tir Oen is a great blemiſh on his memory. Though the Iriſh general had an army of five thouſand foot and five hundred horſe, and Eſſex but two thouſand five hundred foot and three hundred horſe, yet Tir Oen had diſcovered evident marks of dreading the Engliſh; and as the earl had received ſuch unuſual powers in his commiſſion, it behoved him to do a little more than patch up a treaty with the Iriſh. There even appeared on his trial ſome ſymptoms of too ambitious deſigns in his union with Tir Oen. Sir Chriſtopher Blount, father-in-law of Eſſex, confeſſed that there had been ſome mention of tranſporting part of the Iriſh army into England, that they meditated no hurt to the queen, yet rather than miſcarry, they would have drawn blood even from herſelf. *Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 493. I fear no practices of his enemies could juſtify Eſſex in ſuch views! If it is true that ſir Robert Cecil, to draw him into an unwarrantable and haſty journey to England, ſtopped all veſſels but one, which was to ſpread a falſe report of the queen's death, Cecil's art was equal to his iniquity. The paltry account he gives of Eſſex's inſurrection, in a letter to ſir G. Carew, is by no means of a piece with ſuch capacity. Ib. p. 468.

‡ As an inſtance of his affection for learning, he gave to the univerſity of Oxford his ſhare of the library of the celebrated biſhop Oſorius, which his lordſhip got at the plunder of Faro.

*Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 58.

of

of his life, the diſcovery of the abettors of his laſt raſh deſign. He had ſcarce a fault beſides which did not flow from the nobleneſs of his nature. Sir Harry Wotton ſays he was delicate in his baths. It was a ſlight luxury, and proceeded ſo little from any effeminacy in his perſon, that he read letters and attended to ſuitors the whole time he was dreſſing. Brutality of manners is not eſſentially neceſſary to courage: Leonatus, one of Alexander's generals, no unmanly ſchool, in all the marches of the army was followed by camels loaded with ſand, which he got from Egypt, to rub his body for his gymnaſtic exerciſes. Eſſex was gallant, romantic and oſtentatious; his ſhooting-matches in the eye of the city gained him great popularity; the ladies and the people never ceaſed to adore him. His genius for ſhows, and thoſe pleaſures that carry an image of war, was as remarkable as his ſpirit in the profeſſion itſelf. His impreſſes * and inventions of entertainment were much admired. One of his maſks is deſcribed by a cotemporary †; I ſhall give a little extract of it, to preſent an idea of the amuſements of that age, and as it coincides with what I have already remarked of the queen's paſſion.

My lord of Eſſex's deviſe, ſays Rowland White, is much commended in theſe late triumphs. Some pretty while before he came in himſelf to the tilt, he ſent his page with ſome ſpeech to the queen, who returned with her majeſty's glove. And when he came himſelf, he was met by an old hermit, a ſecretary of ſtate, a brave ſoldier, and an eſquire. The firſt preſented him with a book of meditations; the ſecond with political diſcourſes; the third with orations of brave fought battles; the fourth was but his own follower, to whom the other three imparted much of their purpoſe before the earl's entry. In ſhort, each of them endeavoured to win him over to their profeſſion, and to perſuade him to leave his vain following of love, and to betake him to heavenly meditation. But the eſquire anſwered them all, and told them plainly, "That this knight would never forſake his miſtreſs's love, whoſe virtue made all his thoughts divine, whoſe wiſdom taught him all true policy, whoſe *beauty* ‡ and worth were at all times able to make him fit to command armies. He pointed out all the defects of their ſeveral purſuits, and therefore thought his own courſe of life to be beſt in ſerving his miſtreſs."

* Sir H. Wotton, p. 174. His device was a diamond with this motto, DUM FORMAS MINUIS. *Camden's Remains.*

† Rowland White, in the Sidney Papers, vol. i. p. 362.

‡ The queen was then ſixty-three.

—The

—The queen ſaid, "That if ſhe had thought there would have been ſo much ſaid of *her* ſhe would not have been there that night." The part of the eſquire was played by ſir Toby Matthews, who lived to be an admired wit in the court of Charles the firſt, and wrote an affected panegyric on that affected beauty the counteſs of Carliſle.

The works of this lord were,

"A memorial drawn up on the apprehenſion of an invaſion from Spain*."

"A narrative of the expedition to Cadiz."

"To Mr. Antony Bacon, an apology of the earl of Eſſex, againſt thoſe which falſely and maliciouſly take him to be the only hindrance of the peace and quiet of his country." Reprinted in 1729, under the title of "The earl of Eſſex's vindication of the war with Spain." Both theſe pieces were juſtifications of himſelf from the aſperſions of his enemies. A † very good judge commends both pieces much, and ſays of the latter particularly, "that the earl reſolved to deliver his own arguments with all the advantages that his own pathetic eloquence could give them, and which ſtill remains a memorial of his great virtues and admirable abilities."

"Advice to the earl of Rutland for his Travels;" publiſhed at London in 1633, 8vo. in a book entitled "Profitable inſtructions, deſcribing what ſpecial obſervations are to be taken by travellers in all nations ‡."

"Directions both general and particular, drawen by the lord general Eſſex, for the better inſtructinge and government of the army, in anno 1596 §."

"Verſes in his trouble," likewiſe "Meditations," both preſerved in the king's library.

"A letter of great energy, with a ſonnet to the queen ‖."

* Bacon Papers, vol i. p. 292.
† Biograph. Brit. pages 1665, 1669.
‡ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 487.
§ Catal. of Harl. MSS. N° 703, art. 23.
‖ Printed in the Biographia, p. 1670.

" Another ſonnet," ſung before the queen by one Hales, in whoſe voice ſhe took ſome pleaſure. It was occaſioned by a diſcovery that ſir Fulke Greville, his ſeeming friend, had projected to plant the lord Southampton in the queen's favour in Eſſex's room, during one of his eclipſes. " This ſonnet, methinks," ſays ſir Harry Wotton *, " had as much of the hermit as of the poet:" it concluded thus,

" And if thou ſhouldſt by her be now forſaken,
She made thy heart too ſtrong for to be ſhaken."

The ſame author mentions another of the earl's compoſitions, but unfortunately does not give any account what it was; he calls it †

" His darling-piece of love and ſelf-love."

" A pretious and moſt divine letter, from that famous and ever to be renowned earl of Eſſex [father to the now lord general his excellence] to the earl of Southampton in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign." Printed in 1643. Re-printed in Cogan's collection of tracts from lord Somers's library, vol. iv. p. 132.

A letter to the lord chamberlain ‡.

Some of his letters in beautiful Latin to the celebrated Antonio Perez are publiſhed among the Bacon Papers §. But of all his compoſitions the moſt excellent, and in many reſpects equal to the performances of the greateſt

* Page 165.

† Page 174.

‡ Vide Howard's Collection, p. 232.

§ Pages 296, 367, 399. There are nine more among the Burleigh Papers publiſhed by Murdin, of which one to lord Burleigh is in Latin, and another, p. 650, very pathetic and remarkable. Eighty-eight more are preſerved in different volumes of the Harleian MSS. and as a proof of his humane and friendly nature, in two volumes only of that number there are ſixty-four, of which all but three contain ſuits and applications in behalf of others. *See Catal. of Harleian MSS.* No. 6996, 6997.

geniuſes,

geniuſes, is a long letter to the queen from Ireland, ſtating the ſituation of that country in a moſt maſterly manner, both as a general and ſtateſman, and concluding with ſtrains of the tendereſt eloquence on finding himſelf ſo unhappily expoſed to the artifices of his enemies during his abſence*. It cannot fail to excite admiration, that a man raviſhed from all improvement and reflection at the age of ſeventeen, to be nurſed, perverted, fondled, dazzled in a court, ſhould notwithſtanding have ſnatched ſuch opportunities of cultivating his mind and underſtanding! In another letter from Ireland he ſays movingly, "I provided for this ſervice a breaſt-plate but not a cuiraſs; that is, I am armed on the breaſt, but not on the back †." Dr. Birch has a volume of letters in manuſcript, containing ſome from the earl, and others addreſſed to him. Beſides theſe, we have a great variety in the Cabala and among Bacon's Papers of the earl's occaſional letters ‡, written in a ſtyle as nervous as the beſt compoſitions of that age, and as eaſy and flowing as thoſe of the preſent. The vehement friend, the bold injured enemy, the ſtateſman, and the fine gentleman, are conſpicuous in them.—He ceaſed to be all theſe by the age of thirty-four §.

* It ſhould be mentioned here, that formerly his diſpatches were attributed to Bacon; of late, to his ſecretary Cuffe. The latter might have ſome hand in collecting the materials relative to buſineſs; but there runs through all the earl's letters a peculiarity of ſtyle, ſo adapted to his ſituation and feelings, as could not have been felt for him or dictated by any body elſe. *See the letter mentioned in the text in the Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 415.

† Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 420.

‡ Two little notes of his are in the Introduction to the Sidney Papers, vol. i. p. 115.

§ I ſhall not dwell on the now almoſt authenticated ſtory of lady Nottingham, though that too long paſſed for part of the romantic hiſtory of this lord. I mention it but to obſerve that the earl *had* given provocation to her huſband—though no provocation is an excuſe for murder. How much to be lamented that ſo black an act was committed by one of our greateſt heroes, to whom Britain has ſignal obligations! This was Charles earl of Nottingham, the lord high admiral, and deſtroyer of the Spaniſh armada. It ſeems, Eſſex had highly reſented its being expreſſed in the earl of Nottingham's patent, that the latter had equal ſhare with himſelf in the taking of Cadiz. He was ſo unreaſonable as to propoſe to have the patent cancelled, or offered to fight Nottingham or any of his ſons. *Bacon Papers*, p. 365. Alas! that revenge, intereſt and ingratitude, ſhould have ſtained ſuch ſervices and abilities as thoſe of Nottingham, Raleigh, and Bacon!

EDWARD

## *EDWARD VERE*, EARL of OXFORD,

WAS the ſeventeenth earl of that ancient family, and by no means the leaſt illuſtrious. His youth was diſtinguiſhed by his wit, by adroitneſs in his exerciſes, by valour and zeal for his country. Having travelled into Italy, he is * recorded to have been the firſt that brought into England embroidered gloves and perfumes; and preſenting the queen with a pair of the former, ſhe was ſo pleaſed with them as to be drawn with them in one of her portraits. The earl of Oxford ſhone in the tournaments of that reign, in two of which he was honoured with a prize from her majeſty's own hand, being led armed by two ladies into her preſence-chamber †.

In the year 1585, he was at the head of the nobility that embarked with the earl of Leiceſter for the relief of the ſtates of Holland; and in eighty-eight joined the fleet with ſhips hired at his own expence to repel the Spaniſh armada.

He was knight of the garter, and ſat on the celebrated trials of the queen of Scots, of the earls of Arundel, of Eſſex and Southampton: but another remarkable trial in that reign proved the [voluntary] ruin of this peer. He was an intimate friend of the duke of Norfolk that was condemned on account of the Scottiſh queen: lord Oxford earneſtly ſolicited his father-in-law the treaſurer Burleigh to ſave the duke's life; but not ſucceeding, he was ſo incenſed againſt the miniſter, that in moſt abſurd and unjuſt revenge [though the cauſe was amiable] he ſwore he would do all he could to ruin his daughter ‡, and accordingly not only forſook her bed, but ſold and conſumed great part of the vaſt inheritance deſcended to him from his anceſtors.

He lived to be a very aged man, and died in the ſecond year of James the firſt.

* Stowe.

† Collins's Hiſtorical collections, p. 264.

‡ That lady aimed at poetry as well as her huſband; at leaſt there is a curious account of verſes ſaid to be written by her in the fragment of a book by one Southern, who ſeems to have been as vain of moſt wretched poetry as any of the firſt princes of Parnaſſus might have been, and as able to confer crowns of immortality. This ſtrange account is to be found in the European Magazine for June 1788, and for which the editor muſt be accountable.

He was an admired poet *, and reckoned the beſt writer of comedy in his time: the very names of all his plays are loſt: a few of his poems are extant in a miſcellany called "The Paradiſe of dainty devices." Lond. 1578, qu°. The chief part of the collection was written by Richard Edwards, another comic writer †. And Puttenham quotes part of another copy of verſes written by the earl ‡. There are ſome few of his lines too in another curious and ſcarce book, called "England's Parnaſſus, or the choiceſt flowers of our Engliſh poets:" publiſhed by R. A. 1600. See pp. 21, 172, 209.

An epiſtle in proſe, addreſſed to Thomas Bedingfeld, eſq. one of her majeſty's gentlemen penſioners, and another in verſe, to the reader, both written by this earl, are prefixed to the above-mentioned Bedingfeld's tranſlation of Cardan's comfort, who dedicated it to the earl, and publiſhed it, as he ſays in the title-page, at his commaundement. 1573.

Three letters to his father-in-law, lord Burleigh, are extant among the Harleian MSS. §

A Latin letter of this earl of Oxford is prefixed to doctor Bartholomew Clerke's Latin tranſlation of Balthazar Caſtilio *de curiali ſive aulico*, firſt printed at London about 1571.

## *THOMAS SACKVILLE*, LORD BUCKHURST.

IT is not my buſineſs to enter into the life of this peer, as a ſtateſman: it is ſufficient to ſay that few firſt miniſters have left ſo fair a character. His family diſdained the offer of an apology for it againſt ſome little cavils, which "ſpreta exoleſcunt; ſi iraſcare, agnita videntur ‖." It is almoſt as needleſs to ſay that he was the patriarch of a race of genius and wit. He early quitted

* Spenſer preſented his Fairy Queen to him with a copy of verſes celebrating the earl's turn to poetry.

† Wood's Athenæ, vol. i. p. 152; and Faſti, p. 99.

‡ P. 172. It is publiſhed at length in Mr. Percy's ſecond volume of the Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry.

§ N° 6991, art. 5: N° 6996, 22, and 117.

‖ Lloyd's Worthies, p. 680.

the

the ſtudy of the law for the flowery paths of poetry, and ſhone both in Latin and Engliſh compoſition. In his graver years the brilliancy of his imagination grew more correct, not leſs abundant. He was called, ſays Lloyd, *The ſtar-chamber bell*, [a compariſon that does not convey much idea at preſent, but he explains it by adding] ſo very flowing was his invention*. "His ſecretaries," ſays ſir Robert Naunton, "had difficulty to pleaſe him, he was ſo facete and choice in his ſtyle."

He was author of the celebrated tragedy called "Gorboduc;" the firſt dramatic piece of any conſideration in the Engliſh language, written many years before Shakeſpeare ſet forth his plays †. He was aſſiſted in it by Norton, a fellow-labourer of Sternhold and Hopkins. This tragedy was acted before the queen at Whitehall, by the gentlemen of the inner Temple, 1561. It originally had the title of "Ferrex and Porrex," was printed incorrectly and ſurreptitiouſly in 1565; more completely in 1570: in 1590, by the title of "Gorboduc." It was re-publiſhed by Dodſley in 1736, with a preface by Mr. Spence, by the procuration of Mr. Pope, "who wondered ‡ that the propriety and natural eaſe of it had not been better imitated by the dramatic authors of the ſucceeding age." It is to be found at the head of the ſecond volume of the Collection of old plays, publiſhed by Dodſley. Sir Philip Sidney in his Apology for poetry gives this lofty character of it: "It is full of ſtately ſpeeches and well-ſounding phraſes, climbing to the height of Seneca's ſtyle, and as full of notable morality, which it doth moſt delightfully teach, and ſo obtain the very end of poeſy." Puttenham ſays, "I think that for tragedy the lord of Buckhurſt and maiſter Edward Ferreys for ſuch doings as I have ſeen of theirs, do deſerve the higheſt price: the earl of Oxford and maiſter Edwards of her majeſty's chappel for comedy and interlude §."

His lordſhip wrote beſides,

"A preface and the life of the unfortunate duke of Buckingham in the reign of Richard the third, in verſe," in a work entitled

* Lloyd's Worthies, p. 678.

† Antony Wood.

‡ Vide Preface.

§ Art of poetry.



"A mirrour

"A mirrour for magiſtrates, being a true chronicle hiſtory of the untimely falls of ſuch unfortunate princes and men of note, as have happened ſince the firſt entrance of Brute into this iſland until this latter age." This work was publiſhed * in 1610, by Richard Niccols of Magdalen college in Oxford, but was the joint-produce of lord Buckhurſt, Mr. Baldwine, Mr. Higgons, Mr. Ferrers, and Mr. Churchyard, men of the greateſt wit in that age †. The original thought was his lordſhip's, as we learn from the editor, who ſays, "That the penmen [of the chroniele] being many and diverſe, all diverſly affected in the method of this their mirrour, he followed the intended ſcope of that moſt honourable perſonage, who, by how much he did ſurpaſs the reſt in the eminence of his noble condition, by ſo much he hath exceeded them all in the excellency of his ſtyle, which with a golden pen he limned out to poſterity in that worthy object of his mind, the tragedy of the duke of Buckingham, and in his preface then intituled, Maſter Sackville's induction. This worthy preſident of learning intending to perfect all this ſtory himſelf from the conqueſt, being called to a more ſerious expence in the great ſtate-affairs of his moſt royal lady and ſovereign, left the diſpoſal thereof to Mr. Baldwine, &c." ‡

Several letters in the Cabala.

Others among the Harleian MSS. §

Tiptoft and Rivers ſet the example of borrowing light from other countries, and patronized the importer of printing, Caxton. The earls of Oxford and ‖ Dorſet ſtruck out new lights for the dramas, without making the multitude laugh or weep at ridiculous repreſentations of ſcripture. To the two former we owe PRINTING, to the two latter, TASTE—what do we not

* It was begun and part of it was printed in the reign of queen Mary, but was ſtopped by authority; yet by the intereſt of Henry lord Stafford, whoſe writings and love of letters have been mentioned, the firſt part was licenſed. *Vide the prefatory epiſtle to the edition of* 1571.

† Life of Drayton before his works, p. 5.

‡ Collins's Peerage in Dorſet, p. 714.

§ See vols. 703, 6995, 6997.

‖ Lord Buckhurſt was created earl of Dorſet. There is a letter from him to the earl of Suſſex, printed in Howard's coll. p. 297. Lord Dorſet wrote too a Latin letter to doctor Barth. Clerke prefixed to his tranſlation mentioned in the preceding article.

owe

owe perhaps to the laſt of the four! Our hiſtoric plays are allowed to have been founded on the heroic narratives in The mirrour for magiſtrates; to that plan, and to the boldneſs of lord Buckhurſt's new ſcenes, perhaps we owe SHAKESPEAR. Such debts to theſe four lords, the probability of the laſt obligation, are ſufficient to juſtify a CATALOGUE of NOBLE AUTHORS.

## SIR *ROBERT CECIL*, EARL of SALISBURY.

THIS man, who had the fortune to pleaſe both queen Elizabeth and king James the firſt; who, like the ſon of the duke of Lerma, had the uncommon fate of ſucceeding * his own father as prime-miniſter, and who, unlike that ſon of Lerma, did not, though treacherous to every body elſe, ſupplant his own father, this man is ſufficiently known; his public ſtory may be found in all our hiſtories, his particular in the Biographia; and if any body's curioſity is ſtill unſatisfied about him, they may ſee a tedious account of his laſt ſickneſs in Peck's Deſiderata curioſa.

He wrote

"Adverſus perduelles;" an anſwer to ſome popiſh libels.

"The ſtate of a ſecretary's place and the peril thereof †."

"Some notes, offered to king James for the neceſſity of calling a parliament ‡."

"Mr. ſecretary Cecil his negotiation into France, with the inſtructions for his guydance therein from queen Elizabeth, in the year of our Lord 1597."

"The hermit's oration at Theobald's, 1594." It was in MS. in Mr. Ames's collection, and, I believe, never printed.

* After a ſhort interval. It were ſufficient to blaſt this man's memory, that on the acceſs of James I. when there was a propoſal for obtaining a capitulation or charter of liberties from him, the ſcheme was defeated by ſir Robert Cecil.—*See Robertſon's Hiſt. of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 246.

† Vide Catal. of Harl. MSS. N° 305, art. 44; and 354, 7.

‡ Ib. 737, 4; and among the Conway Papers.

"Several.

" Several ſpeeches in parliament ;" and

Many letters *.

" One among the Burleigh Papers publiſhed by Murdin in 1759," p. 588.

Near forty letters, preſerved in different volumes in the Harleian collection of MSS. now in the Britiſh muſeum. One of them in particular gives a more exact relation of the gunpowder-plot than is to be found in our hiſtories, and contradicts the common report of king James himſelf being the perſon who firſt gueſſed the meaning of the myſterious letter to lord Monteagle; lord Saliſbury, in this letter, aſcribing to himſelf and lord Suffolk the unriddling of the hint of gunpowder. *See Catal. of Harl. MSS. No.* 1875, 88.

" Three, in Fynes Morryſon's travels."

" Fourteen in the ſecret correſpondence of ſir Robert Cecil with king James," by which it appears that Northampton was the agent in that intercourſe. Publiſhed by ſir David Dalrymple, Edinb. 1766.

" One in the Cabala to his father."

" Another to ſir Francis Segar †."

" Some notes on Dr. Dee's diſcourſe on the reformation of the calendar."

## *HENRY HOWARD*, EARL of NORTHAMPTON,

YOUNGER ſon of the famous earl of Surrey, was ſaid to be the learneſt among the nobility, and the moſt noble among the learned. To theſe advantages of birth and education were added the dignities of earl,

* Vide Sawyer's Memorials, in three vols. folio. † Vide Howard's Collection, p. 196.

knight

knight of the garter, lord warden of the cinque ports, governor of Dover-caſtle [where he was buried *] one of the commiſſioners for the office of earl-marſhal, lord privy-ſeal, high-ſteward of Oxford, and chancellor of Cambridge. He added himſelf the ſtill nobler title of founder of three hoſpitals, at Greenwich in Kent, at Clien in Shropſhire, and at Caſtle-riſing in Norfolk †. Theſe topics of panegyric were ſure not to be over-looked by our writers of genealogies, who winnow the characters of all mankind, and take due care not to lay up any of the chaff.—But what have our hiſtorians to ſay of this man! What a tale to tell of murder!—But it is neceſſary to take up his character a little higher. On his father's death he appears to have been left in very ſcanty circumſtances; and though there is no doubt of his having parts, and very flexile ones too, they carried him no great lengths during the long reign of Elizabeth ‡: in her ſucceſſor's they produced tenfold. Antony Bacon, giving an account of a conference he had with his aunt about the Cecils, wiſhes for the genius of the lord Henry Howard, or that of ſignor Perez, to aſſiſt him with the facility and grace which they had in relating their own actions §. Lady Bacon, the ſevere and froward, but upright mother of Antony and ſir Francis, had no ſuch favourable impreſſions of lord Henry, againſt whom, as he was an intimate of Antony and the earl of Eſſex, ſhe often warns her ſon, calling Howard *a dangerous intelligencing man, and no doubt a ſubtle papiſt inwardly, a very inſtrument of the Spaniſh papiſts* ‖. No miſtaken judgment: he had been bred a papiſt; and though at this time he ſeems to have acted proteſtantiſm ¶, he openly reverted to popery in the next reign, which at the king's requeſt he again abandoned, and yet at his

* He died at the palace he had built at Charing-croſs, now Northumberland-houſe: ſuppoſed to be raiſed with Spaniſh gold. *Harris's Life of James the firſt*, p. 145. He gave the deſign for Audley-inn. *Lloyd's Worthies*, p. 780.

† Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 275. His will, and many papers, of ſtatutes, grants, &c. relating to theſe hoſpitals, are preſerved in the Muſeum among the Harleian MSS.

‡ From a letter of one of the agents of the queen of Scots to her, it appears that lord Henry was one of her inſtruments too. *Vide Burleigh Papers by Murdin*, pages 488, 489.

§ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 132.

‖ On the treaty with France, the king aſking him, how it happened that he had been preſented with no jewel like other lords, he anſwered, "Quia non ſum Gallus." *Vide lord Bacon's Apothegms.*

¶ He had even been a competitor with Grindal for the archbiſhoprick of York, but miſcarried from the doubtfulneſs of his religion. *Vide Life of Grindal in the Biograph.* p. 2432. The king aſking him why he wiſhed to go to Rome, he replied, "To ſee him, who can forgive ſins, confeſſing his own; and Antichriſt ſaying his creed." *Vide lord Bacon's Apothegms.*

death avowed himſelf a catholic *. The ſame lady apprehends his betraying his brother Norfolk, whom he was ſtill ſoliciting to his ruin: "For he [lord Henry] pretending courteſy, worketh miſchief perilouſly. I have long [ſays ſhe] known him, and obſerved him. His workings have been ſtark naught †." Her ladyſhip had learning, and was profuſe of it; in another place ‡ ſhe calls him "*Subtiliter ſubdolus*, and a ſubtle ſerpent." Rowland White, of a nature leſs acrimonious, only ſays, "That the lord Henry Howard was held for a ranter §." Sir Antony Weldon ſpeaks of him as one of the groſſeſt flatterers alive.—But it is the mode to reject his teſtimony as too ſevere a writer.—Yet on what times was he bitter? What character that he has cenſured, has whitened by examination? To inſtance in this lord Northampton: I ſhall not content myſelf with obſerving that ſir Fulke Grevile ſays ‖, "He was famous for ſecret inſinuation and for cunning flatteries, and by reaſon of theſe flatteries a fit man for the conditions of thoſe times:" nor that monſieur de Beaumont, the French embaſſador at that time, calls him one of the greateſt flatterers and calumniators that ever lived ¶:" let him ſpeak for himſelf. He firſt founded his hopes of preferment on the earl of Eſſex, to whom he ſeems to have made unbounded court. In one of his letters he tells that favourite, "So God deal with me in *die illo*, as I would loſe of my own blood to ſave yours; and hold all thoſe given over utterly in *ſenſum reprobiſſimum*, whoſe malice can diſtinguiſh at this day between the ſafe-guard of your worthy perſon and the life of your country **." In another, "When I ſee you not, yet I think of you, and with the moſt divine philoſophers will ever ſettle my beatitude in contemplation of that ſhining object, unto which hypocriſy or flattery can add no grace, becauſe the rare worth of itſelf hath made it very truly and ſingularly ſuper-excellent ††." And as exceſs of flattery to the creature is not content till it has dared to engage even the Creator in its hyperboles, he tells Eſſex, "My hope of your ſafe return is anchored in heaven. I believe that God himſelf is not only pleaſed with his own workmanſhip in you, as he was when *vidit omnia quæ creavit, et erant valdè bona*; but withal that he is purpoſed to protect that

* Lord Brook's Five years of king James, p. 57.

† Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 227.

‡ Ib. p. 309.

§ Sidney Papers, p. 129.

‖ In his Five years of king James, p. 5.

¶ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 501.

** Ib. p. 246.

†† Ib. p. 363.

worthy

worthy perſon of your lordſhip's under the wings of his cherubim *." What could ſir Antony Weldon ſay too bad of the flattery of a man, who paints the *great God* of heaven ſmitten, like an old doting queen, with a frail phantom of his own creation!

But though Northampton could flatter, honeſt Abbot could not: the earl proſecuting ſome perſons in the Star-chamber for defamation, as his infamy began to grow public, when the lords were ready to paſs ſentence, the archbiſhop roſe and to the earl's face told him, "Thoſe things ſaid of him *were* grounded upon reaſon, and for which men of upright conſciences had ſome reaſon to ſpeak—and that his lordſhip's own letters made evident that he had done ſome things againſt his own conſcience, merely to attain unto honour and ſovereignty and to pleaſe the king"—And then pulled out a letter from Northampton to cardinal Bellarmine, in which the earl profeſſed to the latter, "That howſoever the condition of the times compelled him, and his majeſty urged him to turn proteſtant, yet nevertheleſſe his heart ſtood with the papiſts, and that he would be ready to further them in any attempt †."—But to have done with this topic, which I ſhould gladly quit, if it were not to paſs to that of blood. Howard, who always kept terms with the Cecils, and, when he had preſented one of his compoſitions to Eſſex, ſent another to Burleigh, at the ſame time with a true ſycophant's art confeſſing it to his friend, ſkirmiſhed himſelf out of Eſſex's misfortunes, and became the inſtrument of ſir Robert Cecil's correſpondence with king James ‡, which Cecil pretended was for the ſervice of his miſtreſs, as the confidence of her miniſters would aſſure that prince of his peaceful ſucceſſion, and prevent his giv-

* Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 429.

† Northampton was ſo abaſhed with this reproof, that as ſoon as the court broke up he went to Greenwich, made his will, confeſſing himſelf a papiſt, and died ſoon after. *Sir Fulke Greville's Five years of king James*, p. 57. This ſmall book contains little more than the ſtory of the earl and counteſs of Somerſet and of Northampton, to whom ſir Fulke would not only aſcribe almoſt every thing done at that period, but reſolves all into malicious deſigns of miſchief, as Northampton's drawing the biſhops into declaring for the divorce, in order to expoſe that bench; an unneceſſary fineſſe to circumvent men ſo ready for any infamy as many of the order were at that time. It ſeems ſtrange that an author who refined ſo much, ſhould have reaſoned ſo little, as to believe in witches and incantations. The Biographia rejects this work as not lord Brooke's, for no better reaſon than his not having mentioned it in his other writings. A clergyman might as well refuſe to baptize a child, becauſe the father at a former chriſtening did not tell him that he intended to beget it.

‡ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 514.

ing her any diſturbance. This negotiation * was immediately rewarded by James, on his acceſſion, with his favour and with the honours I have mentioned; but, as every riſing favourite was the object of Northampton's baſeneſs, he addicted his ſervices to the earl of Somerſet, and became a chief and ſhocking inſtrument in that lord's match with Northampton's kinſwoman the counteſs of Eſſex, and of the ſucceeding murder of ſir Thomas Overbury. Northampton, the pious endower of hoſpitals, died luckily before the plot came to light; but his letters were read in court—not all, for there was ſuch a horrid mixture of obſcenity and blood in them, that the chief juſtice could not go through them in common decency.—It is time to come to this lord's works.

He wrote

"A defenſative againſt the poiſon of ſuppoſed prophecies," dedicated to ſir Francis Walſingham, and printed in qu°. at London, in 1583, and reprinted there in folio in 1620, by J. Charlwood, printer to the earl's great nephew, the earl of Arundel. There is a long account of this work in The Britiſh librarian, p. 331.

"An apology for the government of women," never publiſhed, but extant in MS. in the Bodleian library, and in my poſſeſſion.

"An anſwer to the copy of a railing invective againſt the regiment of women in general, with certain malapert exceptions to divers and ſundry matters of ſtate, written unto queen Elizabeth." Perhaps this is the ſame as the former, with only a different title †.

"An abſtract of the frauds of the officers of the navy," addreſſed to king James; MS. in the king's library ‡.

"A devotional piece, with the judgments of primitive interpreters."

* Lloyd ſays that Northampton was no flatterer, nor ambitious! page 781. Thoſe who condemn ſir Antony Weldon's impartiality, may perhaps admire Lloyd's veracity.

† Harl. MSS. N° 7021, art. 11.

‡ Caſley's Catal. p. 273.

This

This is all we know of this piece, only mentioned by his lordſhip in a letter to lord Burleigh, to whom he ſent it *.

" Another treatiſe of devotion," that ſeems to have been different from the laſt, and rather, " forms of prayer," ſent to the archbiſhop of Canterbury in March 1596-7, with a letter in which this hypocrite tells the biſhop, " That he had taſted, by experience of private exerciſes for the ſpace of many years, what comfort theſe proportions work in a faithful ſoul; and deſiring his grace to refer the book to doctor Andrews or doctor Bancroft; and if no objection was found with it, he humbly craves his grace's favour that the preſs might eaſe him of ſo great a charge and fatigue as it had been to him to copy it out, and cauſe it to be copied for his importunate friends †." In this letter, as in all his lordſhip's compoſitions, is a great mixture of affectation and pedantry.

" Defence of the French monſieur's deſiring queen Elizabeth in marriage." This piece was in anſwer to Stubb's Gaping gulph, and is preſerved among the Harleian MSS. in the Britiſh muſeum ‡.

" A ſpeſyall prayere to God the father, the fyrſte perſone in Trynetye; made and practyſed by the lord Henrye Howard earle of Northamptone." Perhaps this is one of the prayers mentioned above §.

" His ſpeech againſt the conſpirators in the gunpowder-plot;" printed in The true and perfect relation of the whole proceedings, &c.

" A copie of the laſt enſtructions which the emperour Charles the fifth gave to his ſonne Philippe the ſecond king of Spain, before his death. Tranſlated out of Spaniſh by the lord Henry Howard, being (as it ſeems) as then ſomewhat under queen Elizabeth's diſpleaſure; and by him dedicated in a long epiſtle to her majeſty." Among the Harleian MSS. N° 836; and again, N° 1506, art. 3.

* Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 247.

† Ib. p. 325.

‡ See Catal. of Harleian MSS. N° 180, art. 3.

§ Ib. 252, 24.

There are nine of his letters in various volumes of the Harleian MSS. beſides others from him or relating to him in N° 7031, 14.

Four others are printed among ſir Ralph Winwood's papers.

In the ſecret correſpondence of ſecretary Cecil with king James, publiſhed by ſir David Dalrymple, are fourteen letters of Northampton, who was the chief agent in that intercourſe; but they are ſo tedious, obſcure and pedantic, that even James was diſguſted with them.

Two more letters, amongſt the memorials and letters of ſtate, publiſhed by the ſame gentleman.

Among ſir Ralph Winwood's papers are four letters from Northampton; the firſt, very long and full of invectives on his couſin the lord admiral Nottingham: the ſecond, as profuſe of flattery on king James. The two laſt are addreſſed to ſir Jervaſe Elways, lieutenant of the Tower, containing moſt importunate and peremptory directions for haſtening the burial of Overbury's body, and fully explanatory of Northampton's ſhare in that black buſineſs *.

By a letter of the earl of Eſſex to him, it looks as if one of Northampton's arts of flattery to the former was drawing up his pedigree †. And to raiſe and aſcertain Eſſex's authority as earl-marſhal, Northampton appears to have undertaken a treatiſe on that office, but not to have completed it ‡.

## Lord Chancellor *ELESMERE*,

THE founder of the houſe of Egerton, publiſhed nothing during his life but a "Speech in the Exchequer-chamber touching the poſtnati," printed at London, in qu°. in 1609. After his death there appeared in his name

* Vol. ii. p. 91; vol. iii. pp. 54, 481, 482. † Ib. p. 342. ‡ Ib. 365.

"Certain

" Certain obſervations concerning the office of lord chancellor." London, 1651, octavo.

" The conference held February 25th, 1606, betwene the lords committées and the commons touching the naturalizinge of the Scots, &c.*"

" Obſervations on lord Coke's reports, publiſhed by doctor Paul of the commons."

His " Obſervations on the ſtatute of magna charta" is preſerved in the Harleian collection, N° 42652, 2; as alſo

" Caſes wherein there is no remedy in Chancery." 2809, 22.

" Speech in the Star-chamber, touching the contempt of Robert earl of Eſſex." And

" Some letters, in the Harl. MSS. in N° 286, 159: N° 444, 13, 14. Three between him and Eſſex, N° 677, 33, 34, 35: N° 2084, 22: N° 6995, 116: N° 6996, 30, 116: N° 6997, 36, 66: N° 7042.

" Four letters in the Cabala."

He left to his chaplain, Mr. Williams, afterwards the celebrated lord-keeper and biſhop of Lincoln, four manuſcript collections concerning " The prerogative royal, privileges of parliament, proceedings in Chancery, and the power of the Star-chamber †." Of which I find printed " Eleſmere's " privileges and prerogatives of the high court of Chancery, 1614‡."

## SIR *FRANCIS BACON*, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS,

THE PROPHET OF ARTS, which NEWTON was ſent afterwards to *reveal*. It would be impertinent to the reader to enter into any account of this amazing genius or his works: both will be univerſally admired as long as

* Printed in Somers's Tracts, 4th coll. vol. i. p. 372, from the Cotton library.

† Ib. vol. i. p. 479.

‡ Harl. Catal. vol. ii. p. 651.

*ſcience*

*ſcience* exiſts.—As long as *ingratitude* and *adulation* are deſpicable, ſo long ſhall we lament the depravity of this great man's *heart!*—Alas! that HE, who could command *immortal fame*, ſhould have ſtooped to the little *ambition of power!*

## SIR *FULKE GREVILE*, LORD BROOKE,

A MAN of much note in his time, but one of thoſe admired wits who have loſt much of their reputation in the eyes of poſterity. A thouſand accidents of birth, court-favour or popularity, concur ſometimes to gild a ſlender proportion of merit. Succeeding ages, who look when thoſe beams are withdrawn, wonder what attracted the eyes of the multitude. No man ſeems to me ſo aſtoniſhing an object of temporary admiration as the celebrated friend of the lord Brooke, the famous ſir Philip Sidney. The learned of Europe dedicated their works to him; the republic of Poland thought him at leaſt worthy to be in the nomination for their crown. All the muſes of England wept his death. When we at this diſtance of time enquire what prodigious merits excited ſuch admiration, what do we find?—Great valour?—But it was an age of heroes.—In full of all other talents we have a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, paſtoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through; and ſome abſurd attempts to fetter Engliſh verſe in Roman chains; a proof that this applauded author underſtood little of the genius of his own language. The few of his letters extant are poor matters; one * to a ſteward of his father, an inſtance of unwarrantable violence. By far the† beſt preſumption of his abilities [to us who can judge only by what we ſee] is a pamphlet ‡ publiſhed among the Sidney Papers, being an anſwer to the famous libel called *Leiceſter's Commonwealth.* It defends his uncle with great ſpirit: what had been ſaid in derogation to

* Sidney Papers, vol. i. p. 256.

† I have been blamed for not mentioning ſir Philip's Defence of poetry, which ſome think his beſt work. I had indeed forgot it when I wrote this article; a proof that I at leaſt did not think it ſufficient foundation for ſo high a character as he acquired. This was all my criticiſm pretended to ſay, that I could not conceive how a man who in ſome reſpects had written dully and weakly, and who at moſt was far inferior to our beſt authors, had obtained ſuch immenſe reputation. Let his merits and his fame be weighed together, and then let it be determined whether the world has overvalued, or I undervalued ſir Philip Sidney.

‡ Ib. in the Introduction, p. 62.

their

their blood ſeems to have touched ſir Philip moſt. He died with the raſhneſs of a volunteer *, after having lived to write with the *ſang froid* and prolixity of mademoiſelle Scuderi.

Let not this examination of a favourite character be taken in an ill light. There can be no motive but *juſt criticiſm* for calling in queſtion the fame of another man at this diſtance of time. Were poſterity to allow all the patents beſtowed by cotemporaries, *the temple of Fame* would be crowded by worthleſs dignitaries. How many princes would be preſſing in, the weakeſt or wickedeſt of mankind, becauſe courtiers or medals called them *great!* One man ſtill appears there by a yet more admiſſible title, Philip *the Good* duke of Burgundy—one ſhudders to read what maſſacres he made of his Flemiſh ſubjects. Louis the thirteenth claims under the title of *the Juſt:* there can ſcarce be a more abominable fact than one in Voltaire's Univerſal Hiſtory. Monſieur de Cinqmars, the king's favourite, had with his majeſty's ſecret approbation endeavoured to deſtroy Richlieu—and failed. The king was glad to appeaſe the cardinal by ſacrificing his friend, whom he uſed to call *cher ami*. When the hour of execution arrived, Louis pulled out his watch, and with a villainous ſmile ſaid, "Je crois qu'à cette heure *cher ami* fait un vilaine mine." Voltaire commending him ſays, that this king's character is not ſufficiently known.—It was not indeed, while ſuch an anecdote remained unſtained with the blackeſt colours of hiſtory!

I am ſenſible that I have wandered from my ſubject by touching on ſir Philip Sidney; but writing his life is writing ſir Fulke Grevile's, who piqued himſelf moſt, and it was his chief merit, on being, as he ſtyled himſelf on his tomb, THE FRIEND OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—It is well he did not make the ſame parade of his friendſhip with the earl of Eſſex: an anecdote I have mentioned before † ſeems to ſhow that he was not ſo ſtrict in all his friendſhips. He had more merit in being the patron of Camden.

This lord's works were,

"A very ſhort ſpeech in parliament," recorded by lord Bacon ‡.

* Queen Elizabeth ſaid of lord Eſſex, "We ſhall have him knocked o' the head like that raſh fellow Sidney."

† Vide p. 327.

‡ Apothegms, p. 221; and Biograph. p. 2395.

" The life of the renowned ſir Philip Sidney."

" Sir Fulke Grevile's Five years of king James, or the condition of the ſtate of England, and the relation it had to other provinces." A very thin quarto, 1643.

We are told * that he propoſed to write the life of queen Elizabeth, a work not much to be regretted, as he himſelf acquainted the earl of Saliſbury, " that though he intended to deliver nothing but the truth, yet he did not hold himſelf bound to tell all the truth :" a diſpenſation which of all ranks of men an hiſtorian perhaps is the laſt that has a right to give himſelf. What he conceals is probably the part that would afford moſt information. It is worth the reader's while to have recourſe to the original paſſage, where he will find the groſs ſhifts uſed by Saliſbury to render ſir Fulke's meditated hiſtory abortive, which however he ſeemed to have little reaſon to dread, after the declaration I have mentioned.

" A letter to an honourable lady, with advice how to behave herſelf to a huſband of whom ſhe was jealous."

" A letter of travel :" it contains directions to his couſin Grevile Verney then in France.

A letter among the Harleian MSS. N° 286, art. 32 ; another, N° 1581, art. 64.

" Cælica," a collection of CIX. ſongs.

" A treatiſe of human learning," in CL. ſtanzas.

" An inquiſition upon fame and honour," in LXXXVI. ſtanzas.

" A treatiſe of wars," in LXVIII. ſtanzas.

His " remains," conſiſting of political and philoſophical poems.

* Vide Biograph. p. 2396.

"M. Tullius Cicero, a tragedy;" but this is diſputed.

"Alaham, a tragedy."

"Muſtapha, a tragedy."

The two laſt plays have the chorus after the manner of the ancients; a pedantry as injudicious as ſir Philip's Engliſh hexameters. After all the attempts to revive that mob of confidents, after all the laborious Pere Brumoy's diſſertations * to juſtify them, do they ceaſe to appear unnatural excreſcencies of a *drama*, whoſe faults are admired as much as its excellencies? With all the difference of Grecian, and French or Engliſh manners, it is impoſſible to conceive that Phædra truſted her inceſtuous paſſion, or Medea her murderous revenge, to a whole troop of attendants. If Metaſtaſio's operas ſurvive for ſo much time as conſtitutes certain and unlimited admiration in lovers of antiquity, it will be in vain for future pedants to tell men of ſenſe two thouſand years hence, that our manners were different from theirs; they will never bear to hear every ſcene concluded with a ſong, whether the actor who is going off the ſtage be in love or in rage, be going to a wedding or an execution. In fact, the ancients no more truſted their ſecrets, eſpecially of a criminal ſort, to all their domeſtics, than we ſing upon every occaſion: the manners of no country affect the great out-lines of human life, of human paſſions. Beſides, if they did, whenever the manners of an age are ridiculous, it is not the buſineſs of tragedy to adopt, but of comedy to expoſe them. They who defend abſurdities, can have little taſte for real beauties. There is nothing ſo unlike ſenſe as nonſenſe, yet in how many authors is the latter admired for the ſake of the former!

## *JAMES LEY*, EARL of MARLBOROUGH,

ONE of that crowd of high-treaſurers, whom the corruption of the counteſs of Buckingham or the caprice of her ſon raiſed and depreſſed with ſuch intemperate rapidity, that, as lord Clarendon ſays †, five noble perſons

* Theatre de Grecs.

† Vol. i. p. 47.

were at that time alive, who had all ſucceeded one another immediately in that unſteady office, without any other perſon intervening.

Ley raiſed himſelf by his knowledge of the law to be chief-juſtice of the King's-bench; and in the 22d of James I. was made lord high-treaſurer, from whence he was removed (ſays the ſame noble hiſtorian) under pretence of his age and diſability for the work, which had been a better reaſon againſt his promotion. After his death were publiſhed his

"Reports of divers caſes in law tried in the time of king James and ſome part of the reign of king Charles I." Printed in 1659 *.

"A treatiſe of wards and liveries †." And he made "collections relating to Ireland ‡."

## *GEORGE CAREW*, EARL of TOTNESS,

THE younger ſon of a dean of Exeter, raiſed himſelf by his merit to great honours. Though his titles were conferred by the kings James and Charles, his ſervices were performed under Elizabeth, in whoſe reign he was maſter of the ordnance in Ireland, treaſurer of the army there, preſident of Munſter, and one of the lords juſtices. With leſs than 4000 men he reduced many caſtles and forts to the queen's obedience, took the earl of Deſmond priſoner, and brought the Bourks, O'Briens, and other rebels to ſubmiſſion. He baffled all attempts of the Spaniards on his province, and eſtabliſhed it in perfect peace. He died in an honourable old age at the Savoy in 1629 §, and is buried under a goodly monument at Stratford upon Avon. He was a great patron of learning and lover of antiquities.

He wrote

"Pacata Hibernia, or the hiſtory of the wars in Ireland, eſpecially within the province of Mounſter, 1599, 1600, 1601, and 1602;" which after his

* Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 452.

† Ibid.

‡ Vide Uſher's Letters, p. 403.

§ Ib. pages 403, 405.

death

death was printed in folio at London in 1633, with ſeventeen maps, being publiſhed by his natural ſon Thomas Stafford *.

It is certain that his lordſhip propoſed to write the reign of Henry the fifth, and had made collections and extracts for that purpoſe. The author of the Life of Michael Drayton ſays †, that Speed's Reign of that prince was written by our earl: others ‡ only ſay, that his lordſhip's collections were inſerted in it.

Others of his collections in four volumes folio, relating to Ireland, are in the Bodleian library at Oxford. Others were ſold by his executors to ſir Robert Shirley §. And ſeveral are in the library at Lambeth.

Sir James Ware ſays, that this earl tranſlated into Engliſh a hiſtory of the affairs of Ireland, written by Maurice Regan, ſervant and interpreter to Dermot, ſon of Murchard king of Leinſter, in 1171, and which had been turned into French verſe by a friend of Regan ‖.

A letter among the Harleian MSS. N° 1581, 76.

## *WILLIAM HERBERT*, EARL of PEMBROKE.

HIS character is not only one of the moſt amiable in lord Clarendon's Hiſtory, but is one of the beſt ¶ drawn: not being marked with any ſtrong lines, it diſtinguiſhes the delicacy of that happy pencil, to which the real

* Vide Ant. Wood, and Dugdale's Baronage.

† Page 15.

‡ Gen. Dict. vol. ix. p. 324; Biogr. p. 1171.

§ Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 423.

‖ Vide Hiſt. of Iriſh writers, p. 20; and Hibernica, a thin folio, publiſhed at Dublin, 1747, by Walter Harris. It contains eleven tracts, of which the firſt is the hiſtory above mentioned of Maurice Regan. The ſecond is a great curioſity; an account of Richard 2d, his laſt journey to Ireland: written by a French gentleman who accompanied that king thither in 1399, and tranſlated into Engliſh by lord Totneſs. In the preface to the ſame book it is ſaid, that 42 volumes of collections relating to the affairs of Ireland, with maps of the whole country, are in the library at Lambeth, and four more in the Cottonian. The Frenchman's whole account is in the Muſeum.

¶ Hiſt. of the Rebellion, vol. i. p. 57.

pencil muſt yield of the renowned portrait-painter of that age.—Vandyke little thought, when he drew ſir Edward Hyde, that a greater maſter than himſelf was ſitting to him. They had indeed great reſemblance in their manners; each copied *nature* faithfully. Vandyke's men are not all of exact height and ſymmetry, of equal corpulence; his women are not Madonnas or Venuses: the likeneſs ſeems to have been ſtudied in all, the character in many: his dreſſes are thoſe of the times. The hiſtorian's fidelity is as remarkable; he repreſents the folds and plaits, the windings and turnings of each character he draws; and though he varies the lights and ſhades as would beſt produce the effect he deſigns, yet his colours are never thoſe of imagination, nor diſpoſed without a ſingular propriety. Hampden is not painted in the armour of Brutus, nor would Cromwell's maſk fit either Julius or Tiberius.

"The earl of Pembroke," ſays another writer *, "was not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but was himſelf learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical geny, as by thoſe amorous and not inelegant aires and poems of his compoſition doth evidently appear; ſome of which had muſical notes ſet to them by Henry Lawes and Nicholas Laneare." All that he hath extant were publiſhed with this title,

"Poems written by William earl of Pembroke, &c. many of which are anſwered by way of repartee by ſir Benjamin Rudyard; with other poems written by them occaſionally and apart." Lond. 1660, 8vo. They were publiſhed by doctor Donne, and dedicated by him to Chriſtiana counteſs dowager of Devonſhire †, in whoſe praiſe many of the pieces in that collection were written.

Among the Conway Papers is a pretty letter from this earl to the duke of Buckingham on the miſcarriage at the iſle of Rhee.

Others among the Harleian MSS. N° 1581, 110; N° 7002.

* Wood's Athenæ, vol. i. p. 546.

† She was the patroneſs of men of genius, particularly of Waller: the lord Liſle, in a letter to ſir William Temple in 1667, tells him, that the old counteſs of Devonſhire's houſe was Mr. Waller's chief theatre. *Fenton's notes on Waller*, p. xlv.

And

And one of humour, publiſhed with ſome papers of ſtate by ſir David Dalrymple, 1762.

## SIR *DUDLEY CARLETON*, VISCOUNT DORCHESTER,

IS little known but in his capacity of miniſter to foreign courts, for which he ſeems to have been well qualified; but by his ſubſervience to his maſters and to his patron the duke of Buckingham one ſhould have thought he had imbibed his prerogative-notions *, as embaſſadors are a little apt to do, in other ſchools than Holland and Venice where he was chiefly reſident. His negotiations have been lately preſented to the public; a munificence *it* might oftener, but never ſhould without gratitude receive. It was not the fault of the miniſter or of the editor that theſe tranſactions turned chiefly on the ſynod of Dort. It is always curious to know what wars a great monarch waged: ſir Dudley would probably have been glad to negotiate in earneſt the intereſts of the Palatinate; but the king had other buſineſs to think of than the preſervation or ruin of his children—while there was a chance that the dyer's ſon Vorſtius might be profeſſor of divinity at Leyden, inſtead of being burnt, as his majeſty hinted *to the chriſtian prudence* † of the Dutch that he deſerved to be, our embaſſadors could not receive inſtructions, and conſequently could not treat, on any other buſineſs. The king, who did not reſent the maſſacre at Amboyna, was on the point of breaking with the States for ſupporting a man who profeſſed the hereſies of Enjedinus, Oſtodorus, &c. points of extreme conſequence to Great Britain! Sir Dudley Carleton was forced to threaten the Dutch, not only with the hatred of king James, but alſo with his pen.

This lord's writings are ‡,

* Vide hiſtor. preface to the new edition of his Letters, p. 20.

† They are the king's own words from his letter in the Mercure François. *Vide marginal note to the article* VORSTIUS *in the General Dictionary*, vol. x. p. 36, *where may be ſeen a ſummary of this whole affair.*

‡ Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 563.

" Balance

" Balance pour peſer en toute equité & droicture la harangue faite n'agueres en l'aſſemblée des illuſtres et puiſſans ſeignoures meſſeigneurs les Eſtats Generaux des Provinces Unies du Pais Bas, &c." 1618, qu°.

" Harangue faite au counſeile de meſs. les Eſtats Generaux des Provinces Unies, touchant le diſcord & les troubles de l'egliſe & la police, cauſés par la doctrine d'Arminius." 6 Oct. 1617, ſtil. nov. Printed with the former.

" Various letters in the Cabala."

" Others in the Harleian collection."

" Several French and Latin letters to Voſſius," printed with Voſſius's epiſtles. Lond. 1690, fol.

" Speeches in parliament," printed in Ruſhworth's collections.

" Explanation of a ſpeech *."

" Memoirs for diſpatches of political affairs relating to Holland and England, 1618, with ſeveral propoſitions made to the States." MS.

" Particular obſervations of the military affairs in the Palatinate and the Low-countries, annis 1621 & 1622." MS.

" Letters relating to ſtate-affairs written to the king and viſcount Rocheſter from Venice, ann. 1613." MS.

" Letters from and to ſir Dudley Carleton, knt. during his embaſſy in Holland from January 1615-16, to December 1620, with a judicious hiſtorical preface." Lond. 1757, qu°. This is the collection mentioned above.

" A letter to the earl of Saliſbury †."

Cowley wrote an elegy on his death.

* Harleian Collection, 160, 12.

† Howard's Coll. p. 513.

## *EDWARD CECIL*, VISCOUNT WIMBLETON,

A MARTIAL lord in the reigns of king James and king Charles, followed the wars in the Netherlands for the ſpace of thirty-five years, and was a general of great reputation till his miſcarriage in the expedition to Cales. He was ſecond ſon of the earl of Exeter, and grandſon of Burleigh. King Charles made him of his privy-council, governor of Portſmouth, and a peer. He has barely a title to this catalogue, and yet too much to be omitted: in the king's library are two tracts in manuſcript drawn up by his lordſhip *, one entitled

"The lord viſcount Wimbleton his method how the coaſts of the kingdom may be defended againſt any enemy, in caſe the royal navye ſhould be otherwiſe employed or impeached, 1628."

As I am unwilling to multiply authors unneceſſarily, it will be ſufficient to mention, that in the ſame place is another paper on the ſame ſubject with a noble name to it, and called

"† The opinion of the LORD GRAY, ſir JOHN NORRIS, &c. for the defence of the realm againſt invaſion, 1588."

Our peer's other piece is entitled

"Lord viſcount Wimbledon's demonſtration of divers parts of war; eſpecially of cavallerye ‡."

Among the Harleian MSS. are the following:

"Letter to the king, 30 Oct. 1635, that the navy and army are in readineſs for the attempt on the coaſt of Spain. Alſo his journal. And his an-

* Caſley's Catalogue, p. 276.

† Ib. 281.

‡ Ib. 283. There is a letter from Camden to this lord, who had conſulted him upon ſome precedent of diſcipline. *Camdeni, &c. Epiſt.* p. 351.

ſwer

ſwer to the colonel's objections: together with a liſt of the ſhips ſent with him. And alſo his inſtructions *."

" Others to prince Henry †."

" Speech made by ſir E. Cecil in the lower houſe of parliament, 1620, concerning the neceſſary meaſures to be taken againſt the deſigns of Spain ‡."

" A letter to ſir Simonds Dewes §."

Among the Conway Papers is a ſcheme " For the freeing the Palatinat by armes, &c."

There is extant beſides in print,

" The anſwer of the viſcount Wimbledon to the charge ‖ of the earl of Eſſex and nine other colonels at the council-table, relating to the expedition againſt Cales ¶."

" Some letters in the Cabala."

" A letter to the mayor of Portſmouth, reprehending him for the townſmen not pulling off their hats to a ſtatue of king Charles which his lordſhip had erected there; and taking notice that the ſigns of their inns obſcured and outfaced his majeſty's image **."

* Vide Catal. N° 3638, art. 12.

† Ib. N° 7007.

‡ Ib. N° 6799, 2.

§ Ib. N° 287, art. 136.

‖ The charge itſelf is in the ſame place, N° 6807, 16.

¶ It is printed at the end of lord Lanſdown's works, lord Wimbledon being ſuppoſed to be aſſiſted in it by ſir Richard Greenvile. Vide the Life of the latter in the *Biogr. Brit.* vol. iv. The journal of this voyage, with all the inſtructions, letters, &c. is among the Harl. MSS. N° 354, art. 34.

** Printed among the Stafford Papers, vol. i. p. 491.

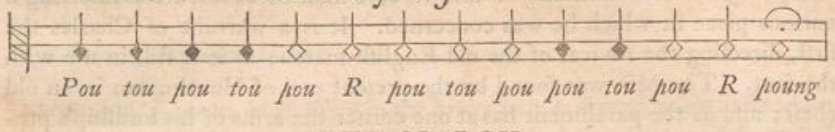
As

As we have few memoirs of this lord, I ſhall be excuſed for inſerting a curious piece in which he was concerned. It is a warrant of Charles the firſt, directing the revival of the old Engliſh march; as it is ſtill in uſe with the foot. The MS. was found by the preſent earl of Huntingdon in an old cheſt; and as the parchment has at one corner the arms of his lordſhip's predeceſſor, then living, the order was probably ſent to all lords lieutenants of counties.

