The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

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Reply to the Observations of the Rev. Dr. Milles

A

REPLY

TO THE

OBSERVATIONS of the Rev. Dr. MILLES,

Dean of Exeter, and Preſident of the Society of Antiquaries,

ON THE

WARDROBE ACCOUNT of 1483, &c.

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La prévention ſe laiſſe vaincre inſenſiblement : malheur à qui l'attaque le premier ; il en eſſuye toute l'opiniâtreté & tout l'emportement, mais de jour en jour elle s'affoiblit ; et il ne faut que continuerde lapreſſer pour la détruire.—*La Motte, Réflexions ſur la critique*, vol. iii. p. 248.

NOTWITHSTANDING the encouragement of ſo able and amiable a critic as monſieur la Motte, I had certainly no inclination to purſue the controverſy relative to Richard III. It is a ſubject of no conſequence; I expreſſed my doubts on it; I concluded doubting; and ſhould never have believed that I had had much ſucceſs in clearing away a conſiderable part of the rubbiſh with which that ſtory had been loaded, if my anſwerers had not proved that, with all their prejudice in favour of antiquated nonſenſe, they could not reſtore it to its place. It is ſtill very indifferent to me how much they chooſe to believe without reaſon and contrary to common ſenſe. It is even diverting to ſee what ſtraws they catch at, when their legend is ſinking. One of

them believes all the crimes charged on Richard, becauſe he himſelf had confuted many of them, and I had taken no notice of it. *Vide the Critical Review.* Another, becauſe the king's ſervants may mean his royal brothers. *Vide the London Chronicle.* And a third, becauſe, if ſome of Richard's enemies, who never did write his hiſtory, had written his hiſtory, he ſuppoſes they would have given the ſame abſurd account of him. We ſhall ſee preſently that the laſt anſwerer believes *all* the guilt of Richard for two reaſons that do not yield in weight to any of the three former. To convince ſuch underſtandings by argument, let monſieur la Motte ſay what he will, I firmly believe impoſſible: nor do I care enough for Richard the third to deſire it. All I propoſe is, to ſhow that they have not anſwered my arguments, and after that, Credat Judæus Apella.

That I was at firſt treated, in the words of the paſſage above, with *emportement*, was true—and was comical. That I am ſtill to encounter obſtinacy, is no leſs true—I cannot ſay comical too, becauſe I am ſorry when a worthy perſon lets the public ſee that his abilities are not ſo great as his virtues. I have ſo great a regard for the reverend preſident of our ſociety, that I beg he will underſtand, if I ſmile at his efforts, that I preſerve all due regard for his perſon and merit.

I was told laſt winter, that our venerable preſident had read at the ſociety an anſwer to my Hiſtoric Doubts. As I have long ceaſed attending public ſocieties, as well as quitted my ſeat in parliament, it is not extraordinary that I was not preſent to undergo that humiliation at the feet of Gamaliel. In truth, I enquired little after his confutation, as the reverend perſon above a year before had acquainted me with his objections, and they had appeared to me ſo trifling, that I had little curioſity to learn more of them. However, I now-and-then heard that ſome perſons, who had wiſhed my doubts could be anſwered, and who would have been more glad if they had been able to anſwer them themſelves, affected to pronounce the dean's work a full confutation of my book. At laſt I read in the newſpapers that the reverend preſident himſelf had preſented the memoires of our ſociety to his majeſty.—I ſent for the book; expecting to ſee at leaſt ſome attempt towards anſwering the chain of arguments by which I had ſhown the probability of Perkin Warbeck being the true duke of York. Some endeavours I thought muſt be made to reconcile the contradictory accounts of Henry the ſeventh and lord Bacon;

Bacon; and as I had reſted the whole of what I had ſaid on the impoſſibility of Perkin's knowing what paſſed in the Tower, unleſs he had been the real duke of York, I looked eagerly for an anſwer to that challenge—and what did I find? Not a word on Perkin Warbeck, but that entire argument ſlubbered over in the compendious term, the *ſtrange tale* of Perkin Warbeck; and the dean's whole anſwer compriſed in two arguments, momentous no doubt, but rather more conſentaneous to his province of preſident of antiquaries, than to that of a man who attempts to reaſon.

