The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Noble Authors omitted in former Editions

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.

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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!

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