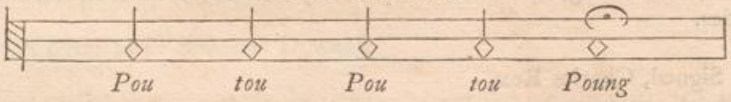
Signed, Charles Rex.

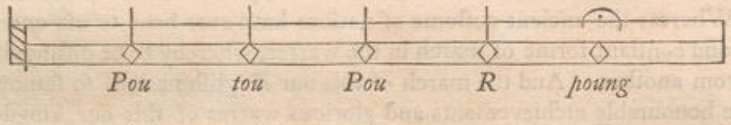
" Whereas the ancient cuſtome of nations hath ever bene to uſe one certaine and conſtant forme of march in the warres, whereby to be diſtinguiſhed one from another. And the march of this our Engliſh nation, ſo famous in all the honourable atchievements and glorious warres of this our kingdome in forraigne parts [being by the approbation of ſtrangers themſelves confeſt and acknowledged the beſt of all marches] was thorough the negligence and careleſneſs of drummers, and by long diſcontinuance ſo altered and changed from the ancient gravitie and majeſtie thereof, as it was in danger utterly to have bene loſt and forgotten. It pleaſed our late deare brother prince Henry to revive and rectifie the ſame, by ordayning an eſtabliſhment of one certaine meaſure which was beaten in his preſence at Greenwich anno 1610. In confirmation whereof, wee are graciouſly pleaſed at the inſtance and humble ſute of our right truſty and right well beloved couſin and counſellor Edward viſcount Wimbledon, to ſet down and ordaine this preſent eſtabliſhment hereunder expreſſed. Willing and commanding all drummers within our kingdome of England and principalitie of Wales exactly and preciſely to obſerve the ſame, as well in this our kingdome, as abroad in the ſervice of any forraigne prince or ſtate, without any addition or alteration whatſoever. To the end that ſo ancient, famous and commendable a cuſtome may be preſerved as a patterne and precedent to all poſteritie. Given at our palace of Weſtminſter the ſeventh day of February in the ſeventh yeare of our raigne of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland."

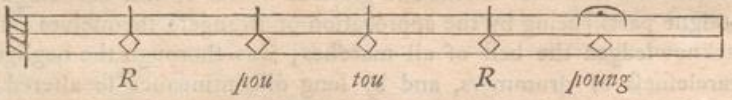
## *The* Voluntary *before the* March

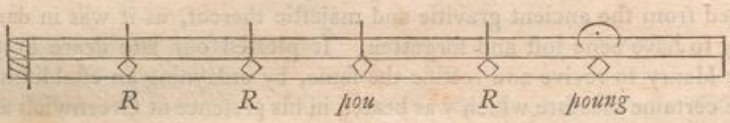


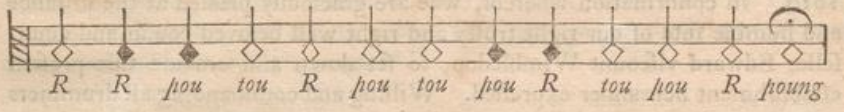

### THE MARCH

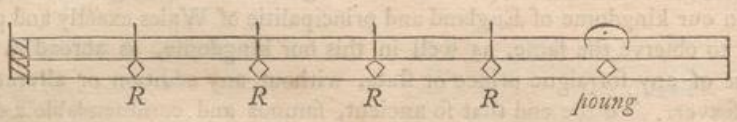


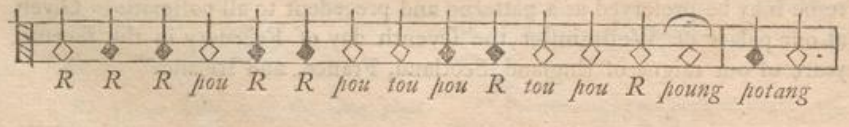




*Subſcribed Arundell & Surrey*
*This is a true Coſtie of the Originall Signed by his* Majtie
*Ed Norgate* Windſor

## *ROBERT CAREY*, EARL of MONMOUTH,

WAS a near relation of queen Elizabeth, but appears to have owed his preferment to the diſpatch he uſed in informing her ſucceſſor of her death. Her majeſty ſeems to have been as little fond of advancing her relations by the mother, as ſhe was ſolicitous to keep down thoſe who partook of her blood-royal *. The former could not well complain, when ſhe was ſo indifferent even about vindicating her mother's fame. This will excuſe our earl Robert's aſſiduity about her heir, which indeed he relates himſelf with great ſimplicity. The queen treated him with much familiarity: viſiting her in her laſt illneſs, and praying that her health might continue, ſhe took him by the hand and wrung it hard and ſaid, "No, Robin, I am not well," *and fetched not ſo few as forty or fifty great ſighs*, which he profeſſes he never knew her to do in all his life-time, but for the death of the queen of Scots. He found ſhe would die.——"I could not, ſays he, but think in what a wretched eſtate I ſhould be left, moſt of my livelyhood depending on her life. And hereupon I bethought myſelf with what grace and favour I was ever received of the king of Scots, whenſoever I was ſent to him. I did aſſure myſelf it was neither unjuſt nor unhoneſt for me to do for myſelf, if God at that time ſhould call her to his mercy." Theſe words are taken from an account of that princeſs's death, publiſhed by doctor Birch among ſir Thomas Edmonds's papers, and are extracted from the only work of this earl, viz.

"Memoirs of his own life;" publiſhed in 1759, by John earl of Cork and Orrery †.

* Yet the gallantry of his behaviour, particularly againſt the Spaniards when their famous armada was defeated, would have warranted her in being leſs ſparing of her favours to him. His portrait is preſerved in one of the borders of the tapeſtry hangings which record that great event.

† Dr. Birch told me a remarkable anecdote, not mentioned in theſe memoirs (which do not go down ſo late in time), but which he learned from a tradition preſerved by the earl of Monmouth's deſcendents. One day that Charles I. was gone to hunt, Harry Jermyn was in private with the queen. The king returned unexpectedly, and went to the queen's apartment: lord Monmouth, who knew who was there, pretended to fall up ſtairs, as he lighted the king, and by putting out the candles, and by the noiſe of his fall, gave Jermyn notice to eſcape. If this anecdote is genuine, it is plain that the earl of Monmouth had not in his old age loſt his preſence of mind in making his court.

A letter to his father, in which he relates the queen's anger againſt the latter, expreſſed in a full oath, is preſerved in the Harl. coll. N° 6993, art. 36.

## *HENRY MONTAGU*, EARL of MANCHESTER,

WAS grandſon of ſir Edward Montagu, lord chief juſtice of the King's-bench in the reign of Edward the ſixth, and was father of the lord Kimbolton, who with five members of the houſe of commons was ſo remarkably accuſed by king Charles the firſt. Earl Henry was bred a lawyer, and roſe ſwiftly through moſt of the ranks of that profeſſion to ſome of the greateſt honours of the ſtate and peerage: his preferments are thus enumerated by Lloyd in his State-worthies *; ſerjeant at law, knight, recorder of London, lord chief juſtice of the King's-bench, lord treaſurer of England †, baron of Kimbolton, viſcount Mandeville, preſident of the council, earl of Mancheſter, lord privy-ſeal. Lord Clarendon has drawn his character ‡. He lived to a very great age, and wrote a book called

"Mancheſter al mondo, or meditations on life and death."

A letter of his, much commended, to his ſon abbot Walter Montagu, on the latter's changing his religion, is preſerved among the Harleian MSS. § and another in N° 7001.

## *ROBERT GREVILE*, LORD BROOKE,

MADE a figure at the beginning of the civil war, and probably was a man of great virtue; for the royaliſt writers condeſcend to ſay, that if

* Page 1027.

† He bought his ſtaff of the counteſs of Buckingham for 20,000l. yet was removed within the year. He was aſked, on his return to London, "Whether he did not find wood extremely dear at Newmarket?" It was there he had received the white ſtick. *Howell's Letters*, ſect. 3. p. 116.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

§ N° 1506, art. 8.

he

he had lived a little longer, he would probably have ſeen through the deſigns of his party and deſerted them. This ſilly ſort of apology has been made for other patriots, and by higher writers than mere genealogiſts, as if nothing but the probability of a converſion could excuſe thoſe heroes who withſtood the arbitrary proceedings of Charles and his miniſters, and to whoſe ſpirit we owe ſo much of our liberty. Our antiquaries weep over the deſtruction of convents, and our hiſtorians ſigh for Charles and Laud! But there is not the leaſt reaſon to ſuppoſe that this lord Brooke would have abandoned his principles: lord Clarendon repreſents him as one of the moſt determined of the party; and it is not probable that a man who was on the point of ſeeking *liberty* in the foreſts of America, would have deſerted her banners when victorious in her own Britain. He and the lord Say and Seal had actually pitched upon a ſpot in New England, whither they propoſed to tranſport themſelves, when the exceſſes of the court threatened deſtruction to the freedom of their country. In 1635, the two lords ſent over Mr. George Fenwicke to prepare a retreat for them and their friends; in conſequence of which a little town was built, and called by their joint names Saybrook. But a nobler ſpirit ariſing, the two lords refuſed to the king's face to enter into the engagement, which he propoſed to the peers at York, of profeſſions of loyalty, and abhorrence of thoſe he called rebels. Their lordſhips were active in all the patriot meaſures in the houſe of lords; and the lord Brooke exerted the utmoſt ſpirit and gallantry in the war that followed, though he was one of the firſt victims in the cauſe of his country, being ſhot in the eye in 1643, as he was ſtorming the church-cloſe at Litchfield. It is lamentable that my lord Clarendon ſhould relate * gravely many remarks of the populace on his death, in their language called *judgments*. Lord Brooke it ſeems had prayed aloud that very morning, "That if the cauſe he was engaged in were not juſt and right, he might inſtantly be cut off."—Had lord Clarendon mentioned this as an inſtance of lord Brooke's ſincerity, it had been commendable: but did the noble hiſtorian ſuppoſe that the Ruler of the univerſe inflicts ſudden deſtruction as the way to ſet right a conſcientious man? Alas! the hiſtorian was not thinking of the Ruler of Heaven, but of thoſe trumpery vicegerents, who would indeed be more proper avengers of a royal cauſe! He ſays, "It was obſerved that the day of lord Brooke's death was ſaint Chadd's day, to whom Litchfield cathedral was formerly dedicated." My

* Vol. iii. p. 149.

lord

lord Clarendon with the majeſty of Livy was not without his ſuperſtition.—The Roman had his holy chickens, and lord Clarendon his ſaint Chadd *!

Lord Brooke's works are,

"The nature of truth, its union and unity with the ſoul, which is one in its eſſence, faculties, acts, one with truth." Lond. 1640, 12mo. This was addreſſed in a letter to his friend J. S. who publiſhed it with a preface. It was anſwered in 1643 by John Wallis, a miniſter in London, afterwards profeſſor of geometry at Oxford.

"A diſcourſe opening the nature of epiſcopacy, which is exerciſed in England." Lond. 1641. Antony Wood ſays his lordſhip was aſſiſted therein by ſome puritanical miniſters. Milton, a better judge, commends it for breathing the ſpirit of toleration—which was not the ſpirit of the puritans.

"Two ſpeeches ſpoken in the Guildhall, London, concerning his majeſty's refuſal of a treaty of peace." Lond. 1642.

"Anſwer to the ſpeech of Philip earl of Pembroke, concerning accommodation, in the houſe of lords, December 19, 1642." In one ſheet, quarto, printed by order of the houſe; re-printed in the collection of lord Somers's tracts †.

As the utmoſt impartiality is intended in this treatiſe, it is right to acquaint the reader, that this lord Brooke, with Roman principles, was not without Roman prejudices, and groſs ones too. In this ſpeech he declared his approbation of ſuch men in the parliament's army *as would piouſly have ſacrificed their own fathers to the commands of both houſes.* Was a

* There are many of theſe ominous reflections in the Athenæ Oxonienſes: party could lower my lord Clarendon's underſtanding to a level with Antony Wood's. *Vide Athen.* vol. i. p. 523. God's vengeance againſt the profaners of ſaint Chadd's day is largely treated of by Dr. South in one of his ſermons; though decently avoiding all mention of lord Brooke, and paying that reſpect to a noble family which he did not pay to his own common ſenſe.

† Vol. i. page 16.

man

man poſſeſſed with ſuch horrid enthuſiaſm on the point of changing his party *?

" Speech at the election of his captains and commanders at Warwick-caſtle." Lond. 1643.

## LORD KEEPER *LITTLETON*

IS ſo fully deſcribed by my lord Clarendon, and there are ſo few † additional circumſtances related of him elſewhere, that it would be an uſeleſs recapitulation to mention more than the liſt of his compoſitions, which are,

" Several ſpeeches ‡."

" Several arguments and diſcourſes."

" Reports in the Common-pleas and Exchequer."

" His humble ſubmiſſion and ſupplication to the houſe of lords, September 28, 1642." Uncertain if genuine §. And

" Two letters ‖."

* I leave this paſſage as it ſtood in the former editions, becauſe the juſtice due to the character of this patriot lord will appear in the ſtronger colours, when the cenſure extorted from me by the appearance of truth is contraſted with the real truth. In fact, his lordſhip never made the ſpeech in queſtion. From the private hiſtory of the earl of Clarendon it at laſt comes out, that that ſpeech was coined by the chancellor, who ſeems ſtruck with his own art, not with the lengths to which party carried men in order to blacken their antagoniſts. One might excuſe what he did in the turbulence of factions; one wonders that he could coolly recollect ſuch an impoſition ſo many years afterwards, without paying one repentant ſyllable of apology to an injured foe!—At leaſt let it be my part to obſerve, that this ſpeech, which he did *not* make, is the worſt act I can find recorded of lord Brooke. *See Life of lord Clarendon*, fol. part ii. p. 70, 1759.

† That good man biſhop Hall inſinuates in his *Hard Meaſure*, p. 48, &c. that the keeper attempted to make his peace with the prevailing party, by an untimely ſacrifice of the proteſtation of the biſhops. Vide *Biogr. Brit.* p. 2492. And whoever will examine vol. xi. pp. 46, 123, 199, of that curious and uſeful work the Parliamentary Hiſtory, will find inſtances of even more than time-ſerving or prevarication in the keeper.

‡ Wood, vol. ii. p. 83; and Harleian Collection, 161, 72.

§ Wood, vol. ii. p. 83.

‖ Harl. Catal N° 286, art. 180; and 374, 97.

# *ARTHUR* LORD CAPEL.

IT was a remarkable ſcene exhibited on the ſcaffold on which lord Capel fell: at the ſame time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant earl of Holland, whom neither the honours ſhowered on him by his prince, nor his former more tender connections with the queen, could preſerve from betraying, and engaging againſt both. He now appeared ſunk beneath the indignities and cruelty he received from men, to whom and from whom he had deſerted—while the brave Capel, who, having ſhunned the ſplendour of Charles's fortunes, had ſtood forth to guard them on their decline, trod the fatal ſtage with all the dignity of valour and conſcious integrity.

He wrote

"A book of meditations*," publiſhed after his death; to which are added a few of his letters†. Mr. Lort, of Trinity-college, Cambridge, has a copy of this book, given by the ducheſs dowager of Beaufort (lord Capel's daughter) to Francis Lowthorp in 1710; in which all the names are marked of the perſons to whom they were addreſſed. It is remarkable that the ſpirited remonſtrance in behalf of the king, p. 109, was written to Oliver Cromwell, and is ſubſcribed, "Your moſt affectionate friend." The firſt edition, under the title of "Daily obſervations or meditations divine and moral, written by a perſon of honour and piety," was publiſhed in 1654, without his name. It was reprinted in 1685 with his life, and then entitled, "Excellent contemplations divine and moral, written by the magnanimous and truly loyal Arthur lord Capel, &c."

"Stanzas, written while he was priſoner in the Tower," publiſhed in the Gentleman's magazine for February, 1757, p. 82.

* Fuller in Hertfordſhire, p. 28.

† His device was a ſceptre and crown, or, on a field azure, with this motto, Perfectiſſima Gubernatio. *Vide Catal. of Coronet-devices in the civil war, at the end of a thin pamphlet, called The Art of making Devices, done into Engliſh by T. Blount*, 1648.

# *EDWARD* Lord *HERBERT* of CHERBURY,

ONE of the greateſt ornaments of the learned peerage, was a man of a martial ſpirit and a profound underſtanding. He was made knight of the Bath when prince Henry was inſtalled for the Garter; and being ſent embaſſador to France to interpoſe in behalf of the proteſtants of that kingdom, he returned the inſolence of the great conſtable Luynes with the ſpirit * of a gentleman, without committing his dignity of embaſſador. It occaſioned a coolneſs between the courts, but the blame fell wholly on the conſtable. In 1625 ſir Edward was made a baron of Ireland, in 1631 of England, but in the cauſe of his country ſided with its repreſentatives †. He died in 1648, having written

" De veritate, prout diſtinguitur à revelatione, à veriſimili, à poſſibili, à falſo. Cui operi additi ſunt duo alii tractatus; primus, de cauſis errorum; alter, de religione laici. Unà cum appendice ad ſacerdotes de religione laici; & quibuſdam poematibus." It was tranſlated into French, and printed at Paris in quarto, in 1639. In this book the author aſſerts the doctrine of innate ideas. Mr. Locke, who has taken notice of this work, allows his lordſhip to be *a man of great parts*. Gaſſendi anſwered it at the requeſt of Peireſc and Diodati, but the anſwer was not publiſhed till after Gaſſendi's death. Baxter made remarks on the treatiſe De veritate, in his " More reaſons for the chriſtian religion;" and one Kortholt, a fooliſh German zealot, took ſuch offence at it, that he wrote a treatiſe entitled, " De tribus impoſtoribus magnis, Edvardo Herbert, Thomâ Hobbes, & Benedicto Spinoſâ, liber ‡."

" De

* Dr. Donne wrote a poem to him when he was at the ſiege of Juliers. *Donne's works*, p. 159.

† In the Parliamentary Hiſtory it is ſaid, that lord Herbert offended the houſe of lords by a ſpeech in behalf of the king, and that he attended his majeſty at York. Yet the very next year, on a cloſer inſight into the ſpirit of that party, he quitted them, and was a great ſufferer in his fortune from their vengeance. *Vide Parliamentary Hiſtory*, vol. xi. pages 3, 87.

‡ Gen. Dict. vol. vi. p. 122; Wood, vol. ii. p. 118. In Leland's View of deiſtical writers, vol. i. p. 24, it is ſaid that there exiſts a MS. life of this lord, *drawn up from memorials penned by himſelf*, in which is a moſt extraordinary account of his lordſhip putting up a ſolemn prayer for a ſign to direct him whether he ſhould publiſh his treatiſe De veritate or not; and that he interpreted a ſudden noiſe as an imprimatur. There is no ſtronger characteriſtic of human nature than its being open

" De religione gentilium, errorumque apud eos cauſis." The firſt part was printed at London 1645, 8vo. and the whole in 1663, qu°. and reprinted in 1700, 8vo. It was tranſlated into Engliſh by Mr. W. Lewis, 1705, 8vo.

" Expeditio Buckinghami ducis in Ream inſulam." Publiſhed by Tim. Baldwin, LL. D. 1656, Lond. 8vo.

" Life and reign of Henry the eighth." Lond. 1649, 1672, and 1682. Re-printed in Kennet's Compleat hiſtory of England. The original MS. was depoſited by the author, in 1643, in the archives of the Bodleian library. It was undertaken by command of king James the firſt, and is much eſteemed: yet one cannot help regretting that a man who found it neceſſary to take up arms againſt Charles the firſt, ſhould have palliated the enormities of Henry the eighth, in compariſon of whom king Charles was an excellent prince. It is ſtrange that writing a man's life ſhould generally make the biographer become enamoured of his ſubject; whereas one ſhould think that the nicer diſquiſition one makes into the life of any man, the leſs reaſon one ſhould find to love or admire him *.

" Occaſional

to the groſſeſt contradictions: one of lord Herbert's chief arguments againſt revealed religion is, the improbability that Heaven ſhould reveal its will to only a portion of the earth, which he terms *particular religion*. How could a man who doubted of *partial*, believe *individual revelation?* What vanity to think his book of ſuch importance to the cauſe of truth, that it could extort a declaration of the Divine will, when the intereſts of half mankind could not!

* It appears from a letter to archbiſhop Uſher, from ſir Henry Bourgchier, [afterwards earl of Bath] that in 1629 he was gathering materials for writing the hiſtory of Henry VIII. but there being no traces of any ſuch work extant, it is not improbable that he gave his collections to lord Herbert. This earl of Bath was a very ſtudious perſon and a great promoter of learning, as is evident from ſeveral of his letters to the prelate above mentioned; to whom he made an offer of publiſhing Dionyſius exiguus for him; and he actually tranſcribed for the preſs the Lives of David and Patrick by Giraldus Cambrenſis, of whoſe works he intended to give a complete edition. We learn from the ſame ſource that he bought Camden's library, and that he was in ſome public commiſſion; but our biographers and genealogiſts are very defective in their accounts of him, though both Dugdale and Sandford ſpeak of him with great encomiums. The latter ſays he was privy-ſeal to Charles I. and gives a draught of his monument. Lord Clarendon mentions him three or four times, but either ſlightly or with ill-humour. In vol. i. p. 240, lord Bath is ſaid to have no excellent or graceful elocution, for which reaſon a report drawn up by *Mr. Hyde* was read to the lords by another perſon; and in vol. iii.

p. 21,

"Occaſional poems." Lond. 1665, octavo. Publiſhed by H. Herbert, his younger ſon, and by him dedicated to Edward lord Herbert, grandſon of the author.

Others of his poems are diſperſed among the works of other authors, particularly in Joſhua Sylveſter's "Lacrymæ lacrymarum, or the ſpirit of tears diſtilled for the untimely death of prince Henry." Lond. 1613, quarto.

"His own life;" mentioned in a preceding note: this ſingular work was printed from the original MS. in 1764, at Strawberry-hill, and is perhaps the moſt extraordinary account that ever was given ſeriouſly by a wiſe man of himſelf. One knows not which is the more ſurpriſing, that a man who had lived in a duel ſhould write the book De veritate, or that, having written that book, he ſhould record the former part of his life with ſatisfaction and ſelf-applauſe.

In the library of Jeſus college, Oxford, are preſerved his lordſhip's hiſtorical collections *.

In the Harleian collection a letter, N° 286, art. 177; and four more in N° 1581.

p. 21, lord Clarendon ſays that the parliamentarians took lord Bath priſoner, and treated him with great harſhneſs and ignominy, "*though he neither had nor ever meant to do the king the leaſt ſervice;* but only out of the moroſity of his own nature had before expreſſed himſelf not of their minds." Some few circumſtances, collected chiefly from his lordſhip's own words, will evince that there was ſome private acrimony in theſe reflections: for, not to mention the great friendlineſs and modeſty that appear in lord Bath's letters to the archbiſhop, I muſt obſerve, that lord Clarendon himſelf names the earl among the peers who bore teſtimony to the king's declaration of not deſigning to make war on the parliament [a declaration ſo irreconcileable with their credit, that at leaſt they muſt be ſuppoſed to have deſigned *to do the king ſome ſervice*]. And in another place lord Clarendon ſays, the marquis of Hertford was accompanied into the Weſt by the earl of Bath, "thought then to be in notable power and intereſt in Devonſhire;"—words, which, though ſpoken invidiouſly, muſt be meant to undervalue the earl's influence, not his zeal. There is another letter of this lord Bath, in which he offers to ſerve ſir Simonds Dewes in his induſtrious ſearch of antiquities. *See Catal. of Harl. MSS.* No. 374, art. 72.

* Vide Account of the antiquities and curioſities of Oxford, 1749, p. 100.

"A dialogue on education, (ſuppoſed to be) written by lord Herbert," was publiſhed by Bathoe, in quarto, May 19, 1768.

He is buried at ſaint Giles's in the Fields, but had erected an allegorical monument for himſelf in the church of Montgomery, a deſcription of which is given by Lloyd *. His lordſhip had been indemniſied by the parliament for his caſtle of Montgomery, which they thought proper to demoliſh.

## *JAMES STANLEY*, EARL of DERBY.

AMONG the ſufferers for king Charles the firſt none caſt greater luſtre on the cauſe than this heroic lord, who ſeems to have been actuated by a true ſpirit of honour and diſintereſtedneſs. Some contracted great merit from their behaviour in that quarrel; the conduct and brave death of this lord were but the concluſion of a life of virtue, accompliſhments and humanity.

He wrote

"The hiſtory and antiquities of the iſle of Man, [his own little kingdom] with an account of his own proceedings and loſſes in the civil war: interſperſed with ſundry advices to his ſon." It was not completed as he intended it, but is publiſhed as he left it in Peck's Deſiderata curioſa †.

But what did him greater honour was the ſpirited anſwer he ſent to Ireton, who made him large offers if he would deliver up the iſland to him. Though that letter has been ‡ printed more than once, ſuch a model of brave natural eloquence cannot be thought tedious:

* Eng. Worthies, p. 1018.

† Vol. ii. lib. 11.

‡ In a collection of letters printed by Bickerton, 1745, p. 10; and in another in two volumes by Dodſley, 1755, vol. i. p. 190. There are ſome ſlight variations in the two copies, and the former by miſtake ſuppoſes the letter ſent to Cromwell inſtead of Ireton.

"I received

"I Received your letter with indignation, and with ſcorn return you this anſwer; that I cannot but wonder whence you ſhould gather any hopes that I ſhould prove like you, treacherous to my ſovereign; ſince you cannot be ignorant of my former actings in his late majeſty's ſervice, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I ſcorn your proffers; I diſdain your favour; I abhor your treaſon; and am ſo far from delivering up this iſland to your advantage, that I ſhall keep it to the utmoſt of my power to your deſtruction. Take this for your final anſwer, and forbear any farther ſolicitations; for, if you trouble me with any more meſſages of this nature, I will burn the paper and hang up the bearer. This is the immutable reſolution, and ſhall be the undoubted practice, of him who accounts it his chiefeſt glory to be his majeſty's moſt loyal and obedient ſubject

DERBY."

"From Caſtle-town this 12th of July, 1649."

## *JOHN DIGBY*, EARL of BRISTOL,

WAS father of the celebrated lord Digby, and by no means inconſiderable himſelf, though checked by the circumſtances of the times from making ſo great a figure in various lights, as fortune and his own talents ſeemed to promiſe. Marked for a ſeaſon as a favourite by king James, he was eclipſed by the predominant luſtre of the duke of Buckingham, and traverſed by the ſame impetuoſity in his Spaniſh negotiations, to which his grave and ſtately temper had adapted him. Being attacked by that over-bearing man, he repelled and worſted him; and ſhone greatly among the diſcontented in parliament: but the violences of that aſſembly ſoon diſguſted his ſolemn diſpoſition; for he that was not ſupple enough for a court, was by far too haughty for popularity. He would have been a ſuitable miniſter for Auſtrian phlegm, or a proper patriot in a diet, which would have been content to proceed by remonſtrance and memorial. A mercurial favourite, and a military ſenate, overſet him *.

In his youth he was a poet, and wrote

* Vide Clarendon, and Antony Wood, vol. ii. p. 163.

" Verſes on the death of ſir Henry Unton of Wadley, Berks."

" Other poems;" one of which, an air for three voices, was ſet by H. Lawes, and publiſhed in his " Ayres and dialogues." Lond. 1653, fol.

" A tract wherein is ſet down thoſe motives and ties of religion, oaths, laws, loyalty and gratitude, which obliged him to adhere unto the king in the late unhappy wars in England."

" A tract wherein he vindicates his honour and innocency from having in any kind deſerved that injurious and mercileſs cenſure of being excepted from pardon or mercy either in life or fortunes." Theſe two pieces have the general title of his Apology.

" An appendix to the firſt tract," and printed together with both pieces, and " Two of his ſpeeches, at Caen, 1647:" thin folio. Reprinted 1656: quarto.

" Tract on the intended marriage of prince Henry." MS. *

" Anſwer to the declaration of the houſe of commons, Feb. 11, 1647, againſt making any more addreſſes to the king." Caen, 1648, quarto.

" An addition to the above." MS.

" Narrative of his embaſſy to the emperor." MS. Harl. Coll. 160.

" Several letters in the Cabala, and in the Harl. Collection, in vols. 160, 1580, 6799; and one in ſir David Dalrymple's Memorials and letters of ſtate, ſecond edit. 1766."

Tranſlation of Peter du Moulin's book, entitled " A defence of the catholic faith, contained in the book of king James againſt the anſwer of N. Coeffeteau, &c." Lond. 1610. The dedication to the king is in the name of J. Sandford, his chaplain.

" Speeches." MSS. Harl. Coll. 1579, 6799.

* Harl. Coll. N° 852, 5.

# *ULICK DE BURGH,* MARQUIS of CLANRICKARDE, and EARL of St. ALBANS.

HE was ſon of the great earl of Clanrickarde by that remarkable woman the lady Frances, ſole daughter and heireſs of ſir Francis Walſingham, widow of ſir Philip Sidney and of Robert earl of Eſſex, and mother of the generals of the parliament's army in England and of the king's army in Ireland, Robert the ſecond earl of Eſſex, and this lord Ulick, who is repreſented as a man of great honour, and, though a ſteady Roman catholic*, was a zealous ſervant of the king againſt the Iriſh rebels, ſucceeding the marquis of Ormond in his lieutenancy and ill ſucceſs. He loſt an immenſe eſtate in that kingdom; and being obliged to ſubmit to the ſuperior arms of the parliament, he retired to England in 1657, and died within the year at his houſe called Summer-hill, in Kent. He has left a large collection of papers relating to the affairs of the Iriſh rebellion: they were publiſhed imperfectly at London in 1722, in octavo, under the title of

"Memoirs of the right honourable the marquis of Clanrickarde, lord deputy of Ireland, containing ſeveral original papers and letters of king Charles the ſecond, the queen mother, the duke of York, the duke of Lorrain, the marquis of Ormond, archbiſhop of Tuam, lord viſcount Taaffe, &c. relating to the treaty between the duke of Lorrain and the Iriſh commiſſioners from February 1650, to Auguſt 1653. [ſaid to be] Publiſhed from his lordſhip's original manuſcript. To which is prefixed a diſſertation containing ſeveral curious obſervations concerning the antiquities of Ireland."

But a complete edition has been lately given in folio, by the preſent earl, called

"The memoirs and letters of Ulick marquis of Clanrickarde and earl of St. Albans, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and commander in chief of the forces

* His mother turned papiſt after lord Eſſex's death.

of

of king Charles the firſt in that kingdom during the rebellion, governor of the county and town of Galway, lord lieutenant of the county of Kent, and privy counſellor in England and Ireland. Printed from an authentic manuſcript, and now firſt publiſhed by the preſent earl of Clanrickarde. Lond. 1757. With a dedication to the king, and an account of the family of De Burgh."

The title of the new edition is more proper than the former, as it is in reality little more than a collection of letters ſtrung together to preſerve the connection.

## *HENRY CAREY*, EARL of MONMOUTH.

THE depreſſion of the nobility after the death of Charles the firſt threw many of them into ſtudious retirement; of which number this ſecond earl of Monmouth * appears to have been the moſt laborious. He ſeems to have diſtruſted his own abilities, and to have made the fruits of his ſtudies his amuſement, rather than his method of fame. Though there are ſeveral large volumes tranſlated by him, we have ſcarce any thing of his own compoſition; and are as little acquainted with his character as with his genius. Antony Wood †, who lived ſo near his time, and who tells us that the earl was made a knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles prince of Wales in 1616, profeſſes that he knows nothing more of him but the catalogue of his works, and that he died in 1661. In ſir Henry Chauncy's Hertfordſhire is the inſcription on his monument in the church at Rickmanſworth, which mentions his living forty-one years in marriage with his counteſs, Martha, daughter of the lord treaſurer Middleſex.

There are extant of his lordſhip's no leſs than ſeven folios, two octavos, and a duodecimo, beſides the following

"Speech in the houſe of peers, Jan. 30, 1641, upon occaſion of the preſent diſtractions, and of his majeſty's removal from Whitehall." Lond. 1641.

* He had been excluded from ſitting in parliament, and committed to the Tower, by the prevailing party, as early as July 1642.

† Vol. ii. p. 257.

"Romulus

"Romulus and Tarquin, or, De principe et tyranno." Lond. 1637, 12mo. A tranſlation from Marq. Virg. Malvezzi. Sir John Suckling has written a copy of verſes in praiſe of this tranſlation, printed in his Fragmenta aurea. Lond. 1648.

"Hiſtorical relations of the united provinces of Flanders." Lond. 1652, folio. Tranſlated from cardinal Bentivoglio.

"Hiſtory of the wars in Flanders." Lond. 1654, folio. From the ſame author. Before this tranſlation is the earl of Monmouth's picture; and a commendatory copy of verſes in Latin by Waller.

"Advertiſements from Parnaſſus in two centuries; with the politic touch-ſtone." Lond. 1656, folio. From Boccalini.

"Politic diſcourſes, in three books." Lond. 1657, folio. The original by Paul Paruta, a noble Venetian. To which is added, "A ſhort diſcourſe," in which Paruta examines the whole courſe of his life.

"Hiſtory of Venice, in two parts;" from the ſame author. Lond. 1658, folio. "With the wars of Cyprus," wherein the famous ſieges of Nicoſia and Famagoſta, and the battle of Lepanto are contained.

"The uſe of the paſſions." Lond. 1649, 8vo. With a long dedication to Jeſus Chriſt by the original author, and a copy of verſes by the tranſlator; and

"Man become guilty, or the corruption of his nature by ſin." London. Both written in French by J. Francis Senault. Before the latter is a buſt of the earl, engraved by Faithorne, who, when he took pains, was an admirable engraver.

"The hiſtory of the late wars of Chriſtendom." 1641, folio. I believe this, which Wood ſays he never ſaw, is the ſame work with his tranſlation

of "Sir Francis Biondi's hiſtory of the civil wars of England, between the houſes of York and Lancaſter *."

His lordſhip began alſo to tranſlate from the Italian, "Priorato's hiſtory of France," but died before he could finiſh it. It was completed by William Brent, eſq. and printed at London, 1677.

## *MILDMAY FANE*, EARL of WESTMORLAND.

ALL I can ſay of this lord is, that he wrote

"A very ſmall book of poems," which he gave to, and is ſtill preſerved in, the library of Emanuel-college, Cambridge †.

## *DUDLEY* LORD *NORTH*,

THE third baron of this accompliſhed family, was one of the fineſt gentlemen in the court of king James, but in ſupporting that character diſſipated and gamed away the greateſt part of his fortune. In 1645 he appears to have acted with the parliament, and was nominated by them to the adminiſtration of the admiralty in conjunction with the great earls of Northumberland, Eſſex, Warwick and others. He lived to the age of eighty-five, the latter part of which he paſſed in retirement, having written a ſmall folio of miſcellanies in proſe and verſe, under this title,

"A foreſt promiſcuous of ſeveral ſeaſons productions. In four parts." 1659. The proſe, which is affected and obſcure, with many quotations and alluſions to ſcripture and the claſſics, conſiſts of eſſays, letters, characters in the manner of ſir Thomas Overbury, and devout meditations on his misfor-

* Vide Biogr. Brit. page 2146.

† Among the poems of Robert Herrick, eſq. printed in 1648, is one addreſſed to this lord, deſiring him to print his verſes. Page 200.

tunes. The verſe, though not very poetic, is more natural, and written with the genteel eaſe of a man of quality: a ſpecimen of which, being very ſhort, I ſhall produce *.

AIR.

" So full of courtly reverence,
So full of formal fair reſpect,
Carries a pretty double ſenſe,
Little more pleaſing than neglect.
It is not friendly, 'tis not free;
It holds a diſtance half unkind:
Such diſtance between you and me
May ſuit with yours, but not my mind.
Oblige me in a more obliging way;
Or know, ſuch over-acting ſpoils the play."

There is one ſet of a ſort of ſonnets, each of which begins with a ſucceſſive letter of the alphabet.

## *EDWARD SOMERSET*, MARQUIS of WORCESTER,

APPEARS in a very different light in his public character, and in that of author: in the former he was an active zealot; in the latter, a fantaſtic projector and mechanic—in both very credulous. Though literary character be the intention of this catalogue, it is impoſſible to give any idea of this lord merely from the ſole work that he has publiſhed, it being nothing more than, ſcarce ſo much as heads of chapters. His political character is ſo remarkable, that it opens and makes even his whimſicalneſs as a writer leſs extraordinary. In ſhort, this was the famous earl of Glamorgan, ſo created by Charles the firſt, while heir apparent to the maquis of Worceſter. He was a bigoted catholic, but in times when *that* was no diſ-recommendation at court, and when it grew a merit. Being of a nature extremely enterpriſing, and a warm royaliſt, he was diſpatched into Ireland by the king.——

* Page 98.

Here hiſtory lays its finger, at leaſt is interrupted by controverſy. The cenſurers of king Charles charge that prince with ſending this lord to negotiate with the Iriſh rebel catholics, and to bring over a great body of them for the king's ſervice. The devotees of Charles would diſculpate him, and accuſe the lord Glamorgan of forging powers from the king for that purpoſe. The fact ſtands thus: the treaty was diſcovered *; the earl was impriſoned by the king's ſervants in Ireland †, was diſmiſſed by them unpuniſhed before the king's pleaſure was known. The parliament complained; the king diſavowed the earl, yet wrote to have any ſentence againſt him ſuſpended, renewed his confidence in him; nor did the earl ever ſeem to reſent the king's diſavowal, which with much good-nature he imputed to the neceſſity of his majeſty's affairs. This myſterious buſineſs has been treated at large in a book publiſhed in 1747; and again with an appendix, in 1756, called, "An inquiry into the ſhare which king Charles the firſt had in the tranſactions of the earl of Glamorgan, &c." It is there ſtrenuouſly aſſerted againſt Mr. Carte that the king was privy to the negotiation. Seven years elapſed without Mr. Carte's reply. Two months before he died, he was ſuppoſed to be the author of an advertiſement promiſing an anſwer. From the treatiſe juſt mentioned it appears plainly that the king was at leaſt far from diſapproving the attempt for his ſervice; that the oftener he diſavowed it, the more faintly he denied it; and that his beſt friends cannot but confeſs that he had delivered blank warrants or powers to the earl; and his majeſty's own letters ſeem to allow every latitude which the earl took, or could take, in filling them up. Thus ſtands the diſpute.—I cannot help forming an opinion, which, without reconciling, will comprehend what may be the ſtrongeſt ſentiments on either ſide. With the king's enemies, I cannot but believe he commiſſioned the earl to fetch Iriſh forces—with his favourers, I cannot think him ſo much to blame if he did. It requires very primitive reſignation in a monarch to ſacrifice his crown and his life, when perſecuted by ſubjects of his own ſect, rather than preſerve both by the aſſiſtance of others of his ſubjects, who differed from him in ceremonials or articles of belief ‡. *The dreadful Iriſh pa-*

* By the parliament of England.

† See lord Digby's and Glamorgan's letters on this affair in the Parl. Hiſt. vol. xiv. p. 224.

‡ His majeſty, at leaſt, in accepting their ſupport, would but have acted as a pious princeſs has done ſince, whom nobody will ſuſpect of tenderneſs for heretics.—In the laſt war the empreſs queen excuſed herſelf to the pope, for making uſe of the aſſiſtance of England, with this remarkable expreſſion, "Ces ſont des braves impies."

*piſts*,

*fifts*, [and they certainly were horrid men] ſounded very pathetically in a party remonſtrance of the parliament: but when he was dipped in a civil war, can we in this age ſeriouſly impute it to him as a crime that he endeavoured to raiſe an army wherever he could? His fault was not in propoſing to bring over the Iriſh, but in having made them neceſſary to his affairs. Every body knew that he wanted to do without them, all that he could have done with them. He had found the crown in poſſeſſion of greater power than is fit to be truſted in a ſingle hand: he had exerted it to the utmoſt. Could a man, who had ſtretched every ſtring of prerogative, conſent with a good grace to let it be curtailed?—I argue for the man, not for the particular man. I think Charles to be pitied, becauſe few men in his ſituation would have acted better *.—I am ſure if he had acted with more wiſdom it had been worſe for us! It required a nobleneſs of ſoul and an effort of underſtanding united, neither of which he poſſeſſed, to prefer the happineſs of mankind to his own will. He had been bred in a palace; what idea could that give him of the wretchedneſs of a cottage? Beſides, Charles did not deſire to oppreſs the poor: he wanted to humble, perhaps to enſlave ſome free ſpeakers in the houſe of commons, who poſſibly, by the bye, he knew were ambitious, intereſted, worthleſs men. He did not know, or did not reflect, that by enſlaving or ſilencing two or three hundred bad men, he would entail ſlavery on millions of poor honeſt men and on their poſterity. He did not conſider, that if he might ſend a member to the Tower, an hundred of his ſubaltern miniſters would, without his knowledge, ſend a thouſand poor men to jail. He did not know, that by his becoming king of the parliament, his lords, nay, his very cuſtom-houſe officers, would become the tyrants of the reſt of his ſubjects. How ſeldom does a criſis happen like that under Henry the ſeventh, when the inſolence of the little tyrants the nobility is grown to ſuch a pitch that it becomes neceſſary for the great tyrant the king to truſt liberty in the hands of the commons, as a balance between him and his lords!—It is more ſeriouſly objected to Charles, that, to obtain their aſſiſtance, he granted terms to his catholic ſubjects very unſuitable to the character of a proteſtant martyr king, as he has been repreſented. Yet they are his friends who give weight to this objection: if they would allow what was true, and what appeared clearly from his majeſty's letter, when prince, to pope Gre-

* Since this was publiſhed Mrs. Macaulay has proved ſuch double-dealing on the king, and ſuch conceſſions to the catholics, even to conſenting that his children ſhould be educated to a certain age in their religion, that not only his proteſtant piety becomes very equivocal, but I am obliged to own, that I hope few men would have acted ſo ill in his ſituation.

gory

gory xvth, that Charles had been originally not only not averſe to the Romiſh religion, but had thought the union of the two profeſſions very practicable and conſiſtent, it would ceaſe to appear extraordinary, that he ſhould very readily make conceſſions to a party whom he believed his friends, in order to prevent being forced to make conceſſions to his enemies. With his principles, could Charles avoid thinking that it was better to grant great indulgences to catholic biſhops, than to be obliged to conſent to the depreſſion or even ſuppreſſion of epiſcopacy in England? The convocation itſelf perhaps would not have thought Charles much in the wrong. Yet it is certain that the king ſent orders to the marquis of Ormond to endeavour to diſunite the papiſts and turn their arms on one another, rather than grant them more indulgences *. In my opinion, a toleration to papiſts is preferable to intrigues for making them cut one another's throats.—But to return to Glamorgan.—

The king, with all his affection for the earl, in † one or two letters to others mentions his want of judgment.—Perhaps his majeſty was glad to truſt to his indiſcretion. With *that* his lordſhip ſeems greatly furniſhed. We find him taking oaths upon oaths to the pope's nuntio, with promiſes of unlimited obedience both to his holineſs and his delegate; and ‡ begging five hundred pounds of the Iriſh clergy to enable him to embark and fetch fifty thouſand pounds, like an alchemiſt, who demands a trifle of money for the ſecret of making gold. In another letter he promiſes two hundred thouſand crowns, ten thouſand arms for foot, two thouſand caſes of piſtols, eight hundred barrels of powder, and thirty or forty ſhips well provided! It is certain that he and his father waſted an immenſe ſum in the king's cauſe; of all which merits and zeal his majeſty was ſo ſenſible, that he gave the earl the moſt extraordinary patent that perhaps was ever granted §, the chief powers of which were to make him generaliſſimo of three armies, and admiral, with nomination of his officers, to enable him to raiſe money by ſelling his majeſty's woods, wardſhips, cuſtoms, and prerogatives, and to create by blank patents ‖, to be filled up at Glamorgan's pleaſure, from the rank of marquis to baronet. If any thing could juſtify the delegation of ſuch authority, be-

* Parl. Hiſt. vol. xiv. p. 95.

† Birch's Inquiry, p. 123.

‡ Ib. 219.

§ Vide Collins's Peerage in Beaufort.

‖ If the earl had abuſed the king's power before, how came his majeſty to truſt him again? to truſt him with blank powers? and of a nature ſo unknown? The houſe of lords did not queſtion the reality of the ſecond commiſſion, which yet was more incredible than the former; eſpecially if the former had been forged.

ſides

ſides his majeſty having loſt all authority when he conferred it, it was the promiſe with which the king concluded of beſtowing the princeſs Elizabeth on Glamorgan's ſon. It was time to adopt him into his family when he had into his ſovereignty *. This patent the marquis after the reſtoration gave up to the houſe of peers †. He did not long ſurvive that æra, dying in 1667, after he had publiſhed the following amazing piece of folly:

"A century of the names and ſcantlings of ſuch inventions as at preſent I can call to mind to have tried and perfected [my former notes being loſt], &c." Firſt printed in the year 1663, and re-printed in 1746. It is a very ſmall piece, containing a dedication to Charles the ſecond; another to both houſes of parliament, in which he affirms having, in the preſence of Charles the firſt, performed many of the feats mentioned in his book; a table of contents, and the work itſelf, which is but a table of contents neither, being a liſt of an hundred projects, moſt of them impoſſibilities, but all of which he affirms having diſcovered the art of performing. Some of the eaſieſt ſeem to be, how to write with a ſingle line; with a point; how to uſe all the ſenſes indifferently for each other, as, to talk by colours, and to read by the taſte; to make an unſinkable ſhip; how to do and prevent the ſame thing; how to ſail againſt wind and tide; how to form an univerſal character; how to converſe by jangling bells out of tune; how to take towns, or prevent their being taken; how to write in the dark; how to cheat with dice; and, in ſhort, how to fly. Of all theſe wonderful inventions the laſt but one ſeems the only one of which his lordſhip has left the ſecret: and by two ‡ of the others, it appears that the renowned biſhop Wilkins was but the marquis's diſciple.—But perhaps too much has been ſaid on ſo fantaſtic a man. No

* Among the Harl. MSS. N° 1470, art. 38, is a copy of a Latin inſtrument by this lord granting to L. Morgan, eſq. of Gray's inn, the liberty of bearing the portcullis, the creſt of the houſe of Somerſet, under the coronet of a marquis in an eſcutcheon: and another ſimilar, to Thomas Bayly, eſq. N° 1470, art. 145. This mark of grandeur was common among our ancient nobility; the retainers of great families often bore the arms of their patron, but with ſome variation. In the ſame collection are inſtances of even private perſons who communicated their arms to others. *See No.* 1178, 41.

† In the New Peerage by Guthrie, under the article of Somerſet duke of Beaufort, is inſerted a curious letter from the marquis, which looks as if he had had a mind to retrieve his own fortunes, when he found his maſter's were deſperate. The author of the Peerage ſuſpects that the conſciouſneſs of this time-ſerving weighed with the marquis to ſurrender his patent. It might: but without having forfeited his loyalty, can any man ſuppoſe that he would have been permitted to enjoy ſuch extravagant powers?

‡ The univerſal character, and the art of flying.

wonder

wonder he believed tranſubſtantiation, when he believed that himſelf could work impoſſibilities!

He publiſhed beſides, what he called,

"An exact and true definition of the moſt ſtupendious water-commanding engine, invented by the right honourable (and deſervedly to be praiſed and admired) Edward Somerſet lord marquis of Worceſter, and by his lordſhip himſelf preſented to his moſt excellent majeſty Charles the ſecond, our moſt gracious ſovereign." It is a thin pamphlet in ſmall quarto, of only 22 pages, and ſo far from a definition, it does not even contain a deſcription of the engine. There are indeed ſome wonderful properties of it barely mentioned, like thoſe in his century. The remainder of the pamphlet is filled up with an act of parliament, allowing him the monopoly of ſuch an engine, and reſerving the tenth of the profits to the king, though, as the act expreſſes it, on the marquis's ſimple affirmation of the diſcovery he had made; with four wretched verſes of his own in commendation of his invention, with the Exegi monumentum of Horace, and the Barbara pyramidum ſileat of Martial, and with ſome Latin and Engliſh verſes panegyricizing the noble inventor, by James Rollock, an old dependent on his lordſhip.

As I would by no means ſwell this catalogue unneceſſarily, I ſhall under the article of this marquis of Worceſter ſay a little of his father, in whoſe name two or three pieces are publiſhed, and yet without conſtituting him an author.

He appears to have been a worthy and diſintereſted man *, living with credit and character at his caſtle of Ragland during the peaceable part of king Charles's reign, and defending it for him at his own expence till the very concluſion of the war, it being the laſt garriſon that ſurrendered. The marquis, the richeſt of the peers, ſpent his fortune in the cauſe, and died a priſoner ſoon after the demolition of his caſtle, the articles of the capitulation having been violated. One doctor Thomas Bayly, ſon of the author of The practice of piety, had found his lordſhip in the Welſh mountains, had given him ſerviceable information of the approach of the enemy; and having been witneſs to ſome converſations on religion between the king, who was twice

* Antony Wood, vol. ii. pages 98, 99, 100.

ſheltered at Ragland, and the marquis, who had early embraced the catholic religion, doctor Bayly, as preparatory to his own ſubſequent change, publiſhed, in the year 1649, a book called

"Certamen religioſum *, or a conference between king Charles the firſt, and Henry late marquis of Worceſter, concerning religion, in Ragland-caſtle, 1646." This piece gave great offence, and was anſwered by Hamon L'Eſtrange, by Chriſtopher Cartwright of York, and by an advertiſement of doctor Heylin, the editor of king Charles's works, wherein they aſſerted that the conference was the fiction of Bayly, and had nothing reſembling his majeſty's ſtyle. Bayly returned abuſe on Heylin in another book, called "Herba parietis;" and to aſcertain the capacity of the marquis for ſuch a controverſy, which had been called in queſtion, he publiſhed

"The † golden apothegms of king Charles the firſt, and Henry marquis of Worceſter, &c." Lond. 1660, in one ſheet in quarto. In another place Wood ‡ calls this little piece

"Worceſter's apothegms, or witty ſayings of the right honourable Henry late marquis and earl of Worceſter, &c." In both places Wood ſays this was borrowed from the work of an anonymous author, called

"Witty apothegms delivered at ſeveral times, and upon ſeveral occaſions, by king James the firſt, king Charles the firſt, the marquis of Worceſter, Francis lord Bacon, and ſir Thomas More." Lond. 1650, 8vo.

What wit there was in king James's bon-mots we pretty well know: having never ſeen the collection in queſtion, I can only judge of the marquis's wit from a ſaying recorded by Antony Wood. His lordſhip being made priſoner was committed to the cuſtody of the black-rod, who then lived in Covent-garden: the noble marquis, ſays his hiſtoriographer §, demanded of doctor Bayly and others in his company, *What they thought of*

* Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 568.

† Ib. p. 569.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 99.

§ Ibid.

*fortune-tellers?* It was anſwered, *That ſome of them ſpoke ſhrewdly.* Whereupon the marquis ſaid, "It was told me by ſome of them, before ever I was a catholic, that I ſhould die in a convent; but I never believed them before now; yet I hope they will not bury me in a garden!"—I am not eager to ſee more proofs of his capacity!

## *GEORGE MONCKE*, DUKE of ALBERMARLE.

THIS memorable man, who raiſed himſelf by his perſonal merit within reach of a crown, which he had the prudence or the virtue to wave, whoſe being able to place it on the head of the heir is imputed to aſtoniſhing art or ſecrecy, when in reality he only furniſhed a hand to the heart of a nation; and who, after the greateſt ſervices that a ſubject could perform, either wanted the ſenſe*, or had the ſenſe to diſtinguiſh himſelf no farther; [for perhaps he was ſingularly fortunate in always embracing the moment of propriety] this man was an author; a light in which he is by no means known, and yet in which he did not want merit. After his death was publiſhed by authority a treatiſe in his own profeſſion, which he compoſed while a priſoner in the Tower: it is called

"Obſervations upon military and political affairs, written by the moſt honourable George duke of Albermarle, &c." A ſmall folio, Lond. 1671. Beſides a dedication to Charles the ſecond, ſigned John Heath, the editor; it contains thirty chapters of martial rules interſperſed with political obſervations, and is in reality a kind of military grammar. Of the ſcience I am no judge: the remarks are ſhort, ſenſible and pointed. Armour was not yet in diſuſe: he tells *his young galants* †, "That men wear not arms becauſe they

* The fooliſh author of a life of Moncke, in the Biographia Britannica, mentions three accuſations brought againſt him by Burnet, which, ſays that writer, is almoſt ſufficient to overthrow them. The ſame perſon, defending the abilities of the general againſt the biſhop, urges, that as Moncke paſſed through London after the fire, the mob cried out, that if his grace had been there the city had not been burned; and produces this as a proof of their opinion of his capacity. Undoubtedly the opinion of the mob, eſpecially when delivered in ſo egregious an abſurdity, is excellent authority! One cannot wonder that a man who quotes the mob and their nonſenſe, ſhould undervalue the veracity and good ſenſe of the prelate.

† Page 23.

are afraid of danger, but becauſe they would not fear it." I mention this to ſhow his manner. He gives an odd reaſon for the uſe of pikes, preferable to ſwords; "that if you arm your men with the latter, half the ſwords amongſt the common men will on the firſt march be broken with cutting boughs *."

We have beſides

"The ſpeech of general Moncke in the houſe of commons concerning the ſettling the conduct of the armies of the three nations for the ſafety thereof †."

"Speech and declaration of his excellency the lord general Moncke, delivered at Whitehall, February 21, 1659, to the members of parliament at their meeting, before the re-admiſſion of the formerly ſecluded members ‡."

"Letter to Jervaſe Pigot §."

"Letters written by general Moncke relating to the reſtoration ‖." London, 1714-15.

## *CHARLES STANLEY*, EARL of DERBY,

A PEER of whom extremely little is known. His father loſt his head, and he his liberty, for Charles the ſecond. The grateful king rewarded the ſon with the lord-lieutenancies of two counties. He has written a piece of controverſy, the title of which is

"The proteſtant religion is a ſure foundation of a true chriſtian and a good ſubject, a great friend to human ſociety, and a grand promoter of all virtues, both chriſtian and moral. By Charles earl of Derby, lord of Man and the iſles." Lond. 1671, the ſecond edition; a very thin quarto.

This piece contains a dedication "To all ſupreme powers, by what titles ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed, *i. e.* to emperors, kings, ſovereign princes,

* Page 27.
† Vide Buckingham's Works, vol. i. p. 344.
‡ Somers's Tracts, third coll. vol. ii. p. 155.
§ Peck's Deſid. Curi. vol. i. lib. vi. p. 26.
‖ Harl. Catal. vol. iv. p. 585.

republics, &c." An epiſtle to the reader; another longer on the ſecond edition; and the work itſelf, which is a dialogue between Orthodox, a royaliſt, and Cacodæmon, one popiſhly affected. His lordſhip is warm againſt the church of Rome, their caſuiſts, and the jeſuits; and ſeems well read in the fathers and in polemic divinity, from both which his ſtyle has adopted much acrimony. At the end of this tract is another, called "Truth triumphant, in a dialogue between a papiſt and a quaker, wherein (I ſuppoſe) is made manifeſt that quaking is the offspring of popery; at the leaſt, the papiſt and the quaker are [fratres uterini] both of one venter." This lord died in 1672. His father, as has been ſaid, was the brave James earl of Derby; his mother, the heroine who defended Latham-houſe, grand-daughter of the great prince of Orange: a compound of proteſtant heroiſm that evaporated in controverſy.

## *EDWARD MONTAGU*, Earl of SANDWICH,

A WELL known character in our hiſtory, and one of the moſt beautiful in any hiſtory. He ſhone from the age of nineteen, and united the qualifications of general, admiral and ſtateſman. All parties, at a time when there was nothing but parties, have agreed that his virtues were equal to his valour and abilities. His few blemiſhes are not mentioned here, but as a proof that this elogium is not a phantom of the imagination. His adviſing the Dutch war was a fatal error to himſelf, and might have been ſo to his country and to the liberty of Europe. His perſuading Cromwell to take the crown was an unaccountable infatuation, eſpecially as his lordſhip was ſo zealous afterwards for the reſtoration. It ſeems he had a fond and inexplicable paſſion for royalty, though he had early acted againſt Charles the firſt. The earl admired Cromwell; yet could he imagine that in any light a diadem would raiſe the protector's character? Or how could a man who thought Cromwell deſerved a crown, think that Charles the ſecond deſerved one? If his lordſhip ſuppoſed Engliſh minds ſo framed to monarchy, that they muſt recoil to it, was Cromwell a man to be tender of a conſtitution, which Charles the firſt had handled too roughly*? The earl's zeal for reſtoring Charles

* It is often urged with great emphaſis, that when a nation has been accuſtomed for ages to ſome particular form of government, it will [tho' that form of government may be changed for a time] always revert to it. No argument ſeems to me to have leſs ſolidity; for unleſs the climate, the

Charles the ſecond could not flow from any principle of hereditary right; for he had contributed to dethrone the father, and had offered the ſon's crown to the uſurper. Lord Sandwich was ſacrificed by another man having as weak a partiality for royal blood: his vice-admiral, ſir Joſeph Jordan, thought the duke of York's life better worth preſerving, and abandoned the earl to the Dutch fireſhips!