The firſt is, that Richard murdered his nephews, *becauſe* Edward the fifth did not walk at his uncle's coronation; and that is proved by the account, which I called the coronation-roll, not being a round but a ſquare volume; with other ſuch props, of which I ſhall take notice preſently; and

The ſecond, becauſe ſir James Tyrrel, whom, from ſaid ſquare book, I repreſented as maſter of the horſe at Richard's coronation, was not ſo till ſome days afterwards, his younger brother occupying that place firſt.

I am very thankful to our worthy preſident for delivering me from any alarm I might have conceived at his interpoſing to condemn my work. I am thankful for the arguments of mine that he choſe to anſwer, and for thoſe he did not chooſe to anſwer; and if it were not unbecoming the ſerioufneſs of an antiquary, and of one who in that light has the honour of being his ſubject, to quibble, I would ſay in the words of the poet,

> "Bleſt be the gods for thoſe they took away,
> And thoſe they left me, for they left me *gay*."

Yes, I confeſs I did ſmile at ſo droll a delivery of the mountain; and might, I think, without impeaching, or breaking a link of the chain of my argument, compliment the preſident with a conceſſion of all he is ſo modeſt as to demand. Nothing prevents my offering this voluntary ſacrifice, but the ſilly fear of having it thought that, being an antiquary, I am incapable of reaſoning.

I will make a few curſory remarks on ſome introductory paſſages, and then proceed to examine Mr. Preſident's two fulminating arguments.

The preſident, whoſe reading I confeſs is, as it ought to be, much deeper than mine, has diſcovered a new author, who corroborates the murder of the two children. This is the great Arnold, who, ſays the doctor, expreſſes in very deſcriptive words the manner of the young princes' death. Let us hear this very expreſſive deſcription. "This year deceſſyd the kynge (Edward 4th.) in Aprell, entring into the 23d. year of his reign, and the two ſons of kynge Edward were put to ſilence, and the duke of Glouceſter tooke upon him the crowne in July, &c." I will not obſerve that the duke of Glouceſter is not charged with the murder, but will reſtrain myſelf to the pictureſque deſcription that ſo ſtrikes the good preſident. I ſuppoſe he means that the children being *put to ſilence* implies, according to the vulgar notion, that they were ſmothered. May I aſk whether, if their heads had been cut off, they would not equally have been *put to ſilence?* The Romans had a ſuperſtition of not naming death, and uſed various circumlocutions to avoid ſaying any perſon was dead. Did ſuch circumlocutions imply any particular kind of death? But as the preſident is ſmitten with Arnold's painting, I will ſay no more in derogation of his charming eloquence, eſpecially as it is nothing to the purpoſe. I doubted whether the children were murdered, not whether they were ſmothered or aſſaſſinated in any other way. If the doctor chooſes to perſiſt in believing they were murdered, he has my free conſent to make his option of the mode. But as ſome of my readers may be as ignorant as I was, and not know who this pathetic hiſtorian was, we are informed in a note, that he lived in 1519, and publiſhed, not the lives or reigns of Edward the fourth, or Richard the third, but—an account of the cuſtoms of London, with a chronicle of the magiſtrates of that city. The thanks of the learned are due to Mr. Preſident for thus bringing them acquainted with ſo valuable an author, who knew much better than he who wrote the Chronicle of Croyland (an author whom doctor Milles, p. 363, allows to have been a writer of much conſideration) by what kind of violent death the princes came to their end. When ſuch an evidence as Arnold is produced to teſtify to a great and ſecret act of ſtate, is it not evident that there is ſome opiniâtreté in adhering to a belief, that wants ſuch props? As an antiquary, the dean is undoubtedly well founded in quoting our ancient claſſics. All my fear is, that the profane ſhould ſneer at our labours. I can admire that ſimplicity of antique eloquence with which we are told in a note to page 5 of the Introduction to the Archæologia, that archbiſhop Whitgift was *ſucceſſor*

to Matthew Parker, his *predeceſſor*; but the laughers of modern times may ſee no beauty in that accuracy of truth, which ſpecifies that a man ſucceeded his predeceſſor. Let us reſerve ſuch flowers as this, and the expreſſive figure of *putting to ſilence* for ſmothering, within our own penetralia for the comfort of us lovers of goodly antiquity: and perhaps it were as wiſe if we adhered to our own venerable lore, and to our proper province, conjectures from ſcraps and fragments of unintereſting matters of fact long ſince conſigned to oblivion, inſtead of launching out into the bold and dangerous ocean of reaſoning. I, it ſeems, have been ſhipwrecked there; and in charity, therefore, venture to warn even Mr. Preſident himſelf to guide his pinnace near the coaſt, and only to diſembark when a barrow, a tumulus, or the twinkling veſtiges of a Roman camp, invite him to land and dig. Me votiva paries indicat uvida ſuſpendiſſe potenti veſtimenta maris Deo.

The ſecrecy of the murder, ſays the doctor, to which only the few perpetrators and accomplices were privy, muſt have left the public under great uncertainty as to the manner, though they had no doubt as to the reality of the fact. Page 362.

Methinks this is an extraordinary poſition to fall from a profeſſed advocate for the murder. Secret as it was, Arnold knew the very manner of it. The doctor muſt believe Arnold knew it, or he would not have quoted him for his expreſſive deſcription, for the doctor cannot be abſurd. But how, according to the aſſertors of the murder, could the public remain under great uncertainty, when thoſe very aſſertors believe that Tirrel and Dighton confeſſed it? Do murderers confeſs a murder, and conceal the manner of it? May I beg to know what the doctor and his adherents do and do not believe? I proteſt I cannot diſcover. Again, in the ſame paragraph we are told, *that the public had no doubt as to the reality of the fact.* Strange again! Sir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the pillars that ſupport the ſtory, affirm over and over that there were great doubts whether one or both of the children had not eſcaped. Good Mr. Preſident, aſcertain your own creed, before you attempt to remove my doubts. Or is it allowable to you to reject your own authorities, and is it fair in you to inſiſt that I ſhould ſubmit to them? For your own ſake do not contradict yourſelf, only for the pleaſure of contradicting me.

You

You proceed: "In ſuch circumſtances, abſurd and even contradictory reports would ariſe concerning the ſurvival and eſcape of theſe princes. Had they prevailed during the life-time of their uncle, would it not have been preſumed that they were raiſed and propagated by him, as the beſt expedient for removing the ſuſpicion of the murder?"

In ſuch circumſtances, that is, according to the preceding words, when mankind had no doubt of the reality of the fact, abſurd and even contradictory reports of the ſurvival and eſcape of the princes would ariſe. Very ſtrange reaſoning, indeed, Mr. Preſident! Did the certainty of the murder cauſe men to believe that the princes were not murdered?—But let us try to fathom what the preſident thinks he means. In the firſt place, he is of opinion that the ſecrecy of the murder produced various reports concerning it. Then, refining on and contradicting himſelf, he ſuppoſes that the certainty of the murder occaſioned a belief that the princes were alive; and at laſt he had rather that abſurd and contradictory reports of their eſcape and ſurvival ſhould have been propagated by Richard himſelf, though he does not think ſuch reports prevailed during Richard's life. Give me leave to aſk the doctor, whether he is of all theſe opinions, whether he is of none, or which of them is his opinion? Let me aſk him how he knows that ſuch reports did not prevail before Richard's death? What are his authorities for dating and affixing to a ſubſequent period ſir Thomas More's and lord Bacon's aſſertions, that many perſons believed the children were not murdered? It is totally improbable that this ſhould have been believed *after* Richard's death, unleſs there had been ſuch an opinion *before*—for this plain reaſon, that it is not common to believe in the reſurrections of princes. But ſo great is the doctor's propenſity to charge Richard, that, if what he deems a falſehood had been publiſhed in Richard's time, he owns he ſhould have accuſed Richard as the author of it, prepoſterous as it would have been for Richard to have ſpread ſuch tales.—Can there be ſtronger proof of prejudice and obſtinacy?