It is remarkable that admiral Montagu was the laſt commoner who was honoured with the garter, except one man, to whoſe virtues and merit may ſome impartial pen do as much juſtice, as I have ſatisfaction in rendering to this great perſon!

We have of his lordſhip's writing,

"A letter to ſecretary Thurloe*."

"Several letters during his embaſſy to Spain;" publiſhed with Arlington's letters. A great character of theſe diſpatches is given in the Lives of the admirals †.

"Original letters and negotiations of ſir Richard Fanſhaw, the earl of Sandwich, the earl of Sunderland, and ſir William Godolphin, wherein divers matters between the three crowns of England, Spain and Portugal, from the year 1663 to 1678, are ſet in a clear light." Two vols. 8vo.

"Others among the Harleian MSS. N° 7010."

And a ſingular tranſlation called

"The art of metals, in which is declared the manner of their generation, and the concomitants of them. In two books. Written in Spaniſh by

the air, and the ſoil of a country can imbibe habits of government or infuſe them, no country can in reality have been accuſtomed to any ſort of government but during the lives of its actual inhabitants. Were men, born late in the reign of Charles the firſt, bred to entertain irradicable prejudices in favour of royalty? It is ſuppoſed that no country is ſo *naturally* propenſe to *liberty* as England.——Is it *naturally* propenſe to *monarchy* too?——Is *monarchy* the *natural* vehicle of liberty?

* Vide Thurloe's State Papers, vol. i. p. 726.

† Vol. ii. p. 402.

Albaro

Albaro Alonzo Barba, M. A. curate of ſaint Bernard's pariſh in the imperial city of Potoſi in the kingdom of Peru in the Weſt Indies, in the year 1640. Tranſlated in the year 1669, by the right honourable Edward earl of Sandwich." Lond. 1674, a ſmall octavo. A ſhort preface of the editor ſays, "The original was regarded in Spain and the Weſt Indies as an ineſtimable jewel; but that falling into the earl's hands, he enriched our language with it, *being content that all our lord the king's people ſhould be philoſophers.*"

The preſent earl of Sandwich has thirteen large MSS. written by his anceſtor, containing his diary, relations of his voyages, embaſſies, journeys, negotiations, correſpondences, and obſervations; and accompanied with plans, draughts, views, &c. There are ſeveral curious paſſages, and a moſt minute and ſcrupulous exactneſs.

## *JOHN POWLETT*, MARQUIS of WINCHESTER,

GRANDSON of the marquis mentioned above; an imitator of the earl of Monmouth, whom I may call *the tranſlator;* like the preceding lord, a prodigious ſufferer for the royal cauſe, and not more bountifully rewarded. Indeed one does not know how to believe what our hiſtories record, that his houſe at Baſing, which he defended for two years together, and which the parliamentarians burned in revenge, contained money, jewels, and furniture, to the value of two hundred thouſand pounds. Of what was compoſed the bed valued at fourteen thouſand pounds? In every window the marquis wrote with a diamond, *Aimez loyauté.* His epitaph was the compoſition of Dryden.

His lordſhip tranſlated from French into Engliſh

"The gallery of heroic women." Lond. 1652. Howell wrote a ſonnet in praiſe of this work*.

"Talon's holy hiſtory." Lond. 1653, qu°.

* Vide his Letters, book iv. letter 49.

And

And other books, which, ſays Antony Wood, I have not yet ſeen*.

## *WILLIAM CAVENDISH*, DUKE of NEWCASTLE;

A MAN extremely known from the courſe of life into which he was forced, and who would ſoon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he choſe for himſelf. Yet as an author he is familiar to thoſe who ſcarce know any other author—from his book of horſemanſhip. Though *amorous in poetry and muſic*, as my lord Clarendon ſays †, he was fitter to break Pegaſus for a manage, than to mount him on the ſteeps of Parnaſſus. Of all the riders of that ſteed perhaps there have not been a more fantaſtic couple than his grace and his faithful ducheſs, who was never off her pillion. One of the noble hiſtorian's fineſt portraits is of this duke: the ducheſs has left another; more diffuſe indeed, but not leſs entertaining. It is equally amuſing to hear her ſometimes compare her lord to Julius Cæſar, and oftener to acquaint you with ſuch anecdotes, as in what ſort of coach he went to Amſterdam. The touches on her own character are inimitable: ſhe ſays ‡, "That it pleaſed God to command his ſervant Nature to *indue* her with a poetical and philoſophical genius even from her birth, for ſhe did write ſome books even in that kind before ſhe was twelve years of age." But though ſhe had written philoſophy, it ſeems ſhe had read none; for at near forty ſhe informs us that ſhe applied to the reading of philoſophic authors—"in order to learn the terms of art §." But what gives one the beſt idea of her unbounded paſſion for ſcribbling, was her ſeldom reviſing the copies of her works, *leſt it ſhould diſturb her following conceptions* ‖. What a picture of fooliſh nobility was this ſtately poetic couple, retired to their own little domain, and intoxicating one another with circumſtantial flattery on what was of conſequence to no mor-

* Vol. ii. p. 525.

† Vol. ii. p. 507.

‡ Dedication.

§ Ibid.

‖ She had a ſervant on purpoſe who lay in a truckle-bed within her bed-chamber, and whenever in the night ſhe felt inſpiration ſhe called out, "John, I conceive;" on which ſummons he roſe, and wrote down the fruits of her reveries.

tal

tal but themſelves! In that repoſitory of curious portraits at Welbeck is a whole length of the ducheſs in a theatric habit, which tradition ſays ſhe generally wore. Beſides lord Clarendon's deſcription, and his own ducheſs's life of this nobleman, there is a full account of him in the Biographia Britannica*, where the ample encomiums would endure ſome abatement. He ſeems to have been a man in whoſe character ridicule would find more materials than ſatire.

"La methode nouvelle de dreſſer les chevaux; avec figures; or the new method of managing horſes; with cuts." Antwerp, 1658, folio. This was firſt written in Engliſh, and tranſlated into French by a Walloon.

"A new method and extraordinary invention to dreſs horſes, and work them according to nature by the ſubtlety of art." Lond. 1667, folio. This ſecond piece, as the duke informs his reader, "is neither a tranſlation of the firſt, nor an abſolute neceſſary addition to it; and may be of uſe without the other, as the other hath been hitherto, and ſtill is, without this. But both together will queſtionleſs do beſt." A noble edition of this work has been printed of late years in this kingdom.

"The exile, a comedy†."

"The country captain, a comedy;" written during his baniſhment, and printed at Antwerp, 1649: afterwards preſented by his majeſty's ſervants at Black-fryars, and very much commended by Mr. Leigh.

"Variety, a comedy;" preſented by his majeſty's ſervants at Black-fryars: firſt printed in 1649, and generally bound with The country captain. It was alſo highly commended in a copy of verſes by Mr. Alexander Brome.

"The humorous lovers, a comedy;" acted by his royal highneſs's ſervants. Lond. 1677, qu°. This was received with great applauſe, and eſteemed one of the beſt plays at that time.

"The triumphant widow, or the medley of humours, a comedy;" acted by his royal highneſs's ſervants. Lond. 1677, qu°. This piece pleaſed Mr.

* Page 1214. † Vide Theatr. Records, p. 57.

Shadwell ſo much that he tranſcribed part of it into his Bury-fair, one of the moſt ſucceſsful plays of that laureate. His biographer ſays, "That his grace wrote in the manner of Ben Jonſon, and is allowed by the beſt judges not to have been inferior to his maſter." I cannot think theſe panegyrics very advantageous: What compoſitions, that imitated Jonſon's pedantry, and mixed well with Shadwell's poverty! Jonſon, Shadwell, and ſir William Davenant, were all patronized by the duke.

His poems are ſcattered among thoſe of his ducheſs, in whoſe plays too he wrote many ſcenes.

There is a letter of inſtructions from him to his pupil prince Charles, among the Harleian MSS. N° 6988, 60.

One does not know whether to admire the philoſophy or ſmile at the triflingneſs of this and the laſt-mentioned peer, who after ſacrificing ſuch fortunes * for their maſter, and during ſuch calamities of their country, could accommodate their minds to the utmoſt idleneſſes of literature.

## *EDWARD HYDE*, EARL of CLARENDON,

FOR his comprehenſive knowledge of mankind ſtyled † *The chancellor of human nature*. His character at this diſtance of time may, ought to be impartially conſidered. His deſigning or blinded cotemporaries heaped the moſt unjuſt abuſe upon him: the ſubſequent age, when the partiſans of prerogative were at leaſt the loudeſt, if not the moſt numerous, ſmit with a work that deified their martyr, have been unbounded in their encomiums. We ſhall ſteer a middle courſe, and ſeparate his great virtues, which have *not* been the foundation of his fame, from his faults as an hiſtorian, the real ſources of it.

* It is computed by the ducheſs of Newcaſtle, that the loſs ſuſtained by the duke from the civil wars, rather ſurpaſſed than fell ſhort of 733,579 l. *Vide the Life.*

† Vide Critical and philoſophical inquiry into the cauſes of prodigies and miracles as related by hiſtorians, quoted in the Gen. Dict. vol. vi. p. 341.

Of all modern virtues patriotiſm has ſtood the teſt the worſt. The great Strafford, with the eloquence of Tully and the heroiſm of Epaminondas, had none of the ſteadineſs of the latter. Hampden, leſs ſtained, cannot but be ſuſpected of covering ambitious thoughts with the mantle of popular virtue.—In the partition of employments on a treaty with the king, his *contenting* himſelf with aſking the poſt of governor to the prince ſeems to me to have had at leaſt as deep a tincture of ſelf-intereſtedneſs as my lord Strafford had, who ſtrode at once from demagogue to prime-miniſter. Sir Edward Hyde, who oppoſed an arbitrary court, and embraced the party of an afflicted one, muſt be allowed to have acted conſcientiouſly. A better proof was his behaviour on the reſtoration, when the torrent of an infatuated nation entreated the king and his miniſter to be abſolute. Had Clarendon ſought nothing but power, his power had never ceaſed. A corrupted court and a blinded populace were leſs the cauſes of the chancellor's fall, than an ungrateful king, who could not pardon his lordſhip's having refuſed to accept for him the ſlavery of his country *. In this light my lord Clarendon was more *The chancellor of human nature*, than from his knowledge of it. Like juſtice itſelf, he held the balance between the neceſſary power of the ſupreme magiſtrate and the intereſts of the people. This never-dying obligation his cotemporaries were taught to overlook and to clamour againſt †, till they removed the only man,

* This ſingular ſervice to his country is aſcribed to lord Clarendon, yet it is remarkable that neither in his Life nor in the Continuation of his Hiſtory, though written ſo careſully for his own juſtification and for the ſatisfaction of his family, he any where pleads this higheſt merit. If from tenderneſs to the king, the compliment, the ſacrifice was ſingular indeed! From ſome paſſages one would almoſt ſuſpect the fact, yet ſuch ſervices are ſeldom imputed to fallen miniſters without foundation. In one place the chancellor ſays, *that the parliament granted all that the king did or could expect from them*: p. 163 ‡. And he once aſked his majeſty, *if in three years any thing had fallen out ſhort of his expectation*: p. 187 §. Indeed the king owned that the chancellor always inſiſted *too much* upon the *laws*: p. 446 ‖. I can only reconcile theſe circumſtances by ſuppoſing, what will add to his character the virtue of modeſt ignorance, that he prevented from innate uprightneſs an illegal ſtretch of the prerogative, without perceiving the obligation he laid on his country, or the offence it imprinted on the mind of his maſter.

† Burnet inſiſts much on this merit and offence: but then he ſays it was a crime imputed to him by his enemies to enrage the king. Yet as the biſhop ſets out with declaring that he drew many of his materials from a ſon of lord Clarendon, and as he couples to this account a ſtory of the death of the chancellor's father, who with his laſt words enjoined him to be tender of the laws of

‡ *Vide Continuation of his Hiſtory.* § *Ibid.* ‖ *Ibid.*

man, who, if he could, would have corrected his master's evil government. One reads with indignation that buffooneries too low and insipid for Bartholomew-fair were practised in a court called *polite*, to make a silly man of wit laugh himself into disgracing the only honest minister he had*. Buckingham, Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, Arlington, and such abominable men were the exchange which the nation made for my lord Clarendon! It should not be forgotten that sir Edward Seymour carried up the charge against him, and that the earl of Bristol had before attempted his ruin, by accusing him of being at once an enemy and a friend to the papists. His son-in-law † did not think him the latter, or he would have interposed more effectually in his behalf.

These I have mentioned and almost every virtue of a minister make his character venerable. As an historian he seems more exceptionable. His majesty and eloquence, his power of painting characters, his knowledge of his subject, rank him in the first class of writers—yet he has both great and little faults. Of the latter, his stories of ghosts and omens are not to be defended by supposing he did not believe them himself: there can be no other reason for inserting them, nor is there any medium between believing and laughing at them. Perhaps even his favourite character of lord Falkland takes too considerable a share in the history: one loves indeed the heart that believed till he made his friend the hero of his epic. His capital fault is, his whole work being a laboured justification of king Charles. No man ever delivered so much truth with so little sincerity. If he relates faults, some palliating epithet always slides in; and he has the art of breaking his darkest shades with gleams of light that take off all impression of horror.—One may

of his country, the whole account seems to come from good authority. As we know too from Burnet that lord Clarendon often took upon himself the blame of what the king had done contrary to his advice, I am still inclined to ascribe this merit to the chancellor, and his silence upon it, to his unwillingness to load a worthless master.

* The conduct of Charles strikes one naturally with this observation: He and his grandfather Henry IV. had many resembling points in their characters; both, fond of women, and profuse to them; both, men of wit, of cheerfulness, and easy society; neither, strict in morals or religious principles; for, if either believed, it was vice versâ the very contrary of what they professed. Their ministers were still more alike. Clarendon and Sully were both, faithful, honest, able, œconomic, overbearing, severe and sour; and each had and did essentially serve their masters. Henry had the good sense to bear with a disagreeable minister, who was necessary to him; Charles, who neither cared for his people's interest or his own, disgraced the chancellor.

† The duke of York.

pronounce on my lord Clarendon in his double capacity of ſtateſman and hiſtorian, that he acted for liberty, but wrote for prerogative.

There have been publiſhed of his lordſhip's writing

" An elegy on doctor Donne; printed at the end of the doctor's poems."

" His epitaph on his firſt wife, in Aſhmole's Berkſhire."

" Some Engliſh commendatory verſes prefixed to ſir W. Davenant's tragedy of Albovine, printed in 1629."

" Many letters to promote the reſtoration*."

" Several ſpeeches in parliament during his chancellorſhip, from the reſtoration to 1667;" at leaſt ten of them.

" A full anſwer to an infamous and traitorous pamphlet, entitled, A declaration of the commons of England in parliament aſſembled, expreſſing the grounds and reaſons of paſſing their late reſolutions touching no farther addreſs or application to be made to the king." Lond. 1648, qu°.

" The difference and diſparity between the eſtates and conditions of George duke of Buckingham and Robert earl of Eſſex. Printed in the Reliquiæ Wottoniæ." Lond. 1672, octavo. It is a kind of anſwer to ſir Henry Wotton's parallel of thoſe two favourites, and, though written when Mr. Hyde was very young, is much preferable to the affected author it anſwers.

" Animadverſions on a book called, Fanaticiſm fanatically imputed to the catholic church by doctor Stillingfleet, and the imputation refuted and retorted by J. C. By a perſon of honour." Lond. 1674, octavo. Twice printed that year.

* Printed in Vitâ Johannis Barwick. *Vide General Dictionary*, vol. vi. p. 336; and *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iv. p. 2332.



" A letter

" A letter to the duke of York, and another to his daughter the ducheſs, on her embracing the Roman catholic religion*."

" A brief view and ſurvey of the dangerous and pernicious errors to the church and ſtate, in Mr. Hobbes's book entitled Leviathan." Oxf. 1676, quarto. The dedication to the king is dated at Moulins, May 10, 1673.

" A collection of ſeveral tracts of the right honourable Edward earl of Clarendon, &c. publiſhed from his lordſhip's original manuſcripts." Lond. 1727, folio.

He made likewiſe alterations and additions to a book entitled,

" A collection of the orders heretofore uſed in chancery." Lond. 1661, octavo. His lordſhip was aſſiſted in this work by ſir Harbottle Grimſtone, maſter of the Rolls.

" Hiſtory of the rebellion and civil wars in Ireland," printed at London in octavo, 1726.

" Hiſtory of the rebellion." The firſt volume was printed at Oxford in folio, 1702; the ſecond in 1703; the third in 1704. It has been ſeveral times re-printed ſince in ſix volumes octavo. A French tranſlation was printed at the Hague in 1704, and 1709, twelves †.

His lordſhip left beſides in manuſcript a ſecond part of his Hiſtory; a performance long detained from, though eagerly deſired by, and at laſt bequeathed to the public by his lordſhip's amiable deſcendent and heir of his integrity, the late lord Hyde and Cornbury ‡. It was publiſhed, with his life

* Two other letters on remarkable occaſions are preſerved among the Harl. MSS. N° 7001.

† In the defence of the authenticity of lord Clarendon's Hiſtory publiſhed in Hooker's weekly miſcellany, Laurence Hyde earl of Rocheſter is, from ſeveral circumſtantial proofs, aſſerted to be author of the preface to his father's Hiſtory, though it is generally attributed to Atterbury, Aldridge, and Smalridge.

‡ It is not of conſequence enough to form a ſeparate article; and therefore I ſhall only mention here, that Henry earl of Clarendon, eldeſt ſon of the chancellor, drew up an account of the monuments in the cathedral at Wincheſter in 1683, which was continued, and was printed with the hiſtory of that church by Samuel Gale, 1715. In 1763 were publiſhed two large quarto volumes, containing the letters of this earl Henry during his

life written by himſelf, in folio, 1759; and if inferior in ſome parts to his Hiſtory of the rebellion, the ſingular anecdotes, and noble reaſonings, place it, notwithſtanding its inaccuracies, on a level with the beſt works of the kind. On Monday April 9, and Tueſday 10, 1764, were ſold by auction at Baker's the bookſeller in York-ſtreet, the remains of lord Clarendon's MSS. containing original ſketches of ſome of his works, and letters to and from his lordſhip, with other ſtate-papers.

## *GEORGE DIGBY*, EARL of BRISTOL;

A SINGULAR perſon, whoſe life was one contradiction. He wrote againſt popery * and embraced it: he was a zealous oppoſer of the court, and a ſacrifice for it; was conſcientiouſly converted in the midſt of his proſecution of lord Strafford, and was moſt unconſcientiouſly a proſecutor of lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himſelf and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unſucceſsful commander. He ſpoke for the teſt-act though a Roman-catholic, and addicted himſelf to aſtrology on the birth-day of true philoſophy.

We have of his writing,

"Letters between the lord George Digby and ſir Kenelm Digby knight, concerning religion." Lond. 1651. This was a controverſy on popery, in which lord Digby ſhews that the Roman-catholic religion has no foundation on tradition, or on the authority of the fathers, &c. Sir Kenelm was not

his government of Ireland; and his diary. The latter relates ſome curious anecdotes; but the writer appears to have been a weak man, who knew not how to ſteer his conſcience between zealous proteſtantiſm and almoſt boundleſs devotion to king James.

* Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Hiſtory, aſcribes this lord's converſion to his deſpair of the king's affairs after the battle of Worceſter, and to a deſign of puſhing his fortune in Spain, which country he immediately abandoned on the reſtoration—yet did not revert to his old religion—probably, becauſe he was appriſed that the king had left it too. This is the more likely, as his majeſty's converſion is dated from the journey to Fontarabia; and it is remarkable that lord Clarendon ſays, (p. 84.) that the dilatorineſs thrown into that progreſs was not *the leaſt miſchief* done then by lord Briſtol. As the chancellor is ſilent on what was *the greateſt miſchief* occaſioned by Briſtol, is it not probable that he alludes to the king's converſion?

only a papiſt, but an occult philoſopher: if lord Digby had happened to laugh at that nonſenſe too, he would probably have died in ſearch of the grand elixir.

" Several ſpeeches *."

" Several letters †."

" A letter to Charles the ſecond, on being baniſhed from his preſence ‡."

" Elvira, or the worſt not always true; a comedy." For this he was brought into ſir John Suckling's Seſſion of poets.

" Excepta è diverſis operibus patrum Latinorum." MS. §

" The three firſt books of Caſſandra;" tranſlated from the French, 8vo.

He is ſaid to be author of

" A true and impartial relation of the battle between his majeſty's army and that of the rebels near Aileſbury, Bucks, September 20, 1643." In lord Digby's library at Sherburn-caſtle, is a piece entitled An anſwer to the lord George Digby's apology for himſelf, publiſhed in January 1642, by Theophilus Philanax Geruſiphilus Philalethes Decius.

And I find under his name, though probably not of his writing, the following piece:

" Lord Digby's Arcana aulica, or Walſingham's manual of prudential maxims for the ſtateſman and the courtier." 1655 ‖.

* Ant. Wood, vol. ii. p. 579; and Harleian MSS. 830, 1327, 1579, 6801.

† Ibid. and Harl. MSS. 6016, 13.

‡ Collection of Letters, vol. ii. p. 51.

§ Wood, ib.

‖ Harl. Catal. vol. ii. p. 755.

# *DENZIL* Lord HOLLES:

A CHARACTER very unlike the earl of Briſtol's: the one embraced a party with levity, and purſued it with paſſion; the other took his part on reflection, and yet could wave it, though his paſſions were concerned. The courage of Digby blazed by choice; that of Holles * burned by neceſſity. Through their life, the former acted from the impulſe of great parts; the latter, of common ſenſe; and in both the event was what in thoſe caſes it generally is, Digby was unfortunate and admired; Holles was ſucceſsful and leſs renowned.

On a ſtrict diſquiſition into the conduct of the latter, he ſeems to have been a patriot both by principle and behaviour, and to have thoroughly underſtood the ſtate of his country, and its relations with Europe, its dangers from royal power, from uſurpation, from anarchy, from popery, from the increaſe of the French empire: on every criſis I have mentioned he acted an honeſt and uniform part. He early oppoſed the enormous exertion of the prerogative by Charles the firſt and his miniſters, carrying up the impeachment againſt Laud, ſuffering a ſevere impriſonment for his free ſpirit, and being marked by the king in that wild attempt of accuſing the five members. Yet he ſeems to have been one of the firſt alarmed at the deſigns of thoſe who propoſed to chaſtiſe as well as to correct; and who meaned to retain the power as well as the office of puniſhment. At the treaty at Oxford, where he was one of the commiſſioners from the parliament, he ventured, in hopes of healing the diſtractions, to adviſe the king what to anſwer: an employment that claſhed a little with his truſt, and in which his ſagacity did not ſhine; for, though the king followed his advice, it had no effect. However, the intention ſeemed upright; and his ſo eaſily forgetting the perſonal injuries he had received, reflects great honour on his memory. He refuſed to act in the proſecution of lord Strafford, who was his brother-in-law, and

* A remarkable inſtance of his ſpirit was his challenging general Ireton, who pleading, "That his conſcience would not permit him to fight a duel," Holles pulled him by the noſe, telling him, "That if his conſcience would not let him give redreſs, it ought to prevent him from offering injuries."

againſt

againſt the biſhops; yet he was eſteemed the head of the preſbyterian party; and in the iſle of Wight adviſed his majeſty to give up epiſcopacy. The defects of his character ſeem to have been, that his principles were * ariſtocratic, [demonſtrated by all experience to be the moſt tyrannous ſpecies of government, and never imbibed but by proud and ſelf-intereſted men] that his oppoſition to the army was too much founded on a perſonal enmity to Cromwell; and that he ſat on the trial of the regicides, who at worſt but chaſtiſed the faults which his lordſhip had pointed out. Lord Holles acted zealouſly for the reſtoration, and, while the dawn of the king's reign was unclouded, accepted employments and embaſſies from the crown, conſiſtent with his honour and duty to his country. As ſoon as the catholic rudder was uncovered, he again reverted to patriot oppoſition. When ſir William Temple's privy-council was eſtabliſhed, lord Holles, though eighty-two, yet never thinking himſelf paſt ſerving his country, accepted a place in it; but died ſoon after.

While he was an exile in France he wrote

"Memoirs of Denzil lord Holles, baron of Iſfield in Suſſex, from the year 1641 to 1648." Publiſhed in 1699. They are little more than the apology for his own conduct, and a virulent ſatire on his adverſaries. The extraordinary wording of the dedication takes off all hopes of impartiality: it is addreſſed "To the unparalleled couple, Mr. Oliver St. John, his majeſty's ſolicitor-general, and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, the parliament's lieutenant-general, the two grand deſigners of the ruin of three kingdoms." Much temper was not to be expected from an exile in a religious and civil war: from the extreme good ſenſe of his lordſhip's ſpeeches and letters, one ſhould not have expected that weak attempt to blaſt Cromwell for a coward. How a judicatory in the *temple of Fame* would laugh at ſuch witneſſes as a major-general Crawford, and a colonel Dalbier†! Cæſar and Cromwell are not amenable to a commiſſion of oyer and terminer.

* It has been objected to me, that lord Holles's writings ſeem to argue for democracy; but it is certain that the tenor of his conduct and of his memoirs was to oppoſe and revile the low-born and popular leaders, as ſoon as they had deprived his lordſhip and his aſſociates of their aſcendant in the commonwealth. It is in vain for a man to pretend to democratic principles, who prefers monarchy to the conſtant, natural and neceſſary conſequences of a democracy.

† Two obſcure men whom lord Holles quotes to prove inſtances of Cromwell's want of ſpirit.

There are publiſhed beſides,

" Two letters to the earl of Strafford*;" publiſhed among the Strafford Papers.

" A ſpeech in behalf of ſir Randal Carew†," who had been chief-juſtice of the King's-bench, but was removed for delivering his opinion againſt loan-money.

" Another‡," very good.

" Speech in parliament, January 31, 1642, upon the poor tradeſmen's petition §."

" Speech at the lords' bar, January 31, 1642, upon the impeachment of the earls of Northampton, Devonſhire, Monmouth, &c.‖"

" Speech in the Guildhall¶."

" His ſpeech as chairman of the committee on the reſtoration**."

" A fine letter to monſieur Van Benninghen, [who had been embaſſador in England from Holland] to promote an union againſt France††."

" A letter from Paris to ſir William Morrice, ſecretary of ſtate‡‡."

" His remains," being a ſecond letter to a friend concerning the judicature of the biſhops in parliament, 1682 §§.

* Vide that Collection, and Collins's Hiſtorical account of the families of Cavendiſh, Holles, &c. page 100.

† Printed in the Diurnal Occurrencies, p. 261; and in Collins, p. 111.

‡ Ibid.

§ Catalogue of the Middle Temple Library, page 492.

‖ Ibid. p. 491.

¶ Ibid. p. 493.

** Commons' Journal, vol. x. p. 49.

†† Printed originally in quarto, and in Collins ubi ſupra, p. 152.

‡‡ Ibid. p. 159.

§§ Biogr. vol. iv. p. 2651.

" Grand

" Grand queſtion concerning the judicature of the houſe of peers ſtated*."

" A pamphlet, in vindication of ſome French gentlemen falſely accuſed of a robbery †."

Some of his letters and a ſpeech in MS. may be found in the Harl. Coll. N° 7010, and 2305, 120.

## *DUDLEY* LORD NORTH‡,

SON of the lord North before mentioned, was made a knight of the Bath in 1616, at the creation of Charles prince of Wales, and ſat in many parliaments, till ſecluded by the prevailing party in that which condemned the king. From that period lord North lived privately in the country, and, as the biographer § of the family informs us, towards the latter end of his life entertained himſelf with juſtice-buſineſs, books, and (as a very numerous iſſue required) œconomy; on which ſubject, beſides the enſuing pieces, he wrote a little tract called

" Obſervations and advices œconomical." 12mo.

" Paſſages relating to the long parliament," with an apologetic, or rather recantation-preface. He had, it ſeems, at firſt been active againſt the king.

" Hiſtory of the life of the lord Edward North, the firſt baron of the family." Addreſſed to his eldeſt ſon. Written ſenſibly and in a very good ſtyle, yet in vain attempting to give a favourable impreſſion of his anceſtor, who appears to have been a very time-ſerving perſon: though chancellor of the augmentation-office on the ſuppreſſion of convents, and though he had

* I have met with this title no where but in the Harl. Catal. vol. iv. p. 771.

† Biogr. vol. iv. p. 2649.

‡ This lord diſcovered the medicinal ſprings at Tunbridge, from which himſelf and ſo many others have received benefit. *Vide Hiſtory of Tunbridge-wells, in which there is a circumſtantial account of that event.*

§ Vide Roger North's Life of lord-keeper Guildford, in the preface.

married his ſon to the duke of Northumberland's daughter-in-law, he was immediately in favour with queen Mary, and made a baron by her!

"Eſſays*." Printed in 1682. The ſubjects are, "I. Light in the way to Paradiſe. II. Of truth. III. Of goodneſs. IV. Of eternity. V. Of original ſin."

## *JAMES TOUCHET,*
## EARL of CASTLEHAVEN and BARON AUDLEY.

IF this lord, who led a very martial life, had not taken the pains to record his own actions (which however he has done with great frankneſs and ingenuity), we ſhould know little of his ſtory, our hiſtorians ſcarce mentioning him; and even our writers of anecdotes, as Burnet, or of tales and circumſtances, as Roger North, not giving any account of a court-quarrel occaſioned by his lordſhip's memoirs. Antony Wood alone has preſerved this event, but has not made it intelligible. The earl was a catholic; far from a bigoted one, having ſtiffly oppoſed the pope's nuntio in Ireland†, and treating the monks with very little ceremony when he found them dabbling in ſedition‡. He himſelf had been a commander in the Iriſh rebellion for the confederate catholics, but afterwards made all the amends he could to the king's cauſe, ſerving under the marquiſes of Ormond and Clanrickarde. A little before the ruin of the latter, lord Caſtlehaven was diſpatched by him to the young king at Paris, whoſe ſervice when he found deſperate, he engaged with the great prince of Condé then in rebellion; attended that hero in moſt of his celebrated actions; returned to England on the reſtoration; entered into the Spaniſh ſervice in Flanders; was witneſs to the unſucceſsful dawn of king William's glory; and died in 1684. He wrote

"The earl of Caſtlehaven's review, or his memoirs of his engagement and carriage in the Iriſh wars." Enlarged and corrected with an appendix and poſtſcript. Lond. 1684. This I ſuppoſe was the ſecond edition. The earl

* Collins's Peerage, vol. iv. p. 260, laſt edit. † Vide his Memoirs, p. 121. ‡ Ib. p. 142.

had been much cenſured for his ſhare in the Iriſh rebellion, and wrote thoſe memoirs to explain his conduct rather than to excuſe it; for he freely confeſſes his faults, and imputes them to provocations from the government of that kingdom, to whoſe raſhneſs and cruelty, conjointly with the votes and reſolutions of the Engliſh parliament, he aſcribes the maſſacre. There are no dates, little method, and leſs ſtyle in theſe memoirs; defects atoned in ſome meaſure by a martial honeſty. Soon after their publication the earl of Angleſey, lord privy-ſeal, wrote to aſk a copy. Lord Caſtlehaven ſent him one, but denying the work as his. Angleſey, who had been a commiſſioner in Ireland for the parliament, thinking himſelf affected by this narrative, publiſhed Caſtlehaven's letter, with obſervations and reflections very abuſive on the duke of Ormond, which occaſioned, firſt a printed controverſy, and then a trial before the privy-council; the event of which was, that Angleſey's firſt letter was voted a ſcandalous libel, and himſelf removed from the cuſtody of the privy-ſeal; and that the earl of Caſtlehaven's memoirs, on which he was ſeveral times examined, and which he owned, were declared a ſcandalous libel on the government: a cenſure that ſeems very little founded; there is not a word that can authorize that ſentence from the council of Charles the ſecond, but the imputation on the lords-juſtices of Charles the firſt; for I ſuppoſe the privy-council did not pique themſelves on vindicating the honour of the republican parliament! Biſhop Morley wrote "A true account of the whole proceedings betwixt James duke of Ormond and Arthur earl of Angleſey*." Folio. More of this affair will be found in the article of Angleſey.

A pompous edition of the earl's memoirs has been publiſhed in folio by his deſcendent the preſent earl. Edmund Borlaſe wrote "Brief reflections" on the original publication. *Vide Anecdotes of Brit. topogr. p.* 233.

## *HENRY PIERPOINT*, MARQUIS of DORCHESTER,

APPEARED but little in the character of an author, though he ſeems to have had as good foundation for being ſo as any on the liſt. He ſtudied

* Wood, vol. ii. p. 774.

ten

ten or twelve hours a day for many years *; was admitted a bencher of Gray's-inn for his knowledge of the law, and fellow of the college of phyſicians for his proficience in medicine and anatomy.

He publiſhed

" A ſpeech, ſpoken in the houſe of lords, concerning the right of biſhops to ſit in parliament, May 21, 1641."

" Another, concerning the lawfulneſs and conveniency of their intermeddling in temporal affairs, May 24, 1641."

" Speech to the trained-bands of Nottinghamſhire at Newark, July 13, 1641."

" Letter to John lord Roos, February 25, 1659." This lord was ſon-in-law of the marquis, and was then proſecuting a divorce from his wife for adultery †. Wood ſays, that this lord Roos, [afterwards duke of Rutland] aſſiſted by Samuel Butler, returned a buffoon anſwer, to which the marquis replied with another paper entitled

" The reaſons why the marquis of Dorcheſter printed his letter, together with his anſwer to a printed paper called A true and perfect copy of the lord Roos his anſwer to the marquis of Dorcheſter's letter." The three letters are full of the groſſeſt ribaldry; but notwithſtanding the aſſiſtance of Butler, there is better repartee in the marquis's piece than in that of lord Roos.

" A Latin letter from the marquis to doctor Duck, author of the treatiſe De uſu et authoritate juris civilis," is prefixed to that work.

Wood adds, " He, the ſaid marquis, hath, as it is probable, other things extant, or at leaſt fit to be printed, which I have not yet ſeen."

* See Wood's Faſti, vol. ii. p. 22; and ſir Robert Stapylton's dedication of his Juvenal to him, which was tranſlated at the requeſt of the marquis: and Herrick's poems, p. 356. Lond. 1648.

† See an account of the marquis's noble behaviour on this occaſion in lord Clarendon's Continuation of his Hiſtory, folio, p. 388. 1759.

JOHN

# *JOHN WILMOT*, EARL of ROCHESTER;

A MAN, whom the muſes were fond to inſpire and aſhamed to avow, and who practiſed without the leaſt reſerve that ſecret which can make verſes more read for their defects than for their merits: the art is neither commendable nor difficult. Moraliſts proclaim loudly that there is no wit in indecency: it is very true: indecency is far from conferring wit; but it does not deſtroy it neither. Lord Rocheſter's poems have much more obſcenity than wit, more wit than poetry, more poetry than politeneſs. One is amazed at hearing the age of Charles the ſecond called polite: becauſe the preſbyterians and religioniſts had affected to call every thing by a ſcripture-name, the new court affected to call every thing by its own name. That court had no pretenſions to politeneſs but by its reſemblance to another age, which called its own groſſneſs polite, the age of Ariſtophanes. Would a Scythian have been civilized by the Athenian ſtage, or a Hottentot by the drawing-room of Charles the ſecond? The characters and anecdotes being forgot, the ſtate-poems of that time are a heap of ſenſeleſs ribaldry, ſcarcely in rhime, and more ſeldom in metre. When ſatyrs were brought to court, no wonder the graces would not truſt themſelves there.

The writings of this *noble* and *beautiful count*, as Antony Wood* calls him, [for his lordſhip's vices were among the fruits of the reſtoration, and conſequently not unlovely in that biographer's eyes] in the order they were publiſhed, at leaſt as they are ranged by that author, were,

"A ſatire againſt mankind," printed in one ſheet in folio, June 1679. It is more than an imitation of Boileau. One Griffith a miniſter wrote againſt it. We are told that Andrew Marvel uſed to ſay, "That Rocheſter was the only man in England that had the true vein of ſatire." A very wrong judgment: indelicacy does not ſpoil flattery more than it does ſatire.

"On nothing, a poem." Printed on one ſide of a ſheet of paper in two columns.

* Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 655.

" Poems on ſeveral occaſions." Antwerp, [Lond.] 1680, octavo. Among his poems are ſome by other hands, falſely imputed to him. " The ramble in ſaint James's park" was claimed by one Alexander Ratcliffe of Gray's-inn. It ſeems his lordſhip, when dying, had ordered all his immoral writings to be burned.—But the age was not without its Curls to preſerve ſuch treaſures!

" A letter on his death-bed to Dr. Burnet." Lond. 1680, one ſheet folio.

" Valentinian, a tragedy of John Fletcher, as it is altered by the late earl of Rocheſter," and acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane. Lond. 1685, quarto. There is a large preface and encomium on the author and his writings, by Mr. Wolſely.

" Poems, &c. on ſeveral occaſions, with Valentinian, a tragedy." Lond. 1691, 8vo. To this edition are prefixed poems on the death of the earl, &c.

Under the earl's name are printed ſeveral pieces in " A collection of poems by ſeveral hands, &c." Lond. 1693, 8vo. As alſo

" A tranſlation from Horace, in examen poeticum; the third part of miſcellany poems, &c." Lond. 1693 *.

" A ſong in imitation of ſir John Eaton's ſong †."

And in the " Annual miſcellany for the year 1694, being the fourth part of miſcellany poems, &c." Lond. 8vo. are aſcribed to lord Rocheſter, " A lyric, imitated from Cornelius Gallus; Apollo's grief for having killed Hyacinth by accident, in imitation of Ovid; and a ſong."

" A lampoon on the lord Mulgrave," ſaid to be in Mr. Sheldon's library, manuſcript.

" On the ſuppoſed author of a late poem in defence of ſatire, with Rocheſter's anſwer." MS.

* Page 262. † Ib. p. 424.

" The

" The works of the earls of Rocheſter, Roſcommon, Dorſet, &c." Two volumes in one. Lond. 1718; without any name of printer *.

" Fifty-four letters to Henry Saville and others †."

" Seven more to his wife and ſon ‡."

" Another in the Literary Magazine for January, 1758."

" Two in the Harl. Collection §."

He left beſides, with ſeveral other papers (as the late lord Bolingbroke has ſaid), A hiſtory of the intrigues of the court of Charles the ſecond, in a ſeries of letters to his friend Henry Saville; but, upon the earl's death, his mother, a very devout lady of the family of St. John, ordered all his papers to be burned.

## *ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER*, EARL of SHAFTSBURY.

AS lord Rocheſter was immerſed only in the vices of that reign, he was an innocent character compared to thoſe who were plunged in its crimes. A great weight of the latter fell to the ſhare of the lord in queſtion, who had canted tyranny under Cromwell, practiſed it under Charles the ſecond, and who diſgraced the cauſe of liberty by being the buſieſt inſtrument for it, when every other party had rejected him. It was the weakeſt vanity in him to brag that Cromwell would have made him king: the beſt he could hope for was not to be believed; if true, it only proved that Cromwell took him for a fool. That he ſhould have acted in the trials of the regicides was but agreeable to his character—or to his want of it! Let us haſten to his works: he was ra-

* It was printed by Curl.

† Vide Collection of Letters, vol. ii. publiſhed by Dodſley, 1755.

‡ Whartoniana, vol. ii. p. 161.

§ N° 7003.

ther a copious writer for faction than an author, for in no light can one imagine that he wished to be remembered.

" A letter from sir Antony Ashley Cooper, Thomas Scot, J. Berners, and J. Weaver, esquires, delivered to the lord Fleetwood, owning their late actions in endeavouring to secure the tower of London, and expostulating his lordship's defection from his engagements unto the parliament," printed in 1659, and mentioned in no catalogue of lord Shaftsbury's works.

" The fundamental constitutions of Carolina." London, seven sheets folio; dated March 1, 1669 *.

" A seasonable speech made by sir A. Ashley Cooper in the house of commons 1659, against the new peers and power of the house of lords †."

" Speech on the lord treasurer Clifford taking his oath in the Exchequer, December 5, 1672."

" Several speeches to both houses at the opening of the parliament, February 4 and 5, 1672."

" Speech to serjeant Edward Thurland in the Exchequer-chamber, when he was made one of the barons of the Exchequer, January 24, 1672." Reprinted in 1681, to show the author's mutability, it containing zealous arguments for the prerogative, and a most favourable character of the duke of York.

" Speech on the lord treasurer Osborn taking his oath in the Exchequer, June 26, 1673."

" Speech to both houses of parliament, October 27, 1673."

" Speech in the house of lords, October 20, 1675," upon the debate for appointing a day to hear doctor T. Shirley's case.

* For the following list of his works, vide Wood, vol. ii. p. 725.

† Buckingham's Works, vol. i. p. 324.

" Speech

"Speech in the houſe of lords, March 25, 1679," upon occaſion of the houſe reſolving itſelf into a grand committee to conſider the ſtate of England.

"Speech lately made by a noble peer of the realm, Novemb. 1680." This was never ſpoken, and was by order of the lords burnt by the hands of the hangman. It flattered the Scots; and was anſwered anonymouſly in a pamphlet called "A letter from Scotland, written occaſionally upon the ſpeech made by a noble peer of this realm."

"Two ſeaſonable diſcourſes concerning this preſent parliament." Oxon. [Lond.] 1675, quarto. The firſt diſcourſe is entitled "The debate or arguments for diſſolving this preſent parliament, and the calling frequent and new parliaments." The ſecond, "A letter from a parliament-man to his friend, concerning the proceedings of the houſe of commons this laſt ſeſſion, begun October 13, 1675." Both were anſwered in a book called "A packet of advices. Part I."

"A letter from a perſon of quality to his friend in the country, 1675." Quarto. Publiſhed after the prorogation of parliament in November that year. It was written againſt the teſt*; and was anſwered by Marchmont Needham in his "Packet of advices to the men of Shaftſbury." *It is remarkable that this Needham, who, it is ſaid, firſt wrote an abuſive journal called Mercurius pragmaticus, againſt the parliament, had afterwards been retained by the regicides to write againſt the royal family; and was now hired by the court to write againſt one who had been almoſt as deeply engaged againſt the king.*

"His caſe at the King's-bench on his confinement in the Tower." London, 1679.

"Expedient for ſettling the nation, diſcourſed with his majeſty in the houſe of peers at Oxford, March 24, 1680." Lond. 1681; one ſheet qu°. The expedient was the ſettling of the crown on the duke of Monmouth.

"No proteſtant plot, or the preſent pretended conſpiracy of proteſtants againſt the king's government, diſcovered to be a conſpiracy of the papiſts

* Not what is now called the teſt, but one in favour of paſſive obedience.

againſt the king and his proteſtant ſubjects." Lond. 1681. Of this, lord Shaftſbury was not the avowed but reputed author. His ſervant, who carried it to the preſs, is ſaid to have been committed to priſon. Being partly anſwered in a pamphlet entitled "A plea for ſucceſſion in oppoſition to popular excluſion," there was publiſhed

"The ſecond part of No proteſtant plot." Lond. 1682.

"A third part," ſaid to be written by one Robert Ferguſon under the direction of Shaftſbury: all the three parts were a vindication of him. The laſt was anſwered under the title of "A letter to a friend, containing certain obſervations upon ſome paſſages in a late libel entitled A third part, &c."

"A modeſt account of the preſent poſture of affairs in England, with a particular reference to the earl of Shaftſbury's caſe; and a vindication of him from two pretended letters of a noble peer [marquis of Halifax]." This was not owned: but was imputed to the earl by ſir Roger L'Eſtrange in his Obſervator, a gazette of the oppoſite faction.

"The earl of Eſſex's ſpeech at the delivery of the petition to the king, January 25, 1680." The petition was for a parliament.

Wood imputes to Shaftſbury too

"A vindication of the aſſociation;" but at the ſame time ſays, that the earl's ſervant being ſeized as he was carrying it to the preſs, owned it to be Ferguſon's. The ſame author mentions the earl's publiſhing an apology in Holland, but does not give the title of it.

"Three letters* written during his impriſonment in the Tower, to the duke of York, and to a lord not named."

"The character of the honourable Henry Haſtings of Woodlands in Hampſhire, ſecond ſon of Francis earl of Huntingdon," printed originally in Peck's Deſiderata curioſa, and lately in the Connoiſſeur, vol. iii. It is a curious and well-drawn portrait of our ancient Engliſh gentry.

* Printed in Collins's Peerage. *Vide Shaftſbury.*

Wood says that among his lordship's papers were found, but uncertain if written by him,

"Some observations * concerning the regulating elections for parliament."

One cannot but observe with concern, what I have before remarked, that writing the life of a man is too apt to instill partiality for the subject. The history of lord Shaftsbury in the Biographia is almost a panegyric; whereas a bon-mot of the earl himself was his truest character: Charles the second said to him one day, "Shaftsbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." He bowed, and replied, "Of a subject, sir, I believe I am †."

## *HENEAGE FINCH*, EARL of NOTTINGHAM.

FEW families have produced so many considerable men as the house of Finch has in late reigns; men, who have owed their preferments to themselves, not to favour. The lord in question rose through the great steps of the law, from solicitor to attorney-general, to lord-keeper, to lord-chancellor, to an earldom. Though employed in the most difficult part of the reign of Charles the second, his character remained untainted. Antony Wood represents him as a great temporizer. He certainly neither offended the court nor the patriots. Had he shown great partiality to the latter, there is no doubt but the king would have dismissed him, being by no means so dangerous a man as his predecessor Shaftsbury. That his complaisance for the prerogative was not unbounded, was manifest by the king being obliged to set the seal himself to the earl of Danby's pardon. The truth is, the earl of Nottingham was neither violent nor timid. When he pronounced sentence on the lord viscount Stafford, he did not scruple to say, "Who can doubt now that London was burned by the papists?" Burnet calls this declaration indecent: if it was so to the unhappy convict, it was certainly no flattery to the predominant faction at court. This speech was reckoned the

* They are printed among Somers's Tracts, vol. i.

† North's Examen.

master-

maſter-piece of his eloquence; and his eloquence was much celebrated. Burnet ſays* it was affected, laboured, and too conſtant on all occaſions; and that his lordſhip lived to find it much deſpiſed. The biſhop allows his probity; and in another place† ſpeaks of him with the greateſt encomiums. There is a beautiful character of him in Abſalom and Achitophel under the name of Amri. Others‡ have called him *the Engliſh Cicero*, *the Engliſh Roſcius*.

Pieces of his publiſhed are,

"Several ſpeeches and diſcourſes on the trials of the regicides." He was then ſolicitor-general.

"Speeches to both houſes of parliament," while lord-keeper and lord-chancellor.

"Speech at pronouncing ſentence on William lord viſcount Stafford, December 7, 1680." Printed with the trial.

"Speech againſt the bill of excluſion §."

"Anſwers by his majeſty's command to ſeveral addreſſes preſented to his majeſty at Hampton-court, May 19, 1681." Lond. one ſheet folio.

"His arguments upon a decree in a cauſe in the Howard family; wherein the ſeveral ways and methods of limiting a truſt for a term of ten years are fully debated." Lond. 1685; nine ſheets folio.

His lordſhip left in manuſcript

"Chancery reports."

* Vol. i. p. 365.

† Preface to the ſecond volume of his Hiſtory of the Reformation.

‡ Wood, vol. ii. p. 719; where ſee the following account of his works.

§ Vide Buckingham's Works, vol. ii.

# LORD-KEEPER GUILDFORD*.

IF it is true, as the great prince of Condé obſerved, that a hero is ſeldom ſo in the eyes of his valet de chambre, it is as true, that many conſiderable men are only great in the opinion of their own familiars. To this devotion of a dependent we owe a large quarto life of Francis lord North, keeper of the great ſeal to Charles and James II.—a man whoſe inſignificance having conſigned him to quick oblivion, provoked his brother to record every trifle relating to him. This author, Roger North, complains grievouſly, that the *ſolemn writers* of Engliſh affairs affected to ſuppreſs all memory of his lordſhip's name and worth; and aſcribes this ſilence to partiality and malice. But that ſilence might have pointed out the truth to this author: the character of a great ſtateſman may be defamed, it cannot be *omitted*. It is comical to hear the lamentation itſelf. "Had his lordſhip printed his collections in the law, or other tracts which he [had not written but] had in his mind; or done any thing elſe, which ordinarily great men do for fame or honour, he might have left a name behind him as great as he deſired†." To ſupply theſe deficiencies, we have 330 pages ſtuffed with the moſt minute domeſtic details, and ſuch narratives as ancient ſervants live to fatigue all their acquaintance with. However, as I would not ſuppreſs any thing which in the author's opinion might contribute to raiſe the idea of his hero, I will recapitulate ſome of the moſt ſhining paſſages; as how upon the increaſe of ſir Francis's buſineſs he left off ſkull-caps, and deſtined them to lie in a drawer to receive the money that came in by fees‡. One had the gold, another the crowns and half-crowns, and another the ſmaller money—a circumſtance, by the bye, which ſerves to ſhow what improvements have been ſince made in the fees of lawyers. How he was called Slyboots §. How he went privately to ſee a rhinoceros, and how my lord Sunderland reported that his lordſhip

* It is remarkable that two peers of this race have ſuffered by apologies written for them by two of their own relations; but with this difference naturally attending the performances of a ſenſible man and a weak one: Dudley lord North has ſhown himſelf an artful and elegant hiſtorian; Roger North, a miſerable biographer.

† Page 8.

‡ Page 90.

§ Page 281.

had

had rid upon it to his great vexation *. How he liked one particular chair when he was ill; and when he was out of humour, how my lady uſed to ſay to him, "Come, ſir Francis, you ſhall not think; we muſt talk and be merry; and you ſhall not look upon the fire as you do †." How a friend adviſed him to keep a whore; and how, though he diſdained the advice, his lordſhip did think, after the death of his lady, that in the night human heat was friendly.——It would indeed be hard upon *the ſolemn writers of Engliſh affairs*, if they were obliged to celebrate all lord-keepers or chancellors, of whom there may be parallel anecdotes.

To be ſerious: This lord North was one of thoſe perſonages, who enter upon the ſcene, paſs over and quit it, and *their place knows them no more*. The very reaſon that his predeceſſor lord Nottingham gave for making him attorney-general, ſhowed that there was no other reaſon for making him ſo: when the king aſked whom he would have to ſucceed him, lord Nottingham anſwered, "Who ſhould ſucceed the captain but the lieutenant?" North, though devoted to the court, was by no means acceptable there: he was willing to make the king abſolute *by* the law, not diſcovering that his majeſty choſe to be ſo *without* it. He had all the demerit with his country of ſupporting prerogative, without having any merit with his maſter. His real attachment was to the law: the law-books were his goſpel, and he thought their errors ſacred. Jefferies, a leſs ſcrupulous inſtrument of tyranny, ſoon annihilated ſuch feeble tools. Jefferies was an active myrmidon; North a ſpeculative tory: one admired a ſyſtem of arbitrary power; the other practiſed it.

This lord Guildford wrote

"An alphabetical index of verbs neuter," printed with Lilly's grammar: compiled while he was at Bury-ſchool ‡.

"Argument in a caſe between Soams and Bernardiſton §."

"His argument on a trial between Charles Howard and the duke of Norfolk;" printed with that caſe.

* Page 280. † Page 318. ‡ Vide Life, p. 12. § Ib. p. 159.

"The

"The king's declaration on the popiſh plot;" compoſed chiefly by his lordſhip *.

"A paper on the gravitation of fluids, conſidered in the bladders of fiſhes †."

"An anſwer to a paper of ſir Samuel Moreland on his ſtatic barometer." This was never printed ‡.

"A philoſophical eſſay on muſic;" printed by Martin, printer to the Royal Society, 1677.

"Lord chief-juſtice North's narrative to the houſe of commons, of what Bedloe had ſworn before him at Briſtol."

"Speech to ſir Robert Sawyer, on the king's approbation of the choice made of him for ſpeaker of the commons §."

"A narrative of ſome paſſages in or relating to the long parliament, by ſir Francis North, afterwards lord keeper of the great ſeal ||."

"Many notes of caſes, fragments of tranſactions at court," and other papers publiſhed whole or in part, in various parts of his Life by Roger North, and in the Examen, another performance of equal bulk and folly. If thoſe pieces had nothing elſe ridiculous in them, it would be ſufficient to blaſt their reputation, that they aim at decrying that excellent magiſtrate the lord chief-juſtice Hale; and that Charles II. and that wretch the duke of Lauderdale, the king's taking money from France, and the ſeizure of the charter of London, are ſome of the men and ſome of the meaſures the author defends!

* Vide Life, p. 259.

† Printed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, vol. ii. p. 845.

‡ Life, p. 293.

§ Harl. MSS. N° 6284, art. 14.

|| Somers's Tracts, vol. i. This is certainly a miſtake, and is the piece written by Dudley lord North, mentioned above, p. 395.

## *JOHN ROBARTES*, EARL of RADNOR,

"WAS a man of a moroſe and cynical temper, juſt in his adminiſtration, but vicious under the appearances of virtue; learned beyond any man of his quality, but intractable, ſtiff and obſtinate, proud and jealous." Theſe are Burnet's words *. Wood ſays †, he was a colonel for the parliament, that he fought deſperately at Edgehill, and afterwards at Newberry, where he was field-marſhal; but grew to diſlike the violences of his party, and retired till the reſtoration, when he was made lord privy-ſeal; "but giving not that content was expected, he was ſent into Ireland to be lord-lieutenant there; and his government being diſliked, he was recalled and made lord preſident." We are not told how he diſappointed the king's expectations; probably *not* by too great complaiſance; nor why his adminiſtration, which Burnet calls *juſt*, was diſliked. If it is true, that he was a good governor, the preſumption will be, that his rule was not diſliked by thoſe to whom, but from whom, he was ſent ‡. However, not to judge too hardly of Charles the ſecond, we may not depend too much upon the biſhop's account of the earl's government, if the fruits of it were no better than thoſe of his great learning; all that is recorded of his writing bearing this canting title,

"A diſcourſe of the vanity of the creature, grounded on Eccleſ. i. 2." Lond. 1673, octavo.

Wood ſays that he left one or two more treatiſes fitted for the preſs.

Some volumes of his collections and notes on parliamentary and ſtate-affairs

* Vol. i. p. 98.

† Vol. ii. p. 778.

‡ Since the firſt edition I find this conjecture confirmed by a letter of Andrew Marvel, who ſays, "that *his friends* were daily repreſenting him to the king in the worſt character, that the king had reſolved to recall him, and that he himſelf, tired out with continual checks and countermands hence, in matters which he thought were agreed to him before he went, wrote a ſhort letter to the king, deſiring to be diſmiſſed from all employments whatever, which ſhould be his laſt requeſt." *Marvel's Works*, vol. ii. 51.

are

are preſerved in the muſeum, with two tracts relating to the queſtion whether biſhops may vote in caſes of blood *.

## *ARTHUR ANNESLEY*, EARL of ANGLESEY,

WHILE a private young man, was engaged on the ſide of Charles the firſt, whoſe party he quitted early to embrace that of the parliament: by them he was entruſted as commiſſioner of Ulſter, where he performed good ſervice to the proteſtant cauſe. Wood ſays he took both the covenant and engagement; but the latter is contradicted †. It is certain that he ſeems to have lain by during the reign of Cromwell, and that he was not truſted either by the rump or the army. When the ſecluded members were reſtored, he returned to parliament, and was choſen preſident of the council of ſtate; in which capacity he was active for the reſtoration, and was diſtinguiſhed amongſt thoſe who *coming in at the eleventh hour* received greater wages than men who had loſt their all in defending the vineyard. He was made a baron, an earl, treaſurer of the navy, commiſſioner for re-ſettling Ireland, lord privy-ſeal, and might, we are told ‡, have been prime-miniſter, if he had not declined it to avoid envy. As he declined no other power under no kind of government, this anecdote is ſuſpicious; and I ſhould much queſtion whether ever any man declined being prime-miniſter for *that* reaſon. Engaging in a controverſy with the earl of Caſtlehaven, as has been mentioned, and that drawing on another with the duke of Ormond, he was diſgraced; though the author of his life in the Biographia aſcribes the cauſe of his fall to a remonſtrance which he had preſented to the king, in which he took much liberty with his majeſty, and greater with the religion of the duke of York. This piece being reſented, though it was not thought proper, ſays the biographer, to expreſs ſo much, the duke of Ormond was perſuaded to exhibit a charge againſt the earl, which was made the pretence for removing him; but for this ſecret hiſtory no authority is quoted. The duke's letter, taxing the earl with breach of friendſhip, is preſerved §, is written with great ſpirit,

* See Harleian Catal. N° 2224, 2237, 2238, 2243, 2294, 2325, 4091.