Happy indeed would it be for the world, were tyrants and aſſaſſins no abler politicians than the good preſident, who thinks mankind is moſt eaſily impoſed upon by abſurdities and contradictions. In ſome caſes perhaps they are; but I doubt Richard had a little more ſenſe than to defeat his own ends by ſuch clumſy artifices. Nor are uſurpers wont to encourage a belief of the

ſurvival of their competitors, when they have thought it neceſſary to put thoſe rivals to death. Henry the fourth had been diſturbed by a falſe Richard the ſecond; and Edward the fourth, our Richard's own brother, had choſen to expoſe the dead body of Henry the ſixth at Paul's croſs, rather than have it believed he was ſtill living. Thus, ſuppoſing Richard had been the murderer he is repreſented, it is moſt improbable that he would have acted ſo ſillily, as, it ſeems, the preſident would have done in his ſituation.

So fond is the doctor of the policy of contradictions and abſurdities, that, not being able to charge them on Richard, he is determined ſomebody or other ſhall employ their machinery, and in the next ſentence beſtows them on the enemies of Henry the ſeventh, as a foundation for their pretended impoſtures. Here again I am ſorry to be forced to aſk Mr. Preſident what he believes? Does he believe that the ſecrecy produced the contradictions? or that they were ſpread by Henry's enemies? He accounts for them one way, is willing to account for them another, and then aſks with a *but*, whether it is not more probable, that they happened another way, that is not probable at all. He ſeems to think that in that age all men acted in a manner to defeat their own ends. According to him, Richard murders his nephews, and tells different ſtories of their being alive; aſſertions which, if falſe, could only operate to his prejudice, not to his ſervice; and Henry's enemies ſpread as different reports of the ſurvival of the children, which could only weaken the impoſition the reporters wiſhed to eſtabliſh. Is not the murder very clear, when reduced to ſuch ſhifts to preſerve itſelf from being exploded?

In the next paragraph Mr. Buck and I are confuted, by being told that the two authors we produce to invalidate the poſitive account of the murder, contradict one another, *though* reporting only common hearſay.—I beg to know what Arnold did more than report common hearſay? Polidore Virgil ſays, it was reported that the children of Edward had eſcaped and were living—The continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland, that it was reported Edward's ſons were dead, though it was uncertain by what kind of *violent* death. The misfortune is, that this very contradiction, ſo far from weakening my ſuppoſition, was the very ſcope of it. It was from that identical diſcordance among the authors who mention the fate of the children, that I attempted to ſhow the glaring uncertainty of it. The dean perhaps thinks that the want of harmony among the evidences proves their conſent.—I have known

ſuch

ſuch arguments made uſe of on other occaſions which I will not mention; but give me leave to ſay, that ſuch arguments do more hurt than ſervice to a good cauſe.