† Vide his life in the Biograph. Brit.

‡ Happy future ſtate of England, p. 5.

§ Life, ubi ſupra.

and has this remarkable period: "I was not willing to believe that book to be of your lordſhip's compoſing, and hoped ſome of the ſuborned libellers of the age had endeavoured to imitate your lordſhip, and not you them." The earl's anſwer, though inferior, does not want firmneſs. He paſſed the reſt of his time in retirement, and died, juſt as ſome thought he would have been appointed lord chancellor to James the ſecond, in 1686. A ſuppoſition moſt improbable: I do not think ſo ill of this lord as to believe he could have ſupplanted Jefferies, who was then in poſſeſſion of the ſeals, and who, without derogation from the ſubſervience of any judge that ever was, excelled in moulding the law to the purpoſes of a court.

Of this lord we have three characters by very different hands. Antony Wood, the high-church ſatiriſt, repreſents him as an artful time-ſerver; by principle a Calviniſt, by policy a favourer of the papiſts. Biſhop Burnet, as ungentle on the other ſide, paints him as a tedious and ungraceful orator, as a grave, abandoned and corrupt man, whom no party would truſt. The benign author of the Biographia Britannica [a work which I cannot help calling Vindicatio Britannica, or a defence * of every body] humanely applies his ſoftening pencil, is ſucceſsful in blotting out ſome ſpots †, and attempts to varniſh every one. Wood had ſeverely animadverted on the earl's ſitting in judgment on the regicides: the biographer extols it as an act of the greateſt loyalty and honour:—but under favour, it not only appears a ſervile complaiſance, but glaring injuſtice ‡. The earl had gone moſt lengths with thoſe men; in ſhort, had acted with them in open rebellion to his ſovereign: the putting to death that ſovereign could by no means be the guilty part of their oppoſition. If a king deſerves to be oppoſed by force of arms, he deſerves death: if he reduces his ſubjects to that extremity, the blood ſpilt in the quarrel lies on him—the executing him afterwards is mere formality.

* See particularly the lives of Dudley, aſſociate of Empſon; of the duke of Northumberland; of Shaftſbury; and of Arlington.

† As his not taking the engagement; and the accuſation of corruption.

‡ It is ſome ſatisfaction to me to find that my lord Clarendon himſelf thought a little as I have done in this paſſage. In the firſt lines of the New Continuation of his Hiſtory he has theſe words, ſpeaking of the principal preſbyterians who contributed to the reſtoration of Charles the ſecond: "The reſt, who had been enough criminal, *ſhowing more animoſity towards the ſevere puniſhment* of thoſe, who having more power in the late times had exceeded them in miſchief, than care for their own indemnity."

That

That his lordſhip ſailed with the times, remains notorious: thoſe principles muſt be of an accommodating temper *, which could ſuffer the ſame man to be preſident of a republican council of ſtate, and recommend him for chancellor to an arbitrary and popiſh king. Once when the earl of Eſſex charged him in the houſe of lords with being prayed for by the papiſts, Angleſey ſaid, "He believed it was not ſo; but if Jews in their ſynagogues, or Turks in their moſques, would pray for him unaſked, he ſhould be glad to be the better for their devotion." Had he really been nominated to the chancellorſhip by James the ſecond, probably he would have pleaded, that it was not of his ſeeking, but owing to the prayers of the catholics, and he was glad to be the better for them.

In anſwer to the biſhop's accuſation of no party's truſting him, the biographer pleads that his lordſhip enjoyed for two-and-twenty years the confidence of Charles the ſecond. The fact † does not appear to be true; and, were it true, would be no juſtification: it is well known what qualifications could recommend a man to the confidence of Charles. When lord Clarendon loſt it in ſeven years by his merit, it were ignominy to have preſerved it two-and-twenty.

This earl of Angleſey wrote

"A letter to William Lenthall, ſpeaker to the rump, from Mr. Anneſley, expoſtulating with him on account of his being excluded the houſe for not taking the engagement;" printed in a pamphlet called "England's confuſion ‡."

"The truth unveiled, in behalf of the church of England ‡, &c." Being a vindication of Mr. John Standiſh's ſermon before the king, 1676. This being an anſwer to Mr. Robert Grove's vindication of the conforming clergy from the unjuſt aſperſion of hereſy, was replied to by Grove; and by a

* He was twice commiſſioner for ſettling Ireland; once under the parliament, the other time under Charles the ſecond.

† The office of lord privy-ſeal is no place of confidence, nor is it any where ſaid that the earl had any particular ſhare of the king's favour.

‡ Biogr. p. 151.

§ Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 790.

letter to the author of the vindication of Mr. Standiſh's ſermon. With *Truth unveiled* was publiſhed a piece on tranſubſtantiation, entitled

" Reflections on that diſcourſe which a maſter of arts [once] of the univerſity of Cambridge calls *rational*, preſented in print to a perſon of honour, 1676."

This was anſwered in a tract called " Roman tradition examined."

" A letter from a perſon of honour in the country written to the earl of Caſtlehaven, being obſervations and reflections on his lordſhip's Memoirs concerning the wars of Ireland." Lond. 1681, octavo. Beſides this letter, which occaſioned the diſpute before mentioned, was another book publiſhed, entitled " Brief reflections on the earl of Caſtlehaven's memoirs, written by doctor Edmund Borlaſe, author of the hiſtory of the Iriſh rebellion."

" A true account of the whole proceedings between James duke of Ormond, and Arthur earl of Angleſey, before the king and council, &c." Lond. 1682, folio *.

" A letter in anſwer to the duke of Ormond's †."

" A letter of remarks upon Jovian." Lond. 1683.

" The hiſtory of the late commotions and troubles in Ireland, from the rebellion in 1641, till the reſtoration in 1660." This hiſtory is loſt, and is ſuſpected to have been purpoſely deſtroyed by perſons who were intereſted to ſuppreſs it ‡.

" The king's right of indulgence in ſpiritual matters, with the equity thereof aſſerted." Printed by *Hen. Care*, in 1687. Of this piece [which was calculated to attack the teſt and penal laws againſt papiſts] it is remarkable, that the noble *author* had been a republican, and paſſed for a preſbyterian ; and that the *printer* was the ſame perſon who in the foregoing reign

* This is ſaid to have been drawn up by biſhop Morley. *See* p. 397.

† Biogr. p. 154.

‡ Collins's Peerage in Angleſey.

had

had been profecuted for publifhing *The weekly jacket of advices from Rome:* one of the political pieces that raifed moft clamour againft the papifts *.

" Memoirs, intermixed with moral, political, and hiftorical obfervations, by way of difcourfe in a letter [to fir Peter Pett]; to which is prefixed a letter written by his lordfhip during his retirement from court in the year 1683." Lond. 1693, octavo. Publifhed by fir Peter Pett, knight, advocate-general for the kingdom of Ireland, and author of " The happy future ftate of England." The title, *memoirs*, has no kind of relation to the work, which is a fort of a rambling eflay, attempting at once to defend a popifh king and the proteftant religion. The genuinenefs of thefe memoirs was difputed by his fon-in-law lord Haverfham †.

" The earl of Anglefey's ftate of the government and kingdom, prepared and intended for his majefty king Charles the fecond, in the year 1682; but the ftorm impending growing fo high prevented it then. With a fhort vindication of his lordfhip from feveral afperfions caft on him, in a pretended letter that carries the title of his memoirs. By fir John Thompfon, bart. afterwards lord Haverfham ‡." This was the remonftrance hinted at above, and was dated April 27, 1682.

" The privileges of the houfe of lords and commons argued and ftated in two conferences between both houfes, April 19 and 22, 1671. To which is added a difcourfe wherein the rights of the houfe of lords are truly aflerted. With learned remarks on the feeming arguments and pretended precedents, offered at that time againft their lordfhips." Written by the right honourable Arthur earl of Anglefey, lord privy-feal. Thefe conferences were managed by the earl, and concerned a bill for impofitions on merchandize, which had occafioned a difpute between the two houfes on the old fubject of the fole right of taxing, claimed by the commons.

Befides thefe, we are told § that fome valuable pieces of this earl have been loft, and that he wrote a certain large and learned difcourfe on the errors of popery in his younger years, which fome of his friends would have perfuaded

* Antony Wood.

† See the next article.

‡ Somers's Tracts, vol. i. p. 186.

§ North's Life, p. 30.

him

him to publiſh at the time of the popiſh-plot. Probably he would not the leſs have written his piece againſt the teſt.

His diary * is ſaid to have been in the poſſeſſion of one Mr. Ryley, in 1693. And his lordſhip is ſuppoſed to have digeſted Whitlocke's Memoirs.

## *GEORGE VILLIERS*, DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

WHEN this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the preſbyterian Fairfax, and the diſſolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his ſolemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a *cabal* of bad miniſters, or, equally unprincipled, ſupported its cauſe with bad patriots; one laments that ſuch parts ſhould have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chymiſt, when he is a real bubble, and a viſionary miſer; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worſt deſigns are for the fooliſheſt ends; contempt extinguiſhes all reflections on his character.

The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four maſterly hands: Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chiſel; count Hamilton † touched it with that ſlight delicacy, that finiſhes while it ſeems but to ſketch; Dryden ‡ catched the living likeneſs; Pope § completed the hiſtorical reſemblance. Yet the abilities of this lord appear in no inſtance more amazing, than that, being expoſed by two of the greateſt poets, he has expoſed one of them ten times more ſeverely. Zimri is an admirable portrait; but Bayes an original creation. Dryden ſatiriſed Buckingham; but Villiers made Dryden ſatiriſe himſelf.

An inſtance of aſtoniſhing quickneſs is related of this duke: being preſent at the firſt repreſentation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonſenſe, where a lover ſays,

* Biogr. p. 157, marg. note.

† Vide Memoires de Grammont.

‡ Zimri in Abſalom and Achitophel.

§ In the Epiſtle to lord Bathurſt.

"My

"My wound is great, becauſe it is ſo ſmall."

The duke cried out,

"Then 'twou'd be greater, were it none at all."

The play was inſtantly damned.

His grace wrote

"The rehearſal," 1671.

"The chances, a comedy," altered from Fletcher.

"Reflections upon Abſalom and Achitophel *."

"A ſpeech in the houſe of lords, November 16, 1675, for leave to bring in a bill of indulgence to all proteſtant diſſenters;" printed with lord Shaftſbury's ſpeech [above-mentioned] for appointing a day to hear doctor Shirley's caſe †.

"A ſhort diſcourſe upon the reaſonableneſs of men's having a religion or worſhip of God." Lond. 1685. It paſſed through three editions. Soon after the firſt edition, came out, "A ſhort anſwer to his grace the duke of Buckingham's paper concerning religion, toleration, and liberty of conſcience;" to which the duke made a ludicrous and very good anſwer, called,

"The duke of Buckingham his grace's letter to the unknown author of a paper intituled, A ſhort anſwer ‡, &c." Lond. 1685. This occaſioned ſeveral more pamphlets.

"A demonſtration of the deity;" publiſhed a little before his grace's death.

"Verſes on two lines of Mr. Edward Howard;" printed in the third part of miſcellany poems, 1693.

* Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 806. † Ib. p. 725. ‡ Somers's Tracts, vol. i. p. 367.

" A tranſlation of Horace's ode beginning, Fortuna ſævo." In the fourth part.

" A letter to ſir Thomas Oſborn."

Beſides the above, a few pieces by this duke are ſcattered through two volumes, called

" The works of his grace George Villiers, late duke of Buckingham." Lond. 1715. Theſe volumes are a bookſeller's miſcellany, containing various poems and ſpeeches of all times; what belong to his grace are [in the firſt volume]

" The reſtoration, or right will take place, a tragi-comedy."

" The battle of Sedgmoor, a ſatirical and political farce."

" The militant couple, or the huſband may thank himſelf. A fragment."

" Pindaric on the death of lord Fairfax."

" To his miſtreſs."

" A deſcription of Fortune."

" Epitaph on Felton," who murdered his grace's father. The editor pretends that this could not be written by the duke, but I know no principles he had to prevent his being the author. Indeed it is more bombaſt than offenſive.

" A conſolatory epiſtle to captain Julian, &c."

" A character of an ugly woman, or a hue and cry after beauty," in proſe, written in 1678.

" The loſt miſtreſs, a complaint againſt the counteſs of ******," 1675.

This

This was probably the counteſs of Shrewſbury, whoſe lord he killed in a duel on her account, and who is ſaid to have held the duke's horſe, diſguiſed like a page, during the combat; to reward his proweſs in which, ſhe went to bed to him in the ſhirt ſtained with her huſband's blood. The loves of this tender pair are recorded by Pope,

" Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love."

" Four poems by the duke and lord Rocheſter: upon nothing; a ſeſſion of the poets; a ſatire on the follies of the men of the age; and Timon, a ſatire on ſome new plays."

" Three letters to lord Arlington and lord Berkeley."

" His examination by the houſe of commons, in which he confeſſed ſome part of his own bad adminiſtration, and betrayed more of his aſſociate Arlington."

" Speech in the houſe of lords, November 16." *Vide above*, p. 417.

" Speech at a conference," 1675.

" Speech in the houſe of lords to prove the parliament diſſolved:" for this ſpeech he, with Shaftſbury, Saliſbury, and the real whig, Wharton, was ſent to the Tower.

In the ſecond volume,

" A key to the rehearſal."

" An account of a conference between the duke and father Fitzgerald, whom king James ſent to convert his grace in his ſickneſs." This has humour.

" Eſſay upon reaſon and religion," in a letter to Neville Pain, eſq.

" On human reaſon," addreſſed to Martin Clifford, eſq.

" Five letters on election affairs, &c."

" Ten little burleſque and ſatirical poems."

## *HENEAGE FINCH*, EARL of WINCHELSEA,

FIRST couſin of the chancellor Nottingham, made a figure at the ſame period. He was intimate with Moncke, and concerned in the reſtoration; ſoon after which he was ſent embaſſador to Mahomet the fourth. Moncke had given the earl the government of Dover-caſtle, which was continued to him; and when king James was ſtopped at Feverſham he ſent for the earl of Winchelſea, who prevailed on the king to return to London. The earl voted for giving the crown to king William, by whom he was continued lord lieutenant of Kent. He died ſoon after in 1689. On his return from Conſtantinople, viſiting Sicily, he was witneſs to a terrible convulſion of mount Ætna, an account of which he ſent to the king, and which was ſoon after publiſhed by authority, in a very thin quarto, with this title:

" A true and exact relation of the late prodigious earthquake, and eruption of mount Ætna, or monte Gibello, &c. together with a more particular narrative of the ſame, as it is collected out of ſeveral relations ſent from Catania, 1669. With a view of the mountain and conflagration."

## *GEORGE SAVILLE*, MARQUIS of HALIFAX,

A MAN more remarkable for his wit than his ſteadineſs, and whom an ingenious modern * hiſtorian has erected into a principal character in the

* Mr Hume; who obſerves that the marquis's variations might be the effects of his integrity, rather than of his ambition. They might; but it is doubtful.

reign

reign of Charles the ſecond. But when old hiſtories are re-written, it is neceſſary to ſet perſons and facts in new lights from what they were ſeen by cotemporaries *. Voltaire, ſpeaking of Dupleix, ſays †, that he was the firſt who introduced the cuſtom of quoting his authorities in the margin; "précaution abſolument néceſſaire, quand on n'écrit pas l'hiſtoire de ſon tems." However, the dictator of this ſentence, and author of that beautiful eſſay on univerſal hiſtory, has totally forgot his own rule, and has indeed left that work a moſt charming bird's-eye landſcape, where one views the whole in picturesque confuſion, and imagines the objects more delightful than they are in reality, and when examined ſeparately. The marquis wrote

"The anatomy of an equivalent ‡."

"A letter to a diſſenter, upon occaſion of his majeſty's late gracious declaration of indulgence," 1687 §.

"An eſſay upon taxes, calculated for the preſent juncture of affairs in England," 1693 ‖.

"Advice to a daughter."

"The character of a trimmer."

"Maxims of ſtate applicable to all times ¶."

"Character of biſhop Burnet **."

"A ſeaſonable addreſs to both houſes of parliament, concerning the ſucceſſion, the fears of popery and arbitrary government," 1681 ††.

* In order to which, it is beſt to omit referring even to thoſe authors that are uſed in the compilation.

† Ecrivains du ſiecle de Louis XIV.

‡ Printed in the Collection of State Tracts, vol. ii. p. 300.

§ Printed among Somers's Tracts, vol. ii. p. 364.

‖ Somers's Tracts, vol. iv. p. 63.

¶ Printed among the Works of Villiers duke of Buckingham, vol. ii. p. 137.

** Printed at the end of the Biſhop's Hiſtory of his own Times.

†† Somers's Tracts, ſecond collection, vol. iii. p. 346.

"Cautions

" Cautions for choice of parliament-men."

" A rough draught of a new model at ſea."

" Lord Halifax's Hiſtorical obſervations upon the reigns of Edward I. II. III. and Richard II. with remarks upon their faithful counſellors and falſe favourites," 1689*.

Seven of theſe pieces were printed together in octavo, 1704, under the title of " Miſcellanies by the late marquis of Halifax."

" Character of Charles the ſecond, and political, moral and miſcellaneous thoughts and reflections;" publiſhed by his grand-daughter, the counteſs of Burlington.

## *GEORGE* EARL of *BERKELEY*,

THE firſt earl of that ancient line, diſtinguiſhed his piety by beſtowing on the public library of Sion-college, for the uſe of the city-clergy †, a valuable library collected by ſir Robert Coke; and by the following religious tract:

" Hiſtorical applications and occaſional meditations upon ſeveral ſubjects. Written by a perſon of honour, 1670." A ſmall duodecimo.

This uncommon little book came out of the library of John Vaughan earl of Carberry, who had written in the title-page the name of the author: it was purchaſed by Mr. Whiſton, to whom I am obliged for it, and who was aſſured by one of the family that it was certainly lord Berkeley's, of which the piece itſelf contains ſome ſlight collateral proofs. The dedication ſigned Conſtans, is addreſſed to the lady Harmonia ‡, in whoſe name there is an epiſtle to the author, which concludes the book, and in which ſhe calls him

* Harl. Catal. vol. i. p. 438.

† Vide Collins in Berkeley.

‡ Mary counteſs of Warwick. See the account of her hereafter among the peereſſes.

My

My lord. A copy of verſes by Waller * is prefixed, calls the author's a *noble* pen, and ſays, *he drew his well-known pedigree from kings*. Robert Fitzharding, the direct anceſtor of the earl of Berkeley, was of the royal houſe of Denmark.

## *THOMAS OSBORNE*, DUKE of LEEDS.

IT is by no means neceſſary to ſay any thing of this lord; he appears in every page of the reign of Charles the ſecond. Burnet † treats him ſeverely: the Peerage vindicates him by a dedication of Dryden; which one muſt allow is authority to ſuch a book, for nothing can exceed the flattery of a genealogiſt, but that of a dedicator. If the earl of Danby was far inferior in integrity to Clarendon and Southampton, he was as much ſuperior to Shaftſbury and Lauderdale. Leeds was one of thoſe ſecondary characters, who, having been firſt-miniſter, ſubmitted afterwards to act a ſubordinate part in an adminiſtration.

His grace publiſhed

"Memoirs relating to the impeachment of Thomas earl of Danby [now duke of Leeds] in the year 1678, wherein ſome affairs of thoſe times are repreſented in a juſter light than has hitherto appeared. With an appendix." Lond. 1710.

"The earl of Danby's letters in the years 1676, 77, and 78; with particular remarks upon ſome of them," 1710.

"Another letter MS. is in the Harl. Coll. N° 7001.

* Fenton in his notes on this poem (p. 78) ſays that lord Berkeley was "of ſuch an undiſtinguiſhing affability to men of all ranks and parties, that he had been told, Mr. Wycherley ſtrained his character into that of lord Plauſible in the Plain Dealer."

† Vol. i. p. 351.

# *HENRY BOOTH*, LORD DELAMER, and EARL of WARRINGTON.

IT is remarkable how many of the faireſt names in our ſtory have contributed to grace our memoirs of literature. The lord in queſtion was an author, and, like his father, an active inſtrument in a revolution of government. Lord Henry, who was thrice impriſoned for his noble love of liberty, and who narrowly eſcaped the fury of James and Jefferies, lived to be commiſſioned by the prince of Orange to order that king to remove from Whitehall; a meſſage which he delivered with a generous decency. He was ſoon diſmiſſed by king William to gratify the tories; and died in the forty-ſecond year of his age; having written a vindication of his dear friend, under this title,

"The late lord Ruſſel's caſe, with obſervations upon it."

"Speech of the honourable Henry Booth at Cheſter, on his being elected knight of the ſhire for that county, March, 1680-81 *."

"Another ſpeech," which ſeems to have been an addreſs to his county, to perſuade them to join the prince of Orange †."

"Charges to the grand jury in 1691, 92, and 93."

"The works of the right honourable Henry late lord Delamer and earl of Warrington, containing his lordſhip's advice to his children, ſeveral ſpeeches in parliament, &c. with many other occaſional diſcourſes on the affairs of the two laſt reigns: being original manuſcripts, written with his lordſhip's own hand." Lond. 1694, octavo. Dedicated to his ſon and ſucceſſor by the publiſher I. de la Heuze. At the end is an elegy on the death of his lady.

* State Tracts, vol. ii. p. 147. † Ib. p. 434.

CHARLES

# *CHARLES SACKVILLE*, EARL of DORSET*.

IF one turns to the authors of the laſt age for the character of this lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good-nature. He was the fineſt gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles the ſecond, and in the gloomy one of king William: he had as much wit as his firſt maſter, or his cotemporaries Buckingham and Rocheſter, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought. The latter ſaid with aſtoniſhment, "That he did not know how it was, but lord Dorſet might do any thing, and yet was never to blame."——It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderneſs of it too; which made every body excuſe whom every body loved; for even the aſperity of his verſes ſeems to have been forgiven to

"The beſt good man with the worſt natured muſe."

This line is not more familiar than lord Dorſet's own poems to all who have a taſte for the genteeleſt beauties of natural and eaſy verſe, or than his lordſhip's own bon-mots, of which I cannot help repeating one of ſingular humour. Lord Craven was a proverb for officious whiſpers to men in power. On lord Dorſet's promotion, king Charles having ſeen lord Craven pay his uſual tribute to him, aſked the former what the latter had been ſaying: the earl replied gravely, "Sir, my lord Craven did me the honour to whiſper, but I did not think it good manners to liſten." When he was dying, Congreve, who had been to viſit him, being aſked how he had left him, replied, "'Faith, he ſlabbers more wit than other people have in their beſt health." His lordſhip wrote nothing but ſmall copies of verſes, moſt of which have been collected in the late editions of our minor-poets; and with the duke of

* Having omitted him in his place, as being the author only of ſpeeches and letters, I ſhall refer my readers for an account of another ornament of this family, EDWARD EARL of DORSET, to Antony Wood, who, vol. ii. page 155, mentions ſeveral ſpeeches and letters of ſtate of this lord in print; and whoſe own manly and ſpirited account of his duel with the lord Bruce is ſufficiently known.

Buckingham's works are printed * two of lord Dorſet's poems; as in Prior's poſthumous works † is one called

"The antiquated coquet."

His lordſhip and Waller are ſaid to have aſſiſted Mrs. Catherine Philips in her tranſlation of Corneille's Pompey.

## *WILLIAM CAVENDISH*, DUKE of DEVONSHIRE:

A PATRIOT among the men, a Corydon among the ladies ‡. His friendſhip with lord Ruſſel, his free ſpirit, his bravery, duels, honours, amours, are well known, and his epitaph will never be forgotten:

WILLIELMUS DUX DEVONIÆ,
BONORUM PRINCIPUM SUBDITUS FIDELIS,
INIMICUS ET INVISUS TYRANNIS.

Of his compoſitions we have

"Two ſpeeches §."

"A true copy of a paper delivered by the lord Devonſhire to the mayor of Derby, where he quartered, November 21, 1688‖."

"An alluſion to the biſhop of Cambray's ſupplement to Homer, a poem," of which one or two extracts are to be found in the Peerage ¶. The whole piece is publiſhed at length in ſome editions of the Engliſh Telemachus; and at the end of lord Rocheſter's poems.

* Vol. ii. p. 14 and 56.

† Vol. i. p. 170.

‡ He is drawn by Shippen in Faction diſplayed under the character of Narciſſo. *Vide Collection of State Poems*, vol. iv. p. 91.

§ Printed in Collins's Peerage, p. 325, 327.

‖ State Tracts, vol. ii. p. 438.

¶ Ubi ſupra, p. 336.

"Some fragments," in the Peerage.

"An ode on the death of queen Mary *."

"A Latin inſcription on the tomb of miſs Campion, an actreſs, his miſtreſs."

## *JOHN THOMPSON*, LORD HAVERSHAM.

THIS lord, whom Burnet often mentions curſorily, but without thinking him of conſequence enough to draw his character, is little known. Being of a republican family, which recommended him †, ſays the author of his Life, to the earl of Angleſey, the patron of the diſſenters, he married the daughter of that earl, who recommended him to the good graces of Charles the ſecond. The king made him a baronet, and offered him the treaſurerſhip of the chambers, which he declined; his principles being as yet of a more ſtubborn temper than thoſe of his father-in-law. The young baronet was active againſt the meaſures of the court during the popiſh reigns, and joined the prince of Orange, by whom he was made a baron and lord of the admiralty. He ‡ offended the tory houſe of commons who impeached the whig lords in 1701; and the tory adminiſtration were eager to remove him. However, being diſguſted, as his biographer ſays §, at the promotion of the earl of Pembroke, "he took all opportunities of oppoſing almoſt every thing that was advanced by the court; *and finding no notice taken of him by the court, he went on with his reſentment*, and was a great obſtacle to the occaſional conformity-bill, which at that time was voted for by all who had places of truſt." From this time his lordſhip ſeems entirely to have abandoned his firſt principles, and to have given himſelf up to the high-church party, though he continued to go ſometimes to meetings. His hiſtorian aſcribes this change to the violent meaſures of the whigs; but after ſo candid a confeſſion as he had made above of his lordſhip's diſguſts, the reader will

* Page 337, and in Rocheſter's Works.

† Memoirs of the late right honourable John lord Haverſham, &c. 1711; a ſmall pamphlet.

‡ Burnet, vol. ii. p. 278.

§ Page 3.

be apt to think that the *meaſures* of the whigs were not the ſole ſtumbling-block. Be that as it may, in 1705 we find * lord Haverſham opening the debate againſt the duke of Marlborough; and in the year 1707 he † was one of the lords that attacked the conduct of the admiralty. In 1708 "My lord Haverſham, a great ſpeech-maker and publiſher of his ſpeeches ‡, ſays the ducheſs of Marlborough, and who was become the mouth of the party for any extraordinary alarm, was ſent privately by the tories to the queen to acquaint her with the diſcovery, they pretended to have made, of a terrible deſign formed by the whigs, to bring over one of the houſe of Hanover, and to force this upon her whether ſhe would or not." Unluckily this very lord "had been the man, who had moved for the princeſs Sophia's coming over, as a thing neceſſary for the preſervation of the proteſtant religion."

The liſt of his lordſhip's performances is as follows:

"Obſervations upon ſeveral occurrencies from the beginning of her majeſty's reign [to the day of his death] by way of memoranda." It contains only three pages, tending to palliate his change of principles, in which his lordſhip is not quite ſo ingenuous as his biographer §.

"A vindication of the earl of Angleſey, from being the author of the memoirs under his name." It is contained in a dedication to king William and queen Mary, and in a preface to the earl of Angleſey's State of the government and kingdom, &c. ‖

"Speech on the bill to prevent occaſional conformity," 1703 ¶.

"Another ſpeech, November 20, 1704 **."

"Speech upon the ſtate of the nation," 1705 ††.

"A vindication of that ſpeech ‡‡."

* Burnet, p. 429.

† Ib. p. 491.

‡ Conduct of the dowager ducheſs of Marlborough, p. 163.

§ Printed in the Memoirs of his life, p. 22.

‖ See before in the article of Angleſey.

¶ Vide Memoirs of his life.

** Ibid.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ Ib. p. 10.

"Speech

" Speech againſt the bill for recruiting her majeſty's land forces *."

" Several other ſpeeches †."

" Account of the proceedings relating to the charge of the houſe of commons againſt John lord Haverſham ;" moſt probably written by himſelf ‡.

## *ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER,* EARL of SHAFTSBURY,

GRANDSON of the chancellor, and a man whoſe morals were as amiable as the life of the former was hateful. The firſt was an author only to ſerve the purpoſes of the factions in which he was engaged ; the writings of the latter breathe the virtues of his mind, for which they are much more eſtimable than for their ſtyle and manner. He delivers his doctrines in ecſtatic diction, like one of the magi inculcating philoſophic viſions to an eaſtern auditory !

His principal works are publiſhed in three volumes, well known by the title of the

" Characteriſtics of men, manners, opinions, times."

We have beſides a ſmall collection of his

" Letters to Robert Moleſworth, eſq. [now the lord viſcount of that name] with a large introduction," giving an account of the earl's public principles, which were juſt what became an Engliſhman and a philoſopher. One anecdote, not mentioned there, but an inſtance of his modeſt ingenuity, ought to be recorded. Attempting to ſpeak on the bill for granting counſel to priſoners in caſes of high-treaſon, he was confounded, and for ſome time

* Memoirs of his life, p. 5. † Ibid. ‡ Somers's Tracts, ſecond collect. vol. iv. p. 384.

could

could not proceed; but recovering himſelf he ſaid, "What now happened to him, would ſerve to fortify the arguments for the bill—if he, innocent and pleading for others, was daunted at the auguſtneſs of ſuch an aſſembly, what muſt a man be, who ſhould plead before them for his life?"

"A letter concerning deſign *."

"Advice to a young clergyman."

"Preface to doctor Whichcot's ſelect diſcourſes," which his lordſhip publiſhed. Octavo.

## JOHN LORD SOMERS,

ONE of thoſe divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the reſt is tyranny, corruption and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the hiſtorians of the laſt age, and its beſt authors, repreſent him as the moſt incorrupt lawyer and the honeſteſt ſtateſman, as a maſter orator, a genius of the fineſt taſte, and as a patriot of the nobleſt and moſt extenſive views; as a man, who diſpenſed bleſſings by his life, and planned them for poſterity. He was at once the model of Addiſon, and the touchſtone of Swift; the one wrote from him, the other for him †. The former,

* Printed in Bickerton's collection, p. 75.

† Since this work was firſt printed, we have ſeen doctor Swift's *Four laſt years of the queen*, where is a character of lord Somers very different from what is here given, and from the picture drawn of him in the dedication to the Tale of a tub. Yet, diſtorted as the features are in this new hiſtory, it is a pleaſure to find that party-malice attempted to diſcolour rather than to alter them. How lovely does a character burſt forth, when the greateſt objections to it are, that it was ſteady to its principles, of univerſal civility, conſcious of an humble birth, of no avarice, of ſatisfied ambition, that the perſon ſo accuſed did violence to himſelf to govern his paſſions, and [one can ſcarce repeat ſeriouſly ſuch a charge!] preferred reading and thinking to the pleaſures of converſation. How black a ſtateſman, not to be fickle! How poor a philoſopher, to maſter his paſſions, when he could not eradicate them! How bad a man, to endeavour to improve his mind and underſtanding!—Can one wonder that lord Bolingbroke and Pope always tried to prevent Swift from expoſing himſelf by publiſhing this wretched ignorant libel? And could it avoid falling, as it has, into immediate contempt and oblivion?—However, as the greateſt characters cannot be clear of all alloy, Swift might have known that lord Somers was not entirely juſtifiable in obtaining ſome grants of crown lands, which, though in no

former, however, has drawn a laboured, but diffuſe and feeble character of him in the Freeholder *, neither worthy of the author nor his ſubject. It is known that my lord Somers ſurvived the powers of his underſtanding: Mr. Addiſon ſays, "His life indeed ſeems to have been prolonged beyond its natural term, under thoſe indiſpoſitions which hung upon the latter part of it, that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the happy ſettlement take place which he had propoſed to himſelf as the principal end of all his public labours."—A very wiſe way indeed of interpreting the will of Providence! As if a man was preſerved by Heaven in a ſtate of dotage, till an event ſhould arrive which would make him happy if he retained his ſenſes! Equally injudicious is another paſſage, intended for encomium, where we are told, "That he gained great eſteem with queen Anne, who had conceived many unreaſonable prejudices againſt him!" Mr. Addiſon might as well have ſaid, that the queen at firſt diſbelieved, and was afterwards converted to ſir Iſaac Newton's ſyſtem of comets: her majeſty was full as good a judge of aſtronomy, as of lord Somers's merits. In truth, Mr. Addiſon was ſometimes as weak a writer, when he wrote ſeriouſly, as he was admirable in touching the delicacies of natural humour. He ſays, that my lord Somers was often compared with ſir Francis Bacon, and gives the preference to the former, "*becauſe* he, all integrity, did not behave as meanly, when proſecuted by the houſe of commons, as the other under conviction of guilt." This argument is as poor as the panegyric. To argue from their behaviour, they ſhould have been in ſimilar circumſtances. If they are to be compared, the ſuperior penetration of genius cannot be denied to Bacon; the virtue will all be Somers's. If he muſt be compared with another chancellor, it muſt not be with Clarendon, who was more moroſe and ſevere, had leſs capacity, and a thouſand more prejudices: the great chancellor de l'Hoſpital ſeems to reſemble Somers moſt in the dignity of his ſoul and the elegance of his underſtanding.

The momentous times in which he lived, gave lord Somers opportunities of diſplaying the extent of his capacity and the patriotiſm of his heart; opportunities as little ſought for the former, as they were honeſtly courted and

no proportion to other gains in that reign, it would have become him to reſiſt, not to countenance by his example. Shippen, who could not ſee one virtue in a miniſter of king William, has had leſs modeſty even than Swift, and in his Faction diſplayed has, in the character of Sigillo, drawn a picture of lord Somers that is more like a miniſter of Tiberius or Caracalla. *Vide Collect. of State Poems*, vol. iv. p. 89.

* Of May 14, 1716.

purſued

purſued for the latter. The excellent balance of our conſtitution never appeared in a clearer light than with relation to this lord, who, though impeached by a miſguided houſe of commons with all the intemperate folly that at times diſgraced the free ſtates of Greece, yet had full liberty to vindicate his innocence and manifeſt an integrity, which could never have ſhone ſo bright unleſs it had been juridically aſperſed. In our conſtitution Ariſtides may be traduced, clamoured againſt, and, when matter is wanting, ſummary addreſſes may be propoſed or voted * for removing him for ever from the ſervice of the government; but happily the factious and the envious have not a power of condemning by a ſhell, which many of them cannot ſign.

It was no inglorious part of this great chancellor's life, that, when removed from the adminiſtration, his labours were ſtill dedicated to the ſervice of the government and of his country. In this ſituation, above all the little prejudices of a profeſſion, for he had no profeſſion but that of Solon and Lycurgus, he ſet himſelf to correct the grievances of the law, and to amend the vocation he had adorned †. The union of the kingdoms was projected too by him; and it was not to his diſgrace, that the princeſs, whoſe prejudices he had conquered, and whoſe eſteem he had gained, offered him up as one of the firſt ſacrifices on the altar of Utrecht.

Such deathleſs monuments of his abilities and virtue diminiſh the regret we ſhould otherwiſe feel, that though lord Somers wrote ſeveral pieces, we are ignorant even of the titles of many of them; ſo little was fame his object! This modeſty is mentioned particularly in the Freeholder I have quoted. What little I have been able to diſcover of his writings are theſe,

"Dryden's ſatire to his muſe ‡." This, I think, has been diſputed; and indeed the groſs ribaldry of it cannot be believed to have flowed from ſo humane and poliſhed a nature as lord Somers's.

"Tranſlation of the epiſtle of Dido to Æneas §."

* As happened in the caſe of lord Somers; *vide Burnet*, vol. ii. p. 267; and of ſir Robert Walpole.

† Ib. p. 439.

‡ Printed in the third volume of Cogan's edition of the minor poets.

§ Printed in Tonſon's edition. *Vide Gen. Dict.* vol. ix. p. 283.

" Tranſlation of Ariadne to Theſeus *."

" Tranſlation of Plutarch's Life of Alcibiades †."

" A juſt and modeſt vindication of the proceedings of the two laſt parliaments." 1681, qu°. Firſt written by Algernon Sidney, but new drawn by Somers. Publiſhed in Baldwin's collection of pamphlets in the reign of Charles the ſecond ‡.

" Other pieces at that time," not ſpecified §.

" A ſpeech at a conference on the word *abdicated* ‖."

" Another on the ſame occaſion."

" Speeches at the trial of lord Preſton ¶."

" His letter to king William on the partition treaty **."

" His anſwer to his impeachment."

" Extracts from two of his letters to lord Wharton ††."

" Addreſſes of the lords in anſwer to addreſſes of the commons ‡‡."

* Vide Life of lord Somers. A ſmall ill-written pamphlet.

† Gen. Dict. ubi ſupra.

‡ Burnet, vol. i.

§ Gen. Dict. p. 284. I have met with a ſmall piece, ſaid to be written by lord Somers, which perhaps was one of the tracts hinted at here; it is entitled, " The ſecurity of Engliſhmen's lives, or, the truſt, power and duty of the grand juries of England, explained according to the fundamentals of the Engliſh government, &c."

‖ Ibid.

¶ Life, p. 26.

** Gen. Dict. p. 286.

†† Ib. p. 290.

‡‡ Burnet, vol. ii. p. 378.

" The argument of the lord-keeper Somers on his giving judgment in the banker's cafe, delivered in the Exchequer-chamber, June 23, 1696 *."

He was ſuppoſed too, but on what foundation I know not, to write " The preface to doctor Tindal's Rights of the chriſtian church."

" A brief hiſtory of the ſucceſſion collected out of the records, written for the ſatisfaction of the E. of H." In the original copy were ſeveral additions in lord Somers's hand, from whence the editor aſcribes it to his lordſhip †.

In 1702 was publiſhed a tranſlation of Demoſthenes's Olynthian and Philippic orations by ſeveral hands, under the direction, it was ſaid, of lord Somers, who was alſo ſuppoſed to have tranſlated the hiſtoric preface of Tourreil, prefixed to them.

## *CHARLES MONTAGU*, EARL of HALIFAX,

RAISED himſelf by his abilities and eloquence in the houſe of commons, where he had the honour of being attacked in conjunction with lord Somers, and the ſatisfaction of eſtabliſhing his innocence as clearly. Addiſon has celebrated this lord in his account of the greateſt Engliſh poets: Steele has drawn his character in the dedication of the ſecond volume of the Spectator, and of the fourth of the Tatler; but Pope in the portrait of Bufo in the epiſtle to Arbuthnot, and Shippen in that of Bathillo ‡, have returned the ridicule, which his lordſhip, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's Hind and panther. Beſides this admirable traveſty, lord Halifax wrote

" An anſwer to Mr. Bromley's ſpeech in relation to the occaſional conformity bill §."

* Harl. Catal. vol. ii. p. 651.

† Vide Somers's Tracts, fourth coll. vol. iv. p. 167. We have often quoted this work: it is a collection of ſcarce pieces in four ſets of four volumes each in quarto, publiſhed by Cogan, from pamphlets chiefly collected by lord Somers. A much more valuable treaſure, his lordſhip's collection of original papers and letters, was very lately loſt by a fire in the chambers of Mr. Yorke, his majeſty's ſolicitor-general.

‡ In Faction diſplayed. *Vide Collection of State Poems*, vol. iv. p. 92.

§ Publiſhed in the Memoirs of lord Halifax's life.

"Seaſonable queries concerning a new parliament." 1710.

"A poem on the death of Charles the ſecond."

"The man of honour. A poem."

"Ode on the marriage of her royal highneſs the princeſs Anne and prince George of Denmark."

"Epiſtle to Charles earl of Dorſet and Middleſex, occaſioned by king William's victory in Ireland."

All which, except the queries, with ſeveral of his ſpeeches, have been publiſhed together in an octavo volume, with "Memoirs of his lordſhip's life." 1716.

"Verſes written at Althrop in a blank leaf of a Waller, on ſeeing Vandyck's picture of lady Sunderland *."

"Verſes written for the toaſting-glaſſes of the kit-cat club," 1703. His lordſhip's are the beſt of this ſet.

He drew all the proteſts, except the laſt, on a queſtion in the houſe of lords for thanking the earl of Peterborough †.

## *JOHN SHEFFIELD*, DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

THE life of this peer takes up fourteen pages and a half in folio in the General Dictionary, where it has little pretenſions to occupy a couple:—but his pious relict was always purchaſing places for him, herſelf, and their ſon, in every ſuburb of the temple of Fame——a tenure, againſt which of all

* State Poems, vol. iii. p. 356. † Vide Biogr. Brit. vol. v. p. 3155.

others quo-warrantos are ſure to take place. The author of the article in the Dictionary calls the duke one of the moſt beautiful proſe-writers and greateſt poets of this age; which is alſo, he ſays, proved by the fineſt writers, his cotemporaries—certificates that have little weight, where the merit is not proved by the author's own works. It is certain that his grace's compoſitions in proſe have nothing extraordinary in them; his poetry is moſt indifferent, and the greateſt part of both is already fallen into total neglect. It is ſaid that he wrote in hopes of being confounded with his predeceſſor in the title; but he would more eaſily have been miſtaken with the other Buckingham, if he had never written at all. He was deſcended from lord Sheffield, the author mentioned above, had a great deal of bravery, and underſtood a court. Queen Anne, who undoubtedly had no turn to gallantry, yet ſo far reſembled her predeceſſor Elizabeth, as not to diſlike a little homage to her perſon.—This duke was immediately rewarded on her acceſſion, for having made love to her before her marriage. Though attached to the houſe of Stuart and their principles, he maintained a dignity of honour in ſome points, independent of all connections; for he ridiculed * king James's religion, though he attended him to his chapel; and warmly took the part of the Catalans againſt the tory miniſtry, whom he had helped to introduce to the queen. His works are publiſhed in two large volumes in quarto. In Prior's poſthumous † works is a little poem to Mrs. Manley on her firſt play, not printed with the reſt of the duke's compoſitions.

## *ROBERT HARLEY*, EARL of OXFORD.

THE hiſtory of this lord is too freſh in every body's memory to make it requiſite to expatiate upon his character. What blemiſhes it had, have been ſo ſeverely cenſured by the ‡ aſſociate of his councils and politics, that a more diſtant obſerver has no pretence to enlarge on them. Beſides, as the public conduct of this earl, to which alone I know any objections, was called to ſuch ſtrict account by perſons of my name, it would be an ungrateful taſk in me to renew any diſturbance to his aſhes. He is only mentioned here as author of the following tracts:

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 683. † Vol. i. p. 150. ‡ Lord Bolingbroke.

"An

" An eſſay upon public credit, by Robert Harley, eſq." 1710*.

" An eſſay upon loans, by the author of the eſſay on public credit †."

" A vindication of the rights of the commons of England;" ſaid to be by him, but ſigned Humphrey Mackworth‡.

" Some familiar verſes," publiſhed in Swift's letters, 1766, vol. i.

## *EDWARD HOWARD*, EARL of SUFFOLK.

A LORD, who with great inclination to verſify, and ſome derangement of his intellects, was ſo unlucky as not to have his furor of the true poetic ſort. He publiſhed two ſeparate volumes, the firſt entitled

" Miſcellanies in proſe and verſe by a perſon of quality." 1725, octavo.

The other, which contains many pieces printed in the former (both being uſhered by recommendatory verſes), is called

" Muſarum deliciæ, containing eſſays upon paſtoral; ideas ſuppoſed to be written above two thouſand years ago by an Aſiatic poet [who, it ſeems, wrote in proſe, and] who flouriſhed under the reign of the grand Cyrus; and Sapphic verſe; by a nobleman." Printed, as appears by a date in the middle of the book, in 1728. The executors of this lord conferred ſome value on his works, by burning a great number of the copies after his death. Indeed the firſt volume is not without merit; for his lordſhip has tranſplanted whole pages of Milton into it, under the title of Elegancies.

* Somers's Tracts, vol. ii. p. 1. † Ib. p. 10. ‡ Ib. ſecond coll. vol. iv. p. 313.

DANIEL

## *DANIEL FINCH*, Earl of NOTTINGHAM,

WAS much aſperſed during his life, and does not appear to have wiſhed particularly well to thoſe who profeſſed themſelves the party of liberty; but this was in times on which poſterity will judge better than we who live ſo near them. Beſides his ſpeeches, many of which are printed in a book entitled "An exact collection of the debates of the houſe of commons held at Weſtminſter, October 21, 1680," his lordſhip wrote

"Obſervations upon the ſtate of the nation in January 1712-13*."

"A letter to doctor Waterland;" printed at the end of doctor Newton's Treatiſe on pluralities.

"The anſwer of the earl of Nottingham to Mr. Whiſton's letter to him concerning the eternity of the ſon of God, and of the holy ghoſt," 1721. The univerſity of Oxford, in full convocation, returned his lordſhip *ſolemn thanks* for his moſt noble defence of the chriſtian faith, &c.†" Mr. Whiſton publiſhed a reply, which ended the controverſy.

"Tract on the earl of Danby's pardon, MS." I bought it at the ſale of Nich. Hardinge, eſq. who had it from the earl of Winchelſea.

## *CHARLES MORDAUNT*, Earl of PETERBOROUGH,

ONE of thoſe men of careleſs wit and negligent grace, who ſcatter a thouſand bon-mots and idle verſes, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the owners ſtare to find themſelves authors. Such was this lord:

* This piece, which is always aſcribed to his lordſhip, I have been aſſured from very good authority, was not written by him.

† Vide Peerage in Winchelſea.

of

of an advantageous figure, and enterprising ſpirit; as gallant as Amadis and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journeys, for he is ſaid "to have ſeen more kings and more poſtillions than any man in Europe." His enmity to the duke of Marlborough and his friendſhip with Pope will preſerve his name, when his genius, too romantic to have laid a ſolid foundation for fame, and his politics, too diſintereſted for his age and country, ſhall be equally forgotten. He was a man, as his poet * ſaid, "who would neither live nor die like any other mortal." Yet even particularities were becoming in him, as he had a natural eaſe that immediately adopted and ſaved them from the air of affectation. He wrote

"La muſe de cavalier, or an apology for ſuch gentlemen as make poetry their diverſion, not their buſineſs. In a letter from a ſcholar of Mars to one of Apollo." Printed in The public regiſter or weekly magazine, N° 3, p. 88, publiſhed by Dodſley, 1741.

"A ſevere copy of verſes on the ducheſs of Marlborough; addreſſed to Mr. Harley after his removal from court."

"A ballad, beginning, I ſaid to my heart between ſleeping and waking, &c."

He was author too of thoſe well-known lines which conclude

"Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was ſhe!"

"Some lines paraphraſed from Horace, in Swift's letters, 1766, vol. i."

Four very genteel letters of his are printed among Pope's; and a few more among Swift's.

The firſt Olynthian of Demoſthenes in the edition mentioned before, page 434, was ſaid to be tranſlated by lord Peterborough; as the ſecond was aſcribed to the following peer.

The account of the earl's conduct in Spain, taken from his original letters and papers, was drawn up by doctor Freind, and publiſhed in 1707, 8vo.

* See Pope's Letters to Swift, letter 76.

And

And there are curious anecdotes of his campaigns in the hiſtory of the two laſt wars againſt France and Spain, by captain George Carleton, octavo, publiſhed in 1741. But it is certain that the earl himſelf wrote memoirs of his own life: three volumes he communicated to the late counteſs dowager of Suffolk, as ſhe aſſured me herſelf.—It is not known what became of them. What lights would they throw on hiſtory! He entered the world in the reign of Charles II. and by eighteen was deeply engaged with lord Ruſſel and Algernon Sidney, the latter of whom he attended to the ſcaffold. A genius ſo enterpriſing could not be inactive or uninformed, in the memorable times of James II. and William: as general for Anne he conquered Spain: under George I. his fire was not extinguiſhed; and during part of the ſon's reign, he lived in intimacy and correſpondence with Pope and Swift, ſhowing by his letters that he was as much formed to adorn a polite age, as to raiſe the glory of a martial one. He lived a romance, and was capable of making it hiſtory. The earl is accuſed of being author of another book, which would not be much to his glory; and though it is far from being proved that he wrote it, the ſhare he had in the tranſaction to which it related, was of a nature to ſhow that his paſſions were not always under the governance of ſtrict honour. In the life of the duke of Shrewſbury, in the ſixth volume of the Biographia Britannica [note C.] it is ſaid that the earl was ſuppoſed to be the author of a book called *Memoirs of ſecret ſervice*, in which he was aſſiſted by doctor Davenant, and which was publiſhed under the name of one Smith, tending to accuſe the duke of Shrewſbury and the earl of Orford as concerned in the aſſaſſination-plot: and it is added, that lord Peterborough, then earl of Monmouth, promiſed ſir John Fenwicke his life if he would accuſe thoſe lords: that the houſe of commons voted this a ſcandalous deſign to make a difference between the king and his beſt friends; and that the houſe of peers ordered the book to be burnt. The affair is a little intricate, and not without contradictions. Tindal, in his continuation of Rapin, vol. iii. book 25, p. 347, edit. of 1744, fol. tells us, that Smith's book was aſſerted by Mr. R. Kingſton, in his anſwer to it, to have been written by Tom Brown, the buffoon poetaſter; and biſhop Burnet has given the depoſition of the famous divorced ducheſs of Norfolk, lord Peterborough's couſin, who declared that lord Peterborough had dictated ſeveral papers to her, tending to perſuade ſir J. Fenwicke to accuſe the duke of Shrewſbury; but that ſir John would not be guided by the earl, and declared he would not meddle with contrived diſcoveries. That thereupon the

earl was highly provoked, and threatened, if Fenwicke would not be guided by him, that he, the earl, would get the bill (of attainder) to paſs. The biſhop adds, that when the matter was depending, his lordſhip ſpoke two full hours in the houſe of lords with a peculiar vehemence in favour of the bill. Vol. ii. p. 192. The cruelty and injuſtice of this behaviour are not only glaring but incomprehenſible; ſince it is evident by the Journals of the Commons, vol. xi. pp. 577 and 579, that ſir John Fenwicke did not only accuſe the duke of Shrewſbury, but that that accuſation was voted ſcandalous, as is aſſerted in the Biogr. And it appears farther from Burnet, that the earl of Peterborough was removed from all his places, and committed to the Tower, for his conduct on that occaſion—though king William had ſuch ſtrong impreſſions of his ſervices at the Revolution, of his abilities, or perhaps of his zeal, that he did all he could to ſave him. I ſay zeal; for the only ſhadow of excuſe that can be made for lord Peterborough is, that Smith, who was a mercenary evidence and inſignificant ſpy, having been neglected by the duke of Shrewſbury, had gone to the earl and poſſeſſed him with an opinion that the duke had not only been cold to his, Smith's, diſcoveries, but had retired out of the way when the king ſhould be aſſaſſinated. Smith indeed, the biſhop tells us, found the earl inclined to liſten to his inſinuations; and the prelate, who was commanded by the king to ſoften the cenſure on the earl, drops a very remarkable expreſſion, which lets us far into the wild impetuoſity of the earl's character. "I did not know, ſays the reverend hiſtorian, what new ſcheme of confuſion might have been opened by him, in his own excuſe."—Amadis, it ſeems, was no conſcientious politician.

## *GEORGE GRANVILLE*, Lord LANSDOWN,

IMITATED Waller; but as that poet has been much excelled ſince, a faint copy of a faint maſter muſt ſtrike ſtill leſs. It was fortunate for his lordſhip, that in an age when perſecution raged ſo fiercely againſt luke-warm authors, he had an intimacy with the inquiſitor-general; how elſe would ſuch lines as this have eſcaped the bathos?

"————————when thy gods
*Enlighten* thee to ſpeak their *dark* decrees *."

* Heroic love, ſcene 1.

A fine edition of his works has been publiſhed in two volumes quarto; beſides which we find

"A letter from a nobleman abroad to his friend in England." 1722*.

"Anſwer to a copy of verſes from Mrs. Higgins †."

Lord Lanſdown being confined in the Tower in the ſame room in which ſir Robert Walpole had been priſoner, and had left his name on the window, wrote theſe lines under it,

"Good unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again."

## *CHARLES BOYLE*, EARL of ORRERY,

OF one of the moſt accompliſhed houſes in Europe, but the firſt Engliſh peer of this line that was an author, wrote

"A tranſlation of the Life of Lyſander from Plutarch," publiſhed in the Engliſh edition of that author.

"As you find it, a comedy."

"Some copies of verſes ‡."

"A Latin tranſlation of the epiſtles of Phalaris, and notes to that author." This work occaſioned the famous controverſy with doctor Bentley, a full account of which is given in the life of that great man §, who alone, and unworſted,

* Somers's Tracts, fourth collection, vol. iv. page 416.

† V. Cibber's Lives of the poets, vol. iv. p. 243.

‡ Vide Peerage in Boyle, p. 291; and Biogr. vol. ii. p. 936.

§ Biogr. vol. ii. p. 737.

worſted, ſuſtained the attacks of the brighteſt geniuſes in the learned world, and whoſe fame has not ſuffered by the wit to which it gave occaſion.

" Doctor Bentley's diſſertations on the epiſtles of Phalaris and the fables of Æſop examined by the honourable Charles Boyle, eſq." a book more commonly known by the title of " Boyle againſt Bentley."

" An epilogue to his predeceſſor's Altemira, and ſeveral ſongs in it."

## *PHILIP* DUKE of *WHARTON*,

LIKE Buckingham and Rocheſter, comforted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brighteſt profuſion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries and ſcrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compoſe one. If Julius Cæſar had only *rioted* with Catiline, he had never been emperor of the world. Indeed the duke of Wharton was not made for conqueſt; he was not equally formed for a round-houſe and Pharſalia: in one of his ballads he has bantered his own want of heroiſm; it was in a ſong he made on being ſeized by the guard in ſaint James's park, for ſinging the Jacobite air, *The king ſhall have his own again*,

" The duke he drew out half his ſword.
——the guard drew out the reſt."

His levities, wit, and want of principles, his eloquence and adventures are too well known to be recapitulated. With attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Weſtminſter for the gloom of the Eſcurial, the proſpect of king George's garter for the pretender's; and with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord who had written the ballad on the archbiſhop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a capuchin.

It is difficult to give an account of the works of ſo mercurial a man, whoſe library was a tavern, and women of pleaſure his muſes. A thouſand ſallies of his imagination may be loſt; he no more wrote for fame than he acted for it.

it. There are two volumes in octavo called his life and writings, but containing of the latter nothing but

"Seventy-four numbers of a periodical paper called The true Briton," and his celebrated

"Speech in the houſe of lords, on the third reading of the bill to inflict pains and penalties on Francis lord biſhop of Rocheſter, May 15, 1723." It is a remarkable anecdote relating to this ſpeech, that his grace, then in oppoſition to the court, went to Chelſea the day before the laſt debate on that prelate's affair, where, acting contrition, he profeſſed being determined to work out his pardon at court by ſpeaking againſt the biſhop; in order to which he begged ſome hints. The miniſter was deceived, and went through the whole cauſe with him, pointing out where the ſtrength of the argument lay and where its weakneſs. The duke was very thankful, returned to town, paſſed the night in drinking, and, without going to bed, went to the houſe of lords, where he ſpoke *for* the biſhop, recapitulating in the moſt maſterly manner, and anſwering all that had been urged againſt him. His ſpeech againſt the miniſtry two years before, on the affair of the South-ſea company, had a fatal effect; earl Stanhope anſwering it with ſo much warmth that he burſt a blood-veſſel and died.

What little I have found beſides written by the duke, are

"The ballads above mentioned."

"Hiſtory of Mirevais and ſultan Ezreff," printed in Miſt's journal *.

"The drinking-match at Eden-hall, in imitation of Chevy-chaſe." It is printed in the firſt volume of a bookſeller's miſcellany called Whartoniana †.

"Parody of a ſong ſung at the opera-houſe by Mrs. Tofts, on her leaving the Engliſh ſtage and returning to Italy ‡."