But Mr. Buck and I are taxed with omitting the word *violent*. Whether Mr. Buck omitted the word violent by deſign or not, it is impoſſible for me to aſcertain. For myſelf, I probably copied him, and was not ſo careful as I ought to have been in collating the paſſage with the original. I will, however, take any ſhame to myſelf for the omiſſion. I had much rather confeſs myſelf in the wrong, if I am ſo, than be obſtinate in defence of an hypotheſis. Truth is too ſacred to be made the victim of controverſy; and I had much rather ſpeak truth, than argue well. Indeed I muſt have been weaker even than I am, to have expected that I could falſify a common printed book, and not have it diſcovered. Could I ſuppoſe that no man living would turn to the Chronicle of Croyland? In fact, my argument does not ſuffer by the introduction of the word *violent*. One author ſays, the children were reported to be ſtill living after the time of their ſuppoſed deaths; the other, that they were ſaid to be dead, though it was not known by what kind of violence. What is the reſult, but that it was very uncertain what was become of them? If the preſident from two contradictory and uncertain mob-ſtories can ſtrike out that certain reality of the fact, of which he affirms the public had no doubt, I own he ſees further into what deduction may be drawn from an argument than I do. He proceeds yet another ſtep; and now admitting the depoſition of the Chronicle, which he had before allowed was only hearſay, as indeed the Chronicle itſelf confeſſes, by the words vulgatum eſt; and diſcovering that vulgatum eſt is good authority, and that in vulgus fama valuit is no authority at all, he adds, "the word *violenti* is *a moſt expreſſive and material part of the Chronicle's teſtimony* (I do not know whether he does not perceive ſmothering in it), and gives a very different complexion to it."—That is, it converts vulgatum eſt into certain knowledge—and at laſt finds Richard guilty of the murder; "for if, ſays he, they died a violent death, there can remain no doubt by whoſe order it was inflicted."

Thus are we arrived at one of the grounds of the doctor's faith in the murder. My omiſſion of the word *violenti* changes the nature of a vulgar tale into good and poſitive authority; and Richard, whoſe guilt I thought I had

had in ſome meaſure rendered doubtful, is convicted by my ſeemingly too great zeal for his character. Thus has my awkwardneſs dealt its blows with a two-edged ſword.—I have hurt my client, and led my adverſary into the intemperance of pinning his belief on what he had allowed a mob-ſtory, for the mere ſatisfaction of contradicting poor me! Indeed, indeed, I am aſhamed of diſputing, when I am ſuſpected of wilful omiſſion, and ſee ſo worthy a perſon as the reverend divine betrayed into a perverſion of reaſon by the idle ambition of victory in a cauſe of no conſequence to either of us.

The learned perſon ſays, "the impartial reader of Engliſh hiſtory will judge how far the account of the murder is invalidated by the relation of Perkin Warbeck, and whether that ſtrange tale did not gain more converts, and receive more credibility, from the natural jealouſy and the affected myſterious ſecrecy of Henry the ſeventh, than from the weight of its own evidence."

As there are two propoſitions in this paſſage, I muſt take leave to examine each ſeparately. I was not the firſt reader of Engliſh hiſtory who was ſtartled by the ſtory of Perkin. Buck, Carte, Guthrie, the lord treaſurer Oxford, lord Bolinbroke, and many others, had, ſome doubted of the murder, others been perſuaded that Warbeck was the true duke of York. Even ſir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the doctor's beſt authorities, except Arnold, had expreſſed the uncertainty of the murder. It was more awful teſtimony given by knights of the garter and privy-counſellors who had known the duke of York, who laid down their lives for that belief, and not one of whom it is even pretended by Henry's apologiſts recanted. Lord Bacon himſelf was ſo ſtaggered by Henry's narrative of Perkin's confeſſion, that he was reduced to forge a new one for him. A reader of Engliſh hiſtory muſt have a good digeſtion, and methinks not be very impartial neither, who can ſwallow all this without entertaining a doubt whether Perkin might not be the true duke of York. But when the readers of Engliſh hiſtory come to peruſe, as I do not doubt but they will, that elaborate and ingenious treatiſe of Mr. Dean Milles, when they find that he believed the murder becauſe I called a ſquare volume a round one, and becauſe ſir James Tirrel was not maſter of the horſe till a month after Richard's coronation, but that his brother Thomas occupied that poſt at the coronation; and when they find farther that ſo able and

learned a man could not anſwer one argument that I had brought for Perkin being the true duke of York; will impartial readers of Engliſh hiſtory think the ſtory perfectly clear and well aſcertained? It is pretended that Perkin acknowledged himſelf an impoſtor, and that two perſons confeſſed the murder; and yet from lord Bacon to Dr. Milles no man has been able to reconcile their accounts. The firſt boldly plunged into a forgery; the latter has dragged one Arnold, a writer on the cuſtoms of London, out of obſcurity, to throw his mite of vulgar report into the treaſury of mob-ſtories, and has diſcovered *expreſſive and material* authority in the vulgatum eſt of the Chronicle of Croyland!