* See Life of the duke of Wharton in Cibber's Lives of the poets, vol. iv. p. 277.

† Page 191, and in Ralph's Miſcellaneous Poems, page 55.

‡ Ralph's Poems, page 131.

His

His grace began a play on the ſtory of Mary queen of Scots, of which I believe nothing remains but theſe four lines, preſerved in the ſecond volume of the ſame collection:

"Sure were I free, and Norfolk were a priſoner,
I'd fly with more impatience to his arms,
Than the poor Iſraelite gaz'd on the ſerpent,
When life was the reward of every look."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote an epilogue for this play, which is printed in Dodſley's Miſcellanies.

"A letter in Bickerton's Collection," 1745*.

## *ROBERT* LORD *RAYMOND:*

ONE of thoſe many eminent men who have riſen to the peerage from the profeſſion of the law. He was ſolicitor-general to queen Anne, attorney-general to George I. by whom he was appointed one of the commiſſioners of the great ſeal and chief-juſtice of the King's-bench; in which ſtation he died, having publiſhed

"Two volumes of reports." Folio.

## LORD CHANCELLOR *KING,*

WAS related to Mr. Locke, who † on ſeeing his treatiſe on the primitive church, perſuaded him to apply himſelf to the law, to the higheſt dignity of which he roſe.

* Page 29. In the Whartoniana, vol. ii. p. 63, is a little poem aſcribed to the duke's mother, lady Wharton, a woman famous for her wit, and ſecond wife of the marquis. His firſt wife was related to the earl of Rocheſter, and was a poeteſs. She has an article in the General Dictionary, vol. x. where are two of her letters in a very pleaſing ſtyle, and ſome of biſhop Burnet in a very wretched one, and remarkable for the pains he takes to clear himſelf from the ſuſpicion of being a Whig.

† Vide Collins's Peerage in King.

We

We have of his writing

"Enquiry into the conſtitution, diſcipline, unity and worſhip of the primitive church." 1691.

"Hiſtory of the apoſtles creed, with critical obſervations on its ſeveral articles."

"Two ſpeeches on the trial of doctor Sacheverel."

"The ſpeech of ſir Peter King, knight, recorder of the city of London, at ſaint Margaret's-hill, to the king's moſt excellent majeſty upon his royal entry, September 20, 1714."

## *THOMAS* Lord *PAGET,*

ELDEST ſon of the late earl of Uxbridge, who ſurvived him, publiſhed ſome pieces, particularly

"An eſſay on human life," in verſe. 1734, quarto.

"Some reflections upon the adminiſtration of government." A pamphlet, 1740.

In both theſe pieces there is much good ſenſe: the former is written in imitation of Pope's ethic epiſtles, and has good lines, but not much poetry.

He wrote other poems and eſſays, all which he collected into one volume octavo, of which only a few copies were printed to give away.

Sir

## SIR *ROBERT WALPOLE*, EARL of ORFORD,

IS only mentioned in this place in his quality of author: it is not proper nor neceſſary for me to touch his character here—ſixteen unfortunate and inglorious years ſince his removal have already written his elogium!

About the end of queen Anne's reign, and the beginning of George the firſt, he wrote the following pamphlets:

"The ſovereign's anſwer to the Gloceſterſhire addreſs." *The ſovereign* meaned Charles duke of Somerſet, ſo called by the whigs. Some paragraphs in this piece were inſerted by the marquis of Wharton.

"Anſwer to the repreſentation of the houſe of lords on the ſtate of the navy." 1709.

"The debts of the nation ſtated and conſidered, in four papers." 1710.

"The thirty-five millions accounted for." 1710.

"A letter from a foreign miniſter in England to Monſ. Pettecum *." 1710.

"Four letters to a friend in Scotland upon Sacheverel's trial." Falſely attributed in the General Dictionary to Mr. Maynwaring, who did not write them, though he ſometimes reviſed Mr. Walpole's pamphlets †.

"A pamphlet ‡ upon the vote of the houſe of commons with relation to the allies not furniſhing their quotas."

* See a full account of this perſon, who was a volunteer negotiator about the time of the treaty of Utrecht, in the Memoires de Torcy.

† I have ſeen a catalogue of books in which the ludicrous notes on ſpeaker Bromley's travels were aſcribed, but falſely, to ſir R. W.

‡ Lord O. forgot the title, and I have not been able to recover it.

" A ſhort hiſtory of the parliament." It is an account of the laſt ſeſſion of the queen. It was undertaken by deſire of lord Somers and the whig lords, on a Thurſday, and printed on the Tueſday following. The dedication was written by Mr. Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath.

" The South-ſea ſcheme conſidered."

" A pamphlet againſt the peerage-bill." Lord Orford could not remember the title. I have ſome reaſon to think it was, " The thoughts of a member of the lower houſe in relation to a project for reſtraining and limiting the power of the crown in the future creation of peers." 1719.

" The report of the ſecret committee, June 9, 1715."

" A private letter to general Churchill after lord Orford's retirement," was handed about till it got into print *.

## *HENRY* ST. *JOHN*, VISCOUNT BOLINBROKE,

WITH the moſt agreeable talents in the world and with great parts, was neither happy nor ſucceſsful. He wrote againſt the late king, who had forgiven him; againſt ſir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; againſt the pretender and the clergy, who never will forgive him †. He is one of our beſt writers; though his attacks on all governments and all religion [neither of which views he cared directly to own] have neceſſarily involved his ſtyle in a want of perſpicuity. One muſt know the man before one can often

* It is in Bickerton's Collection, p. 6.

† Towards the end of doctor Middleton's life, when great endeavours were uſed to obtain ſome preferment in the church for him, he went to archbiſhop Potter to give ſuch an account of his religious opinions as might take off the proſcription againſt him. But when he found that his former writings had left ſtronger impreſſions than his new declarations could efface, he ſaid, " What then, my lord, am I never to be forgiven?" The prelate replied, " God, I hope, will forgive you, but you muſt never expect to be forgiven here."

gueſs

gueſs his meaning. He has two other faults which one ſhould not expect in the ſame writer, much tautology and great want of connection. Beſides his general works, publiſhed together ſince his death in five volumes quarto, ſeveral of his letters are preſerved with Pope's and Swift's, and a few little pieces of his poetry are extant, for which he had a natural and eaſy turn.

" To Clara;" publiſhed in ſeveral miſcellanies.

" Almahide, a poem*."

" An epilogue to lord Orrery's Altemira †."

" Prologue to lord Lanſdown's Heroic love."

" An ironical copy of verſes in praiſe of the chef d'œuvre d'un inconnu, prefixed to that book." The initial letters ſubjoined ſtand for his lordſhip's name, titles, and employment in Latin.

" Three ſtanzas of an ode in the laſt ſcene of the maſque of Alfred, by Mallet ‡."

The following political pieces are not republiſhed in his works:

" A letter to the examiner." 1710.

It was anſwered by earl Cowper [of whom I find no other work except his ſpeeches] under this title, " A letter to Iſaac Bickerſtaffe, eſq. occaſioned by the letter to the Examiner §."

" The true copy of a letter from the right honourable the lord viſcount Bolinbroke." Printed in the year 1715 ‖.

* Printed in the Whartoniana, vol. ii. p. 116. are diſtinguiſhed by aſteriſks.

† Biograph. vol. ii. 219.

§ Somers's Tracts, fourth coll. vol. iv. p. 5.

‡ Vide the new edition of Mallet's works, 1759, vol. iii. p. 67: lord Bolinbroke's ſtanzas

‖ Ib. p. 253.

"The repreſentation of the right honourable the lord viſcount Bolinbroke." Printed in the year 1715*.

There has alſo been publiſhed in his lordſhip's name, but I do not know on what authority, a piece called

"Reflections concerning innate moral principles, written in French by the late lord Bolinbroke, and tranſlated into Engliſh. London, printed for S. Bladon, 1715."

## JOHN LORD HERVEY,

WROTE many pieces of various kinds: his pamphlets are equal to any that ever were written. Publiſhed by himſelf were,

"Anſwer to The occaſional writer." 1727.

"The occaſional writer, N° IV. to his imperial majeſty."

"Obſervations on the writings of the Craftſman."

"Sequel of the obſervations on the writings of the Craftſman." 1730.

"Sedition and defamation diſplayed, with a dedication to the patrons of the Craftſman."

"A ſummary account of the ſtate of Dunkirk and the negotiations relating thereto; in a letter from a member of parliament to the mayor of the borough for which he ſerves." 1733.

"A letter to the Craftſman on the game of cheſs." 1733.

"The conduct of oppoſition and tendency of modern patriotiſm." 1734.

* Somers's Tracts, fourth collection, vol. iv. p. 260.

"Speech

" Speech on the bill to prevent the ſettling more lands in mortmain."

" Speech for the army." 1737.

" A proteſt againſt proteſting with reaſons."

A paper entitled " The lords' proteſt."

" Letter to a country gentleman on the revival of the ſalt duty."

" Account of queen Anne's bounty."

" Letter to the biſhop of Bangor on his late ſermon upon horſes and aſſes."

" On the pyramids, to Mrs. * * *."

" The quaker's reply to a country parſon's plea againſt the quaker's bill for tythes."

" Letter to the author of Common ſenſe, or the Engliſhman's journal, of Saturday April 16, 1737."

" Ancient and modern liberty ſtated and compared."

" A letter from a country gentleman to his friend in London, concerning two collections of letters and meſſages lately publiſhed between the K. Q. Pr. and Prſs."

" An examination of the facts and reaſonings contained in a pamphlet entitled A letter from a member of parliament to his friend in the country, upon the motion to addreſs his majeſty to ſettle 100,000 l. per annum on his royal highneſs the prince of Wales." 1739.

" Some remarks on The minute philoſopher."

" Epitaph on queen Caroline in Latin and Engliſh."

" Miſcellaneous thoughts on the preſent poſture of affairs." 1742.

" Three ſpeeches on the gin-act."

" The queſtion ſtated in regard to the army in Flanders."

" A letter to Mr. Cibber on his letter to Mr. Pope."

IN VERSE.

" An epiſtle from a nobleman to a doctor of divinity." [Dr. Sherwin] 1733.

" To the imitator of the ſatire of the ſecond book of Horace."

" Bolinbroke's addreſs to ambition, in imitation of the firſt ode of the fourth book of Horace." 1737.

" The difference between verbal and practical virtue; with a prefatory epiſtle from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope." 1742.

" A ſevere deſcription of Italy," of which only the tranſlation by Voltaire has been publiſhed in the latter's Melanges de litterature, vol. ii. p. 108.

" Some genteel lines on the ducheſs of Richmond going to ſupper at Mr. Pulteney's."

" Lines under the mezzotinto of Mrs. Oldfield."

" Receipt to make an epigram." Printed in a collection called The ſports of the muſes, vol. ii. p. 192.

" A dialogue between the king and lord Carteret." It is a ſatirical ballad written in the year 1742, and printed in ſeveral miſcellanies.

Since his lordſhip's deceaſe, there have been printed in Dodſley's collection of poems the following by lord Hervey,

" To

" To Mr. Fox [now earl of Ilcheſter], written at Florence, in imitation of Horace, ode iv. book 2.*"

" To the ſame, from Hampton-court," 1731 †.

" Anſwer to Mr. Hammond's elegy to Miſs Daſhwood ‡."

" Four epiſtles in the manner of Ovid §." That from Roxana to Philocles is a miſtake, and ſhould be Roxana to Uſbeck. That from Monimia to Philocles is the beſt of his lordſhip's poems; it was deſigned for miſs Sophia Howe, maid of honour, to the honourable Antony Lowther.

" Epilogue deſigned for Sophoniſba ‖."

" An imitation of Horace, addreſſed to lord Ilcheſter ¶."

" A love-letter **."

" A ſatire in the manner of Perſius ††."

" Verſes on health," printed in the third part of Almon's Foundling-hoſpital for wit, 1769.

Lord Hervey left ſeveral other works in proſe and verſe in manuſcript, particularly,

" Agrippina, a tragedy in rhyme."

" Letters to doctor Middleton on the method of filling up the Roman ſenate." The doctor formed his own ſhare in this controverſy into a treatiſe publiſhed in his works.

" Memoirs from his firſt coming to court to the death of the queen."

* Vol. iii. p. 181.
† Ib. p. 183.
‡ Vol. iv. p. 79.
§ Ib. p. 82, &c.
‖ Vol. iv. p. 107.
¶ Ib. p. 109.
** Ib. p. 110.
†† Vol. v. p. 147.

## *HENRY* Lord *HYDE*, and CORNBURY.

THIS amiable and diſintereſted lord was author of a few pamphlets, publiſhed without his name; of ſome tragedies, ſtill in manuſcript; of a comedy called

"The miſtakes, or the happy reſentment." Given to Mrs. Porter for her benefit, and printed in 1758 by ſubſcription, with a little preface by the author of this work; and of

"Common ſenſe, or the Engliſhman's journal, of Feb. 12, 1737."

"Letter to David Mallet, eſq. on the intended publication of lord Bolinbroke's MSS." publiſhed in the ſecond volume of the quarto edition of Swift's correſpondence, 1766.

In ſome of the editions of Pope's works, prefixed to the Eſſay on man is a copy of verſes ſigned C. which I believe were written by lord Cornbury.

## *HORATIO* Lord *WALPOLE*,

WROTE many political pieces with knowledge, but in a bad ſtyle, yet better than his ſpeeches: among others were the following:

"The caſe of the Heſſian troops in the pay of Great Britain."

"The intereſt of Great Britain ſteadily purſued. Part I. In anſwer to a pamphlet, entitled, The caſe of the Hanover forces." 1743.

"A letter to a certain diſtinguiſhed patriot and applauded orator, on the publication of his celebrated ſpeech on the Seaford petition, in the magazines, &c." 1748.

" Complaints of the manufacturers, relating to the abuſes in marking the ſheep, and winding the wool, &c." 1752.

" Anſwer to the latter part of lord Bolinbroke's letters on the ſtudy of hiſtory." MS. It was left imperfect; but ſeveral copies of the two firſt parts were printed and given away in May 1762, under this title, " An anſwer to the latter part of lord Bolinbroke's letters on the ſtudy of hiſtory, by the late lord Walpole of Woolterton, in a ſeries of letters to a noble lord, part I. and II." 1762, qu°. Afterwards publiſhed.

" A letter to a perſon in Holland, written in 1745, and publiſhed in the London chronicle, June 8, 1762.

## *GEORGE BOOTH,* EARL of WARRINGTON.

HAVING been obliged to remove from this catalogue the firſt peer * of this family, I am enabled to replace him by his grandſon the late earl, who ſome years ago wrote a tract [though concealing himſelf for the author] entitled,

" Conſiderations upon the inſtitution of marriage, with ſome thoughts concerning the force and obligation of the marriage contract; wherein is conſidered, how far divorces may or ought to be allowed. By a gentleman. Humbly ſubmitted to the judgment of the impartial." Lond. printed for John Whiſton, 1739. It is an argument for divorce on diſagreement of temper. In the introduction his lordſhip obſerves, that in the office of the church before matrimony we are enjoined *to conſider it as a myſtical union between Chriſt and his church*, and as ſuch forbidden *to take it in hand unadviſedly or lightly*; with an expreſs interdict of the *deſign of ſatisfying man's carnal appetites*. But that the moment the marriage is completed, the ſame authority declares that nothing can diſſolve it, but a deficiency of carnality.

* Inſerted by miſtake in the firſt edition.

# ADDITIONS.

## *WILLIAM PULTENEY*, EARL of BATH,

AN author, whoſe writings will be better known by his name, than his name will be by his writings, though his proſe had much effect, and his verſes were eaſy and graceful. Both were occaſional, and not dedicated to the love of fame. Good-humour and the ſpirit of ſociety dictated his poetry; ambition and acrimony his political writings. The latter made Pope ſay,

"How many Martials were in Pult'ney loſt!"

That loſs however was amply compenſated to the world by the odes to which lord Bath's political conduct gave birth. The pen of ſir Charles Hanbury Williams inflicted deeper wounds in three months on this lord, than a ſeries of Craftſmen, aided by lord Bolinbroke for ſeveral years, could imprint on ſir Robert Walpole. The latter loſt his power, but lived to ſee juſtice done to his character. His rival acquired no power, but—died very rich.

I cannot ſpecify the particular papers or pamphlets written by lord Bath during his long oppoſition to ſir Robert Walpole, but he was ſuppoſed to have the principal hand in Miſt's and Fogg's journals and the Craftſman. Such of his poems as are come to my knowledge are,

"Verſes on lady Eſſex Howard," printed in the Annual regiſter for 1768.

"Riddle on the eye." Well known. Lord Bath's wit was not of the delicate kind.

"Epiſtle from mother Lodge to ſir Paul Methuen."

"Ballad on the maids of honour loſing their ſhifts."

"On

"On the various claims to the baronies of Stitch and Knocking."

"Ode to Thomas Coke, earl of Leiceſter."

"Paul Foley to Nicholas Fazakerley," imitated from ode xi. book ii. of Horace.

"Verſes to miſs Pelham."

"On the pump-girl at Bath."

"Ballad on Strawberry-hill."

"Some indecent lines on a lady who aimed at too high a marriage."

The works in proſe certainly written by lord Bath were,

"Dedication to the hiſtory of the parliament *."

"A proper reply to a late ſcurrilous libel, entitled, Sedition and defamation diſplayed." The latter was written by lord Hervey. The reply occaſioned the duel between thoſe two lords.

"Seaſonable hints from an honeſt man on the preſent criſis." 1761.

"N° XVII. of the periodical paper called The World."

A few of his letters are printed with Swift's correſpondence.

* See page 448.

## *GEORGE BUBB DODDINGTON,* LORD MELCOMB.

A MAN of more wit and more unſteadineſs than the preceding; as ambitious, but leſs acrimonious; no formidable enemy; no ſure political, but an agreeable friend. Lord Melcomb's ſpeeches were as dainty and pointed, as lord Bath's were copious and wandering from the ſubject. Oſtentatious in his perſon, houſes and furniture, he wanted in his expence the taſte he never wanted in his converſation. Pope and Churchill treated him more ſeverely than he deſerved; a fate that may attend a man of the greateſt wit, when his parts are more ſuited to ſociety than to compoſition. The verſe remains, the bons mots and ſallies are forgotten. To lord Melcomb doctor Young inſcribed his third ſatire, and lord Lyttelton the ſecond of his eclogues. He himſelf, beſides other pieces, wrote

"An epiſtle to ſir Robert Walpole," printed in Dodſley's collection, in which is the celebrated line quoted by Pope,

"In pow'r a ſervant, out of pow'r a friend."

"An epiſtle from John More, apothecary in Abchurch-lane, to lord Carteret, upon the treaty of worms."

"Verſes in his eating-room at Hammerſmith;" printed in the Annual regiſter, 1761.

"Verſes, written a little before his death, to doctor Young." Printed in the London chronicle for Auguſt 24, 1762; and in the Supplement to Dodſley's miſcellany.

"A pamphlet on the expedition to Rochfort; againſt Mr. Pitt."

JOHN

## *JOHN* EARL *POULETT*,

THE ſecond earl of that line, publiſhed a motion he made in the houſe of lords; and ſeveral papers on the militia in 1758.

## *CHARLES* LORD VISCOUNT *TOWNSHEND*,

SON of Charles, and father of George the preſent viſcount, publiſhed a pamphlet againſt the bounty on corn.

## *JOHN BOYLE*, EARL of CORKE and ORRERY.

NO family perhaps ever produced in ſo ſhort a time ſo many diſtinguiſhed perſons, as the houſe of Boyle. The great earl of Corke; the lord Broghill; that excellent philoſopher and man, Mr. Boyle; the lord Carleton; Charles earl of Orrery; lord viſcount Shannon, the general; the earl of Shannon, ſo long ſpeaker of the houſe of commons in Ireland; and the reſtorer of taſte in architecture, the late earl of Burlington; were not the only ornaments of the ſame illuſtrious line. The late earl of Corke, though not the brighteſt of his race, was ambitious of not degenerating; and united to the virtues of his family their love of ſcience and literature. It was a valuable preſent his lordſhip made to the world in writing

"The life of doctor Swift." Lord Corke wrote beſides,

"A poem on the young duke of Buckingham," printed under the article of Sheffield in the General Dictionary.

"Some lines on the death of his father," printed in Budgell's life of that peer.

"Prologue to Mallet's maſque of king Alfred."

"N° XLVII. LXVIII. CLXI. CLXXXV. of The World."

"Tranſlation of Pliny's epiſtles."

"Preface and notes to the Memoirs of Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth," publiſhed by his lordſhip.

"Preface to Mrs. Lenox's tranſlation of Pere Brumoy's Greek theatre."

"Two letters to doctor Swift," printed with the dean's correſpondence.

## *CHARLES SACKVILLE*, DUKE of DORSET,

POSSESSED the hereditary talent of his family; and though a poet of no eminence, had a genteel ſtyle in his verſes, that ſpoke the man of quality, without ſubjecting him to the ridicule that has been ſo juſtly laviſhed on what were formerly called poems by a perſon of honour. This duke wrote

"Verſes on the beauties."

"A poem," printed in Dodſley's Muſeum.

"Arno's vale," a ſong on the death of John Gaſton, great duke of Tuſcany, written at Florence.

"Anacreontic on the death of ſir Henry Bellendine," in April, 1764.

"A treatiſe on the militia."

*RICHARD*

## *RICHARD* Lord *EDGECUMBE,*

THE ſecond peer of a family long diſtinguiſhed by talents, integrity and honour, muſt be added to the foregoing liſt, though with a ſlenderer portion of fame than his genius deſerved and promiſed, as very few of his compoſitions have been printed, as the beſt of them were too ſtrongly marked by the warmth of his age and imagination to be fit for the public eye, and as all of them were the productions of his moſt careleſs hours. He was a poet from fancy, not from meditation; yet he poſſeſſed thoſe graces which ſtudy cannot give, eaſe and harmony, the fruits of taſte and a good ear. What elegance might he not have attained, had application been added to ſtrong parts, to humour that was the reſult of truth, and to wit that never was the offſpring of ill-nature! Theſe encomiums hereafter will ſound like flattery. No; friendſhip feels, but juſtice dictates; and very many who knew lord Edgecumbe, know they are not exaggerated. As he has left ſo little to ſpeak for him, the ſame friendſhip muſt be indulged in expatiating a moment longer on ſo ſingular and amiable a character: and if, when I am reprinting my own works, I am perhaps but burying the dead, let me pleaſe myſelf in placing a tablet in the ſame cemetery to the memory of my friend!

I may with propriety mention him here, or in my Anecdotes of painting. In the latter art he had the genius of a maſter, before he could write man. His drawings were at once correctly true and great. He could deliver his ideas with his pencil as preciſely as with language, and no man ever was more exact in ſeizing the point of truth, or in rendering it with perſpicuity. His eye never ſaw falſely; his tongue knew not how to be falſe. It was this impreſſion of truth that conſtituted the reigning peculiarity of his character. He felt it to minuteneſs; and had no more notion of affecting a virtue he did not poſſeſs, than he was capable of concealing a fault of which he was ſenſible. He ſpoke his own thoughts, and mentioned his own actions, with as much indifference as if he had no property in them. His manner and ſtyle were very particular; and not the leſs ſo, for not being affected. Nature made him what affectation makes others, ſingular; but with the advantage

that nature always has over art, his ſingularity was pleaſing. To be agreeable is the moſt difficult taſk that art finds in copying nature.

With the moſt excellent talent for imitating whatever he ſaw, no entreaties could engage him to exaggerate. A heart without gall checked a hand that was maſter of caricatura.

That he had defects, it would be unworthy a friend of his to deny: if I ſlide over them it is pardonable. It was becoming in him alone, not to conceal them. Yet it is ſtrict juſtice to his memory to aver, that he never had a fault but to himſelf; he never had an enemy but himſelf.

He left ſeveral copies of verſes; one of the worſt, a letter to his miſtreſs on a journey, was printed in 1752. The well-known print of Mary Squires, the gipſy, falſely accuſed by Elizabeth Canning, was taken from lord Edgecumbe's drawing.

FINIS.

SUPPLEMENT.

# SUPPLEMENT.

*HAVING found some ſcattered paſſages relating to ſome other lords, which ſcarcely entitle them to places in this catalogue, and which yet make me doubtful whether they ſhould not be inſerted; I chooſe to range them here: and if hereafter more evidence relating to them ſhall be diſcovered, they may be diſtributed in their proper order.*

## *ANTONY BROWN*, VISCOUNT MONTACUTE.

IT is againſt my rule to reckon peers as authors, of whom nothing is extant but ſpeeches or letters. Indeed where there is a preſumption that either were publiſhed by the perſons themſelves, it makes a difference. I ſhould not record this lord at all, but from his being mentioned as a writer by biſhop Tanner for his

"Speech in the houſe of lords againſt the alteration of religion *."

"One of his letters is preſerved among the Harleian MSS. N° 283, 100: another, ib. 703, 14."

Of his grandſon, Antony, the next viſcount, is extant in MS. "A book of orders and rules, eſtabliſhed for the better direction and government of his houſhold and family, together with the ſeveral duties and charges appertaining to his officers and other ſervants, 1595." It is rather a collection of forms and ceremonies to be uſed about his perſon and in his houſe, than any thing elſe, and is a ridiculous piece of mimicry of royal grandeur; an inſtance of ancient pride, the more remarkable, as the peer who drew it up was then barely 24 years of age. There are no fewer than 36 different ranks

* Page 131.

of

of ſervants whom he calls his officers; and yet it is obſervable, though the whole line were rigid catholics, that no mention is made of his chaplains or prieſts. His only eccleſiaſtic is his almoner, and his buſineſs it ſeems was to light the fires in the hall.

## *HENRY CLIFFORD*, EARL of CUMBERLAND,

THE ſecond of that title, has but little claim to a place in this liſt, unleſs any farther diſcoveries are made of his writing than

"Some verſes which he compoſed on his father's preſenting a treatiſe of natural philoſophy in old French to the priory of Bolton, and which with the book itſelf were preſerved in Mr. Thoreſby's muſeum at Leeds *.

## LORD CHANCELLOR *HATTON*.

WOOD ſays †, "He wrote, as it is ſaid, ſeveral things pertaining to the law; but none of them are extant, only this, if I may ſay it is his, and not his name ſet to it for ſale-ſake,"

"A treatiſe concerning ſtatutes or acts of parliament, and the expoſition thereof." Lond. 1677, octavo.

"Speeches ſpoken during the time of his chancellorſhip." MS.

"Two letters among the Burleigh Papers publiſhed by Murdin."

"Two more among the Harleian MSS. N° 6993, 21; and 6994, 79."

Chriſtopher lord Hatton, his kinſman and ſucceſſor, publiſhed

* Vide Ducat. Leod. p. 538. † Athenæ, vol. i. p. 253.

"The

"The pſalms of David, with titles and collects according to the matter of each pſalm." Printed at Oxford, 1644, octavo; afterwards enlarged and publiſhed ſeveral times. Wood ſays*, that they were compiled by doctor Jer. Taylor, though they go under the name of the lord Hatton.

I have been told that there is extant a manuſcript written by the ſecond lord Hatton, entitled

"A brief ſtate of Guernſey, by the right hon. Chriſtopher lord Hatton, preſent governor of the ſaid iſland."

## *LIONEL CRANFIELD*, EARL of MIDDLESEX.

PREFIXED to Coryat's Crudities (a book not more fooliſh than the commendatory verſes of the wits of the age, who meaned to turn the author into ridicule) is a copy by Lionel Cranfield, then a merchant of London, afterwards earl of Middleſex and lord high treaſurer; a man, whoſe ſuppleneſs and parts carried him to the greateſt height, and whoſe ingratitude and want of judgment made his fall more precipitate than his elevation. He roſe by flattering the duke of Buckingham; but deceiving himſelf in the imagination that king James was grown weary of his favourite and meaned to deprive him of his power, "he had the courage, ſays lord Clarendon †, the baſeneſs, ſays truth, to withdraw from his abſolute dependence on the duke, and make ſome other eſſays, which proved to his ruin." Had the earl withſtood the arbitrary directions of the favourite, while in the zenith of his power, and ſhowed him that even gratitude could not biaſs him to be a lawleſs tool, he had acted bravely and honeſtly.—With the noble hiſtorian's leave, I do not ſee the courage of a creature propoſing to trample on a falling minion, to whom he owed his fortune. When it erects paraſites into patriots, what is hiſtory? It is remarkable that this city-born grandee lived to be committed to the Compter by an alderman ‡. I have met with no other of his lordſhip's compoſitions.

* Athenæ, vol. i. p. 254. † Vol. i. p. 11. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 105.

# *JOHN HOLLES*, EARL of CLARE,

A MAN too remarkable to be omitted, while there was the leaſt foundation for inſcribing him in this catalogue; yet was that foundation too ſlight to range him in form as an author.

His * perſon was lofty and noble, his courage daring, his eloquence uſeful, his virtues often at war with his intereſt, as often accommodating themſelves to it. A volunteer in the Netherlands under ſir Francis Vere; a ſeaman in one of the greateſt ſcenes on which his country ever acted, the naval war of 1588; at which time his active ſtrength was ſo extraordinary, that he could climb the talleſt ſhip, though locked in the unwieldy armour of thoſe days. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf in Hungary; in Ireland he was knighted for his public valour; his private was ſucceſsful in duels. He encountered little leſs danger in provoking the reſentment of thoſe mighty miniſters, Burleigh and Buckingham, the one for his miſtreſs, the other for his friend—the cauſe of the latter he never deſerted: he praiſed Raleigh, when dead; ſtuck to Somerſet, when fallen; defended the earl of Oxford, when oppreſſed by the power of Villiers. Yet with this bold ſpirit of ancient times, he had much of the character of far more modern patriots. He often oppoſed the court from perſonal diſguſts, often returned to it for private views; loudly ſtigmatized the traffic of peerages, yet bought both his barony and his earldom; and, approaching his reſemblance to very modern patriots, offended the king by accuſing him † of a deſign to introduce a body of *German* horſe. He had originally been of the band of penſioners to queen Elizabeth, when the pooreſt gentleman of the troop had 4000 *l.* per annum: his next preferment at court was comptroller to prince Henry. Soon after his death, Holles was diſgraced and impriſoned ‡ for a cauſe, which, though called trivial by his relation and biographer, leaves no favourable impreſſion of his memory. It

* See his Life written by Gervaſe Holles, his kinſman, in Collins's Hiſtor. collections of the noble families of Cavendiſhe, Holles, &c. and in the Biographia.

† Charles the firſt.

‡ He was alſo proſecuted in the Star-chamber, for living in town without leave. *Strafford Papers*, vol. i. p. 337.

was

was for having a private conference with Garnet and another jeſuit at their execution. That brutal and corrupt man, ſir Edward Coke, pleading with his accuſtomed acrimony in the Star-chamber againſt Holles, aſked him this elegant queſtion:

"Et quæ tanta fuit Tyburn tibi cauſa videndi?"

What was ſtill more memorable, the politic criminal bought himſelf out of priſon into a peerage, by a preſent of 10,000*l.* to Buckingham; and for 5000*l.* more obtained from the ſame market the earldom of Clare, which had juſt been refuſed to the earl of Warwick, on a ſolemn declaration of the court-lawyers, that it was a title peculiar to the blood-royal, and not to be allowed to a meaner ſubject.

Indeed, audacious as the profligacy of that court was, it is to be ſuſpected that the earl of Clare had another private key to the gate of his priſon. He had been of the houſehold to prince Henry; and was a bold ſpeaker: a man whoſe reſentments had carried him to viſit condemned jeſuits, was a dangerous perſon if poſſeſſed of a court-ſecret—and that he was, ſome myſterious lines written in his pocket-book ſeem ſtrongly to intimate: they begin thus:

"Acteon once Diana naked ſpied
At unawares, yet by his dogs he died, &c."

The writer of his Life ſays indeed that the earl did not believe prince Henry poiſoned; but he mentions an *if*, which adds much more weight to the ſuſpicion, than the negation could take from it: nor is his ſuppoſal, that the earl would have hated Somerſet if he had known him guilty, of any force: the morals of Clare were not always rigid.

Perhaps I have been too diffuſe on a man who ſcarcely comes within my plan; but the ſingularity of his life and fortunes has drawn me beyond a juſt length. I will conclude with mentioning, that towards the end of his life he was on the point of being declared lord treaſurer [as his friend Somerſet was of being reſtored to favour]; that he once more offended the court by refuſing the order of the Bath for his two ſons, from reſentment of the diſgrace of another friend, archbiſhop Williams; and that he was father

of the famous patriot lord Holles; and father-in-law of the more famous miniſter, lord Strafford. He wrote

"An anſwer to ſome paſſages of ſir Francis Bacon's eſſay on empire."

"Epitaph on his ſon Francis, in Weſtminſter-abbey:" the tomb is remarkable for its ſimplicity and good taſte.

"Epitaph on ſir Walter Raleigh."

"The verſes in his pocket-book, mentioned above."

"A ſpeech in behalf of the earl of Oxford." The biſhops having uniformly voted againſt the earl, to pay their court to Buckingham who oppoſed him, lord Clare paſſing by their bench the next day, ſaid to them, "My lords, I obſerved yeſterday you went all one way, and yet you ſhall not all be biſhops of Canterbury *."

"A ſenſible and cautious letter of advice to his ſon-in-law Strafford." Lord Clare was admired for his letters; and Howel in two of his bears teſtimony to the earl's learning and ſkill in languages.

"A letter to lord Burleigh on his ſpeech in the Star-chamber in derogation of ſir John and his anceſtors †."

## *THOMAS WENTWORTH*, EARL of STRAFFORD,

IS not recorded here for his ſpeeches and letters, thoſe chef-d'œuvres of ſenſe, of nervous and pathetic eloquence; but on occaſion of an elegy with ſome affecting lines, ſaid to have been compoſed by him the night be-

* In lord Clarendon's Continuation of his hiſtory it is ſaid that the king [Charles II.] ſent *his commands* to the bench by the archbiſhop to vote againſt their beſt friend the falling chancellor. They never received ſo unparliamentary an order on a worſe occaſion; and from his lordſhip's ſilence it is probable that they never obeyed it leſs to their honour.

† MS. in the Harleian Collection in the Britiſh Muſeum, N° 36, 59.

fore his execution. It has been re-publiſhed in the collection * of tracts called lord Somers's; but in a ſubſequent † volume we are told that it was a fiction, avowed afterwards by another perſon. Moſt probably it was not genuine: that hero had other ways of venting his ſcorn than in ſonnets and madrigals. When the lieutenant of the Tower offered him a coach, leſt he ſhould be torn to pieces by the mob in paſſing to execution; he replied, "I die to pleaſe the people, and I will die in their own way." With ſuch ſtern indifference to his fate, he was not likely to debaſe his dignity by puerile expreſſions of it.

His own notes taken at his trial, and a remarkable letter in apology for his ambition, are extant in the Harl. MSS. N° 2233; and 7000, 34.

## *WILLIAM FIENNES*, VISCOUNT SAY and SEALE,

IS ſaid to be author of a tract extant in the Sunderland library at Blenheim, called

"The Scotch deſign diſcovered." Quarto, 1654.

## LORD-KEEPER *COVENTRY.*

BESIDES recapitulating ſeveral of his ſpeeches in print, Wood ſays ‡ he hath extant

"An anſwer to the petition againſt recuſants."

And that there goes under his name another piece, called

"Perfect and exact directions to all thoſe that deſire to know the true and juſt fees of all the offices belonging to the court of Common-pleas, Chancery, &c." Lond. octavo.

* Second coll. vol. ii. p. 9. † Fourth coll. vol. i. p. 83. ‡ Vol. i. p. 627.

Among

Among the Harl. MSS. is the following piece,

" Ordinances made by the lord-keeper Coventry (with the aidinge and aſſiſtance of ſir J. Cæſar, &c.) for the redreſs of ſundry errors, defaults and abuſes in the high court of Chancery *." And " A paraphraſe on the king's ſpeech †."

## *EDWARD* LORD *MONTAGU,*

FATHER of the firſt duke of Montagu, made, when a young man, a good tranſlation into Latin, of Michael Drayton's epiſtle from Henry II. to Roſamond. It is printed at the end of a wretched collection of poems, called Amanda, by one N. Hookes, printed in 1653. The volume is dedicated to lord Montagu. It is remarkable that, though the Latin is in general pure and Ovidian, his lordſhip has in one place Latinized a word entirely Engliſh, *lullabit.*

## *JOHN* LORD *LUCAS.*

AS it was burnt by the hands of the hangman ‡, his lordſhip himſelf probably publiſhed his

" Speech in the houſe of peers, February 22, 1671, upon the reading the ſubſidy-bill the ſecond time in the preſence of his majeſty §." In the State Poems I find one ||, alluding to this ſpeech, called " Lord Lucas's ghoſt."

* N° 2207, art. 10.

† N° 2305, art. 8.

‡ Marvel ſays he owned part was his, part not. Vol. ii. p. 59.

§ State Tracts, vol. i. p. 454.

|| Vol. i. p. 173.

# *HENRY** LORD *ARUNDEL* of WARDOUR,

ONE of the lords impriſoned for the popiſh plot, had behaved with diſtinguiſhed bravery in the quarrel of Charles the firſt; but the merits of his religion and ſufferings were ſtronger recommendations to James the ſecond, in whoſe ſhort reign lord Arundel was lord privy-ſeal and much truſted. In a paltry collection, called Loyal poems, printed in 1685, by one of the loweſt tools of the Roman catholic faction, I find

"Five little meditations in verſe," aſcribed to this lord, and ſaid to be written whilſt he was priſoner in the Tower.

In another poem in this collection, p. 227, it is ſaid that Arundel was to have been chancellor. Another, on the death of Charles the ſecond, is ſo ridiculouſly bad that I cannot help quoting the two firſt lines of it,

"Hang all the ſtreets with ſable ſad; and call
The royal palace, *Black*, and not Whitehall."

The moſt remarkable piece in this miſcellany, in which there are a few of a better ſtyle, is the elegy of Charles the firſt, which I have mentioned before, and which being printed and aſcribed to him in the Life of his ſon, is a ſtrong preſumption of its authenticity.

* His anceſtor Thomas, the firſt lord Arundel, having for his valiant behaviour in Hungary been created by the emperor Rodolph a count of the empire, and being impriſoned by queen Elizabeth for receiving that honour without her permiſſion, wrote an apology for himſelf in a letter to lord Burleigh, which is printed in Peck's Deſiderata curioſa, book vii. p. 51: and ſome letters to the queen, which were extant MSS. in Thoreſby's muſeum, p. 532. What is remarkable in this piece is, that he mentions an earl of Somerſet, created by a pope (and who was called *the apoſtolic earl*), and an earl of Wincheſter, by a king of France. In a few pages it will be ſeen that one of the emperors made a duke of Northumberland.

FORD

## *FORD* LORD *GREY*,

A MAN, converted into an author, as any malefactor might be, if his crimes ſoared high enough to make him of conſequence to hiſtory. The confeſſion of his ſhare in a plot and in a rebellion happening to be preſerved, has been lately given to the public: where found, or by whom publiſhed, is not known; but univerſally believed genuine: if genuine, authenticating remarkably the Rye-houſe conſpiracy, which, exploded at the time of its exiſtence, ſeems to have taken its place in credit, in the room of the popiſh plot, ſo firmly the belief of all good whigs in the reign of Charles II. I ſhall ſay no more of this worthleſs man, but that he is the hero of thoſe love-letters, which the tender heart of Mrs. Manley or Mrs. Haywood lamented the loſs of, and ſupplied, between him and his ſiſter-in-law; and that he was made earl of Tankerville by king William. His book is called

"The ſecret hiſtory of the Rye-houſe plot and of Monmouth's rebellion, written by Ford lord Grey in 1685. Now firſt publiſhed from a MS. ſigned by himſelf before the earl of Sunderland. 1754."

## *ROBERT SPENCER*, EARL of SUNDERLAND,

HAVING been loaded with variety of accuſations for the lengths he had gone in countenancing popery to flatter king James, and with betraying him afterwards to the prince of Orange, publiſhed a vindication of his conduct, called

"The earl of Sunderland's letter to a friend in the country, &c. March 23, 1689 *."

* Somers's Tracts, vol. i. p. 602.

*THOMAS*

## *THOMAS GREY*, EARL of STAMFORD,

PUBLISHED his ſpeech at the general quarter-ſeſſions held for the county of Leiceſter at Michaelmas 1690; his lordſhip being made cuſtos rotulorum for the ſaid county by the late lords commiſſioners of the great ſeal. Lond. 1692, quarto, with a preface.

## *JOHN* LORD *JEFFERIES*,

SON of the noted chancellor. I find two little pieces aſcribed to this lord in the collection of ſtate-poems in four volumes quarto. One is called

"A fable*." The other†,

"A burleſque tranſlation of an elegy on the duke of Glouceſter."

## *JOHN LOWTHER*, VISCOUNT LONSDALE,

THE firſt peer and father of the laſt peer of that line, was inſtrumental to the Revolution, and ſo much eſteemed by king William, who made him lord privy-ſeal, that when through ill health he was obliged to retire from buſineſs, the king would not ſuffer him to reſign the ſeal, but ordered him to take it into the country with him. He wrote

"A treatiſe on œconomics," addreſſed to his ſon, MS. in the hands of ſir James Lowther. Another copy was in the poſſeſſion of ſir John Ramſden, his lordſhip's grandſon.

* Vol. ii. p. 241. † Vol. iii. p. 342.

## *GEORGE VERNEY*, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

AND dean of Windſor, publiſhed a few ſermons on public occaſions. His ſon, Richard lord Willoughby, was mad, and wrote verſes, ſome of which he printed, particularly a copy on the wedding of the princeſs royal Anne and the prince of Orange, in 1732. There is no ſenſe, no poetry, no metre, no numbers in them: though deſigned for heroics, ſome of the lines have only eight feet, and others fifteen and ſixteen. On the Dutch drinking port on the marriage, his lordſhip ſays,

"The gaudy ſtreets are dyed with crimſon ſtream,
And Portugal throughout the Hague does ſeem."

A little farther,

"At Helvoetſluys ſee pleaſure all on float,
See no laborious men, no careful boat:
Could fiſhes know how they're employ'd in merry ſchemes,
Thus to eſcape, they'd bleſs themſelves in quiet ſtreams."

## *ROBERT DUDLEY*, DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND,

CALLED the natural ſon, probably the legitimate ſon, of the great earl of Leiceſter, having been deprived of his birth-right, and never acknowledged as a peer of England, could not with propriety be claſſed among that order: yet he was too great an honour to his country to be omitted; and it is the duty of the meaneſt hiſtorian, and his felicity to have in his power, to do juſtice to the memory of the deſerving, which falls not within the compaſs of particulars to procure to the living. The author of thoſe curious lives of

the Dudleys in the Biographia has already retrieved the fame of this extraordinary perſon from oblivion; and therefore I ſhall touch but very few particulars of his ſtory. He * was educated under ſir Thomas Chaloner, the accompliſhed governor of prince Henry, and diſtinguiſhed his youth by martial achievements, and by uſeful diſcoveries in the Weſt Indies. But it was the houſe of Medici, thoſe patrons of learning and talents, who foſtered this enterpriſing ſpirit, and who were amply rewarded for their munificence by his projecting the free port of Leghorn. He flouriſhed in their court †, and in that of the emperor, who declared him duke of Northumberland; a dukedom remarkably confirmed to his widow, whom Charles the firſt created ducheſs Dudley. Antony Wood ſays ‡, "The duke was a complete gentleman in all ſuitable employments, an exact ſeaman, an excellent architect, mathematician, phyſician, chymiſt, and what not? He was a handſome perſonable man, tall of ſtature, red-haired, and of admirable comport, and above all noted for riding the great horſe, for tilting, and for his being the firſt of all that taught a dog to ſit in order to catch partridges." The ſame author gives this liſt of his works:

"Voyage to the iſland of Trinidada and the coaſt of Paria, 1594, 1595 §."

"Del arcano del mare, &c." Firenze, 1630, 1646; in two volumes folio; full of mathematical cuts, ſea-charts, fortifications, &c.

"A diſcourſe to correct the exorbitances of parliaments, and to enlarge the king's revenue ‖. Written in the year 1613." This is the only uncommendable performance of our author's life; and as it was attended by an extraordinary anecdote, the reader is deſired to take a little notice of it, one very particular circumſtance having never, as I know, been remarked. This paper, by which Dudley had ſought to ingratiate himſelf with James the firſt, concluding no method ſo eaſy or ſure for recovering his own right as to

* Wood, vol. ii. p. 126. See a full account of ſir Thomas Chaloner and his family in the Ædes Walpolianæ, and in Birch's Life of prince Henry.

† Where he endeavoured to bring about a match between the great duke's ſiſter and Henry prince of Wales. *See Birch*, p. 321.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 27.

§ See Hakluyt's third volume of Engliſh voyages, p. 574.

‖ Ruſhworth, vol. i. in the appendix, p. 12.

inſtruct the king how to uſurp upon the rights of his ſubjects, this paper had long lain neglected; but in the year 1628, an information was filed by ſir Robert Heath, attorney-general, in the Star-chamber, againſt the earls of Bedford, Somerſet, and Clare, ſir Robert Cotton, John Selden and Oliver St. John *, for diſperſing this ſhameleſs libel. Foulis † would aſcribe this publication to the patriots, who meaned to make the king odious; a moſt improbable charge, and not at all confirmed by what really happened afterwards, when it was re-publiſhed under the title of "Strafford's plot." There is great reaſon to preſume that this attack on parliaments was not made without the connivance of the court, at leaſt was not diſagreeable to it; the attorney-general receiving orders, in the middle of the proſecution, to diſmiſs the cauſe, on pretence that his majeſty was willing to extend his royal lenity to his ſubjects on the birth of a prince, of whom the queen was juſt delivered. The remarkable incident unnoticed, was the earl of Somerſet being involved in this trial; that haughty and fallen favourite, generally ſuppoſed to have dragged out the remainder of his life in infamy and obſcurity, but who here appears engaged in ſtate-intrigues with ſome of the greateſt lords at that period.

"Catholicon." A phyſical book. He alſo diſcovered a purging powder, which paſſes under the name of a phyſician who wrote a book on the virtues of it, and dedicated it to the duke. Conſidering how enterpriſing and dangerous a miniſter he might have made, and what variety of talents were called forth by his misfortunes, it ſeems to have been happy both for the duke and his country, that he was unjuſtly deprived of the honours to which his birth gave him pretenſions.

* It is not the leaſt particularity of this anecdote to find the names of two ſuch eminent patriots as Selden and Oliver St. John among men who propagated a plan for the reduction of parliaments. The lengths which St. John went afterwards *with* the parliament were perhaps no unnatural conſequence of a temper that had dipped into the contrary extreme to make his court.—Selden was a more temperate man and of fairer repute. *See alſo Uſher's Letters*, pp. 414, 418.

† Hiſt. of Plots, book i. p. 68.

# PEERESSES.

*AS a thick quarto* volume has been publiſhed within theſe few years of ſuch illuſtrious women as have contributed to the republic of letters, I ſhall be very brief on this head, having little to add to what that author has ſaid.*

## *MARGARET*, COUNTESS of RICHMOND and DERBY,

THE mother of Henry the ſeventh, to whom ſhe ſeems to have willingly ceded her *no* right to the crown, while ſhe employed herſelf in founding colleges, and in acts of more real devotion and goodneſs than generally attend ſo much ſuperſtition. While ſhe was yet young and a rich heireſs, the great duke of Suffolk, miniſter to Henry the ſixth, or rather to queen Margaret, ſolicited her in marriage for his ſon, though the king himſelf wooed her for his half-brother Edmund. On ſo nice a point the good young lady adviſed with an elderly gentlewoman, who thinking it too great a deciſion to take upon herſelf, recommended her to ſaint Nicholas, who, whipping on ſome epiſcopal robes, appeared to her and declared in favour of Edmund. The old gentlewoman, I ſuppoſe, was dead, and ſaint Nicholas out of the way; for we hear nothing of the lady Margaret conſulting either of them on the choice of two other huſbands after the death of earl Edmund, by whom ſhe had king Henry. Sir Henry Stafford, the ſecond, bequeathed to his ſon-in-law a trappur of four new horſe harniſh of velvet; and his mother the duchеſs of Buckingham, in conſideration of the lady Margaret's great affection for literature, gave her the following legacy by her will: "To my daughter

* Memoirs of ſeveral ladies of Great Britain who have been celebrated for their writings, &c." by George Ballard, 1752.

Richmond a book of Engliſh, being a legend of ſaints; a book of French, called *Lucun*; another book of French of the epiſtles and goſpels; and a primmer with claſps of ſilver gilt, covered with purple velvet *."

Her virtues are exceedingly celebrated: "her humility was ſuch that ſhe would often ſay, on condition that the princes of Chriſtendom would combine themſelves and march againſt their common enemy the Turks, ſhe would moſt willingly attend them and be their laundreſs in the camp†." And for her chaſtity, the reverend Mr. Baker, who re-publiſhed biſhop Fiſher's funeral ſermon on her, informs us, "that in her laſt huſband's days ſhe obtained a licence of him to live chaſte, whereupon ſhe took upon her the vow of celibacy."—A boon as ſeldom requeſted, I believe, of a third huſband, as it probably would be eaſily granted.

This princeſs publiſhed

"The mirroure of golde for the ſinfull ſoule, tranſlated from a French tranſlation of a book called Speculum aureum peccatorum. Emprynted at London, in Fletſtrete, at the ſigne of St. George, by Richard Pynſon." Quarto, with cuts on vellum ‡.

"Tranſlation of the fourth book of doctor J. Gerſon's treatiſe of the imitation and following the bleſſed life of our moſt merciful ſaviour Chriſt." Printed at the end of doctor William Atkinſon's Engliſh tranſlation of the three firſt books, 1504.

"A letter to her ſon is printed in Howard's collection of letters §."

She alſo, by her ſon's command and authority, "made the orders [yet extant] for great eſtates of ladies and noble women, for their precedence, attires, and wearing of barbes at funerals over the chin and under the ſame ‖." They are extant among the Harleian MSS. ¶

* Dugdale.

† Camden's Remains, p. 271, edit. 1651.

‡ Ballard, p. 16.

§ Page 155.

‖ Ballard and Sandford.

¶ N° 1107, art. 100.

JOANNA

# JOANNA LADY BERGAVENNY.

IN lord Oxford's library was the following book*:

"The monument of matrons, containing ſeven ſeveral lamps of virginitie or diſtinct treatiſes, compiled by Thomas Bently," black letter, no date. In the beginning was a note written by the reverend Mr. Baker, ſaying that this book contained ſeveral valuable pieces or prayers, by queen Katherine, queen Elizabeth, *the lady Abergavenny and others*. If I gueſs right, this lady Abergavenny was Joanna, daughter of Thomas Fitz-Alan earl of Arundel, wife of George lord Bergavenny, who died in the twenty-ſeventh of Henry the eighth, and niece of that bright reſtorer of literature, Antony earl Rivers. If my conjecture is juſt, ſhe was probably the foundreſs of that noble ſchool of female learning, of which [with herſelf] there were no leſs than four authoreſſes in three deſcents, as will appear by this ſhort table, and by the ſubſequent account of thoſe illuſtrious ladies:

Thomas Fitz-Alan Earl of Arundel,
Margaret Widville,

| | |
|---|---|
| William, | Joanna, |
| † Henry—1 Mary Arundel, | George lord Bergavenny, |
| 2 Catherine Grey, | |
| Joanna, | Mary, |
| Lord Lumley, | T. duke of Norfolk. |

* Harl. Catal. vol. i. p. 100.

† This lord had a valuable library, in which were many MSS. ſaved out of convents at the diſſolution, and which deſcended to his ſon-in-law the lord Lumley, after whoſe death it was purchaſed by James I. for prince Henry, and is now in the Muſeum, ſeveral of the books having the names of Arundel and Lumley in them.
*Vide Birch's Life of Pr. Henry*, pp. 161, 163.

LADY

# LADY *JANE GRAY.*

THIS admirable young heroine ſhould perhaps be inſerted in the Royal Catalogue, rather than here, as ſhe was no peereſs; but having omitted her there, as ſhe is never ranked in the liſt of kings and queens, it is impoſſible entirely to leave out the faireſt ornament of her ſex. It is remarkable that her mother [like the counteſs of Richmond before mentioned] not only waved her * ſmall pretenſions in favour of her daughter, but bore her train when ſhe made her public entry into the Tower †.

Of this lovely ſcholar's writing we have

"Four Latin epiſtles," three to Bullinger, and one to her ſiſter the lady Catherine; printed in a book called "Epiſtolæ ab eccleſiæ Helveticæ reformatoribus, vel ad eos ſcriptæ, &c." Tiguri, 1742, octavo. The fourth was written the night before her death in a Greek teſtament in which ſhe had been reading, and which ſhe ſent to her ſiſter.

* It is very obſervable how many defects concurred in the title of this princeſs to the crown. I. Her deſcent was from the younger ſiſter of Henry the eighth, and there were deſcendents of the elder living, whoſe claim indeed had been ſet aſide by the power given by parliament to king Henry to regulate the ſucceſſion: a power which, not being founded on national expedience, could be of no force; and additionally invalidated by that king having by the ſame authority ſettled the crown preferably on his own daughters, who were both living. II. Her mother, from whom alone Jane could derive any right, was alive. III. That mother was young enough to have other children [not being paſt thirty-one ‡ at the death of king Edward]; and if ſhe had borne a ſon, his right, prior to that of his ſiſter, was inconteſtable. IV. Charles Brandon, father of the ducheſs of Suffolk, had married one woman while contracted to another; but was divorced to fulfil his promiſe: the repudiated wife was living when he married Mary queen of France, by whom he had the ducheſs. V. If however Charles Brandon's firſt marriage ſhould be deemed null, there is no ſuch plea to be made in favour of the ducheſs Frances herſelf; Henry duke of Suffolk, father of Jane, being actually married to the ſiſter of the earl of Arundel, whom he divorced without the leaſt grounds, to make room for his marriage with Frances.

† Strype's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 2.

‡ *See Vertue's print of this ducheſs and her ſecond huſband, where her age is ſaid to be thirty-ſix, in* 1559.

"Her

" Her conference with Feckenham abbot of Weſtminſter, who was ſent to convert her to popery *."

" A letter to doctor Harding, her father's chaplain, who had apoſtatized †."

" A prayer for her own uſe during her impriſonment ‡."

" Four Latin verſes written in priſon with a pin §."

" Her ſpeech on the ſcaffold ‖."

Hollinſhed and ſir Richard Baker ſay ſhe wrote divers other things, but not where they are to be found. Bale ¶ adds to the above-mentioned

" The complaint of a ſinner."

" The duty of a chriſtian."

Fox ** mentions

" A letter to her father." I ſuppoſe it is the ſame that is preſerved among the Harl. MSS. N° 2194, art. 13.

There are beſides in a manual of prayers, which has been ſuppoſed to be the compoſition of the protector Somerſet, two notes written by lady Jane Gray, and another by her huſband, which have eſcaped all the authors that mention her. They are preſerved among the Harl. MSS. in the Muſeum, N° 2342, art. 35.

* Ballard, p. 105.
† Printed in the Phœnix, vol. ii. p. 28.
‡ Vide Fox's Acts and Monuments.
§ Ballard, p. 116.
‖ Ballard, p. 114.
¶ Page 110.
** Fox, p. 1420.

## *MARY* COUNTESS of *ARUNDEL*,

DAUGHTER of ſir John Arundel, married firſt to Robert Ratcliff earl of Suſſex, and afterwards to Henry Fitz-Alan earl of Arundel, as may be ſeen in the preceding table. She tranſlated from Engliſh into Latin

"Sententias & præclara facta Alexandri Severi imperatoris;" and dedicated it to her father. Extant in manuſcript in the king's library *.

"De ſtirpe & familiâ Alexandri Severi, & de ſignis quæ ei portendebant imperium."

From Greek into Latin,

"Selectas ſententias ſeptem ſapientum Græcorum."

"Similitudines ex Platonis, Ariſtotelis, Senecæ & aliorum philoſophorum libris collectas." Dedicated to her father †.

Learning had now taken a conſiderable flight ſince the days of Edward the fourth. ſir Thomas More mentions it as very extraordinary that Jane Shore could read and write.

## *JOANNA* LADY LUMLEY,

DAUGHTER-in-law of the lady laſt mentioned, tranſlated from the original into Latin

"Iſocrates's oration called Archidamus." Manuſcript in the king's library.

"The ſecond and third orations to Nicocles." Dedicated to her father ‡.

* Vide Caſley's Catal. p. 169. † Vide Tanner's Biblioth. Brit. p. 50, and Caſley ubi ſupra. ‡ Ibid.

"A fourth,

"A fourth, entitled Evagoras." Dedicated to the ſame, in the ſame place.

From Greek into Engliſh,

"The Iphigenia of Euripides." Extant in the ſame place.

## *MARY* DUCHESS of NORFOLK*,

YOUNGER ſiſter of lady Lumley, and firſt wife of Thomas duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded on account of the queen of Scots, tranſlated from Greek

"Certain ingenious ſentences collected out of various authors." Dedicated to her father †.

## *MARY* COUNTESS of PEMBROKE,

THE celebrated ſiſter of ſir Philip Sidney, wrote

"Poems and tranſlations in verſe of ſeveral pſalms," ſaid to be preſerved in the library at Wilton ‡. There are a few printed with Francis Daviſon's poems §.

"A diſcourſe of life and death, written in French by Philip Mornay, done into Engliſh by the counteſs of Pembroke, dated May 13, 1590, at Wilton." Printed at London for H. Ponſonby, 1600, 12mo.

* She died in 1557.
† In the king's library.
‡ Ballard, p. 260.
§ Vide Percy's Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry, vol. i. p. 293.

" The tragedie of Antonie, done into Engliſh by the counteſs of Pembroke." Lond. 1595, 12mo.

" Three of her letters are printed in ſir Toby Matthews's collection."

## *ELIZABETH*, LADY RUSSEL,

OF a family as learned as the Fitz-Alans, was third daughter of ſir Anthony Cooke, and ſiſter of the ladies Burleigh and Bacon, whoſe erudition is ſufficiently known. She was married, firſt to ſir Thomas Hobby, embaſſador from queen Elizabeth at Paris, where he died 1566; and ſecondly to John lord Ruſſel, ſon of Francis, the ſecond earl of Bedford. She ſurvived both her huſbands, and wrote Greek, Latin and Engliſh epitaphs in verſe for them and others of her relations. It is her daughter by her ſecond huſband, whoſe effigy is fooliſhly ſhown in Weſtminſter-abbey, as killed by the prick of a needle.

Lady Ruſſel tranſlated out of French into Engliſh

" A way of reconciliation of a good and learned man, touching the true nature and ſubſtance of the body and blood of Chriſt in the ſacrament." Printed 1605; and dedicated to her daughter Anne Ruſſel, wife of lord Henry Somerſet*, heir of Edward earl of Worceſter; with Latin and Engliſh verſes.

Ballard has printed †

" A letter to lord Burleigh about the extravagance of her youngeſt ſon."

* Dugdale, in the pedigree of Ruſſel, calls him Henry Herbert; but there never was a Herbert earl of Worceſter. In the pedigree of the Somerſets he ſays rightly, that Henry Somerſet, afterwards marquis of Worceſter, married this Anne Ruſſel.

† Ballard, page 195.

*ELIZABETH*

## *ELIZABETH* COUNTESS of LINCOLN,

DAUGHTER and coheireſs of ſir Henry Knevet, and wife of Thomas earl of Lincoln, wrote

"The counteſs of Lincoln's nurſerie*." Oxford, 1621, 4°. Addreſſed to her daughter-in-law Bridget counteſs of Lincoln. She ſpeaks of it as the firſt of her printed works, but I can find no account of any other.

## *ANNE* COUNTESS of DORSET and PEMBROKE.

THIS high-born and high-ſpirited lady was heireſs of the Cliffords earls of Cumberland, and was firſt married to Richard earl of Dorſet, whoſe life and actions ſhe celebrated. Her ſecond match was not ſo happy, being ſoon parted from her lord, that memorable ſimpleton † Philip earl of Pemboke and Montgomery, with whom Butler has ſo much diverted himſelf. Anne the counteſs was remarkably religious, magnificent, and diſpoſed to letters. She erected a pillar in the county of Weſtmorland on the ſpot where ſhe took the laſt leave of her mother, a monument to her tutor Samuel Daniel, the poetic hiſtorian, another to Spenſer, founded two hoſpitals, and repaired or built ſeven churches and ſix caſtles ‡. She wrote

* Ballard, p. 267. Wood aſcribes this piece to one doctor Lodge, vol. ii. p. 497.

† The firſt wife of this earl was Suſan, daughter of the earl of Oxford. I find a book ſet forth in her name, called "The counteſs of Montgomery's Euſebia, expreſſing briefly the ſoul's praying robes, by Newton, 1620." *Vide Harl. Catal.* vol. i. p. 100. There is another work with a ſimilar title, called "The counteſs of Montgomery's Urania, written by the right hon. the lady Mary Wroath, daughter of the right noble Robert earl of Leiceſter, and niece to the ever-famous and renowned ſir Philip Sidney, knight, and to the moſt excellent lady Mary counteſs of Pembroke, lately deceaſed." It is a tedious rhapſody, concluded by a ſet of verſes, not better poetry for not being better ſenſe.

‡ Vide Ballard, and Memorials of worthy perſons, p. 92 and 94.

"Memoirs

" Memoirs of her huſband Richard earl of Dorſet:" never printed.

" Sundry memorials of herſelf and her progenitors." Extant in the Britiſh Muſeum.

And the following letter to ſir Joſeph Williamſon ſecretary of ſtate to Charles the ſecond, who having ſent to nominate to her a member for the borough of Appleby, ſhe returned this reſolute anſwer, which though printed in another place *, is moſt proper to be inſerted here:

" I HAVE been bullied by an uſurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a ſubject: your man ſha'n't ſtand.

ANNE DORSET,
PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY."

## *MARGARET* DUCHESS of NEWCASTLE.

HAVING already taken notice of her grace in the courſe of this work, I ſhall here only give a liſt of her works, which fill many folios.

" The world's olio."

" Nature's picture drawn by fancy's pencil to the life." " In this volume (ſays the title) are ſeveral feigned ſtories of natural deſcriptions, as comical, tragical and tragi-comical, poetical, romantical, philoſophical, and hiſtorical, &c. &c." Lond. 1656, folio. One may gueſs how like this portrait of nature is, by the fantaſtic bill of the features.

" Orations of divers ſorts, accommodated to divers places." Lond. 1662, fol.

" Plays." Lond. 1662.

" Philoſophical and phyſical opinions." Lond. 1663, fol.

* The World, vol. i. N° XIV.

"Obſervations upon experimental philoſophy. To which is added the deſcription of a new world." Lond. 1668, folio. One Mr. James Briſtow began to tranſlate ſome part of theſe philoſophic diſcourſes into Latin.

"Philoſophical letters." Lond. 1664, fol.

"Poems and phancies." Lond. 1664, fol.

"Sociable letters." Lond. 1664, fol.

"The life of the duke her huſband, &c." Lond. 1667, fol. It was tranſlated into Latin.

"Plays, never before printed." Lond. 1668, fol.

Her plays alone are nineteen in number, and ſome of them in two parts. One of them, "The blazing world," is unfiniſhed, her grace [which ſeems never elſe to have happened to her] "finding her genius not tend to the proſecution of it." To another, called "The preſence," are nine-and-twenty ſupernumerary ſcenes. In another, "The unnatural tragedy," is a whole ſcene written againſt Camden's Britannia: her grace thought, I ſuppoſe, that a geographic ſatire in the middle of a play was mixing the *utile* with the *dulci*. Three volumes more in folio of her poems are preſerved in manuſcript. Whoever has a mind to know more of this fertile pedant, will find a detail of her works in Ballard's Memoirs, from whence I have taken this account.

## *ANNE HYDE*, DUCHESS of YORK.

BURNET ſays *, that ſhe not only wrote well, but actually drew up an account of her huſband's life, of which ſhe ſhowed the biſhop one volume finiſhed. As ſhe compoſed it from the duke's own journal, perhaps it is the very work which I have mentioned in the article of James II. She alſo

* Vol. i. page 170.

wrote

wrote the portrait of Mary princeſs of Orange, mother of king William, while ſhe was her maid of honour, on which occaſion Waller addreſſed a poem to the princeſs.

## *MARY* Countess of WARWICK,

DAUGHTER of Richard Boyle the great earl of Corke, and wife of Charles Rich earl of Warwick; a lady of great virtues and qualifications, which were deſcribed among the lives of ſundry eminent perſons by Samuel Clark. Her charities were ſo extenſive after ſhe came into poſſeſſion for her life of her huſband's great eſtate, that it was ſaid, the earl of Warwick had left all his eſtate to pious uſes *. This lady, under the title of the lady Harmonia, wrote an epiſtle to George earl of Berkeley, affixed to his book; *ſee above* p. 422: as another copy of it was printed with her funeral ſermon in 1678, by doctor A. Walker, who, after a laboured panegyric on her virtues, owns ſhe had two faults, *exceſs of charity and defect of anger*. She wrote beſides,

"Occaſional meditations upon ſeveral ſubjects, with pious reflections upon ſeveral ſcriptures." Lond. 1678. They are much in the ſtyle and ſtrain of her brother, the famous Mr. Robert Boyle.

Dr. Walker ſays that ſhe intended to have written the life of her father, for which ſhe had amaſſed conſiderable materials and collections.

## *ANNE* Countess of WINCHELSEA,

AN eſteemed poeteſs, is recorded, with ſome of her poems, in the General Dictionary. Her

"Poem on the ſpleen" was printed in Gildon's miſcellany, 1701, octavo. Rowe addreſſed one to her on the ſight of it.

* See Collins's Peerage, vol. v. 253, in lord Boyle.

Her

Her poems were printed at London, 1713, octavo; with a tragedy never acted, called "Ariſtomenes."

A copy of her verſes to Mr. Pope are printed before the old edition of his works; and two others of his and hers are in the General Dictionary.

Another little poem in Prior's poſthumous works *.

She wrote too †,

"An epilogue to Jane Shore."

"To the counteſs of Hertford," with her poems.

"The prodigy, a poem." Written at Tunbridge, 1706.

A great number of her poems are ſaid to be extant in manuſcript ‡.

## *SARAH* DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH.

IT is ſeldom the public receives information on princes and favourites from the fountain-head: flattery or invective is apt to pervert the relations of others. It is from their own pens alone, whenever they are ſo gracious, like the lady in queſtion, as to have *a paſſion for fame and approbation* §, that we learn exactly, how trifling and fooliſh and ridiculous their views and actions were, and how often the miſchief they did proceeded from the moſt inadequate cauſes. We happen to know indeed, though he was no author, that the duke of Buckingham's repulſes in very impertinent amours, involved king

* Vol. i. p. 20.

† Vide Cibber's Lives of the poets, vol. iii. 325.

‡ General Dict. vol. x. Ballard, page 431. In the miſcellany [vol. ii.] called "Buckingham's Works," I find a very ſilly poem aſcribed to a LADY SANDWICH. This ſhould be the lady lately deceaſed at Paris, daughter of the celebrated earl of Rocheſter: but ſhe inherited too much wit to have writen ſo ill.

§ Vide her Apology, p. 5.

James and king Charles in national quarrels with Spain and France. From her grace of Marlborough we may collect, that queen Anne was driven to change her miniſtry, and in conſequence the fate of Europe, becauſe ſhe dared to affect one bed-chamber-woman, as ſhe had done another. The ducheſs could not comprehend how the couſins * Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill could ever enter into competition, though the one did but kneel to gather up the clue of favour, which the other had haughtily toſſed away; and which ſhe could not recover by putting The whole duty of man into the queen's hands to teach her friendſhip †.

This favourite ducheſs, who, like the proud duke of Eſpernon, lived to brave the ſucceſſors in a court where ſhe had domineered, wound up her capricious life, where it ſeems ſhe had begun it, with an apology for her conduct. This piece, though weakened by the prudence of thoſe who were to correct it, though maimed by her grace's own corrections, and though great part of it is rather the annals of a wardrobe than of a reign, yet has ſtill curious anecdotes, and a few of thoſe ſallies of wit which fourſcore years of arrogance could not fail to produce in ſo fantaſtic an underſtanding. And yet by altering her memoirs as often as her will, ſhe diſappointed the public as much as her own family. However, the chief objects remain; and one ſees exactly how Europe and the back ſtairs took their places in her imagination and in her narrative. The revolution left no impreſſion on her mind but of queen Mary turning up bed-clothes; and the proteſtant hero, but of a ſelfiſh glutton, who devoured a diſh of peas from his ſiſter-in-law. In fact, events paſſing through the medium of our paſſions muſt ſtrike different beholders in very different lights: had Marlborough himſelf written his own hiſtory from his heart, as the partner of his fortunes did, he would probably have dwelt on the diamond ſword which the emperor gave him, and have ſcrupulouſly told us how many carats each diamond weighed. I ſay not this in detraction from his merits and ſervices; it is from our paſſions and foibles that Providence calls forth its greateſt purpoſes. If the duke could have been content

* In the notes to Dryden's Poems, edit. 1760, vol. ii. p. 44, it is ſaid, that the ducheſs acted Mercury in the maſque of Caliſtho, at court, 1675. I ſhould rather think it was her ſiſter, who was maid of honour, and afterwards ducheſs of Tirconnel; ſo much celebrated in Grammont.

† Vide her Apology, p. 268.

with an hundred thouſand pounds, he might probably have ſtopped at the taking of Liege: as he thirſted for a million, he penetrated to Hockſtet.

Mrs. Abigail Hill is not the only perſon tranſmitted to poſterity with marks of the ducheſs's reſentment. Lord Oxford, *honeſt Jack Hill*, *the ragged boy*, *the Quebec general*, and others, make the ſame figure in her hiſtory that they did in her mind.—Sallies of paſſion not to be wondered at in one who has ſacrificed even the private letters of her miſtreſs and benefactreſs!

We have nothing of her grace's writing but the

"Apology for the conduct of the dowager ducheſs of Marlborough from her firſt coming to court to the year 1710, in a letter from herſelf to my lord ****." Lond. 1742.

## *FRANCES* DUCHESS of SOMERSET

HAD as much taſte for the writings of others, as modeſty about her own.

# SCOTS AUTHORS.

*IT is not my purpoſe to give an exact account of the royal and noble authors of Scotland: I am not enough verſed in them to do juſtice to writers of the moſt accompliſhed nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a ſuperior partition of ſenſe, I ſhould be inclined to give the preference in that particular. The little I ſhall ſay both of Scotch and Iriſh writers is what has occurred to me accidentally, or has ſince been communicated to me by a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed knowledge and taſte. Many natives of each kingdom are far better qualified to complete the catalogue, to which I only mean to contribute ſome hints. Even in the Engliſh liſt I pretend to no merit but in the pains I have taken.*

## *JAMES* the FIRST*

WROTE

"A panegyric on his queen (Joan daughter of the ducheſs of Clarence) before ſhe was married to him."

"Scotch ſonnets," one book. One of them, "A lamentation while in England," is in manuſcript in the Bodleian library, and praiſes Gower and Chaucer exceedingly.

"Rythmos Latinos." Lib. i.

"On muſic."

* For this account of the Scotch kings, ſee doctor George Mackenzie's Lives and characters of the moſt eminent writers of the Scots nation, vol. i. p. 318; and Tanner, p. 426. I have omitted the ſecond James, whom the biſhop makes an author becauſe *edidit edictum pacificatorium*: a conſtable that reads the riot-act is as much entitled to that denomination.

*JAMES*

## *JAMES* the FOURTH

WROTE "On the Apocalypſe."

## *JAMES* the FIFTH

WROTE the celebrated ballad called

"Chriſt's kirk on the green," and other little poems, which at leaſt tradition reports to be of his compoſition. They have a character of eaſe and libertiniſm, which makes the tradition the more probable; and are to be found in a collection of Scottiſh poems called The ever-green. The Gaberluinzie man is reckoned the beſt. There is ſomething very ludicrous in the young woman's diſtreſs when ſhe thought that her firſt favour had been thrown away on a beggar. He alſo tranſlated Valerius Maximus *.

## *MARY.*

IT would be idle to dwell on the ſtory of this princeſs, too well known from having the misfortune to be born in the ſame age, in the ſame iſland with, and to be handſomer than Elizabeth. Mary had the weakneſs to ſet up a claim to a greater kingdom than her own without an army; and was at laſt reduced by her crimes to be a † ſaint in a religion, which was oppoſite to what her rival profeſſed out of policy. Their different talents for a crown appeared even in their paſſions as women: Mary deſtroyed her huſband for

* Vide Preface to the works of king James I.

† In the church of the Celeſtines at Paris it is ſaid on the tomb of Francis the ſecond, "That it is proof enough of his beatitude, that he had the martyr Mary Stuart to his wife."

killing

killing a muſician that was her gallant; and then married her huſband's aſſaſſin. Elizabeth diſdained to marry her lovers, and put one of them to death for preſuming too much on her affection. The miſtreſs of David Rizio could not but miſcarry in a conteſt with the queen of Eſſex. As handſome as ſhe was, Sixtus the fifth never wiſhed to paſs a night with Mary.—She was no mould to caſt Alexanders!

Hiſtorians agree in the variety of her accompliſhments. She altered a Latin diſtich which ſhe found in the fragments of Cæſar, and wrote on a pane of glaſs at Buxton-wells *,

"Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebraris nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi poſthac non adeunda, vale!"

As ſhe did this diſtich in a window at Fotheringay,

"From the top of all my truſt
Miſhap has laid me in the duſt †."

She is reported to have written ‡

"Poems on various occaſions," in the Latin, Italian, French, and Scotch languages.

One of her poems is printed among thoſe of A. Blackwood §. Another is in Brantome's Dames illuſtres, written on the death of her huſband king Francis ‖.

"Royal advice to her ſon," in two books.

Among the Latin ¶ poems of ſir Thomas Chaloner is a copy of verſes ſaid to be tranſlated from ſome French ones written by this queen, and ſent with a diamond curiouſly ſet, to queen Elizabeth **.

* Ballard.
† Ibid.
‡ Tanner.
§ Doctor George Mackenzie's account of her, vol. iii. p. 360.
‖ Dix. iii. p. 117.
¶ Page 353, at the end of his book De repub. Anglor. inſtaur.
** In Heywood's poems, printed in 1637, p. 272, is an Engliſh tranſlation of theſe lines; and another tranſlation of them by Buchanan is mentioned in the ſame place.

"The

" The inſtitution of a prince, in French verſe;" ſhe tranſcribed it with her own hand, and embroidered the cover *.

A French ſong by queen Mary, tranſcribed from a MS. in the king of France's library, and which is ſaid to have belonged to the duke of Buckingham, is printed in the firſt volume of the Anthologie Françoiſe, p. 19, edit. 1765.

A great number of her original letters are preſerved in the king of France's library, in the Royal, Cottonian, and Aſhmolean libraries here: as many others are in print, viz.

" Eleven to earl Bothwell," tranſlated from the French by Edward Simmons, of Chriſt-church, Oxford; and printed at Weſtminſter, 1726. A late author [Mr. Goodall] has publiſhed two volumes to endeavour to prove that theſe letters were a forgery; but a plea of that length, when the detection is not manifeſt, ſerves rather to confirm than weaken the evidence for the fact; and the world and Mr. Goodall will, I fear, be ſtill far from agreeing in their opinion of Mary, while he thinks *it does not appear that ſhe had any faults, unleſs the want of omniſcience and omnipotence may be termed faults.*

" Ten more †, with her anſwers to the articles againſt her."

" Six more," in Anderſon's collections.

" Another," in the appendix to her Life by doctor Jebb.

" An apology for her conduct," in a letter to the counteſs of Lenox, her mother-in-law ‡.

And ſome others diſperſed among the works of Pius the fifth, Buchanan, Camden, Udal, and Sanderſon.

* Vide Preface to the works of king James I.

† In Haynes's State Papers.

‡ Robertſon's Hiſt. of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 19, of the diſſertation on king Henry's murder.

Among

Among the papers publiſhed by Murdin, from lord Burleigh's collection, are 14 original letters and pieces of this queen: of which one is the bond of aſſociation that ſhe took (to the affront of her ſpirit and to the little advantage of her ſituation) *againſt* thoſe who ſhould conſpire the death of Elizabeth, and *with* thoſe who meaned it againſt herſelf. Another is that marvellous piece of folly and revenge the letter to queen Elizabeth, in which ſhe vents all the calumnies that ſhe had heard of her. If this letter is genuine, for I have doubted whether it were not forged and never uſed, one cannot well wonder that a woman of Elizabeth's temper and power ſacrificed the writer. That it is genuine is probable from other letters in the ſame collection: in one lord Shrewſbury ſays that the queen of Scots had threatened to write againſt him; and in one of her own ſhe expreſſes hatred againſt a girl of her retinue for reſembling the counteſs of Shrewſbury in humour. But that that cunning old counteſs ſhould have ventured to drop ſuch tales of Elizabeth is not credible, unleſs one ſuppoſes that ſhe had been authorized, in order to draw the Scottiſh queen into a confidence. That Elizabeth was abandoned to the degree that Mary inſinuates, is not to be believed: conſidering what enemies ſhe had, thoſe amours would have been better authenticated. Some of the lovers charged on her ſeem entirely fictitious. In ſhort, the partiſans of Mary muſt give up her good ſenſe and judgment, if they will brand her rival on the authority of this libel.

Among the Harleian MSS. are ſeveral of her letters, particularly in N° 290, with many other papers relating to her affairs; and one letter more in N° 4249, 12.

## *PATRICK* Lord RUTHVEN,

A CONSIDERABLE actor in ſome of the tragic ſcenes of the reign of Mary, is ſaid to have written

"A diſcourſe of the late troubles that happened in Scotland between the noble and mighty princeſs Mary, by the grace of God queen of Scotland, and her huſband Henry the king, with others, earls, lords, barons, gentlemen, freeholders, merchants, and craftſmen."

This

This piece is a narrative of the murder of David Rizio, the contrivance of which lord Ruthven attributes to himſelf.

Three MS. copies of this work are extant: two in the Cottonian library, and one which doctor Mackenzie ſays * he received from doctor Burnet by miſtake, when the biſhop intended to have given him a libel on the queen of Scots. Keith has given an account of this piece in his Hiſtory † of the affairs of the church and ſtate of Scotland. Mackenzie has given another, and obſerves that "perhaps no age has produced the inſtance of one who acknowledged himſelf to be guilty of a fact which all mankind muſt acknowledge to be murder." However, leſt ſo extraordinary a circumſtance ſhould not be ſufficient to ſhake the credit of the narrative, Mackenzie has been abſurd enough to falſify it in his own abridgement; and, to vindicate the honour of the queen, makes lord Ruthven affirm that *Rizio was old, lean, and extremely deformed.* As if it was likely that Ruthven, apologizing for that aſſaſſination, would affectedly have thrown in circumſtances, which, beſides being falſe, would deſtroy the only ſhadow of excuſe for it ‡.

## LORD-CHANCELLOR *MAITLAND,*

CREATED lord Maitland by James the ſixth, to whom he had been ſecretary of ſtate, was famous for his

"Latin epigrams §."

He tranſlated too ſome verſes of James I. publiſhed with the king's works. His majeſty in return wrote an epitaph for the chancellor, which in that age of adulation was no doubt eſteemed a peculiar mark of honour. It is printed in doctor Mackenzie's account of lord Maitland.

* Vol. iii. p. 75.

† Append. pp. 119, 129.

‡ There is a little book of receipts and experiments, called "The lady's cabinet enlarged and opened, &c." publiſhed under the name of another lord Ruthven, in 1667, by whom thoſe ſecrets were ſaid to be collected and practiſed; but the publiſher was one M. B. It is a mere book for a houſekeeper.

§ Vide Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 295; and doctor Mackenzie, vol. iii. p. 423.

## *WILLIAM DOUGLAS*, EARL of ANGUS,

WHO ſucceeded to that title on the death of his father, 1591, wrote

"A chronicle of the houſe of Douglas."

## *WILLIAM ALEXANDER*, EARL of STIRLING,

WAS a very celebrated poet, and greatly ſuperior to the ſtyle of his age. His works are printed in folio: the chief of which are four tragedies in alternate rhyme. The firſt grant of Nova Scotia was made to this lord.

## SIR *ROBERT KERR*, EARL of ANCRAM*,

I FIND a ſhort but very pretty copy of verſes from him to Drummond of Hawthornden †, one of the beſt modern hiſtorians, and no mean imitator of Livy.

A letter from him to prince Henry is in the Muſeum ‡.

* He was gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles I. when prince.

† Vide at the end of Drummond's works.

‡ N° 7008. It is printed in Birch's Life of prince Henry, p. 249.

THOMAS

## *THOMAS HAMILTON*, EARL of HADDINGTON,

THE founder of a new branch of that illuſtrious houſe, raiſed himſelf to great eminence, and to the firſt poſts in his country, by his abilities as a lawyer and a ſtateſman. He compoſed

"Practics, or caſes adjudged in the court of ſeſſion. And he made very copious collections concerning Scottiſh antiquities." Theſe works are in manuſcript, and much eſteemed.

## *JAMES* DUKE *HAMILTON.*

THIS nobleman, ſo well known by his politics and tragic end, is ſeldom conſidered in the light of an author, yet * Antony Wood mentions the following pieces:

Preface to a book entitled "General demands concerning the late covenant, &c." 1638, quarto.

"Various letters."

"Conferences, advices, anſwers, &c." publiſhed in Burnet's Lives of the dukes of Hamilton.

"Another letter is in the Harleian Collection, N° 7001."

* Vol. ii. p. 121.

# *HENRY CARY*, LORD FALKLAND.

SCOTLAND and England have each pretenſions to this conſpicuous line, of which four ſucceſſively were authors *. England gave them origin, Scotland their title. Henry is ſaid by the Scotch Peerage to have been made comptroller of the houſehold and a peer by king James, for being the firſt who carried him the news of the death of queen Elizabeth; but that is a blunder: Robert Carey earl of Monmouth was that meſſenger. Lord Falkland was maſter of the jewel-office to Elizabeth, and was made knight of the Bath at the creation of prince Henry, and lord deputy of Ireland, from which he was removed with diſgrace by the intrigues of the papiſts †; yet his honour was afterwards entirely vindicated ‡. Lord Clarendon mentions his fortunes being in a ruinous condition, and that he never would forgive his ſon for marrying againſt his conſent §. He is remarkable for an invention to prevent his name being counterfeited, by artfully concealing in it the ſucceſſive year of his age, and by that means detecting a man who had not obſerved ſo nice a particularity ‖. He had an excellent character; and is ſaid to have written many things which never were publiſhed, except

"The hiſtory of the moſt unfortunate prince, king Edward the ſecond; with choice political obſervations on him and his unhappy favourites, &c." Found among his papers, and printed in 1680, folio and octavo. Wood aſcribes it to Mr. Henry Cary, vol. i. p. 586.

* It is to preſerve this chain entire, that I have choſen to place theſe lords together, though they ought to have been intermixed with the reſt in this liſt, according to the periods in which they lived.

† His wife was converted by them. *Vide Uſher's Letters*, p. 406.

‡ Biographia, vol. ii.

§ Life of Clarendon, p. 20.

‖ Lloyd's State Worthies, p. 938. Fuller in Hertfordſhire, p. 23. This little circumſtance was thought not unworthy of repetition at a time when the unſuſpecting careleſſneſs of a great prelate in this particular has involved him in ſo much trouble——A trouble however to which we owe a beautiful picture of the moſt virtuous mind and admirable abilities, triumphing over the impoſture of others and the infirmities of his own great age. *See the biſhop of Wincheſter's Letter to Mr. Chevalier.*



"A letter

" A letter to James the firſt *."

" Two of his letters to archbiſhop Uſher are printed with that prelate's correſpondence." Pages 379, 407.

" Two petitions from him when lord deputy, are among the Harl. MSS. N° 5877, 10."

" Two letters. Ib. 1581."

" A letter in ſir Toby Matthews's Collection. Page 176."

" An epitaph [not bad] on Elizabeth counteſs of Huntingdon †."

## *LUCIUS CARY*, LORD FALKLAND.

THERE never was a ſtronger inſtance of what the magic of words and the art of an hiſtorian can effect, than in the character of this lord, who ſeems to have been a virtuous well-meaning man with a moderate underſtanding ‡, who got knocked on the head early in the civil war, becauſe it boded ill: and yet by the happy ſolemnity of my lord Clarendon's diction, lord Falkland is the favourite perſonage of that noble work. We admire the pious Æneas, who, with all his unjuſt and uſurping pretenſions, we are taught to believe was the ſent of Heaven; but it is the amiable Pallas we regret, though he was killed before he had performed any action of conſequence.

That lord Falkland was a weak man, to me appears indubitable. We are told he acted with Hampden and the patriots, till he grew better informed what was § law. It is certain that the ingenious Mr. Hume has ſhewn that

* Biographia, vol. ii. p. 1182.

† Memorials and characters of eminent and worthy perſons, fol. 1741; in the appendix, p. 15.

‡ See his Speeches, which by no means ſhow great parts.

§ It is evident from his ſpeech againſt the judges that this could not be entirely the caſe; for he there aſſerts that thoſe men had not only acted contrary to ancient laws and cuſtoms, but even to ſome made in that very reign.

both

both king James and king Charles acted upon precedents of prerogative which they found eſtabliſhed.——Yet will this neither juſtify them nor lord Falkland. If it would, wherever tyranny is eſtabliſhed by law, it ought to be ſacred and perpetual. Thoſe patriots did not attack king Charles ſo much for violation of the law, as to oblige him to ſubmit to the amendment of *it*: and I muſt repeat, that it was great weakneſs to oppoſe a prince for breaking the law, and yet ſcruple to oppoſe him when he obſtructed the correction of it. My lord Falkland was a ſincere proteſtant; would he have taken up arms againſt Henry the eighth for adding new nonſenſe to eſtabliſhed popery, and would he not have fought to obtain the reformation? Again:——when he abandoned Hampden and that party, becauſe he miſtruſted the extent of their deſigns, did it juſtify his going over to the king? With what—I will not ſay, conſcience—but with what reaſon could he, who had been ſo ſenſible of grievances *, lend his hand to reſtore the authority from whence thoſe grievances flowed? Did the uſurpation of Cromwell prove that Laud had been a meek paſtor? If Hampden and Pym were bad men and ambitious, could not lord Falkland have done more ſervice to the ſtate by remaining with them and checking their attempts and moderating their councils, than by offering his ſword and abilities to the king? His lordſhip had felt the tyranny; did not he know that, if authorized by victory, neither the king's temper nor government were likely to become more gentle? Did he think that loſs of liberty or loſs of property are not evils but when the law of the land allows them to be ſo? Not to deſcant too long; it is evident to me that this lord had much debility of mind and a kind of ſuperſtitious ſcruples, that might flow from an excellent heart, but by no means from a ſolid underſtanding. His refuſing to entertain ſpies or to open letters, when ſecretary of ſtate, were the punctilios of the former, not of the latter; and his putting on a clean ſhirt to be killed in, is no proof of ſenſe either in his lordſhip, or in the † hiſtorian who thought it worth relating. Falkland's ſigning the declaration that he did not believe the king intended to make war on the parliament, and at the ſame time ſubſcribing to levy twenty horſe for his majeſty's ſervice, comes under a deſcription, which, for the ſake of the reſt of his character, I am willing to call great infatuation. He wrote

"A ſpeech, on ill counſellers about the king," 1640.

* See his Speech againſt the biſhops.

† Whitlocke.

" A ſpeech againſt the lord-keeper Finch and the judges."

" A ſpeech againſt the biſhops, February 9, 1640."

" A draught of a ſpeech concerning epiſcopacy," found among his papers, printed at Oxford, 1644.

" A diſcourſe concerning epiſcopacy."

" A diſcourſe of the infallibility of the church of Rome." One George Holland, a popiſh prieſt, replying to this, his lordſhip publiſhed the following anſwer:

" A view of ſome exceptions made againſt the diſcourſe of the infallibility of the church of Rome."

" A letter to Mr. F. M." Printed at the end of Mr. Charles Gataker's anſwer to five captious queſtions. Lond. 1673, quarto.

" A letter to doctor Beale, maſter of ſaint John's college, Cambridge *."

He is ſaid too to have aſſiſted Chillingworth in his book called " The religion of proteſtants †." In his youth he wrote ſome verſes, particularly

" On the death of Ben Jonſon," publiſhed in the collection called " Jonſonius Virbius ‡."

" To Grotius," on his tragedy called " Chriſtus patiens," tranſlated by Mr. Sandys §.

* Biographia, vol. ii. p. 1182.

† Ib. p. 1186.

‡ Biographia, vol. ii. p. 2788.

§ V. Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. i. p. 294.

HENRY

## *HENRY CARY*, LORD FALKLAND,

DIED young, having given inſtances of wit and parts. Being brought early into the houſe of commons, and a grave ſenator objecting to his youth, "and to his not looking as if he had ſowed his wild oats," he replied with great quickneſs, "Then I am come to the propereſt place, where are ſo many geeſe to pick them up." He wrote

"The marriage-night, a comedy;" abſurdly aſcribed by Antony Wood to the laſt lord. His ſon,

## *ANTONY CARY*, LORD FALKLAND,

WROTE

"A prologue intended for The old bachelor *," but it ſeems to have had too little delicacy even for that play and that age.

"A prologue to Otway's Soldier's fortune."

Lord Lanſdown has inſcribed a copy of verſes to this lord's ſon, Lucius Henry, the fifth lord Falkland, who ſerved in Spain.

## *THOMAS* LORD *FAIRFAX*,

THE parliamentary general. One can eaſily believe his having been the tool of Cromwell, when one ſees by his own memoirs how little idea he had of what he had been about. He left

* Printed before that play in Congreve's works.

"Short

"Short memorials of Thomas lord Fairfax, written by himſelf." London, 1699.

Among the Harl. MSS. are two tracts, pretty much to the ſame tenour, but with different titles. *See the Catal. No.* 1786, *art.* 1, *and* 2: and

A letter, N° 7001.

But his lordſhip was not only an hiſtorian, but a poet: in Mr. Thoreſby's muſeum were preſerved in manuſcript the following pieces*:

"The pſalms of David, the ſong of Solomon, the canticles and ſongs of Moſes, Exod. xv. and Deut. xxxii. and other parts of ſcripture verſified."

"Poem on ſolitude."

Beſides which, in the ſame collection were preſerved

"Notes of ſermons by his lordſhip, by his lady, daughter of Horace lord Vere, and by their daughter Mary, wife of George ſecond duke of Buckingham;" and

"A treatiſe on the ſhortneſs of life."

Lord Fairfax had made an immenſe collection of MSS. many of which he took as plunder in Scotland.

But of all lord Fairfax's works by far the moſt remarkable were ſome verſes which he wrote on the horſe on which Charles the ſecond rode to his coronation, and which had been bred and preſented to the king by his lordſhip†. How muſt that merry monarch, not apt to keep his countenance on more ſerious occaſions, have ſmiled at this awkward homage from the old victorious hero of republicaniſm and the covenant! He gave a collection of

* Vide Thoreſby's Ducat. Leod. pages 511, 541, 548. In page 543 it is ſaid, that in the ſame collection are ſome verſes on the deaths of Ferd. lord Fairfax and his lady by the ladies Cary and Widdrington, 1665.

† Ib. page 548.

manuſcripts to the Bodleian library. Prefixed to Herbert's Travels into the eaſt is a copy of verſes by Fairfax lord Cameron. This perſon I ſuppoſe was Thomas lord Fairfax, ſon of Henry, who ſucceeded the general in the title.

## *ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL*, MARQUIS of ARGYLE.

IT will not appear extraordinary that this illuſtrious blood, which has produced ſo many eminent perſons, ſhould have added to the catalogue of noble authors from its own liſt of ſtateſmen and heroes. It is totally unneceſſary for me to enter into their characters, that taſk having been ſo fully performed by one * who wears the honour of their name, and who, it is no compliment to ſay, is one of the ableſt and moſt beautiful writers of this country.

In the Catalogue of the Harleian library, I find theſe † pieces:

"Marquis of Argyle his inſtructions to a ſon." 1661. It is obſervable that this lord quarrelled both with his father and his ſon.

"His defences againſt the grand indictment of high-treaſon." 1661.

## *ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL*, EARL of ARGYLE.

HAVING ſeen nothing of this lord's compoſition but his own epitaph in verſe, written the night before his execution, he can ſcarce with propriety be called an author, no more than the marquis of Montroſe, whom I have omitted, notwithſtanding his well-known little elegy on king Charles ‡,

* Vide the lives of the earls of Argyle, Biogr. Brit. vol. ii. pages 1142, 1155.

† Vol. iv. p. 8173 and in the Harl. MSS. is one of his letters, N° 1581, 78.

‡ In Wellwood's Memoirs is the abſtract of a remarkable letter from Montroſe to Charles I. which is ſaid to have prevented the king from making peace with the parliament at the treaty of Uxbridge.

and though he is ſaid to have been the author of ſeveral poems publiſhed in a dull miſcellany at Edinburgh. Yet Argyle's epitaph, though not very poetic, has energy enough to make one conclude that it was not his firſt eſſay. At leaſt there is an heroic ſatisfaction of conſcience expreſſed in it, worthy of the cauſe in which he fell.

His ſpeech at his execution is printed in Howard's collection of letters, page 399.

## *RICHARD MAITLAND*, EARL of LAUDERDALE,

TRANSLATED Virgil; it was printed in two volumes. The manuſcript was communicated to Mr. Dryden, who adopted many of the lines into his own tranſlation.

## *COLIN LINDSAY*, EARL of BALCARRAS;

THE third earl of that name, was of the privy-council and treaſury to James the ſecond, to whom his loyalty was unſhaken *, as his character was unblemiſhed. He was a man of plain ſenſe and ſmall fortune, and left a little volume of memoirs much eſteemed, entitled

"An account of the affairs of Scotland relating to the revolution in 1688, as ſent to the late king James the ſecond, when in France." Lond. 1714, a thin octavo.

* I have ſince heard that at laſt he took the oaths to the eſtabliſhed government.

# *GEORGE MACKENZIE*, EARL of CROMERTY,

A PERSON eminent for his learning, and for his abilities as a ſtateſman and general, of which laſt profeſſion he was reckoned at his death in 1714 one of the oldeſt in Europe. He contributed to the reſtoration of Charles the ſecond, by whom he was made one of the ſenators of the college of juſtice, clerk regiſter of the privy-council, and juſtice-general. James the ſecond made him a baron and viſcount; queen Anne, ſecretary of ſtate, and an earl. Of his lordſhip's writing I have

"A vindication of Robert the third king of Scotland from the imputation of baſtardy, by the clear proof of Elizabeth Mure (daughter to ſir Adam Mure of Rowallan) her being the firſt lawful wife of Robert the ſecond then ſteward of Scotland, and earl of Strathern. By George viſcount Tarbat, &c. clerk to his majeſty's councils, regiſters and rolls, 1695." In the dedication to the king (who by the date ſhould be king William, but whom, by his lordſhip's telling him that he had preſented his proofs to him many years before in writing, I ſhould ſuſpect to be king James) he ſays that all the crowned heads in Europe are concerned in this vindication. The point indeed has been much litigated, but is of little conſequence except to thoſe who are zealous about a point of ſo little conſequence as hereditary right; yet as difficult to be aſcertained as another obſcure topic on which his lordſhip employed his labours in the following

"Synopſis Apocalyptica, or a ſhort and plain explication and application of Daniel's prophecy, and of ſaint John's revelation, in conſent with it, and conſequential to it. By G. E. of C. tracing in the ſteps of the admirable lord Napier of Merchiſtoun. Edinburgh, 1708." It is dedicated to his daughter Margaret Weems counteſs of Northeſk and Ethie, by her ladyſhip's moſt obedient ſervant and moſt affectionate father, Cromerty.

"Hiſtorical

"Hiſtorical account of the conſpiracy by the earl of Gowrie and Robert Logan of Reſtalrig againſt king James VI. 1713*."

Biſhop Nicholſon † mentions having ſeen a deſcription of the iſles Hirta and Roua, two of the Hebrides, but does not ſay if it was ever printed.

In The philoſophical tranſactions are three papers on natural curioſities, written by this lord ‡.

## *JAMES DALRYMPLE*, VISCOUNT STAIR,

DREW up "An inſtitute of the law of Scotland," which was publiſhed in 1693, and was received with univerſal approbation §. He alſo publiſhed

"Deciſions of the court of ſeſſion from 1661 to 1681." 2 vol. fol.

"Philoſophia experimentalis," publiſhed in Holland during his exile, and much commended by Bayle in his journal.

"A vindication of the divine attributes." Octavo.

"An apology for his own conduct." Quarto. This laſt is but a pamphlet, nor is it known on what occaſion he publiſhed it. The only copy of it extant is in the advocates' library at Edinburgh.

## *RICHARD GRAHAM*, VISCOUNT PRESTON,

SECRETARY to James the ſecond, and by him created an Engliſh peer, but the patent was not paſſed. Being ſeized for high treaſon, he pleaded

* Robertſon's Hiſt. of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 230. 637. In the ſame work is mentioned an account of Buchan by a counteſs of Errol; but with no date of the time when ſhe lived: p. 639.

† Scotch Hiſtor. libr. p. 56.

‡ Vide Anecdotes of Britiſh Topography, page 2

§ Biogr. Brit. 2257.

his

his peerage, which the houſe of lords would not admit. He pleaded it again at the Old-Bailey; but lord chief-juſtice Holt over-ruled his plea, and he was condemned, but reſpited and kept a priſoner in the Tower, where, from a ſimilarity of circumſtances between him and that author, he tranſlated and publiſhed Anicius Manlius Severinus Boetius, of the conſolation of philoſophy, in five books. Lond. 1712, the ſecond edition corrected, with a preface.

## *GEORGE DOUGLAS*, LORD MORDINGTON.

OF this peer I can learn nothing, but that he publiſhed a pamphlet in octavo (now in my poſſeſſion) entitled

"The great bleſſing of a monarchical government, when fenced about with, and bounded by the laws, and thoſe laws ſecured, defended and obſerved by the monarch: alſo, that as a popiſh government is inconſiſtent with the true happineſs of theſe kingdoms, ſo great alſo are the miſeries and confuſion of anarchy." Dedicated to king George I. Lond. printed for T. Warner, 1724. In the preface his lordſhip ſays that three years before he had publiſhed

"Two pieces againſt a weekly paper called The independent Whig;" but does not ſpecify their titles.

## *DAVID MURRAY*, VISCOUNT STORMONT,

FATHER of the preſent lord, and elder brother of the lord chief-juſtice Mansfield, wrote

"A poem ſacred to the memory of John earl of Strathmore, who was killed in 1715;" but I do not know that it was ever printed.

*CHARLES*

## *CHARLES HAMILTON*, Lord BINNING,

SON of the laſt, and father of the preſent earl of Haddington, wrote ſeveral little pieces of poetry, two of which were publiſhed:

"The duke of Argyle's levee;" printed in The gentleman's magazine of February 1740.

"A paſtoral ballad;" ib. of March 1741.

"A collection of very looſe tales in verſe," ſaid to be written by this lord's father, were publiſhed in 1758-9.

## *JAMES HAMILTON*, Earl of ABERCORN,

WROTE

"Calculations and tables relating to the attractive virtue of loadſtones." 1729.

## *ALEXANDER FORBES*, Lord PITSLIGO,

THE fourth of that chriſtian name, was attainted for the rebellion in 1745, being then an elderly man. He wrote "Eſſays moral and philoſophical on ſeveral ſubjects," which were printed in 1734, and again in 1763.

*ANNE*

## *ANNE* COUNTESS of MORTON.

THERE goes under the name of this lady a ſmall book of devotions, in which ſhe aſks God this meek queſtion, "O Lord, wilt thou humble thyſelf to hunt after a flea?" But it appears by the preface that it was compoſed by one M. G.

## *ANNE* VISCOUNTESS IRWIN,

SECOND daughter of Charles Howard earl of Carliſle, married firſt to Richard Ingram viſcount Irwin, and ſecondly to colonel Douglas, wrote many things, of which ſome are in MSS. in the library at Caſtle Howard. I know none in print but

"A character of the princeſs Elizabeth," publiſhed in Sept. 1759; and

"An ode on king George III." 1761.

IRISH

# IRISH PEERS.

## *GERALD FITZGERALD*, EARL of DESMOND;

THE fourth earl of that line, was called *the poet*, and for his ſkill in the mathematics was thought a magician; three characters ſeldom united. This was about the year 1370*.

## *GEORGE CALVERT*, LORD BALTIMORE,

WAS brought up under ſir Robert Cecil, and in 1619 attained the office of ſecretary of ſtate, which however he reſigned conſcientiouſly † in 1624, on having embraced the Roman catholic religion. He remained privy-counſellor, and was made a baron. He had the grant of Avalon, the firſt chriſtian ſettlement in Newfoundland, whither he went, and defended it bravely againſt the French; and on its being afterwards yielded to them, he obtained the grant of Maryland, of which his family are ſtill proprietors.

* Lodge's Iriſh Peerage, vol. i. p. 10.

† Archbiſhop Abbot, in a letter to ſir T. Roe, gives a different account of this affair. "Mr. ſecretary Calvert," ſaith the prelate, "hath never looked merrily ſince the prince his coming out of Spain: it was thought that he was much intereſted in the Spaniſh affaires: a courſe was taken to rid him of all employments and negotiations. This made him diſcontented; and as the ſaying is, Deſperatio facit monachum, ſo he apparently did turn papiſt, which he now profeſſeth, this being the third time that he hath been to blame that way. His majeſty, to diſmiſs him, ſuffered him to reſign his ſecretary's place to ſir Albertus Morton, who paid him 3000*l.* for the ſame; and the king hath made him baron of Baltimore in Ireland: ſo he is withdrawn from us; and having bought a ſhip of 400 tons, he is going to New-England or Newfoundland, where he hath a colony." *Roe's Letters*, p. 372.

We have this list of his works *:

"Carmen funebre in dom. Hen. Untonum, ad Gallos bis legatum, ibique nuper fato functum." 1596, quarto. The earl of Bristol wrote an elegy on the same occasion †.

"Speeches in parliament."

"Various letters of state ‡."

"The answer of Tom Telltroth."

"The practice of princes, and lamentation of the kirk." 1642, quarto.

"Something about Maryland." Not printed.

## *ROGER BOYLE*, EARL of ORRERY,

A MAN who never made a bad figure but as an author. As a soldier his bravery was distinguished, his stratagems remarkable §. As a statesman, it is sufficient to say that he had the confidence of Cromwell: as a man, he was grateful, and would have supported the son of his friend: like Cicero and Richelieu, he could not be content without being a poet. The sensible author of a very curious life of this lord in the Biographia seems to be as bad a judge of poetry as his lordship or Cicero, when he says that his writings are never flat and trivial.—What does he think of an hundred such lines as these,

"When to the wars of Aquitaine I went,
I made a friendship with the earl of Kent ‖."

* Biogr. Brit. vol. ii. p. 1117: Wood, vol. i. p. 505.

† See p. 366 of this Work.

‡ Fifteen more are among the Harleian manuscripts, N° 1580.

§ See his Life in the Biogr. Brit.

‖ The black prince, act v.

One

One might as ſoon find the ſublime, or the modeſt, or the harmonious, in this line,

" O fortunatam natam me conſule Romam!"

Lord Orrery wrote

" The Iriſh colours diſplayed; in a reply of an Engliſh proteſtant to a letter of an Iriſh Roman catholic." Lond. 1662.

" An anſwer to a ſcandalous letter lately printed, and ſubſcribed by Peter Walſh, &c." Dublin, 1662, quarto, and Lond.

" A poem on his majeſty's happy reſtoration." MS.

" A poem on the death of the celebrated Mr. Abraham Cowley *." Lond. 1667, fol.

" The hiſtory of Henry the fifth, a tragedy."

" Muſtapha, a tragedy."

" The black prince, a tragedy."

" Tryphon, a tragedy."

" Partheniſſa," a romance in three parts, 1 vol. fol. His biographer ſays, three volumes folio †, and ſeems to think that this performance is not read, becauſe it was never completed; as if three volumes in folio would not content the moſt heroic appetite that ever exiſted!

' A dream, a poem."

* Cowley had commended his lordſhip's poetry in a copy of verſes. *Vide* vol. iii. p. 544.

† There is another edition in ſix volumes.

"Verſes to the hon. Edward Howard on his poem called The Britiſh princes;" prefixed to that poem*.

"The art of war." Lond. 1677, fol. Said to have been much ridiculed, but is applauded by the Biographia.

"Poems on the faſts and feſtivals of the church." Printed, but never finiſhed. I ſhould act with regard to theſe, as I ſhould about the romance, not read them; not becauſe they were never finiſhed, but becauſe they were ever begun. We are told his lordſhip always wrote when he had a fit of the gout, which it ſeems was a very impotent muſe.

The reſt of his works were poſthumous.

"Mr. Antony, a comedy."

"Mr. Guzman, a comedy."

"Herod the Great, a tragedy."

"Altemira, a tragedy." All his dramatic pieces, but Mr. Antony, have been publiſhed together in two volumes octavo. Lond. 1739.

"His State-letters." Lond. 1742, fol. †

## *HENRY HARE*, Lord COLERANE.

In the library of Trinity-college, Cambridge, is a book with this title:

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu told me, that Vaughan lord Carberry publiſhed in miſcellanies ſeveral little poems profane and ſatiric. In the third volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies, p. 165, there is one by the lord V. addreſſed to a perſon of honour, Edw. Howard. Perhaps the author was that Vaughan lord Carberry.

† Richard, called the great earl of Corke, father of this earl of Orrery, wrote memoirs of his own life and times, which he called True remembrances. They have been publiſhed in doctor Birch's Life of the hon. Robert Boyle.

"The aſcents of the ſoul of David's mount towards God's houſe, being paraphraſes on the 15 pſalms of degrees. Written in Italian by the illuſtrious Gio. Franc. Loredano, a noble Venetian, 1656: rendered into Engliſh anno Dom. 1665." Lond. 1681, fol. In one of the blank pages is this MS. inſcription: Prænobilis dominus Coleranæ librum hunc à ſeipſo, cum in Italiâ peregrè vixit, Anglicè redditum, coll. Sstæ & individ. Trinitatis Cantab. humillimè offert. There is a ſecond part, called

"La ſcala ſanta, or A ſcale of devotions muſical and gradual, being deſcants on the 15 pſalms of degrees in metre, with contemplations and collects upon them in proſe, 1670." This part is dedicated to the moſt illuſtrious and ſereneſt Stella; and has a copy of Engliſh and another of Latin verſes prefixed to the right hon. the learned author. The firſt part is dedicated to the moſt honoured Lucinda. They have each an emblematic frontiſpiece, as unintelligible as the books themſelves, deſigned by the author, having his cypher HC deſign. and baron's coronet. The firſt is engraved by Faithorne.

All I can learn more of this lord is, that he was, according to the Iriſh Peerage, p. 317, edit of 1727, a very great medalliſt and antiquarian; and that his eldeſt ſon Hugh, who died before him, was author of a charge to the quarter-ſeſſions for Surrey; and tranſlated The hiſtory of the conſpiracy of count Fieſchi at Genoa.

## *WILLIAM* VISCOUNT *BROUNKER*,

PRESIDENT of the Royal Society, hath extant, ſays A. Wood *,

"Experiments of the recoiling of guns, and ſeveral letters to archbiſhop Uſher."

* Faſti, vol. ii. col. 57.

*WENTWORTH*

# *WENTWORTH DILLON*, EARL of ROSCOMMON,

ONE of the moſt renowned writers in the reign of Charles the ſecond, but one of the moſt careleſs too. His Eſſay on tranſlated verſe, and his tranſlation of Horace's Art of poetry, have great merit; in the reſt of his poems are ſcarce above four lines that are ſtriking, as theſe,

"The law appear'd with Maynard at their head,
In legal murder none ſo deeply read."

And theſe in the apparition of Tom Roſs to his pupil the duke of Monmouth,

"Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I riſe to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul!"

His poems are printed together in the firſt volume of The works of the minor poets. At the deſire of the duke of Ormond he tranſlated into French doctor Sherlock's diſcourſe on paſſive obedience, entitled

"The caſe of reſiſtance of the ſupreme powers*." And we are told † that his lordſhip in conjunction with Dryden projected a ſociety for refining and fixing the ſtandard of our language. It never wanted this care more than at that period; nor could two men have been found more proper to execute moſt parts of that plan than Dryden, the greateſt maſter of the powers of language, and Roſcommon, whoſe judgment was ſufficient to correct the exuberances of his aſſociate. Since them, chaſter writers have by degrees refined our tongue. It flowed pure from Addiſon; was kept within ſevere bounds by Swift; was ennobled and harmonized by Bolinbroke; was raiſed to claſſic elegance and force by doctor Middleton. Such authors fix a ſtandard by their

* See his Life prefixed to his poems in the ſecond volume of a miſcellany called The works of the earls of Rocheſter, Roſcommon, Dorſet, &c.

† See his Life in the Gen. Dict.

writings.

writings. Grammarians regulate niceties, and try careleſs beauties in works, where careleſſneſs often is a beauty, by the ſame rigorous laws that they have enacted againſt graver offenders. Such jury-men, no doubt, write their own letters with as much circumſpection as their wills; and are ignorant that it is eaſier to obſerve ſome laws, than to violate them with grace. But when an age departs from exact models, it marks the period in which a language was at its point of perfection, as the height of a ſpring-tide is meaſured from the line from which the waves begin to ebb. Academies and dictionaries are impotent authorities: who, that thinks Machiavel an incompetent guide, would obey the Cruſca?

## *ROGER PALMER*, EARL of CASTLEMAIN,

AUTHOR of ſeveral pieces; but better known by having been the huſband of the ducheſs of Cleveland, and by being ſent embaſſador from James the ſecond to the Pope, who treated him with as little ceremony as his wife had done. While her grace was producing dukes for the ſtate, the earl was buſied in controverſial divinity, and in defending the *religion* of a prince who was ſo gracious to his lady.

Of this lord's compoſition I have found,

"An account of the preſent war between the Venetians and the Turks, with the ſtate of Candie; in a letter to the king from Venice." Lond. 1666; ſmall twelves, with a print of the earl before it. In the dedication he diſcovers that the Turk is the great Leviathan, and that renegades loſe their talent for ſea affairs.

"A ſhort and true account of the material paſſages in the late war between the Engliſh and Dutch. Written by the right honourable the earl of Caſtlemain; and now publiſhed by Thomas Price, gent." In the Savoy, 1671. The editor, as wiſe as his author, obſerves that the earl had viſited Paleſtine, to which he had a particular relation by his name *Palmer* or *Pilgrim*: and he acquaints the world, that the earl's great-grandfather had three ſons born for three Sundays ſucceſſively; and that another of his anceſtors

with the ſame wife kept ſixty open Chriſtmases in one houſe, without ever breaking up houſe.

" The earl of Caſtlemain's manifeſto." 1689. This is a defence of himſelf from being concerned in the popiſh plot, of which he was accuſed by Turberville.

" An apology in behalf of the papiſts." This piece has not his name. It was anſwered by Lloyd, biſhop of Saint Aſaph, in 1667, and was re-printed with the anſwer in 1746. Lord Caſtlemain, and Robert Pugh a ſecular prieſt, his aſſiſtant, publiſhed a reply to the biſhop, entitled

" A reply to The anſwer of the catholic apology, or a clear vindication of the catholics of England from all matters of fact charged againſt them by their enemies. Lond. 1668. Both the pamphlets of the earl were ſeized by order of the houſe of commons*." Biſhop Lloyd in 1673 publiſhing another tract againſt popery, called A ſeaſonable diſcourſe, &c. lord Caſtlemain anſwered that too in a piece entitled

" A full anſwer and confutation of a ſcandalous pamphlet, called A ſeaſonable diſcourſe, &c. Antwerp, alias Lond. quarto." Doctor Lloyd replied in another piece, which he ſtyled A reaſonable defence of The ſeaſonable diſcourſe, &c. and the earl wrote obſervations on it†. His lordſhip publiſhed beſides

" The Engliſh globe, being a ſtabil and immobil one, performing what the ordinary globes do, and much more. Invented and deſcribed by the right honourable the earl of Caſtlemain." 1679, thin quarto.

" The compendium, or a ſhort view of the trials in relation to the preſent plot, &c." Lond. 1679. This piece is likewiſe anonymous, is aſcribed to him, but I cannot affirm it to be of his writing. I believe he wrote other things, but I have not met with them.

A ſplendid book of his embaſſy, with cuts, was publiſhed in folio, both in Engliſh and Italian.

* Vide Biogr. Brit. vol. v. 2987. † Ibid.

JOHN

## *JOHN* LORD *CUTTS*,

A SOLDIER of moſt hardy bravery * in king William's wars, was ſon of Richard Cutts, eſq. of Matching in Eſſex, where the family was ſettled about the time of Henry the ſixth, and had a great eſtate †. Our author was made baron of Gowran in Ireland, one of the lords juſtices general, general of the forces in that kingdom, and governor of the iſle of Wight. He died at Dublin in January 1706, and is buried there in the cathedral of Chriſt-church‡.

I have been favoured by a near relation of his lordſhip with the ſight of a very ſcarce volume of poems of his writing, entitled

" Poetical exerciſes written upon ſeveral occaſions, and dedicated to her royal highneſs mary princeſs of Orange; licenſed March 23, 1686-7, Roger L'Eſtrange. Lond. printed for R. Bentley and S. Magnes, in Ruſſel-ſtreet in Covent-garden, 1687." It contains, beſides the dedication, ſigned J. Cutts, verſes to that princeſs; a poem on Wiſdom; another to Mr. Waller on his commending it; ſeven more copies of verſes and eleven ſongs. The whole compoſing but a very thin volume. The author ſpeaks of having more pieces by him: one I have found in vol. i. part 2d, of State-poems, p. 199; it is on the death of queen Mary.

## *ROBERT* VISCOUNT *MOLESWORTH*,

AUTHOR of that ſenſible and free-ſpirited work

* Swift's epigram on a ſalamander alludes to this lord, who was called by the duke of Marlborough the ſalamander, on his always being in the thickeſt of the fire. The concluſion of the epigram alludes to his marrying a widow who ſuffered by the conſequences of his former amours; and in ſome of the State-poems of that time was this line upon him:

*As brave and brainleſs as the ſword he wears.*

His motto was, *With labour and blood.* For a farther account of him ſee Memoirs for the curious, 1708, p. 46.

† Vide Hiſt. and antiq. of Eſſex, p. 79.

‡ Leneve's Monum. Anglicana, vol. iv. p. 120.

"An account of Denmark."

And of theſe pieces,

"An addreſs to the houſe of commons for the encouragement of agriculture."

"Tranſlation of Hottoman's Franco-Gallia."

"A dedication to the princeſs of Wales, of Marinda," a collection of poems and tranſlations by his lordſhip's daughter, Mrs. Monk *.

And he is reported to have written other tracts in defence of liberty, of his country, of mankind. I have heard that the laſt lord Moleſworth drew up rules for the army, which have been publiſhed.

## *MURROUGH BOYLE*, VISCOUNT BLESSINGTON,

WROTE a play called "The loſt princeſs †."

## *CHARLES* LORD *WHITWORTH*,

EMBASSADOR to ſeveral courts, was author of a very ingenious

"Account of Ruſſia, as it was in the year 1710 ‡."

* See Ballard's Memoirs, p. 418.
† Vide Companion to the playhouſe, vol. ii.
‡ This piece, with an account of the author, was printed at Strawberry-hill in 1758.

*JOHN*

## *JOHN SHUTE*, VISCOUNT BARRINGTON,

WAS reckoned the head of the preſbyterian party, in whoſe behalf he wrote ſeveral pamphlets; and was author of ſome other pieces, called

"The rights of the proteſtant diſſenters, in anſwer to ſir Humphrey Mackworth;" two parts, quarto, 1704, 1705.

"An eſſay on the ſeveral diſpenſations of God to mankind *."

"Miſcellanea ſacra;" two volumes octavo, 1725.

"An account of the late proceedings of the diſſenting miniſters at Salter's-hall, &c. in a letter to the reverend doctor Gale; with a poſtſcript to Mr. Bradbury;" 1719. There were ſeveral controverſial pamphlets on this occaſion.

## *JOHN* LORD FORTESCUE,

ONE of the judges of the Common-pleas in England, wrote remarks on the works of his anceſtor Forteſcue, entitled

"The difference between an abſolute and limited monarchy." Printed in 1714, reprinted ſince with additions.

## *JOHN PERCEVAL*, EARL of EGMONT,

WROTE ſeveral pieces on various ſubjects, chiefly religious and moral, ſeveral of which ſtill remain in manuſcript. Among others publiſhed, though to all his works his lordſhip modeſtly declined prefixing his name, were

* Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, vol. iii. p. 276.

"The great importance of a religious life." It has gone through ſeveral editions *.

"A dialogue between a member of the church of England and a proteſtant diſſenter concerning a repeal of the teſt-act." 1732.

"The queſtion of the precedency of the peers of Ireland in England," 1739. Part only of this book was written by the late earl, which was in conſequence of a memorial preſented by his lordſhip to his majeſty, November the 2d, 1733, upon occaſion of the ſolemnity of the marriage of the princeſs royal with the prince of Orange.

"Remarks upon a ſcandalous piece, entitled, A brief account of the cauſes that have retarded the progreſs of the colony of Georgia in America:" 1743. His lordſhip publiſhed ſeveral other tracts about that time relating to that colony.

"Many letters and eſſays upon moral ſubjects in a paper called The weekly miſcellany."

He wrote a conſiderable part of a genealogical hiſtory of his own family, which was afterwards enlarged and methodized by Anderſon, author of The royal genealogies, and by Mr. Whiſton of the Tally-court †.

His lordſhip compoſed too a very great collection of

"Lives and characters of eminent men in England from very ancient to very modern times," in which work he was indefatigably employed till diſabled by the paralytic diſorder of which he died.

* This liſt was communicated to me by his ſon the preſent earl; but the firſt piece has been aſcribed to Mr. Melmoth, father of the tranſlator.

† This was the famous hiſtory of the houſe of Yvery, of which his ſon and ſucceſſor was ſuppoſed to write a large part. It conſiſts of two thick volumes in octavo, and was ſuppreſſed as far as poſſible ſoon after its publication.

WILLIAM

## *WILLIAM* Viscount *GRIMSTON*

IS only mentioned here to vindicate him from being an author. Having when a boy written a play called

"The lawyer's fortune, or Love in a hollow tree," to be acted with his ſchool-fellows, the ducheſs of Marlborough many years afterwards procured a copy, and printed it, at a time that ſhe had a diſpute with him about the borough of ſaint Albans. Lord Grimſton buying up the impreſſion, the ducheſs ſent the copy to Holland to be reprinted. She made his lordſhip ample reparation afterwards by printing her own Memoirs, not written in her childhood.

## *GERALD DE COURCY,* Twenty-fourth Lord KINGSALE,

WAS never publicly known to have attempted poetry, till after his death. His library being ſold by auction in 1762, there appeared among his common-place books, a thin MS. containing ſome Jacobite ballads againſt the houſe of Hanover, panegyrics to and upon doctor Swift, ſome gallant rebuses and odes, and a few other things, all in very plebeian numbers; and an epiſtle on redeeming our precious time, addreſſed to his father-in-law John Eſſington, eſq. But if his lordſhip had loſt his time before, he by no means employed it better on this eſſay.

PIECES

# PIECES OMITTED

## IN THE FOREGOING

## CATALOGUE OF ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS,

## And discovered since the Volume was printed.

NOTE to the last line of the sonnet of Richard the first, page 254, "La mere Loys*."

* In the new history of the Troubadors, collected from the MSS. of monsr. de Sainte Palaye, is an article of Richard 1st, and translations of his two poems. In the first, there is no attempt at explaining the two last lines in this sonnet above. The second is a spirited invitation to two French petty sovereigns to join him against Philip Augustus, with a mixture of irony that does not want taste.

Between the articles of Edward the second and Henry the eighth this paragraph must be inserted:

There is still better authority for adding to this list a descendant of the last-mentioned prince; one equally unworthy of the crown and the lyre, less blameable, and, if possible, more unfortunate. In that very curious collection of papers given to the public under the too modest title of Nugæ antiquæ by doctor Harrington, from the MSS. of his ingenious ancestor, the translator of Ariosto, is a little piece † of three stanzas, which is asserted to have been the composition of Henry the sixth. The lines are melancholy and simple as we should expect, and not better than a saint might compose: yet there is one expression which the present age, being more refined and delicate than a saint, will not allow me to repeat; and which intimates, that if the good prince was very pious ‡, it was not, as some have supposed, from an insensibility to pleasure.

† Nugæ antiquæ, vol. ii. p. 145, 2d edit. In that very curious repository are particularly three letters, which exhibit more faithful portraits of queen Elizabeth and James 1st than are to be found in our most voluminous historians. Vide vol. ii. pp. 116, 132, 271, 2d edit. 1779.

‡ Such pains were taken to impress religion on Henry's mind early, that he was even admitted into holy orders almost in his childhood. As such a step could not be taken even by priests without authority, I should suspect the measure was dictated by his ambitious uncle cardinal Beaufort, in hopes of retaining greater influence over the young monarch.

It is not worth making an article on purpoſe, as the authority is ſo vague, but Strutt in his third volume of The manners and cuſtoms of the Engliſh, has from a MS. in his own poſſeſſion, written as early as in the reign of Henry 5th, given part of a poem compoſed by a duke of York, who muſt have been Edward, eldeſt ſon of Edmond of Langley, there being no other duke of York in the reign of Henry 5th. Yet as the verſes ſeem to be addreſſed to a queen, they muſt have been written in the preceding reign, duke Edward having fallen in the battle of Agincourt, before the marriage of Henry 5th. If the poem is authentic, it was probably addreſſed to Joan, ſecond wife of Henry 4th, Strutt only ſaying that the hand-writing ſeems to be as old as the time of Henry 5th. It might be a few years older, or written ſoon after ſhe became queen dowager.

Add to the article of Henry the eighth, after "De juſto in Scotos bello." Page 258,

A ſtanza long known, and beginning "The eagle's force," ſir John Harrington aſſerts* was compoſed by his majeſty, and addreſſed to Anne Boleyn. Though it has no great merit, it raiſes our opinion of his majeſty as an author.

Add to queen Elizabeth's works, p. 269, in notes after "Salluſt†."

† Tranſlation from Seneca, in the Nugæ antiquæ, vol. ii. p. 309, 2d edit. Tranſlation of one of Cicero's Epiſtles, ib. vol. iii. p. 93.

Add, in note to James the ſecond, p. 277, after "Charles the ſecond‡."

‡ Yet ſir John Hawkins, in the appendix to his Hiſtory of muſic, has from an old copy produced a ſong ſaid to be written by king Charles. There is certainly nothing in the compoſition to contradict the report: the expreſſion is eaſy and genteel, and the thoughts amorous.

Add to George Boleyn viſcount Rochford, p. 295,

Having mentioned a ſuſpicion that ſome of this lord's poetry may exiſt among the unaſcertained poems in the collection of thoſe of lord Surrey and

* Nugæ antiquæ, vol. ii. p. 248.

ſir

ſir Thomas Wyat, I am the more confirmed in that opinion, by having been ſo fortunate as to find one * piece of lord Rochford's identified amidſt ſome verſes of thoſe noble friends, which have been printed of late years from the valuable MSS. of ſir John Harrington in the Nugæ antiquæ; though by a trifling miſtake lord Rochford is there called *earl*, inſtead of viſcount. The MS. was dated in 1564, but 28 years after the death of the compoſer, and may therefore be depended upon. There is a melancholy ſimplicity and harmony in the lines, that rank them with the beſt compoſitions of the above-mentioned poets; and though the variation of accents and pronunciation have rendered ſome of the lines not quite melodious to modern ears, yet the meaſure and general expreſſion are ſo elegant, that I am tempted to ſhow, that without much alteration it might eaſily paſs for the production of a more refined age.

I.

Awake, my lute, perform the laſt
And only ſervice we will waſte;
  Repeat the ſtrain in ſighs begun;
And when the vocal moment's paſt,
  Be ſtill, my lute, for I have done.

II.

Is muſic heard, where ear is none?
Can crayons grave on marble ſtone?
  My notes may pierce her heart as ſoon!
Should we then ſigh, or ſing, or moan—
  No, no, my lute, we muſt have done.

III.

The rock unmov'd when ocean raves
As ſoon ſhall yield to daſhing waves,
  As Juliet by my ſuit be won:
*My* vows ſhe ſcorns, *thy* ſoothing braves;
  Then, my ſweet lute, let us have done.

* Nugæ antiquæ, vol. ii. p. 252. In the ſame collection, vol. i. p. 86, are ſome miſerable verſes ſaid to be written by T. Seymour lord Sudley, lord admiral, the night before his execution, but they deſerve no further notice. The muſes ſeldom viſit a man at his death, whom they had neglected till that criſis.

IV.

Yet Venus ſhall aſſert her reign,
Proud nymph, and puniſh thy diſdain;
Thro' that cold breaſt a flame ſhall run,
And me revenge ſome other ſwain,
Altho' my lute and I have done.

V.

Sad in thy turn, the live-long hour
Of ſolemn night ſhall hear thee pour
Thy plaintive deſcant to the moon;
While thy fair face's fading flow'r
Shall touch not me, for I have done.

VI.

Then Juliet ſhall perhaps repent
Of youth unprofitably ſpent,
And ſigh in vain o'er moments gone;
And, finding beauty was but lent,
Shall weep its ſcorn as I have done.

VII.

Then ceaſe, my lute; be this the laſt
And only ſervice we will waſte;
Here end my love as it begun:
Be from my heart her name eras'd,
As from thy ſtrings, when thou haſt done!

Add to lord Clarendon, after "with other ſtate-papers," p. 390,

Of theſe and of his letters three volumes in folio have been publiſhed at different times; the laſt ſo recently as in 1786, containing, beſides numerous letters, three ſeveral additional characters of his lordſhip's bitter antagoniſt lord Digby [earl of Briſtol] extended to above 23 pages in folio, and of ſir John Berkeley, and ſir Henry Bennet earl of Arlington.

But thoſe are not the moſt remarkable contents of the third volume. A letter from the marquis of Ormond to Charles 2d, expreſſing ſuch provocations from the duke of York as a gentleman could not endure, and hinting at revenging himſelf unleſs redreſſed, gives, conſidering the loyalty and temper of the marquis, very unfavourable ideas of James; and the publication proves that the univerſity of Oxford have ſurmounted their tenderneſs for that unfortunate family.

In good truth, the univerſity has not been delicate towards their favourite Clarendon. His tranſactions with father Talbot, a Romiſh monk, for the aſſaſſination of Cromwell, on which black buſineſs Talbot writes to the king himſelf; and the following horrid expreſſion in a letter from ſir Edward Hyde to ſecretary Nicholas, "But it is a worſe and baſer thing that any man ſhould appear in any part beyond ſea under the character of an agent for the rebels and not have his throat cut;" v. p. 144: ſuch tranſactions, ſuch ſentiments, muſt make one lament that the fury of civil war and party rage could ſo tranſmute the ſoul of a good and wiſe man, and reconcile him to the worſt practices of Borgia and Machiavel. Even the hypocrite uſurper Cromwell ſcorned to ſtoop to ſuch ſhameful warfare; and we can but admire the contraſt, when in the ſame volume we ſee his playful policy (for ſo we may call it when compared with aſſaſſination) employed in ſowing feuds between the brothers Charles and James, and the latter falling into the ſnare which Lockhart laid for him, and breaking with his brother on the diſmiſſion of his favourite ſir John Berkeley, againſt whom Cromwell for that purpoſe had contrived to inſtill prejudices into the king.

Lord Clarendon alſo wrote "Verſes to ſir William Davenant," on the latter's Albovine; printed in ſir William's Works.

Add to page 426, after "The antiquated coquet,"

"A ſong," [by the earl of Dorſet] publiſhed in the firſt volume of a collection called The ſports of the Muſes, printed in 1752, p. 46.

Add

Add to page 441,

Charles Mordaunt earl of Peterborough is ſaid to have written a pamphlet, called " Remarks on a pamphlet entitled The thoughts of a member of the lower houſe, in relation to a project for reſtraining and limiting the power of the crown in the future creation of peers: London, printed for J. Roberts, 1719, third edition."

Add to page 453, after " A tragedy in rhyme,"

" A ſatire in the manner of Perſius," printed in the 5th vol. of Dodſley's Miſcellanies.

" Verſes to Mr. Poyntz," with doctor Secker's ſermon on education; publiſhed in The new foundling-hoſpital for wit, part 4th, p. 119; 1771.

" Two epigrams on Chiſwick." Ib.

Add to the account of lord Melcomb, p. 458, after " ſallies are forgotten,"

It had been well for lord Melcomb's memory, if his fame had been ſuffered to reſt on the tradition of his wit and the evidence of his poetry. The poſthumous publication of his own Diary has not enlarged the ſtock of his reputation, nor reflected more credit on his judgment than on his ſteadineſs. Very ſparingly ſtrewed with his brighteſt talent, wit, the book ſtrangely betrays a complacency in his own verſatility, and ſeems to look back with triumph on the ſcorn and deriſion with which his political levity was treated by all to whom he attached or attempted to attach himſelf. He records converſations in which he alone did not perceive, what every reader muſt diſcover, that he was always a dupe; and ſo blind was his ſelf-love, that he appears to be ſatisfied with himſelf, though he relates little but what tended to his diſgrace; as if he thought the world would forgive his inconſiſtencies as eaſily as he forgave himſelf. Had he adopted the French title, *confeſſions*, it would have ſeemed to imply ſome kind of penitence: but vain-glory engroſſed lord Melcomb; he was determined to raiſe an altar to himſelf, and

for want of burnt-offerings, lighted the pyre, like a greater author (Rouſſeau), with his own character.

However, with all its faults and curtailments, the book is valuable. They who have ſeen much of courts, and are faithful, as lord Melcomb was, in relating facts (whether they mean to palliate or over-charge), ſtill leave much undiſguiſed, which it did not anſwer their purpoſe to conceal. Many traces of truth remain in his Diary; and the characters of the actors may be diſcerned (not much to their advantage), though the book was mangled, in compliment, before it was imparted to the public.

Other pieces by lord Melcomb are,

"Verſes on the birth-day of ſir Robert Walpole;" in Dodſley's Miſcellanies, vol. iv. p. 227.

"Verſes to Mr. Stubbs;" in The European magazine for July 1784, p. 53.

Add to Charles Sackville duke of Dorſet, p. 460,

In the two additional volumes to The works of Alexander Pope, printed for R. Baldwin, 1776, octavo, are theſe four poems by Charles duke of Dorſet when lord Middleſex:

"Verſes to Mr. Pope on reading Mr. Addiſon's Account of the Engliſh poets;" vol. i. p. 151.

"Tranſlation of the 21ſt ode of the 3d book of Horace."

"Verſes upon a gooſe."

"Verſes on lady Abergavenny."

"Song on the death of Frederic prince of Wales," in The gentleman's magazine for May 1751, p. 227.

Add

Add to Joanna lady Bergavenny, p. 479,

Since the laſt edition of this work I have been inclined to think that the lady Bergavenny of the text was not Joanna Fitz-Alan, but her daughter-in-law the lady Frances Manners, daughter of Thomas earl of Rutland, and wife of Henry lord Bergavenny, as I find that lady Frances was an authoreſs; for Hugh Jackſon, in 1580, printed a piece called Precious perles of perfect godlineſs, &c. begun by lady Frances Abergavenny, and finiſhed by John Philips. Vide Typogr. antiq. by Herbert, vol. ii. p. 1134, quarto.

Add to Mary counteſs of Pembroke, p. 483, to the laſt note,

And ſome of her verſions of pſalms are printed in The nugæ antiquæ, vol. i. p. 277, 2d edit.

Add to Anne viſcounteſs Irwin, p. 512,

Her "Anſwer to ſome verſes of lady Mary Wortley," is printed in vol. i. of The additions to Pope's works.

Add to Henry Hare lord Colerane, p. 517, after "Faithorne,"

"A lyric poem" by him is mentioned in Nichols's Life of Bowyer the printer, p. 106.

Add to p. 519, note, after "obey the Cruſca*,"

* "A ſong," by lord Roſcommon, in The ſports of the Muſes, vol. i. p. 28.

Add to Robert viſcount Moleſworth, p. 522, after "have been publiſhed,"

To that John lord Moleſworth is aſcribed "A ſong" in The gentleman's magazine for Auguſt 1740, p. 408.

NOBLE

# NOBLE AUTHORS OMITTED IN FORMER EDITIONS.

## *FERDINANDO* Earl of DERBY,

[To follow Edward Vere Earl of Oxford, p. 330.]

APPEARS to have been one of our early bards, and not an unpromiſing one; but he died young, not without ſuſpicion of having been poiſoned. Sir John Hawkins, from a MS. in his own poſſeſſion, communicated to The antiquarian repertory a paſtoral poem by this earl, the commencement of which ſeems wanting. Vide Antiq. repert. vol. iii. p. 137.

## *GREY BRIDGES*, Lord CHANDOS,

CALLED, for his magnificence, the king of Cotſwold, died in the 19th year of James the firſt. I mention him as an author with great diffidence, having no other grounds for it than the poſſeſſion of a volume of diſcourſes, publiſhed by the printer Edward Blount in 1620, entitled "Horæ ſubſecivæ, obſervations and diſcourſes;" and in the firſt leaf of which is written *By Lord Chandois*. It conſiſts of eſſays, one of which, on a country life, certainly has the air of being written by a man of quality ſpeaking of himſelf, and agrees well with what little we are told of this peer.

## *CHARLES HOWARD*, Third Earl of CARLISLE,

AFTER filling the poſt of firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury, and other conſiderable offices, retired into Yorkſhire and built the magnificent ſeat at Caſtle-Howard. His leſſons of experience and virtue he bequeathed in verſe *, compoſed few hours before his death, to his ſon and ſucceſſor; and

* Vide Gentleman's magazine for Auguſt 1739.

it

it is pity that ſuch wholeſome precepts were not couched in more harmonious numbers—It was not from his lordſhip that his grandſon inherited a genuine talent for poetry.

## *PEREGRINE OSBORNE*, Second DUKE of LEEDS.

NOTHING can be ſlighter than my authority for mentioning this peer as an author. In a catalogue of a ſale of books was "An account of the Breſt expedition, by lord Carmarthen;" but having never ſeen the book, I know not whether the name of the author was ſpecified; or if not, on what ground it was ſo aſcribed.

## *PHILIP STANHOPE*, EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

FEW men have been born with a brighter ſhow of parts: few men have beſtowed more cultivation on their natural endowments; and the world has ſeldom been more juſt in its admiration both of genuine and improved talents. A model yet more rarely beheld, was that of a prince of wits who employed more application on forming a ſucceſſor, than to perpetuate his own renown—yet, though the peer in queſtion not only laboured by daily precepts to educate his heir, but drew up for his uſe a code of inſtitution, in which no ſecret of his doctrine was withheld, he was not only ſo unfortunate as to behold a total miſcarriage of his lectures, but the ſyſtem itſelf appeared ſo ſuperficial, ſo trifling, and ſo illaudable, that mankind began to wonder at what they had admired in the preceptor, and to queſtion whether the dictator of ſuch tinſel injunctions had really poſſeſſed thoſe brilliant qualifications which had ſo long maintained him unrivalled on the throne of wit and faſhion. Still will the impartial examiner do juſtice, and diſtinguiſh between the legiſlator of that little fantaſtic ariſtocracy which calls itſelf *the great world*, and the intrinſic genius of a nobleman who was an ornament to his order, an elegant orator, an uſeful ſtateſman, a perfect but no ſervile courtier, and an author whoſe writings, when ſeparated from his impertinent

inſtitutes of education, deſerve, for the delicacy of their wit and Horatian irony, to be ranged with the pureſt claſſics of the courts of Auguſtus and Louis quatorze. His papers in Common Senſe and The World might have given jealouſy to the ſenſitive Addiſon; and though they do not rival that original writer's fund of natural humour, they muſt be allowed to touch with conſummate knowledge the affected manners of high life. They are ſhort ſcenes of genteel comedy, which, when perfect, is the moſt rare of all productions.

His papers in recommendation of Johnſon's Dictionary were models of that poliſhed elegance which the pedagogue was pretending to aſcertain, and which his own ſtyle was always heaving to overload with tautology and the moſt barbarous confuſion of tongues. The friendly patronage was returned with ungrateful rudeneſs by the proud pedant; and men ſmiled, without being ſurpriſed, at ſeeing a bear worry his dancing-maſter.

Even lord Cheſterfield's poetical trifles, of which a few ſpecimens remain in ſome ſongs and epigrams, were marked by his idolized graces, and with his acknowledged wit. His ſpeeches courted the former, and the latter never forſook him to his lateſt hours. His entrance into the world was announced by his bon-mots, and his cloſing lips dropped repartees that ſparkled with his juvenile fire.

Such native parts deſerved higher application. Lord Cheſterfield took no leſs pains to be the phœnix of fine gentlemen, than Tully did to qualify himſelf for ſhining as the firſt orator, magiſtrate, and philoſopher of Rome. Both ſucceeded: Tully immortalized his name; lord Cheſterfield's reign laſted a little longer than that of a faſhionable beauty. His ſon, like Cromwell's, was content to return to the plough, without authority, and without fame.

Beſides his works collected and publiſhed by doctor Maty, his lordſhip had begun "Memoirs of his own time."—How far he proceeded on ſuch a work I cannot ſay; nor whether farther than a few characters of ſome eminent perſons, which have ſince been printed, and which are no ſhining proof that lord Cheſterfield was an excellent hiſtoric painter. From his private familiar letters one ſhould expect much entertainment, if moſt of thoſe publiſhed by

Maty did not damp ſuch hopes. Some few at the end of his correſpondence with his ſon juſtly deſerve admiration.

Lord Cheſterfield's writings that are known, were,

" Miſcellaneous works, with memoirs of his life, by M. Maty, M. D." publiſhed in two large volumes in quarto, 1777. In thoſe volumes are omitted the following journals, which may be found in the ſeveral original publications: " Common ſenſe, for May 21, and 28; October 15; Nov. 5; 1737: and January 21; 1738." The laſt was probably omitted in the edition of his lordſhip's works for its indecency. Lady Hervey, an intimate friend of lord Cheſterfield, allowed me to mark lord Cheſterfield's papers from her copy of Common ſenſe.

" His Letters to his natural ſon Philip Stanhope;" publiſhed in two large volumes in quarto, 1774.

" A Supplement" of ſome letters that were wanting to that correſpondence, was publiſhed in quarto, by Dodſley, 1787.

" The art of pleaſing;" being letters to his ſucceſſor in the title; publiſhed in The Edinburgh magazine, 1774, N° 4, 5, 6, 7.

" Letters from lord Cheſterfield to alderman George Faulkener, doctor Madden, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Derrick, and the earl of Arran." London, quarto, 1777.

Other works of lord Cheſterfield, not included in Maty's edition:

" Characters of eminent perſonages of his own time." Duod. printed by W. Flexney, 1777.

" A petition of humour to the king for a penſion;" 1757: reprinted with his letters.

" Letter to marſhal Belleiſle, on his letter to marſhal Contades ordering him to lay waſte the electorate of Hanover;" 1759: publiſhed in Engliſh and French.

" A letter ſigned Bayes, on the marriage of the king and queen;" publiſhed in The London chronicle, Auguſt 25, 1761.

POETRY.

In Dodſley's Collection of miſcellaneous poems, 2d edition, " the five laſt poems" in vol. i. are by lord Cheſterfield.

Epigrams, " on Eſau and Jacob," publiſhed in The ſports of the Muſes; " on lord Hervey, *As nature Hervey's clay, &c.*" " on lady Thanet, *Phyſic and cards, &c.*" in The foundling-hoſpital for wit, and other miſcellanies: and in the third part of The foundling-hoſpital, " Verſes on Sarah ducheſs of Richmond going to ſupper;" commonly, but wrongly, entitled, On the ducheſs of Rutland.

" Truth at court," in the name of a dean, publiſhed in The London chronicle for April 1761, and in The annual regiſter for the ſame year.

" Some lines, to be placed in the parlour of his brother ſir William Stanhope, in the houſe that was Mr. Pope's at Twickenham.

" A dialogue, in proſe, on his own going to court, 1762;" MS.

## *BAPTIST NOEL*, EARL of GAINSBOROUGH,

WHO died in 1751, had " A ſong" aſcribed to him in The morning herald for November 15, 1786. In Collins's Peerage his lordſhip's chaplain, in his funeral ſermon, ſpeaks of his taſte for painting, muſic, and poetry.

## *HENRY FOX*, LORD HOLLAND,

NEVER attempted poetry, I believe, till towards the end of his life, when a few copies of verſes ſhewed that he neither wanted the talent, nor that that talent had wanted an edge.

" One poem" by him is in The annual regiſter for 1779.

Lord

Lord Holland's rival,

## *WILLIAM PITT*, EARL of CHATHAM,

IS known to have dropped ſome complimentary "Lines to miſs Margaret Banks" [afterwards married to his brother-in-law Henry Grenville], and "to David Garrick;" and is ſaid to have written other "ſmall pieces:" but as Rome was more fortunate in Cicero's eloquence than in his poetry, ſo was England in Mr. Pitt's; but the latter's verſes were not ridiculous like the conſul's; nor did Mr. Pitt ſport them but as accidental trifles. He had a more important advantage over the Roman: he left a ſon of whom he would not have been aſhamed. That he had the ſame ſuperiority over his Engliſh rival in a brighter ſon, will not be ſo eaſily accorded.

To lord Chatham were alſo aſcribed, in The univerſal muſeum for December 1766, "Verſes on the death of lady Abergavenny," which in the Additions to Pope's works are given to Charles duke of Dorſet.

## *GEORGE* LORD *LYTTELTON.*

LEARNING, eloquence, and gravity, diſtinguiſhed this peer above moſt of his rank, and breathe in all his proſe. His "Epiſtle to Mr. Pope" is the beſt of his poetry, which was more elegant than ſtriking. Originality ſeems never to have been his aim; his moſt known pieces, his "Perſian letters," and "Dialogues of the dead," being copies of Monteſquieu and Fontenelle; and his "Henry the ſecond," formed on the model of the ancients, was not adapted to the vivacity that is admitted into modern hiſtory. He publiſhed the latter himſelf, in five volumes in quarto; and the reſt of his works, collected by his nephew Mr. Ayſcough, were printed in one large volume in quarto, in the ſummer of 1774.

There have alſo been publiſhed of his lordſhip's writing, though not reprinted in the collection of his works,

"An epiſtle to William Pitt," (afterwards earl of Chatham) occaſioned by an epiſtle to the latter from the honourable Thomas Hervey.

" Some papers in Common ſenſe," but I do not know which; and ſome " political pamphlets," without his name.

" Prologue to Thomſon's Coriolanus."

" Hymen to Eliza," (his ſecond wife) on their marriage; printed in The St. James's magazine for March 1763.

" Letter to Mr. Boſwell," in The London chronicle, May 11, 1769.

He wrote moſt of the " inſcriptions" in the gardens at Stowe; " an epitaph on captain Henry Grenville;" " another on captain Cornwall," in Weſtminſter-abbey; and " poems to general Conway and the counteſs of Aileſbury, after their marriage," MSS.

## *THOMAS* Lord *LYTTELTON*

WAS a meteor, whoſe rapid extinction could not be regretted. His dazzling eloquence had no ſolidity, and his poetry no graces that could atone for its indelicacy.

" One of his ſpeeches in the houſe of lords," and " a volume of his verſes," have been printed; and " ſome lines he wrote to his wife" were publiſhed in The Weſtminſter magazine, N° 5, 1773.

## *JOHN WEST*, Earl of DELAWAR,

THE ſecond earl of that ancient race, wrote ſeveral occaſional " copies of verſes" with genuine humour and eaſe, but with neither affectation nor thirſt of fame; and ſcarce any of them have been printed.

" One, on quitting his place of vice-chamberlain to the queen, on the death of his father, is in The gentleman's magazine for April 1776: it is alſo in Almon's third part of The foundling-hoſpital for wit, 1769, under the title of " A farewell to the maids of honour."

" A ballad,"

"A ballad," publiſhed in The gazetteer for March 1761.

In a catalogue of books I found mention of a lord Delawar's "Relation of Virginia," printed in 1611. Thomas lord Delawar was captain-general of that province; but I never ſaw the book, nor have any other evidence of his lordſhip being the author of it.

## Sir *CHARLES WINDHAM*, Firſt Earl of EGREMONT,

Is only mentioned here, as a copy of verſes called "The fair thief" was printed in The European magazine for January 1785, and aſcribed to his lordſhip; but I much queſtion if on any authority.

## *CHARLES HOWARD*, Duke of NORFOLK,

Was author * of

"Conſiderations on the penal laws againſt Roman catholics in England, and the new-acquired colonies in America. In a letter to a noble lord." 8vo. 1764.

"Thoughts, eſſays and maxims, chiefly religious and political." 8vo. 1768.

"Hiſtorical anecdotes of ſome of the Howard family." 8vo. 1769.

# PEERESS.

## *ANNA CHAMBER*, Countess TEMPLE,

Was forty years old before ſhe diſcovered in herſelf a turn for genteel verſification, which ſhe executed with facility, and decked with the amiable graces of her own benevolent mind. A few copies of her ſelect "Poems" were printed at Strawberry-hill, in 1764.

* European magazine for October 1786.

SCOTS

# SCOTS AUTHORS.

## *PATRICK MURRAY*, Lord ELIBANK,

WROTE and publiſhed ſome tracts; among others theſe:

"Thoughts on money, circulation and paper-currency:" Edinb. 1758.

"Inquiry into the origine and conſequence of the public debts."

"A pamphlet on the Scottiſh peerage."

## *THOMAS HAMILTON*, Earl of HADDINGTON,

FATHER of Charles lord Binning, mentioned above, p. 511, beſides the Tales which I have mentioned under his ſon's article, wrote "A treatiſe on foreſt trees, in a letter from the right honourable the earl of ——— to his grandſon;" publiſhed at Edinburgh in 1761.

## *ANNE DOUGLAS*, Countess of ARGYLE,

WAS daughter of William earl of Morton, firſt wife of Archibald Campbell 7th earl of Argyle, and mother of Archibald marquis of Argyle, who was beheaded. She was rather a publiſher than an author, having collected and publiſhed in Spaniſh a ſet of ſentences from the works of ſaint Auguſtine. It is entitled, "El alma del incomparable ſacada del cuerpo de ſus confeſſiones, colegida por la illuſtriſſima ſenora dona Anna condeſſe de Argyl, dirigida a la ſereniſſima ſenora dona Iſabel Clara Eugenia, infante d'Eſpagna. En Ambres por Geraldo Wolſchaten." The copy in my poſſeſſion, the only one I ever ſaw, appears by the arms on the cover to have belonged to Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles 2d. I bought it at the ſale of Philip Carteret Webbe in 1771.

IRISH

# IRISH PEERS.

## *LODOWICK* LORD *BARRY*

MUST be mentioned, as Antony Wood, vol. i. p. 629, and Coxeter, in his MS. aſcribe a comedy called "Ram alley, or merry tricks," to a perſon by that title in the reign of James 1ſt.——but no ſuch lord is to be found in the Iriſh Peerage; and Langbaine, Jacob, Gildon, and Whincop, call him only Lodowic Barry, eſq. and the laſt poſitively denies his being a lord, as he probably was not. Vide Victor's Comp. to the playhouſe, vol. ii.

*The following article ſhould ſtand in the place of the account, in page* 523, *of* JOHN SHUTE, VISCOUNT BARRINGTON.

## *JOHN SHUTE BARRINGTON*, VISCOUNT BARRINGTON,

WAS an eminent chieftain of the diſſenters, and by his credit with that ſect, by his learning and addreſs, raiſed himſelf at an early age to much diſtinction, and afterwards to employment and honours, which he ſullied, as well as his pretenſions to piety, by engaging in a ſcandalous job, the Harburgh lottery; a tranſaction for which he was expelled from the houſe of commons. I ſhould not relieve that diſgrace, had not a public writer allowed a partiſan of the family to make uſe of his pen in transferring the odium of the puniſhment, above fifty years after the infliction, to an innocent perſon on the moſt vague of all foundations, and with no leſs virulent aſperſion of that auguſt aſſembly which ejected ſo unworthy a member.

In the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, publiſhed in 1778, it is ſaid that one Dobſon tranſcribed from a MS. paper of his uncle John Foſter an account of that tranſaction, which concludes with aſſerting, "that lord Barrington having been firmly attached to lord Sunderland, the enemy and predeceſſor of ſir Robert Walpole in the adminiſtration, it was *ſuſpected* that lord

lord Barrington had taken ſome ſteps very diſagreeable to ſir Robert, which the latter not forgetting, took occaſion of the Harburgh lottery to obtain that ſevere [and, as the text ſays, unmerited] cenſure on his lordſhip.

It is remarkable, that during an adminiſtration of twenty years, and an oppoſition as virulent as ever perſecuted a prime-miniſter, ſir Robert ſhould never have been charged in general with a vindictive temper, nor reproached with that vengeance againſt lord Barrington in particular. Lenity, good-humour, good-nature, and forgiveneſs, have been allowed the characteriſtic virtues in ſir Robert Walpole's compoſition: but if a diſintereſted public have ſubſcribed to that character, ſtill the piety of a ſon would no doubt have felt and endeavoured to remove the opprobrium from an injured parent to a revengeful arbitrary miniſter, whenever an opportunity preſented itſelf. The ſon and heir of the ſtigmatized lord was choſen into parliament before the fall of that miniſter, and was even a ſpeaker againſt him. That ſon and heir voted twice for a ſecret committee to examine into the conduct of that miniſter; yet who ever heard of the ſon's imputing the diſgrace of his father to ſir Robert Walpole? Was ſuch arbitrary influence a crime of no magnitude? Would it not have figured in a report of the committee, in which the higheſt crime alleged againſt a miniſter ſo long miſrepreſented as the enemy of his country, was profuſion to hireling ſcribblers? The committee, I know, was authoriſed to enquire but into the laſt ten years of ſir Robert's adminiſtration; but the firſt motion went to twenty years; and had the imputed vengeance been true, lord Barrington's ſon would indubitably have ſpecified it as an argument for extending the enquiry to twenty years.

But was ever charge laid before the public on more frivolous grounds, on worſe authority? Mr. Dobſon ſays he copied the account from a ſcrap of paper of his uncle's writing——and what does that paper ſay?——That it was *ſuſpected* lord Barrington had acted diſagreeably to ſir Robert Walpole. This ſhews that judge Foſter knew nothing more than a vague whiſper. Would that judge, ſitting in his own court, have ſuffered ſuch random ſuſpicions to have been offered in evidence on a trial? Certainly not——yet on ſuch futile calumny does a grave judge [if the paper was really written by him] condemn a ſolemn examination of the houſe of commons, and pronounce it unmerited——[unleſs the word *unmerited* may have been kindly tacked to the ſuſpicion by poſthumous piety]—nay, though it does not appear

that for fifty years together either the criminal or his family pretended to plead that the ſentence was unjuſt.

But it is difficult to think that judge Foſter could ſeriouſly believe [even if he ſuſpected, contrary to the whole tenor of ſir Robert's life, that he had acted revengefully] that lord Barrington was condemned unjuſtly. In the zenith of his power was ſir Robert Walpole poſſeſſed of influence ſufficient to induce the houſe of commons to expel one of their own members, after a ſolemn enquiry, for a crime not proved? If the crime was proved, what would not have been ſaid of ſir Robert if he had ſcreened the culprit? And if the crime was proved, would lord Barrington's character be whitened, though the revenge of a moſt unrevengeful miniſter had contributed to drag his guilt into the eye of day? Nor will it eaſily be credited that a houſe of commons, who in the worſt times have ever been tender to their own body, would have complimented a miniſter [and one ſcarce ſettled in his power, nor then very welcome to his * ſovereign] with the ſacrifice of a member, unleſs the proofs of his guilt had been flagrant. Nor were lord Barrington's abilities of that magnitude, that ſir Robert Walpole, who never attempted the ſmalleſt vengeance againſt far more formidable and more bitter antagoniſts, ſhould have ſingled out for puniſhment ſo puny an adverſary as lord Barrington, who had at moſt been the tool of a capital rival. Sir Robert Walpole, againſt the earneſt remonſtrances of his neareſt friends, recalled lord Bolingbroke from exile——compare the two antagoniſts. Perhaps too even lord Barrington's family may be perſuaded to think with the majority of mankind, that bribery was an engine more familiar to ſir Robert than perſecution, and that he would rather have attempted to purchaſe lord Barrington's attachment than to proſecute him. I have heard that lord Barrington was ſuſpected of having twice ſold the preſbyterians to the court——but when I condemn judge Foſter's random whiſpers and ſuſpicions [if they were judge Foſter's] I will not deſire more credit to be given to mine. If lord Barrington was innocent in the affair of the Harburgh lottery, I will believe he was incorruptible.

Lord Cheſterfield, one of his warmeſt opponents and ſatiriſts, who knew him better than judge Foſter or Mr. Dobſon could, has ſaid in his character

* George the firſt. Sir Robert Walpole had adhered to the prince of Wales (afterwards George the ſecond) on a quarrel between the father and ſon, and had been the principal oppoſer of the intended peerage bill, the favourite meaſure of the court.

of ſir Robert Walpole, *that he was not vindictive, but on the contrary placable to thoſe who had injured him moſt.* Could lord Cheſterfield have been ignorant of it, if ſir Robert Walpole had influenced the houſe of commons to expel a member for a crime of which that member was innocent? Lord Cheſterfield was twenty-nine when lord Barrington was expelled; and was himſelf at that time a member of the houſe of commons, and probably voted for that expulſion. If it ſhould be ſuppoſed that he was one of the influenced, he had but the more reaſon for knowing the fact; and, though a courtier then, he became ſo unaltered an enemy to ſir Robert Walpole to the end of the latter's life, that it is not credible he ſhould officiouſly and coolly have affirmed that ſir Robert was very placable to his worſt enemies——yet the pretended paper of judge Foſter ſays at moſt that it was ſuſpected lord Barrington had taken ſome ſteps very diſagreeable to ſir Robert Walpole, and that thoſe ſteps had been influencing the diſſenters to remain in lord Sunderland's intereſt. The vengeance, if lord Barrington was innocent, would have been above meaſure inadequate to the offence——Thank God, it reſts only on the hearſay evidence of an unauthenticated paper, written down probably [if written by judge Foſter, then a young man] from the converſation of a Temple coffee-houſe; and ſeems to have been as great a ſecret to his lordſhip's ſon the biſhop, as to the reſt of the world; for could the prelate, who furniſhed other lights to the editor, have been able to corroborate it with a ſafe conſcience by any teſtimony of his own, by any documents or vindication left by his father, no doubt his lordſhip's filial piety would not have truſted the defence of his parent's memory to ſo ridiculous a ſide-gale as judge Foſter's ſuppoſed narrative of a ſuppoſed revenge for a ſuppoſed offence. Indeed a family is to be pitied, when reduced to have recourſe to an exculpation that is not a jot preferable to a confeſſion of the guilt.

Perhaps one collateral fact may be as full confutation of this idle tale, as the arguments I have uſed. After the firſt edition of this work was publiſhed, I was told that I had omitted one noble author, lord Barrington. As I intended a ſecond edition, I applied to the ſon and heir of that lord for a liſt of his father's writings. The anſwer I received was, that his lordſhip would be obliged to me if I would continue to omit all mention of his father ——and to oblige his lordſhip I did, though it left my work, which I had enlarged with other former omiſſions, ſtill imperfect. I had not then, nor till I ſaw the account in the new Biographia, ever heard of the affair of the

Harburgh lottery; which, as I was in parliament when my father quitted his employments, proves that I had never heard of his being taxed with unjuſt perſecution of lord Barrington; as, if I had, I could not have been ſo abſurd or ſo indelicate as to touch on ſo tender a ſubject to his own ſon. It is as plain that his eldeſt ſon did not think the merit of his father's writings would efface the demerit of his conduct, but wiſhed to have them both forgotten together. Officious and miſguided zeal has forced this diſcuſſion from me; and if the pious prelate of the church of England, who furniſhed a liſt of his father's heterodox writings to the authors of the Biographia, and who, however, could have no high eſteem for thoſe writings, or his zeal for his mother the church would not have pointed out to her enemies weapons forged by the hand of his father; if that pious prelate, I ſay, has had leſs diſcretion than his elder brother, he muſt excuſe a ſon who feels no leſs for a traduced parent, and who feels veneration for his memory with more reaſon, if he refutes the improbable charge. Nor perhaps was it worth the biſhop's while, for the ſake of raiſing from oblivion a liſt of his father's writings, to revive the memory of the Harburgh lottery. Here follows that liſt:

"A Latin oration ſpoken at Utrecht." Publiſhed 1698.

"Eſſay on the intereſt of England in reſpect to proteſtants diſſenting from the eſtabliſhed church." Quarto, 1701. Reprinted two years afterwards with conſiderable alterations and enlargements.

"The rights of proteſtant diſſenters;" in two parts. Second edit. 1705.

"Miſcellanea ſacra;" in two vols. octavo, 1725. "Or, a new method of conſidering the hiſtory of the apoſtles, &c." Second edition, in 3 vols. in 1770; by his ſon the biſhop of Landaff, much improved by his father: with a diſſertation on the 12th chapter of the Hebrews, not publiſhed before.

"An eſſay on the ſeveral diſpenſations of God to mankind." Octavo, 1725.

"A diſſuaſive from Jacobitiſm." Octavo; the 4th edition was printed in 1725.

"A letter from a layman to a biſhop, on the bill for preventing the growth of ſchiſm." Quarto, 2d edit. 1714.

"The layman's letter to the biſhop of Bangor." Second edit. 1716.

"An account of the late proceedings of the diſſenting miniſters at Salter's-hall, in a letter to doctor Gale." 1719.

"A diſcourſe of natural and revealed religion." Octavo, 1732.

"Reflections on the 12th query in a paper, entitled, Reaſons offered againſt puſhing for the repeal of the corporation and teſt acts." Octavo, 1733.

## *JOHN PERCEVAL*, Second EARL of EGMONT,

WAS a frequent writer of political papers and pamphlets, a profound genealogiſt—if that is not a contradiction in terms; and an admirer and ſtrenuous advocate for the reſtoration of that barbarous and obſolete ſyſtem of government, feudal tenures, which he wiſhed to revive in the iſland of St. John, and wrote a book to recommend it, copies of which he diſtributed to miniſters and ſome members of both houſes. Againſt that happy period ſhould revive, and the uſe of gunpowder ſhould be loſt, he built, moated, and fortified his caſtle of Enmore, for the reſidence of the future old barons his deſcendants, as in the Hiſtory of the houſe of Yvery he gave views of the ancient caſtles that had belonged to any of his race; nor diſdained, as having had the honour of being hired by himſelf, to add a print of his lodging-houſe on Mount Pleaſant at Tunbridge. With theſe eccentricities he had ſtrong parts, great knowledge of the hiſtory of this country, and was a very able, though not an agreeable orator. His domeſtic virtues more than compenſated for ſome ſingularities that were very innocent; and had he lived in the age whoſe manners he emulated, his ſpirit would have maintained the character of an ancient peer with as much dignity, as his knowledge would have effaced that of others of his order. His moſt known works were,

"Faction detected:" a pamphlet that made a great noiſe, 1744.

"An

"An examination of the principles, and an enquiry into the conduct of the two brothers:" [duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Pelham] 1749.

"A ſecond ſeries of facts and arguments;" on the ſame ſubject: 1749.

"An occaſional letter from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town, concerning the treaty negotiated at Hanau in the year 1743. Printed for A. Briton, near Temple Bar, 1749."

To all theſe pamphlets many anſwers were publiſhed. What other political letters in journals, or other pieces, his lordſhip wrote, I do not know.

## *FRANCIS BOYLE*, Third LORD SHANNON,

WROTE and publiſhed a volume of "Diſcourſes and eſſays, uſeful for the vain and modiſh ladies and their galants, and alſo upon ſeveral ſubjects moral and divine, in two parts." Dedicated to Elizabeth counteſs of Northumberland. Octavo, 2d edit. London, 1696.

## *FREDERIC CALVERT*, LORD BALTIMORE,

WROTE and publiſhed what he called his "Travels." They contain little more than a journal of his route. His bills on the road for poſt-horſes would deſerve as much to be printed. His book proves a well-known truth, that a man may travel without obſervation, and be an author without ideas.

## *NICHOLAS* LORD *TAAFFE*

WROTE "Obſervations on affairs of Ireland." His lordſhip was aged 84 in 1766.

*CONSTANTINE*

## *CONSTANTINE PHIPPS*, First Lord MULGRAVE,

WAS a modeſt poet, who wrote many verſes, but publiſhed none; nor, though much applauded by thoſe who have ſeen them, have they yet appeared in print.

## *ROBERT* Lord *CLIVE.*

THIS lord, who was ſtyled by policy a *heaven-born hero*, and whom policy alone would canonize, would never have been an author, if he could have ſilenced oppoſition as completely as he removed opponents in India. Yet was he qualified, like Cæſar, either to write or conquer. Still one, who neither reverences Roman uſurpations in Gaul, nor Spaniſh maſſacres in Mexico, will never allow his pen to applaud the invaſions and depredations of his countrymen in India. Suffered to traffic as merchants, we have butchered, ſtarved, plundered and enſlaved, the ſubjects and provinces of lawful princes; and all the imported diamonds of the Eaſt cannot out-blaze the crimſon that ought to ſtain our cheeks, or the indignation that ought to have fired them, when more recent Machiavels have called for applauſe on their devaſtations. But as Cæſar's conqueſts lifted the yoke on the neck of Rome, Indian gold has undermined the Engliſh conſtitution; for, when heaven inflicts heroes on mankind, it generally accompanies them with their conſequences, the loſs of liberty—to the vanquiſhed, certainly; to the victorious, often!

Lord Clive printed "A letter to the India company," in February 1764.

"Another letter," in the public papers in April 1764.

IRISH

# *ROBERT NUGENT*, VISCOUNT CLARE and EARL of NUGENT,

WAS one of thoſe men of parts, whoſe dawn was the brighteſt moment of a long life; and who, though poſſeſſed of different talents, employed them in depreciating his own fame, and deſtroying all opinion of his judgment, except in the point of raiſing himſelf to honours. He was firſt known by the noble ode on his own converſion from popery: yet, ſtrong as was the energy and reaſoning in it, his arguments operated but temporary conviction on himſelf, for he died a member of the church he had expoſed ſo ſeverely. The ſpirit of his firſt ode was as little diſcovered in his ſubſequent poetry, as it was in his final relapſe to his original creed; and though he had eloquence and knowledge, they were rarely diſplayed, though often with deſerved applauſe, without being accompanied by bombaſt and extravagant vociferation. Who does not lament that Lucan, after ſhedding through his Pharſalia various ſentences worthy of being cited by Longinus, has wrapped thoſe luminous effuſions in a mantle of turgid declamation? But Lucan had boiling youth to plead; lord Nugent had no ſobriety of judgment, but in his earlieſt compoſition.

It ſhould be mentioned, that lord Nugent's ode being the production of a young Iriſh adventurer, unknown by any marks of genius, occaſioned ſo much ſurpriſe, that, when it was obſerved he was patroniſed by men of the beſt abilities in the then oppoſition to the court, it was generally believed that his poem had been aſſiſted and much improved by them: but, beſides that there are ſeveral marks of ſimilarity in lord Nugent's other poems that ſhow their being by the ſame hand with the ode, however inferior, it is not at all probable that he was indebted to the three men named as his coadjutors. Pope was not likely to have lent his aid towards decrying the catholic religion; nor does the * doggrel he produced for St. Cecilia's day, in

* Tho' fate had faſt bound her with Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

Though Cato died, though Tully ſpoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike ſtroke,
Yet periſh'd fated Rome.

Did Pope reſerve theſe burleſque lines for himſelf, and lend the following to Mr. Nugent?

May I be allowed to remark, that men of the firſt abilities ſometimes over-rate their own powers,

in rivalry of Dryden, furniſh any reaſon for believing that he could have aſcended to the majeſtic march of the ode. Of the other two ſuppoſed contributors, lord Cheſterfield had not energy enough for auſtere and dignified compoſition; and lord Bath never roſe above an epigram, or ſome eaſy verſes produced occaſionally in ſociety.

powers, and think themſelves capable of ſhining in other walks than in thoſe for which nature formed them? Pope's ode is one inſtance; Addiſon gave another ſtill more injudicious in his opera of Roſamond. Natural humour was the primary talent of Addiſon. His character of ſir R. de Coverley, though far inferior, is only inferior to Shakeſpear's Falſtaffe. Having ſelected and happily ridiculed the abſurdity of the Italian opera, Mr. Addiſon had the weakneſs to produce Roſamond; which, without any of the ſuperficial merits of Italian operas, is degraded below the buffoonery of Sadler's Wells by the ſtupid and falſe pleaſantry in the perſonages of ſir Truſty and Grideline.

IRISH

# IRISH PEERESS.

## *HENRIETTA ST. JOHN*, LADY LUXBOROUGH,

WAS daughter of Henry viſcount St. John, half ſiſter of the famous lord Bolingbroke, and firſt wife of Robert Knight, lord Luxborough, who after her death was created earl of Catherlough. She wrote "four copies of verſes," printed in Dodſley's Miſcellanies, vol. iv. p. 313, & ſequent. and was a friend of Shenſtone, who alſo addreſſed verſes to her, and often mentions her in the letters publiſhed with his works.

The two following POEMS by *EDWARD VERE*, EARL of OXFORD, mentioned in page 329, were communicated to me from an ancient MS. Miſcellany, and I believe have never been printed.

WEARE I a kinge, I mighte cōmande contente,
Weare I obſcure, unknowne ſhould be my cares,
And weare I deade, noe thoughtes could me torment,
Nor woordes, nor wronges, nor love, nor hate, nor feares.
A doubtfull choyſe for me of three things one to crave,
A kingdome, or a cottage, or a grave.

Wearte thou a kinge, yet not cōmande contente,
Wher empire none thy mind could yet ſuffice,
Wearte thou obſcure, ſtill cares would thee torment,
But wearte thou dead, all care and ſorrow dyes.
An eaſy choyſe of three things one to crave,
Noe kingdome, nor a cottage, but a grave.

VERE, finis.

WHEN

WHEN I was faire and younge then favoure graced me,
Of many was I foughte their miſtreſſe for to be,
But I did ſcorne them all and anſwered them therefore,
Goe, goe, goe, ſeeke ſome other-wher, importune me no more.

Howe many weeping eyes I made to pyne in woe,
Howe many ſighinge hartes I have not ſkill to ſhowe,
But I the prouder grewe and ſtill thus ſpake therefore,
Goe, goe, goe, ſeeke ſome other-wher, importune me no more.

Then ſpake brave Venus ſonne that brave victorious boy,
Sayinge, You dayntye dame, for y^t you be ſo coye,
I will ſoe pull your plumes, as you ſhall ſay no more
Goe, goe, goe, ſeeke ſome other-wher, importune me no more.

As ſoone as he had ſaide, ſuch care grewe in my breaſt
That nether nighte nor daye I could take any reſte,
Wherfore I did repente that I had ſaide before
Goe, goe, goe, ſeeke ſome other-wher, importune me no more.

E. of OXFORDE.

POSTSCRIPT.

# POSTSCRIPT.

AS I ſhould be unwilling to defraud my country of any ſparkle of genius that glimmered in our ages of darkneſs, eſpecially when a claim has been made by foreigners for one of our ancient peers, it is neceſſary to examine the pretenſions, and allow them, if I can with a good conſcience. The perſon in whoſe favour a title to the laurel has been ſet up is *JOHN MONTACUTE*, EARL of SALISBURY, who flouriſhed in the reign of Richard the ſecond. The advocate is the editor of that voluminous collection the Bibliotheque des romans, who in the firſt tome, for October of the year 1779, p. 128, aſſerts, on the authority of Chriſtina of Piſan, an authoreſs whom I have mentioned in the firſt part of this work, that the earl not only delighted in *dictiez*, but was himſelf a *delectable dicteur*; and the editor explains the term *dictiez* in p. 126, by ſaying, that they were *petites pieces de poeſie legere, telles que les ballades, les lays, les virelays, et les rondeaux.*

Neither Chriſtina nor the editor has gratified our curioſity with a ſingle ſtanza of lord Saliſbury's compoſition; yet the following amorous declaration, which the lady has preſerved, may fairly be preſumed a tranſlation of a *lay*, which at leaſt ſhe ſeems to intend we ſhould ſuppoſe was the purport of one of his poetical addreſſes to her: "O la perle des plus beaux eſprits, repondit-il, comme la fleur des plus belles: vous avez chanté; il ne me reſte plus de ſons. O deſir de mon cœur, plaiſance de mes yeux, tourment de ma penſée, vous avez attiré à vous mon entendement & ma ſubſtance entiere; vous avez lié ma langue: tout ce que je puis faire à cette heure, c'eſt de vous voir & de vous entendre."

This declaration was gallant and tender enough for a ſwain on the banks of the Lignon; and if Chriſtina did not lend her lover both ſentiment and expreſſion, we muſt allow that the inſtitutions of chivalry had rendered our heroes as polite as they were valiant.

But before I can entirely admit the earl of Saliſbury into the choir of our earlieſt bards, it will be requiſite to examine both his character and that of his fair voucher; and that diſcuſſion may perhaps make ſome ſlight amends for the loſs of the earl's ditties. I ſhall begin with the hiſtory of the lady from the anecdotes of her life in the work I have cited.

Chriſtina was daughter of Thomas de Piſan, and was born at Bologna, the moſt flouriſhing ſchool of literature, next to Florence, of that age. The reputation of Thomas for ſcience ſpread ſo diffuſely, that, having married the daughter of Dr. Forti, a member of the great council of Venice, the kings of France and Hungary were jealous of Venice poſſeſſing ſuch a treaſure, and invited Thomas of Piſan to adorn their reſpective courts. The perſonal merit of Charles the fifth, ſurnamed the Wiſe, *la preponderance*, ſays my author, *du nom François*, and the deſire of viſiting the univerſity of Paris, *tres brillante alors*, determined the illuſtrious ſtranger. Charles ſhowered honours and wealth on Thomas of Piſan; the *Wiſe* monarch appointed him his aſtrologer, and fixed him in France, whither he ſent for his wife and daughter, who were received at the Louvre, whither the people, *enchanté de leurs magnifiques habillemens à la Lombarde*, followed them with admiration and applauſe.

This happened in 1368, when Chriſtina was but five years old. She was born with her father's avidity for knowledge, and was early inſtructed in the Latin tongue. At fifteen ſhe had made ſuch a progreſs in the ſciences, and her perſonal charms ripened ſo faſt, that ſhe was ſought in marriage *par pluſieurs chevaliers, autres nobles & riches clercs*—yet ſhe adds, modeſtly, *qu'on ne regarde pas ceci comme ventence; la grande amour que le Roi demontroit à mon pere en etoit la cauſe, & non ma valeur.*

The king had beſtowed on Thomas a penſion of an hundred livres, payable every month, and equivalent to eight thouſand four hundred livres at preſent, beſides annual gratifications of *livrees & autres bagatelles:* and that this bounty might not be thought extravagant in ſo œconomic a monarch, Chriſtina, to prove the ſolidity of her father's knowledge, informs us that he died on the very hour that he himſelf had predicted, and that Charles owed much

much of the prosperity of his arms, and of the great effects of his government, to the sage councils of Thomas of Pisan.

It is not, in fact, extraordinary, that the first rays of learning should have made strong impressions on a rude and illiterate age. A sunbeam admitted through the smallest aperture of a dark chamber, appears more vivid by the contrast than the diffused splendour of the whole luminary; which, though every thing is made visible by its emanations, imparts such general light that nothing seems to be particularly illustrated. Legislators, poets, philosophers, institutors of new religions, have owed a large portion of their success to the darkness of the periods in which they have appeared: and with all the merit of their several institutions, productions, lessons, doctrines, they might have missed the eclat that has consecrated their names, had they fallen on less favourable, that is, better *doctrinated* æras. With what difficulty does a genius emerge in times like the present, when poets and sages are to be found in every county, and in every magazine!

Stephen Castel, a young gentleman of Picardy, was the fortunate suitor that obtained the hand of the favourite astrologer's daughter; and the sovereign who made the marriage appointed the bridegroom one of his notaries and secretaries. Christina adored her husband, whose character she has painted in the most favourable colours, and by whom she had three children. —But this brilliant horizon was soon overcast! The king died: the uncles of the young successor thought of nothing but plundering the kingdom, and probably were not fond of predictions. Thomas's pensions were stopped, his son-in-law was deprived of his offices. Thomas, who, his daughter confesses, had been too liberal, fell into distress, grew melancholy, and soon followed his royal master. Castel, by his good conduct, for some time sustained the family, but was also taken off by a contagious distemper at the age of thirty-four.

The widowed Christina was deeply afflicted for the loss of her consort, and had injustice and poverty to struggle with, as well as with her grief. Still she sunk not under her misfortunes, but with true philosophy dedicated her melancholy hours to the care of her children and the improvement of her mind, though but twenty-five at the death of her husband. She gave herself up to study, and then to composition. Poetry was a cordial that natu-

rally preſented itſelf to her tender heart, and coloured deliciouſly the ſighs that ſhe vented for her beloved but loſt turtle. Yet whilſt unfortunate love was her theme, the wound was rather mitigated than cured, and proved that a heart ſo ſenſible was far from being callous againſt a new impreſſion.

In a word, ere her tears were dried for Caſtel, the earl of Saliſbury arrived at Paris, as embaſſador from his maſter to demand the young princeſs Iſabel in marriage. The beauty and talents of Chriſtina outſhone in the eyes of the earl all the beauties of the court of France, and the ſplendour and accompliſhments of the perſonage were too impoſing not to make his homage agreeable to the diſconſolate, philoſophic relict. Yet ſo reſpectful were the Paladins of thoſe days, or ſo auſtere were the manners of Chriſtina, that though they communicated their compoſitions to each other, in which as we have ſeen Saliſbury by no means ſpoke myſteriouſly on his paſſion, yet the ſage Chriſtina affected to take the declaration for the ſimple compliment of a gallant knight; and the earl, bluſhing at having gone too far, vowed for the future to be more circumſpect.

Chriſtina's eldeſt ſon was about the age of thirteen. The diſcreet earl, to prove at once his penitence and eſteem, propoſed to her to take the youth with him to England, declaring that he bade adieu to love, renounced marriage, and would build his future happineſs on educating and making the fortune of her ſon. Far from being offended at ſo extraordinary an alternative, the tender mother reſigned her child to that mirror of knighthood, and the too generous Saliſbury departed with the pledge of his miſtreſs's favour, which his unaccountable delicacy had preferred to one which it had been more natural to aſk, and which ſome indirect queries which Chriſtina confeſſes ſhe put to him, induce us to think ſhe would not have received too haughtily, if conſiſtent with the laws of honour.

I will abridge my author's narrative, and haſten to the deplorable and rapid concluſion of ſo exalted a ſtory. King Richard was depoſed, and the uſurper Henry of Lancaſter immediately impriſoned his faithful ſervants, and ſtruck off the head of his favourite Saliſbury—a cataſtrophe which my zeal for romance would incline me to wiſh had been leſs precipitate, had not the auſtere dignity of hiſtory too clearly authenticated the event.

The

The ferocity of contending factions was no doubt a cruel drawback on the gallantry and courtesy of that age, and many a gentle knight lost his head on a scaffold, who had encountered giants and dragons (such giants and dragons as existed in the degeneracy of later times) and had even out-lived the frowns of his mistress. But though I am impatient to examine the title of lord Salisbury to the rank of Noble Author, I will not deprive the reader of a short summary of what farther relates to the interesting Christina.

The savage Bolinbroke, who she says found her *lays* in the portefeuille of her murdered lover, was yet so struck with the delicacy and purity of her sentiments, that he formed the design of drawing her to his court, and actually wrote to invite her——She! she at the court of the assassin of her lover!—Horrible thought! impossible!——However, the decorum due to a crowned head, and who had taken into his custody and treated kindly her son, imposed on her the hard necessity of making a gentle but firm excuse; and though the monarch twice dispatched a herald to renew the invitation, she declined it—and nevertheless obtained the recovery of her son.

Visconti duke of Milan, and Philip the Hardy duke of Burgundy, were no less pressing to obtain her residence at their courts. The first was positively refused, though her fortunes in France were far from being re-established. The latter had taken her son into his protection, and had tempted her by an employment most congenial to her sentiments, a proposal of writing the reign of her patron Charles the fifth.—She had even commenced the agreeable charge, when death deprived her of that last protector likewise.

Destitute of every thing, with a son, an aged mother, and three poor female relations to maintain, her courage, her piety and the muse supported her under such repeated calamities, the greatest of all seeming to her that of being reduced to borrow money—a confession perhaps never made by any other lady of so romantic a complexion. *Beau sire Dieu! comme elle rougissoit alors! Demander, lui causoit toujours un acces de fievre;* are her own words. Her latter days were more tranquil; and her ingenious and moral writings are favourable indications of her amiable mind, and justify the attention paid to her by so many puissant princes.

If,

If, in diſcuſſing the validity of lord Saliſbury's pretenſions, I ſhall ſeem to call them in queſtion, though founded on the teſtimony of ſo competent a witneſs and cotemporary, I will not ſtart a cavil beyond where hiſtory will bear me out.

John Montacute earl of Saliſbury appears by no means, from Dugdale's account, in ſo amiable a light as in his portrait drawn by Chriſtina. The genealogiſt does not even mention his commiſſion to treat of king Richard's marriage with the princeſs Iſabel—only ſaying that he had a licence to travel into France. But perhaps his inſtructions were ſecret, and he might be ſent to ſound the inclinations of the French court before any formal demand was made*. Dugdale allows that he was employed with the biſhop of St. Aſaph to negotiate a peace with Scotland.

But that he was a very confidential inſtrument of his royal maſter, appeared from an act of ſtate, which proved fatal to the monarch, and was extremely unpopular in the eyes of the nation. He was *ſuborned*, ſays my author, to impeach the duke of Glouceſter, his majeſty's uncle, and the earls of Warwick and Arundel in parliament, the concluſion of which tragedy was tranſacted at Calais in the perſon of the duke.

Another circumſtance in the earl's life could not but tend to decry him with the majority in that age. "He was a chief of the Lollards, and the greateſt fanatic of them all, ſays Thomas of Walſingham, being ſo tranſported with zeal, that he cauſed all the images which were in the chapel at Schenele, there ſet up by John Aubrey and ſir Adam Buxhall (his wife's former huſbands), to be taken down and thrown into an obſcure place; only the image of ſaint Catherine (in regard that many did affect it) he gave leave that it ſhould ſtand in his bakehouſe."

* This is the more probable, as the princeſs Iſabel was but ſeven years old when ſhe came over to be queen of Richard; and as he was depoſed three years after, the marriage was never conſummated. Iſabel was reſtored to her father, and was afterwards married to his nephew the duke of Orleans; as her youngeſt ſiſter Catherine was to our Henry the fifth, ſon of him who had dethroned her ſiſter's huſband.

The

The earl attended his maſter into Ireland, but, on the news of the duke of Hereford's landing in England, was diſpatched thence with a great power, and landed at Conway—but ſoon was deſerted by his forces, as the king himſelf was alſo, and was left almoſt alone.

On Richard's depoſal, the earl is ſaid to have had fair reſpect from the fortunate uſurper, and not to have had his life called in queſtion. Nevertheleſs he conſpired with the earls of Huntingdon and Kent to take away the new monarch's life, and for that purpoſe went to Windſor under the diſguiſe of Chriſtmas players—but finding that the plot was diſcovered, they fled by night to Cirenceſter. The townſmen affrighted at their coming in ſuch numbers—Here we may pauſe a little, and ſuſpect the accuracy of the hiſtorian. It does not ſeem very probable that three great peers, who had diſguiſed themſelves like ſtrolling players to ſurpriſe and murder a king, and who on the diſcovery of their deſign had fled to Glouceſterſhire, ſhould have been attended by a body of troops; yet troops there muſt have been, for the citizens of Cirenceſter were ſo affrighted, that, blocking them up and their forces within the town, ſo ſharp a fight enſued that it laſted from midnight till three of the clock in the morning, when the earls, being overpowered, ſurrendered themſelves, and were beheaded about break of day *.

I do not queſtion the veracity of the earl's cataſtrophe; yet ſo vague, deſultory, and unſatisfactory in general are the narratives of our ancient hiſtorians, that whoever has occaſion to examine their relations critically, muſt be convinced that, except ſome capital outlines, the relators ſet down any random accounts they heard of events, and took no pains, employed no judgment, to reconcile the moſt abſurd and contradictory.

Thus, though Chriſtina is not warranted by our hiſtorians, they on the other hand are not ſupported by common ſenſe. The elegance of her mind and learning certainly has drawn a portrait of her lover that gives us little

* Some hiſtorians do ſay, that the conſpirators not finding the king at Windſor, the plot being diſcovered, and hearing that he was marching againſt them with an army, retired to Cirenceſter, where the townſmen riſing againſt them, the earls of Saliſbury and Kent were ſlain, and their heads being cut off were ſent to London.

idea of a turbulent baron of that boiſterous age: and it is unfortunate that the refined phantom which is commonly conjured up by the pen of a romantic lady, ſhould ſeldom exhibit the picture of the manners of any age that has yet exiſted. Montacute, if we believe Walſingham, whom Dugdale tranſcribed, was a court-tool, who accuſed the king's uncle, was an accomplice in his murder, was a hot-brained heretic, was ungrateful to the prince who had ſpared him, and even was ſo baſe as to plot his aſſaſſination. This is not exactly the baſhful, ſelf-denying, generous lover, who forſwore marriage, becauſe he had not courage to declare his paſſion but in a ditty, which too he acknowledged for a preſumptuous offence. How far the ſublimated notions of chivalry might impoſe reſpect on a true knight, I cannot tell—but unluckily there is a coarſe evidence, who, devoid of ſentiment, and regarding nothing but who begat whom, depoſes againſt Chriſtina's teſtimony, and that witneſs is genealogy. Far from forſwearing matrimony, the earl was not only married, as we have ſeen, but his widow ſurvived him, and had a grant of part of his forfeited lands for her ſubſiſtence. She had a ſon too, of age ſo mature, that, ten years after his father's death, he, being then married, received the purparty of his wife's lands on the diviſion of her eſtate with her ſiſters.

In other reſpects I ſhould be inclined to think that the earl of Saliſbury's crimes might admit of alleviation. *Suborned* is a ſtigmatizing word—but that Thomas duke of Glouceſter was by no means the patriot martyr that he was repreſented, has been judiciouſly obſerved by Mr. Hume. Though the youngeſt of the ſons of Edward the third, he probably aimed at the crown, and affected with that view to cenſure, and perhaps to aggravate, the incapacity and worthleſſneſs of his nephew; reſembling ſurpriſingly both in his manœuvres and cataſtrophe the duke of Guiſe, who, with ſtill worſe or indeed no pretenſions, aſpired to depoſe Henry the third, and ſet himſelf on the throne of France. Both Richard and Henry felt the predominant aſcendant of their rivals; and, too weak to counteract by policy, or to ſtem by manly hardihood, their inſolent competitors, they ſtooped to the infamy of aſſaſſination—and precipitated by the odium of that act the deſtruction they had hoped to ward off. The duke of Hereford, whoſe nearer title would have been obſtructed by Glouceſter's ambition, lamented his uncle's fall, at which he muſt have rejoiced, and reaped the harveſt that Glouceſter had ſown for himſelf.

The

The earl of Saliſbury, as a faithful ſubject, might have abhorred and dreaded the duke's machinations, and, for aught we know to the contrary, might have obtained proofs of his guilt. The ſame fidelity to his legal maſter muſt have inſpired him with deteſtation of the uſurper Henry; nor, as the latter, after Saliſbury's death, called to ſevere account ſome of Richard's miniſters, who had dipped their hands in the death of Glouceſter, muſt we rely too raſhly on Henry's mercy to him, which might amount to no more than not having yet puniſhed him. If Henry's indulgence is problematic, the crime of ingratitude vaniſhes—and if Saliſbury, Huntingdon and Kent retired to Cireneeſter with armed forces, I ſhould believe that they had made an attempt to dethrone the uſurper by arms, and found him prepared, rather than that they meditated to aſſaſſinate him at a mummery.

In a word, though I cannot on ſuch doubtful characteriſtics admit the earl into the choir of Engliſh poets, I muſt as a good proteſtant ſuſpect that his zeal as a Lollard occaſioned our monkiſh annaliſts to blacken his actions; and I muſt admire the fervor of the amiable Chriſtina's love, which could counterbalance the prejudice of education and of the times, and aid her to diſcover virtues and innate worth even in a heretic, who had treated ſaint Catherine with ſo little politeneſs and decorum as to baniſh her into a bake-houſe.

# APPENDIX

## TO

## ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

TO a work of no intrinſic merit, that aſpires neither to diſcovery nor inſtruction, that aims at none of the higher ranks which are of dignity enough to be confined by rules and regularity, a little eccentric addition may be allowed. I have claſſed together a band of authors, the leaſt of whom certainly wiſhed to be numbered with better writers than thoſe of his own order; and yet, as perhaps their perſonal titles preſerved many who would have been forgotten had they been born or died in an humbler ſphere, they will not be diſparaged if I introduce among them a prince, who after *four hundred* years has emerged into notice on the merit of poetry which till within theſe three years had never obtained that very common honour of being tranſmitted to the preſs.

The prince in queſtion, I confeſs, was not of Engliſh blood royal; yet as he paid us the ſingular compliment of attempting to verſify in our language, ſuch a *purſuivant* of poetic royal perſonages as I am, feels a ſort of duty to enroll him in the college of arms on our mount Parnaſſus. The gentle prince, it is true, is indebted for the aſſertion of his claim to a fair lady, who, zealous to record and illuſtrate the writers of her own ſex and country, delivered by the bye from the dungeon of a library a royal knight, who had long lain in durance among the manuſcripts of the crown of France. The generoſity of this fair champion is the greater reproach to the biographers of that nation, as ſhe aſſerts, and ſeemingly with reaſon, that the royal priſoner whom ſhe has ſet free, was the firſt purifier of French poetry; an honour hitherto unjuſtly aſcribed to Villon.

The

The authoreſs I quote is mademoiſelle Keralio, who is publiſhing a work called *Collection des meilleurs ouvrages François compoſés par des femmes*, to be compriſed in thirty volumes of corpulent octavo—a treaſure that would throw our iſland below all competition, did not the preſent period prove that the Muſes have at laſt recollected that their favours have too long and too partially been ſhowered on a ſex that it was leſs decent for maiden goddeſſes to countenance.

The prince, then, whom I ſhall venture to range with our royal authors, is Charles duke of Orleans, nephew of Charles the ſixth, and ſon of that amorous, preſumptuous, and probably agreeable duke of Orleans ſo audaciouſly aſſaſſinated in the ſtreets of Paris in open day, by the order of John duke of Burgundy, who lived to commit ſo many more atrocious crimes, that it was not one of his leaſt demerits to have forced his ſovereign *, in other reſpects almoſt entitled to be univerſally beloved, to violate his oath and honour by cauſing that odious duke to be aſſaſſinated before his eyes while treating of peace with him.

Charles duke of Orleans was taken priſoner at the battle of Azincourt, was brought to England, and kept priſoner here for twenty-five years; a rigour no doubt occaſioned by our political connection with Burgundy, who could but dread the return of the ſon, when he had murdered the father.

Burning with juſt vengeance, Orleans ſtill appears to have been a prince of amiable qualities, and to have been endued with talents and taſte very diſſimilar to the ferocious complexion of that age, when civil animoſity had embittered even the predominant barbariſm, and when Iſabel of Bavaria, the prototype of Catherine of Medici, had leagued with John of Burgundy to dethrone her own ſon, and maſſacre his ſubjects.

The duke of Orleans, happily reſtrained from dipping in or from retorting thoſe horrors, ſoothed the hours of weariſome captivity by the ſolace of poetry; nor was ſo far exaſperated by involuntary confinement amongſt us, as to diſdain to cultivate the language of his jailors—a ſymptom itſelf of liberal and noble ſentiments.

* Charles the ſeventh.

Chaucer had enriched rather than purified our language; but if the duke of Orleans improved the poetry of his own country, he certainly contributed no graces to ours: nor are his numbers or images more poetic than thoſe I have formerly ſpecified of Richard I.; as a counterpart to whoſe compoſition I will tranſcribe the two little poems printed by mademoiſelle Keralio from a MS. in the royal library at Paris. She owns that ſome words are grown antiquated and others ill-ſpelt, and ſhe has been ſo kind as to give a verſion of them, which I believe conveys their general meaning; though I confeſs I ſhould not have ſo eaſily decyphered them, and have more faith than conviction of her having interpreted the whole juſtly.

I.

Myn hert (heart) hath ſend glad hope thys meſſage
Unto comfort pleaſant joye and ſpeed:
I pray to God that grace may inleed,
Without clenching or danger of paſſage.

II.

In tryſt to fynd prouffit and advantage,
Within ſhort tyme, to the help of his need,
Myn hert, &c.
Unto comfort, &c.

III.

All yat he come, myn hert yn hermitage
Of thoght ſhall dwell alone; God gyve him med:
And of wiſhing of tymis ſhall him fed,
Glad hope follyw, and ſped wel this viage.
Myn hert, &c.
Unto comfort, &c.

INTERPRETATION OF THE ABOVE.

Mon cœur a envoyé avec ce meſſage la joyeuſe eſperance pour encourager le plaiſir & l'heureux ſucces. Je prie Dieu que la grace puiſſe le conduire, ſans qu'il trouve danger ou empechement.

Dans

Dans l'eſpoir de trouver bientot quelque bien & quelque avantage pour ſoulager ſon ennui,

Mon cœur a envoyé, &c.

Juſqu'à ce qu'elle revienne (eſperance) mon cœur habitera dans la ſolitude de ſa penſée ; que Dieu le ſoutienne & le nourriſſe du deſir d'un tems heureux. Vole, joyeuſe eſperance, & reuſſis dans ce voyage.

Mon cœur a envoyé, &c.

The next is called

## RONDEAU EN ANGLOIS.

I.

When ſhall thows come, glad Hope, y viage?
Thows haſt taryd ſo long many a day;
For all comfort is put fro my away,
Till that y her tything of my meſſage.

II.

Us hat that had letting of thy paſſage,
Or tariyn? Alas, y cannot ſay.
When ſhall, &c.
Thows haſt, &c.

III.

Thows knows full well yat y have gret damage,
In abyding of the that is no nay;
And thof y ſyng an dance, or lagh and play,
In black mourning clothid my corage.
When ſhall, &c.
Thows haſt, &c.

INTERPRETATION.

Quand reviendras tu, joyeuſe Eſperance? Tu as tardé trop long tems. Tout ſoulagement eſt loin de moi, juſqu'à ce que je recueille les fruits de mon meſſage.

A t'on laiſsé libre ton paſſage: l'a t'on retardé? Helas! je ne puis le dire.
Quand reviendras tu, &c.

Tu le ſais bien quelle eſt ma peine à ſupporter ce qui eſt refus; tu ſais qu'au milieu des chants, des danſes, des ris, et des jeux, un vêtement noir couvre mon courage.
Quand reviendras tu, &c.

It grieves me a little to mention, that the fair editor is of opinion that the duke's Engliſh poetry is not inferior to his French, which does not inſpire a very advantageous opinion of the latter—though indeed ſuch is the poverty and want of harmony of the French tongue, that one knows how very meagre thouſands of couplets are that paſs for poetry in France. It is ſufficient that the rhymes are legal; and if ſung to any of their numerous ſtatutable tunes, nobody ſuſpects that the compoſition is as errant proſe as ever walked abroad without ſtepping in cadence.

It is owing to the unmuſical nature of their language, probably, that the poets of France adhere to tragedies in rhyme, as rhyme conſtitutes the principal difference between their proſe and their verſe. Yet how ſtrange, when their language is allowed to excell in dialogue and ſhort narration, that they ſhould tie down comedy to the ſame unſonorous metre! Nay, ſuch is their prejudice, that Moliere, who in a manner created their comedy, and who has never been equalled by any of his ſucceſſors, has had his comedies in proſe turned into rhyme! The conſequence of this obſtinacy, and of the fetters with which they have cramped their poetry, and of the refinements with which they have hampered their ſtage, is, that they ſcarce ever of late produce either a paſſable tragedy or comedy, and are obliged for their chief theatric pleaſures to the introduction of Italian muſic into their operas, and into the muſical pieces of the théatre Italien. Yet that, like other reformations, was ſcarce achieved without a civil war. The ſenſes are partial to their habitudes, and are apt to take up arms againſt common ſenſe, and uſually find the multitude on their ſide. Slaves are offended at the offer of liberty; ignorance is affronted at the pretenſions of knowledge; and taſte has ſtill greater difficulties to combat, for who thinks himſelf void of it? and who that is void of it, conceives what it is? Who therefore can make

converts in a language not intelligible to his auditors?—But I beg pardon for a digreſſion into which the duke of Orleans's poetry miſled me; and I aſk more pardon of the lady, whoſe talents and induſtry have done juſtice to a long-neglected prince, and furniſhed me with an opportunity of tranſplanting a curioſity from her learned volumes into a trifling work of my own, which cannot pretend to a quarter of her reſearches.

N. B. This addition was written before the revolution in France in 1789; ſince when the follies of that nation have ſoured and plunged into the moſt execrable barbarity, immorality, injuſtice, uſurpation, and tyranny; have rejected God himſelf and deified human monſters, and have dared to call this maſs of unheard of crimes "giving liberty to mankind"—by atheiſm and maſſacres!

INDEX.

# INDEX

## TO THE

# ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

N. B. Thoſe marked with a * were not in the former Editions.

### ROYAL AUTHORS.


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| I. | RICHARD the Firſt | 251 |
| II. | Edward the Second | 255 |
| III. | Henry the Eighth | 256 |
| IV. | Queen Catherine Parr | 259 |
| V. | Edward the Sixth | 262 |
| VI. | Queen Mary | 264 |
| VII. | Queen Elizabeth | 266 |
| VIII. | James the Firſt | 272 |
| IX. | Charles the Firſt | 275 |
| X. | James the Second | 277 |
| XI. | *Frederic Prince of Wales | 278 |


### NOBLE AUTHORS.


| | | Died. | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | SIR John Oldcaſtle Lord Cobham | 1417 | 279 |
| 2 | John Tiptoft Earl of Worceſter | 1470 | 281 |
| 3 | Antony Widville Earl Rivers | 1483 | 284 |
| 4 | Nicholas Lord Vaux | 1523 | 291 |
| 5 | John Bourchier Lord Berners | 1532 | 293 |
| 6 | George Boleyn Viſcount Rochford | 1536 | 294 |
| 7 | John Lord Lumley | 15— | 296 |
| 8 | Henry Parker Lord Morley | 1556 | ib. |
| 9 | Henry Howard Earl of Surrey | 1547 | 299 |
| 10 | Edmund Lord Sheffield | 1548 | 306 |
| 11 | Edward Seymour Duke of Somerſet | 1552 | ib. |
| 12 | Henry Lord Stafford | 1558 | 308 |
| 13 | Francis Haſtings Earl of Huntingdon | 1561 | 309 |
| 14 | *Henry Lord Paget | 1569 | 310 |
| 15 | Will. Powlett Marq. of Wincheſter | 1598 | 311 |
| 16 | William Cecil Lord Burleigh | 1598 | ib. |
| 17 | Robert Devereux Earl of Eſſex | 1601 | 314 |
| 18 | Edward Vere Earl of Oxford | 1603 | 329 |
| 19 | Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurſt | 1608 | 330 |
| 20 | Sir Robert Cecil Earl of Saliſbury | 1612 | 333 |
| 21 | Henry Howard Earl of Northampton | 1614 | 334 |
| 22 | Lord Chancellor Eleſmere | 1617 | 340 |
| 23 | Sir Francis Bacon Viſc. St. Albans | 1626 | 341 |
| 24 | Sir Fulke Grevile Lord Brooke | 1628 | 342 |
| 25 | *James Ley Earl of Marlborough | 1628 | 345 |
| 26 | George Carew Earl of Totneſs | 1629 | 346 |
| 27 | William Herbert Earl of Pembroke | 1630 | 347 |
| 28 | Sir Dudley Carleton Viſc. Dorcheſter | 1631 | 349 |
| 29 | Edward Cecil Viſcount Wimbledon | 1638 | 351 |
| 30 | Robert Carey Earl of Monmouth | 1639 | 355 |
| 31 | Henry Montagu Earl of Manchester | 1642 | 356 |
| 32 | Robert Grevile Lord Brooke | 1643 | ib. |
| 33 | Lord Keeper Littleton | 1645 | 359 |
| 34 | Arthur Lord Capel | 1648 | 360 |
| 35 | Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury | 1648 | 361 |
| 36 | James Stanley Earl of Derby | 1651 | 364 |
| 37 | John Digby Earl of Briſtol | 1652 | 365 |
| 38 | Ulick de Burgh Marquis of Clanrickarde, and Earl of St. Albans | 1657 | 367 |
| 39 | Henry Carey Earl of Monmouth | 1661 | 368 |
| 40 | Mildmay Fane Earl of Weſtmorland | 1665 | 370 |
| 41 | Dudley Lord North | 1666 | ib. |
| 42 | Edw. Somerſet Marq. of Worceſter | 1667 | 371 |

| | Died. | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 43 George Moncke Duke of Albemarle | 1669 | 378 |
| 44 Charles Stanley Earl of Derby | 1672 | 379 |
| 45 Edward Montagu Earl of Sandwich | 1672 | 380 |
| 46 John Powlett Marq. of Winchester | 1674 | 382 |
| 47 Will. Cavendish Duke of Newcastle | 1676 | 383 |
| 48 Edward Hyde Earl of Clarendon | 1674 | 385 |
| 49 George Digby Earl of Briſtol | 1676 | 390 |
| 50 Denzil Lord Holles | 1679 | 392 |
| 51 Dudley Lord North | 1677 | 395 |
| 52 James Touchet Earl of Caſtlehaven and Baron Audley | 1684 | 396 |
| 53 Henry Pierpoint Marq. of Dorcheſter | 1680 | 397 |
| 54 John Wilmot Earl of Rocheſter | 1680 | 399 |
| 55 Ant. Aſhley Cooper Earl of Shaftſbury | 1683 | 401 |
| 56 Heneage Finch Earl of Nottingham | 1682 | 405 |
| 57 Francis North, Ld. Keeper Guildford | 1685 | 407 |
| 58 John Robartes Earl of Radnor | 1684 | 410 |
| 59 Arthur Anneſley Earl of Angleſey | 1686 | 411 |
| 60 George Villiers Duke of Buckingham | 1687 | 416 |
| 61 Heneage Finch Earl of Winchelſea | 1689 | 420 |
| 62 George Saville Marquis of Halifax | 1695 | ib. |
| 63 George Earl of Berkeley | 1698 | 422 |
| 64 Thomas Oſborne Duke of Leeds | 1712 | 423 |
| 65 Henry Booth Lord Delamer and Earl of Warrington | 1693 | 424 |
| 66 Charles Sackville Earl of Dorſet | 1706 | 425 |
| 67 Wm. Cavendiſh Duke of Devonſhire | 1707 | 426 |
| 68 John Thompſon Lord Haverſham | 1710 | 427 |
| 69 Ant. Aſhley Cooper Earl of Shaftſbury | 1713 | 429 |
| 70 John Lord Somers | 1716 | 430 |
| 71 Charles Montagu Earl of Halifax | 1715 | 434 |
| 72 John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham | 1720 | 435 |
| 73 Robert Harley Earl of Oxford | 1724 | 436 |
| 74 Edward Howard Earl of Suffolk | 1731 | 437 |
| 75 Daniel Finch Earl of Nottingham | 1730 | 438 |
| 76 Ch. Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough | 1735 | ib. |
| 77 George Granville Lord Lanſdown | 1735 | 441 |
| 78 Charles Boyle Earl of Orrery | 1731 | 442 |
| 79 Philip Duke of Wharton | 1731 | 443 |
| 80 Robert Lord Raymond | 1732 | 445 |
| 81 Peter Lord Chancellor King | 1734 | ib. |
| 82 Thomas Lord Paget | 1742 | 446 |
| 83 Sir Robert Walpole Earl of Orford | 1745 | 447 |
| 84 Henry St. John Viſcount Bolinbroke | 1751 | 448 |
| 85 John Lord Hervey | 1743 | 450 |
| 86 Henry Lord Hyde and Cornbury | 1753 | 454 |
| 87 Horatio Lord Walpole | 1756 | ib. |
| 88 George Booth Earl of Warrington | 1758 | 455 |


## ADDITIONS.


| | |
|---|---|
| *WILLIAM Pulteney Earl of Bath | 456 |
| *G. Bubb Doddington Lord Melcomb | 458 |
| *John Earl Poulett | 459 |
| *Charles Lord Viſcount Townſhend | ib. |
| *John Boyle Earl of Corke and Orrery | ib. |
| *Charles Sackville Duke of Dorſet | 460 |
| *Richard Lord Edgecumbe | 461 |


## SUPPLEMENT.


| | |
|---|---|
| ANTONY Brown Viſcount Montacute | 463 |
| Henry Clifford Earl of Cumberland | 464 |
| Lord Chancellor Hatton | ib. |
| Lionel Cranfield Earl of Middleſex | 465 |
| John Holles Earl of Clare | 466 |
| Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford | 468 |
| *William Fiennes Viſcount Say and Seale | 469 |
| Lord Keeper Coventry | ib. |
| *Edward Lord Montagu | 470 |
| John Lord Lucas | ib. |
| Henry Lord Arundel of Wardour | 471 |
| *Ford Lord Grey | 472 |
| Robert Spencer Earl of Sunderland | ib. |
| Thomas Grey Earl of Stamford | 473 |
| John Lord Jefferies | ib. |
| *John Lowther Viſcount Lonſdale | ib. |
| *George Verney Lord Willoughby de Broke | 474 |
| Robert Dudley Duke of Northumberland | ib. |


## PEERESSES.


| | |
|---|---|
| MArgaret Counteſs of Richmond and Derby | 477 |
| Joanna Lady Bergavenny | 479 |
| Lady Jane Gray | 480 |
| Mary Counteſs of Arundel | 482 |
| Joanna Lady Lumley | ib. |
| Mary Ducheſs of Norfolk | 483 |
| Mary Counteſs of Pembroke | ib. |
| Elizabeth Lady Ruſſel | 484 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Elizabeth Countefs of Lincoln | 485 |
| Anne Countefs of Dorfet and Pembroke | ib. |
| Margaret Ducheſs of Newcaſtle | 486 |
| *Anne Hyde Ducheſs of York | 487 |
| *Mary Countefs of Warwick | 488 |
| Anne Countefs of Winchelſea | ib. |
| Sarah Ducheſs of Marlborough | 489 |
| Frances Ducheſs of Somerſet | 491 |

SCOTS AUTHORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| JAMES the Firſt | 492 |
| James the Fourth | 493 |
| James the Fifth | ib. |
| Queen Mary | ib. |
| Patrick Lord Ruthven | 496 |
| Lord Chancellor Maitland | 497 |
| *William Douglas Earl of Angus | 498 |
| William Alexander Earl of Stirling | ib. |
| Sir Robert Kerr Earl of Ancram | ib. |
| Thomas Hamilton Earl of Haddington | 499 |
| James Duke Hamilton | ib. |
| Henry Cary Lord Falkland | 500 |
| Lucius Lord Falkland | 501 |
| Henry Lord Falkland | 504 |
| Antony Lord Falkland | ib. |
| Thomas Lord Fairfax | ib. |
| Archibald Campbell Marquis of Argyle | 506 |
| Archibald Campbell Earl of Argyle | ib. |
| Richard Maitland Earl of Lauderdale | 507 |
| Colin Lindſay Earl of Balcarras | ib. |
| George Mackenzie Earl of Cromerty | 508 |
| John Dalrymple Viſcount Stair | 509 |
| Richard Graham Viſcount Preſton | ib. |
| *George Douglas Lord Mordington | 510 |
| *David Murray Viſcount Stormont | ib. |
| *Charles Hamilton Lord Binning | 511 |
| James Hamilton Earl of Abercorn | ib. |
| *Alexander Forbes Lord Pitſligo | ib. |
| Anne Countefs of Morton | 512 |
| *Anne Viſcounteſs Irwin | ib. |

IRISH PEERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| GERALD Fitzgerald Earl of Deſmond | 513 |
| George Calvert Lord Baltimore | ib. |
| Roger Boyle Earl of Orrery | 514 |
| *Henry Hare Lord Colerane | 516 |
| *William Viſcount Brounker | 517 |
| Wentworth Dillon Earl of Roſcommon | 518 |
| Roger Palmer Earl of Caſtlemain | 519 |
| John Lord Cutts | 521 |
| Robert Viſcount Moleſworth | ib. |
| *Murrough Boyle Viſcount Bleſſington | 522 |
| Charles Lord Whitworth | ib. |
| *John Shute Viſcount Barrington | 523 |
| John Lord Forteſcue | ib. |
| John Perceval Earl of Egmont | ib. |
| William Viſcount Grimſton | 525 |
| *Gerald de Courcy Lord Kingſale | ib. |

| | |
|---|---|
| PIECES OMITTED in the foregoing Catalogue | 526 |

NOBLE AUTHORS

OMITTED IN FORMER EDITIONS.

| | |
|---|---|
| *FERDINANDO Earl of Derby | 534 |
| *Grey Bridges Lord Chandos | ib. |
| *Charles Howard third Earl of Carliſle | ib. |
| *Peregrine Oſborne ſecond Duke of Leeds | 535 |
| *Philip Stanhope Earl of Cheſterfield | ib. |
| *Baptiſt Noel Earl of Gainſborough | 538 |
| *Henry Fox Lord Holland | ib. |
| *William Pitt Earl of Chatham | 539 |
| *George Lord Lyttelton | ib. |
| *Thomas Lord Lyttelton | 540 |
| *John Weſt Earl of Delawar | ib. |
| *Sir Charles Windham firſt E. of Egremont | 541 |
| *Charles Howard Duke of Norfolk | ib. |

PEERESS.

| | |
|---|---|
| *ANNA Chamber Countefs Temple | 541 |

SCOTS AUTHORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| *PATRICK Murray Lord Elibank | 542 |
| *Thomas Hamilton Earl of Haddington | ib. |
| *Anne Douglas Countefs of Argyle | ib. |


IRISH

IRISH PEERS.

Page
*LODOWICK Lord Barry 543
*John Shute Barrington Viſcount Barrington ib.
*John Perceval ſecond Earl of Egmont 548
*Francis Boyle third Lord Shannon 549
*Frederick Calvert Lord Baltimore ib.
*Nicholas Lord Taaffe ib.
*Conſtantine Phipps firſt Lord Mulgrave 550
*Robert Lord Clive ib.
*Robert Nugent Viſcount Clare, and Earl of Nugent *549

IRISH PEERESS.

Page
*HENRIETTA St. John Lady Luxborough 551

POSTSCRIPT.

*JOHN Montacute Earl of Saliſbury 553

APPENDIX to ROYAL AUTHORS.

*CHARLES Duke of Orleans 562

# INDEX

TO THE

# ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS,

Alphabetically arranged.


A.

| | Page |
|---|---|
| ABERCORN, James, Earl of | 511 |
| St. Albans, Earl | 367 |
| St. Albans, Viſcount | 341 |
| Albemarle, Duke of | 378 |
| Alexander, William, Earl of Stirling | 498 |
| Angleſey, Earl of | 411 |
| Ancram, Earl of | 498 |
| Angus, Earl of | ib. |
| Anneſley, Arthur, Earl of Angleſey | 411 |
| Argyle, Anne, counteſs of | 542 |
| Argyle, Arch. Earl of | 506 |
| Argyle, Arch. Marquis of | ib. |
| Arundel of Wardour, Henry, Lord | 471 |
| Arundel, Mary, Counteſs of | 482 |
| Audley, Baron | 396 |

B.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bacon, Francis, Viſcount St. Albans | 341 |
| Balcarras, Colin, Lord | 507 |
| Baltimore, George, Lord | 513 |
| Baltimore, Frederic, Lord | 549 |
| Barrington, John, Viſcount | 523, 543 |
| Barry, Ludowick, Lord | 543 |
| Bath, William, Earl of | 456 |
| Bergavenny, Joanna, Lady | 479, 533 |
| Berkeley, George, Earl of | 422 |
| Berners, Lord | 293 |
| Binning, Charles, Lord | 511 |
| Bleſſington, Viſcount | 522 |
| Boleyn, George, Viſcount Rochford | 294, 527 |
| Bolingbroke, Henry, Viſcount | 448 |
| Booth, George, Earl of Warrington | 455 |
| Booth, Henry, Lord Delamer and Earl of Warrington | ib. |
| Bourchier, John, Lord Berners | 293 |

Boyle, Charles, Earl of Orrery 442
Boyle, John, Earl of Corke and Orrery 459
Boyle, Francis, third Lord Shannon 549
Boyle, Murrough, Viſcount Bleſſington 522
Boyle, Roger, Earl of 514
Bridges, Grey, Lord Chandos 534
Briſtol, George, Earl of 390
Briſtol, John, Earl of 365
Brooke, Sir Fulke Grevile, Lord 342
Brooke, Robert, Lord 356
Brounker, William, Viſcount 517
Brown, Antony, Viſcount Montacute 463
Buckhurſt, Lord 330
Buckingham, George, Duke of 416
Buckingham, John, Duke of 435
Burleigh, Lord 311

C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Calvert, Frederick, Lord Baltimore | 549 |
| Calvert, George, Lord Baltimore | 513 |
| Campbell, Arch. Earl of Argyle | 506 |
| Campbell, Arch. Marquis of Argyle | ib. |
| Capel, Lord | 360 |
| Carew, George, Earl of Totneſs | 346 |
| Carey, Henry, Earl of Monmouth | 308 |
| Carey, Robert, Earl of Monmouth | 355 |
| Cary, Henry, Lord Falkland | 500 |
| Cary, Henry, Lord Falkland | 504 |
| Cary, Antony, Lord Falkland | ib. |
| Cary Lucius, Lord Falkland | 501 |
| Carleton, Sir Dudley, Viſc. Dorcheſter | 349 |
| Carliſle, Charles, third Earl of | 534 |
| Caſtlehaven, Earl of | 396 |
| Caſtlemain, Roger, Earl of | 519 |
| Catherine Parr, QUEEN | 259 |
| Cavendiſh, William, Duke of Newcaſtle | 383 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Cavendiſh, William, Duke of Devonſhire | 426 |
| Cecil, William, Lord Burleigh | 311 |
| Cecil, Sir Robert, Earl of Saliſbury | 333 |
| Cecil, Edward, Viſcount Wimbledon | 351 |
| Chandos, Grey, Lord | 534 |
| Charles I. KING | 273 |
| Chatham, William, Earl of | 539 |
| Cheſterfield, Philip, Earl of | 535 |
| Clanrickarde, Marquis of | 367 |
| Clare, John, Earl of | 467 |
| Clarendon, Earl of | 385 |
| Clifford, Henry, Earl of Cumberland | 464 |
| Clive, Robert, Lord | 550 |
| Cobham, Lord | 279 |
| Coleraine, Henry, Earl of | 506, 533 |
| Cooper, Ant. Aſhley, Earl of Shafteſbury | 401 |
| Cooper, Ant. Aſhley, Earl of Shafteſbury | 429 |
| Corke, John, Earl of | 459 |
| Cornbury, Henry, Lord | 454 |
| Coventry, Lord Keeper | 469 |
| Cranfield, Lionel, Earl of Middleſex | 465 |
| Cromarty, George, Earl of | 508 |
| Cumberland, Henry, Earl of | 464 |
| Cutts, John, Lord | 521 |

D.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dalrymple, James, Viſcount Stair | 509 |
| Delamer, Henry, Lord | 424 |
| Delawar, John, Earl of | 540 |
| Denzill, Lord Holles | 392 |
| Derby, James, Earl of | 364 |
| Derby, Charles, Earl of | 379 |
| Derby, Ferdinando, Earl of | 534 |
| Deſmond, Gerald, Earl of | 513 |
| Devereux, Robert, Earl of Eſſex | 314 |
| Devonſhire, William, Duke of | 426 |
| Digby, John, Earl of Briſtol | 365 |
| Digby, George, Earl of Briſtol | 390 |
| Dillon, Wentworth, Earl of Roſcommon | 518 |
| Doddington, George Bubb, Lord Melcombe | 458, 531 |
| Dorcheſter, Henry, Marquis of | 397 |
| Dorcheſter, Viſcount | 351 |
| Dorſet, Charles, Earl of | 425, 530 |
| Dorſet, Charles, Duke of | 460, 532 |
| Dorſet and Pembroke, Anne, Counteſs | 485 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Douglas, William, Earl of Angus | 498 |
| Douglas, George, Lord Mordington | 510 |
| Dudley, Lord North | 370 |
| Dudley, Lord North | 395 |
| Dudley, Robert, Duke of Northumberland | 474 |

E.

| | |
|---|---|
| Edgecumbe, Richard, Lord | 461 |
| Edmund, Lord Sheffield | 306 |
| Edward II. KING | 255, 526 |
| Edward VI. KING | 262 |
| Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury | 361 |
| Egmont, John, Earl of | 523 |
| Egmont, John, ſecond Earl of | 548 |
| Egremont, Charles, Earl of | 541 |
| Eleſmere, Lord Chancellor | 349 |
| Elibank, Patrick, Lord | 542 |
| Elizabeth, QUEEN | 266, 527 |
| Eſſex, Robert, Earl of | 314 |

F.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fairfax, Thomas, Lord | 404 |
| Falkland, Antony, Lord | 504 |
| Falkland, Henry, Lord | 500 |
| Falkland, Henry, Lord | 504 |
| Falkland, Lucius, Lord | 501 |
| Fane, Mildmay, Earl of Weſtmorland | 370 |
| Fiennes, William Viſcount Say and Seale | 469 |
| Finch, Daniel, Earl of Nottingham | 438 |
| Finch, Heneage, Earl of Nottingham | 404 |
| Finch, Heneage, Earl of Winchelſea | 420 |
| Fitzgerald, Gerald, Earl of Deſmond | 513 |
| Forbes, Alexander, Lord Pitſligo | 511 |
| Forteſcue, John, Lord | 523 |
| Fox, Henry, Lord Holland | 538 |
| Frederic, PRINCE OF WALES | 278 |

G.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gainſborough, Baptiſt, Earl of | 538 |
| Graham, Richard, Viſcount Preſton | 509 |
| Granville, George, Lord Lanſdown | 441 |
| Gray, Lady Jane | 480 |
| Greville, Sir Fulke, Lord Brooke | 342 |
| Greville, Robert, Lord Brooke | 356 |
| Grey, Ford, Lord | 472 |
| Grey, Thomas, Earl of Stamford | 473 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Grimſton, William Viſcount | 525 |
| Guildford, Lord Keeper | 407 |

H.

| | |
|---|---|
| Haddington, Thomas, Earl of | 499 |
| Haddington, Thomas, Earl of | 542 |
| Halifax, George, Marquis of | 420 |
| Halifax, Charles, Earl of | 434 |
| Hamilton, Thomas, Earl of Haddington | 499 |
| Hamilton, Thomas, Earl of Haddington | 542 |
| Hamilton, James, Duke | 499 |
| Hamilton, Charles, Lord Binning | 511 |
| Hamilton, James, Earl of Abercorn | ib. |
| Hare, Henry, Earl of Colerane | 516, 533 |
| Harley, Robert, Earl of Oxford | 436 |
| Haſtings, Francis, Earl of Huntingdon | 309 |
| Hatton, Lord Chancellor | 464 |
| Haverſham, John, Lord | 427 |
| Henry VIII. KING | 256 |
| Herbert, William, Earl of Pembroke | 347 |
| Herbert, Lord, of Cherbury | 361 |
| Hervey, John, Lord | 450, 531 |
| Holland, Henry, Lord | 538 |
| Holles, Lord | 392 |
| Holles, John, Earl of Clare | 466 |
| Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey | 299 |
| Howard, Henry, Earl of Northampton | 334 |
| Howard, Edward, Earl of Suffolk | 437 |
| Howard, Charles, Earl of Carliſle | 534 |
| Howard, Charles, Duke of Norfolk | 541 |
| Huntingdon, Francis, Earl of | 309 |
| Hyde, Edward, Earl of Clarendon | 385, 529 |
| Hyde, Henry, Lord | 454 |

J.

| | |
|---|---|
| James I. KING of England | 272 |
| James II. KING | 277, 527 |
| James I. KING of Scotland | 492 |
| James IV. KING | 493 |
| James V. | ib. |
| Jefferies, John, Lord | 473 |
| St. John, Henry, Viſcount Bolingbroke | 448 |
| Irwin, Anne, Viſcounteſs | 512, 533 |

K.

| | |
|---|---|
| Kerr, Robert, Earl of Ancram | 498 |
| King, Lord Chancellor | 445 |
| Kingſale, Lord, the twenty-fourth | 525 |

L.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lanſdown, George, Lord | 441 |
| Lauderdale, Richard, Earl of | 507 |
| Leeds, Thomas, Duke of | 422 |
| Leeds, Peregrine, Duke of | 535 |
| Ley, James, Earl of Marlborough | 345 |
| Lincoln, Elizabeth, Counteſs of | 485 |
| Lindſey, Colin, Lord Balcarras | 507 |
| Littleton, Lord Keeper | 355 |
| Lonſdale, John, Viſcount | 473 |
| Lowther, John, Viſcount Lonſdale | ib. |
| Lucas, John, Lord | 470 |
| Lumley, Lord | 296 |
| Lumley, Joanna, Lady | 482 |
| Luxborough, Henrietta, Lady | 551 |
| Lyttelton, George, Lord | 540 |
| Lyttelton, Thomas, Lord | ib. |

M.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mackenzie, George, Earl of Cromarty | 508 |
| Maitland, Richard, Earl of Lauderdale | 507 |
| Maitland, Lord Chancellor | 497 |
| Mancheſter, Earl of | 356 |
| Marlborough, Earl of | 345 |
| Marlborough, Sarah, Ducheſs of | 489 |
| Mary, QUEEN of England | 264 |
| Mary, QUEEN of Scotland | 493 |
| Melcombe, George, Lord | 458, 531 |
| Middleſex, Lionel, Earl of | 465 |
| Moleſworth, Robert, Viſcount | 521, 533 |
| Moncke, George, Duke of Albemarle | 378 |
| Monmouth, Earl of | 355 |
| Monmouth, Henry, Earl of | 368 |
| Montacute, Antony, Viſcount | 463 |
| Montacute, John, Earl of Saliſbury | 553 |
| Montague, Henry, Earl of Mancheſter | 356 |
| Montague, Edward, Earl of Sandwich | 380 |
| Montague, Charles, Earl of Halifax | 434 |
| Montague, Edward, Lord | 470 |
| Mordaunt, Charles, Earl of Peterborough | 438, 531 |
| Mordington, George, Lord | 500 |
| Morley, Lord | 296 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Morton, Anne, Countefs of | 512 |
| Mulgrave, Conftantine, Lord | 550 |
| Murray, David, Vifcount Stormont | 510 |
| Murray, Patrick, Lord Elibank | 542 |
| **N.** | |
| Newcaftle, Margaret, Ducheſs of | 486 |
| Newcaftle, Duke of | 383 |
| Noel, Baptift, Earl of Gainſborough | 538 |
| Norfolk, Charles, Duke of | 541 |
| Norfolk, Mary, Ducheſs of | 483 |
| North, Lord | 370 |
| North, Lord | 395 |
| Northampton, Earl of | 334 |
| Northumberland, Robert, Duke of | 474 |
| Nottingham, Heneage, Earl of | 495 |
| Nottingham, Daniel, Earl of | 438 |
| Nugent, Robert, Earl of Clare and Vifcount Nugent | 549 |
| **O.** | |
| Oldcaftle, Sir John, Lord Cobham | 279 |
| Orford, Robert, Earl of | 447 |
| Orleans, Charles, Duke of | 562 |
| Orrery, Charles, Earl of | 442 |
| Orrery, John, Earl of | 459 |
| Orrery, Roger, Earl of | 514 |
| Oſborne, Thomas, Duke of Leeds | 423 |
| Oſborne, Peregrine, fecond Duke of Leeds | 535 |
| Oxford, Edward, Earl of | 329, 551 |
| Oxford, Robert, Earl of | 437 |
| **P.** | |
| Paget, Lord | 310 |
| Paget, Thomas, Lord | 446 |
| Palmer, Roger, Earl of Caſtlemain | 519 |
| Parker, Henry, Lord Morley | 296 |
| Pembroke, Earl of | 347 |
| Pembroke, Mary, Countefs of | 483, 533 |
| Perceval, John, Earl of Egmont | 523 |
| Perceval, John, fecond Earl of Egmont | 548 |
| Peterborough, Charles, Earl of | 438, 531 |
| Phipps, Conſtantine, Lord Mulgrave | 550 |
| Pierpoint, Henry, Marquis of Dorcheſter | 397 |
| Pitſligo, Alexander, Lord | 511 |
| Pitt, William, Earl of Chatham | 539 |
| Poulett, John, Earl | 459 |
| Powlett, William, Marquis of Winchefter | 311 |
| Powlett, John, Marquis of Winchefter | 382 |
| Preſton, Richard, Vifcount | 509 |
| Pulteney, William, Earl of Bath | 456 |
| **R.** | |
| Radnor, Earl of | 410 |
| Raymond, Robert, Lord | 445 |
| Richard I. KING | 251, 526 |
| Richmond and Derby, Margaret, Countefs of | 477 |
| Rivers, Earl | 284 |
| Robartes, John, Earl of Radnor | 410 |
| Rochefter, Earl of | 399 |
| Rochford, Lord | 294 |
| Roſcommon, Dillon, Earl of | 518 |
| Ruſſel, Elizabeth, Lady | 484 |
| Ruthven, Patrick, Lord | 496 |
| **S.** | |
| Sackville, Thomas, Lord Buckhurſt | 330 |
| Sackville, Charles, Earl of Dorſet | 425, 531 |
| Sackville, Charles, Duke of Dorſet | 460, 532 |
| Saliſbury, Earl of | 333 |
| Sandwich, Earl of | 380 |
| Saville, George, Marquis of Halifax | 420 |
| Say and Seale, William, Vifcount | 469 |
| Seymour, Edward, Duke of Somerſet | 306 |
| Shafteſbury, Antony Aſhley, Earl of | 401 |
| Shafteſbury, Antony Aſhley, Earl of | 429 |
| Shannon, Francis, third Lord | 549 |
| Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckingham | 435 |
| Sheffield, Lord | 306 |
| Shute, John, Vifcount Barrington | 523, 543 |
| Somers, John, Lord | 430 |
| Somerſet, Duke of | 306 |
| Somerſet, Edward, Marquis of Worceſter | 371 |
| Somerſet, Frances, Ducheſs of | 491 |
| Spencer, Robert, Earl of Sunderland | 472 |
| Stafford, Lord | 308 |
| Stair, James, Vifcount | 509 |
| Stamford, Thomas, Earl of | 473 |
| Stanhope, Philip, Earl of Cheſterfield | 525 |
| Stanley, James, Earl of Derby | 364 |
| Stanley, Charles, Earl of Derby | 379 |
| Stirling, William, Earl of | 498 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Stormont, David, Viſcount | 510 |
| Strafford, Thomas, Earl of | 468 |
| Suffolk, Edward, Earl of | 437 |
| Sunderland, Earl of | 472 |
| Surrey, Earl of | 299 |
| **T.** | |
| Taaffe, Nicholas, Lord | 549 |
| Temple, Anna, Counteſs | 541 |
| Thomſon, John, Lord Haverſham | 427 |
| Tiptoft, John, Earl of Worceſter | 281 |
| Totneſs, Earl of | 346 |
| Touchet, James, Earl of Caſtlehaven and Baron Audley | 396 |
| Townſhend, Charles, Lord Viſcount | 459 |
| **V.** | |
| Vaux, Lord | 291 |
| Vere, Edward, Earl of Oxford, | 329, 551 |
| Verney, George, Lord Willoughby de Broke | 474 |
| Villiers, George, Duke of Buckingham | 416 |
| **U.** | |
| Ulick de Burgh, Marquis of Clanrickard and Earl of St. Alban's | 367 |
| **W.** | |
| Walpole, Robert, Earl of Orford | 447 |
| Walpole, Horatio, Lord | 454 |
| Warrington, Earl of | 424 |
| Warrington, George, Earl of | 455 |
| Warwick, Mary, Counteſs of | 488 |
| Wentworth, Thomas, Earl of Strafford | 468 |
| Weſt, John, Earl of Delawar | 540 |
| Weſtmorland, Earl of | 370 |
| Wharton, Philip, Duke of | 443 |
| Whitworth, Charles, Lord | 522 |
| Widville, Antony, Earl Rivers | 284 |
| Willoughby de Broke, George, Lord | 474 |
| Wilmot, John, Earl of Rocheſter | 399 |
| Wimbledon, Viſcount | 351 |
| Winchelſea, Heneage, Earl of | 420 |
| Winchelſea, Anne, Counteſs of | 488 |
| Wincheſter, William, Marquis of | 311 |
| Wincheſter, John, Marquis of | 382 |
| Windham, Charles, Earl of Egremont | 541 |
| Worceſter, Earl of | 281 |
| Worceſter, Edward, Marquis of | 371 |
| **Y.** | |
| Yorke, Anne Hyde, Ducheſs of | 487 |


END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN


UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

GHP : 06DZQW1128-1

<20+>041693CN77451498351

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN




UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

P
06

WALPOLE

WORKS

1

DZQW
1128–1