The ſecond propoſition is of another nature; it is of the family of that kind of evidence which the doctor uſed, when he ſuppoſed Richard ſpread different accounts of the exiſtence of his nephews after he had murdered them. The dean aſks, whether Perkin's tale might not gain credit from the natural jealouſy and affected myſterious ſecrecy of Henry the ſeventh? What can he mean by the *natural* jealouſy of Henry? Was it natural to be jealous of the world's believing that his enemy was an impoſtor? Did he force Perkin to read a confeſſion of being an impoſtor, to prevent the public from thinking him one? Becauſe Henry's character was that of a dark myſterious tyrant, was he therefore ſo when it muſt have been deſtructive of his intereſt? Did he act in the caſe of Perkin as if he wanted to perſuade mankind that he was not an impoſtor? I do not honour the abilities of Henry, but was he really ſo egregious a fool as the doctor paints him? For what poſſible reaſon ſhould he endeavour to have it thought that Perkin was not an impoſtor? I beſeech the dean, from his ſtores of refined policy, to tell us why Henry ſhould have been ſuch a blunderer? I will tell him why *he thinks* Henry was ſo abſurd; though I cannot tell him why he ought to think ſo. Lord Bacon, who could not make the ſtory of Perkin being an impoſtor hold together, was reduced to colour it over with the beautiful though tranſpicuous tints of his impoſing eloquence, and accordingly tells us, *that the king's nature and cuſtoms were not greatly fit to diſperſe theſe miſts, but contrariwiſe he had a faſhion rather to create doubts, than aſſurance.* The charms of this vague figurative ſtyle impoſed on the good preſident; he quotes theſe very words as the foundation of his opinion. The deſcription was true with regard to Henry's conduct about his no title; but not in the leaſt ſo about Perkin. The ſolemn phraſeology

ology however dazzled Mr. Preſident, and he did not perceive that it contained matter contrary to fact and common ſenſe. Read lord Bacon's own account of Henry's ſolicitude to detect Perkin, of the infinite pains he took to prove and publiſh him for an impoſtor, and then ſee if the words the doctor and I have quoted can poſſibly be applied to Henry's conduct on that occaſion. I would wiſh the doctor to remember too, that when the greateſt writer aſſerts a fact in oppoſition to truth and ſenſe, he is no better authority than the loweſt. If the doctor had applied his critical ſkill to the text he has quoted, before he beſtowed it on ſo unworthy an object as my book, he would probably have avoided ſplitting on that rock.—I now come to conſider his two *great* arguments.

The preſident opens his cauſe with informing his readers and me, that what I had too careleſsly called the coronation-roll of Richard the third, "is not a coronation-roll, but a wardrobe-account, of which the deliveries for the coronation make a conſiderable part. It will be neceſſary, he adds, to quote ſeveral paſſages of this rerord, in order to explain the nature of it, and to judge of the evidence it contains."

With ſhame I confeſs the truth of this charge, and with leave will relate by what means I fell into this grievous miſtake, ſo unworthy a true antiquary. Our late learned preſident the biſhop of Carliſle, predeceſſor to his preſent ſucceſſor doctor Milles, was the firſt perſon who told me of the curious diſcovery made of Edward the fifth walking at his uncle's coronation, and it is with ſorrow I diſturb his aſhes by declaring that he called this fatal wardrobe-account a coronation-roll. Another ingenious member of our ſociety lent me an extract of the ſame record, and he too, I doubt, likewiſe called it the coronation-roll. Their curſory errors indeed do not excuſe my negligence. I ought to have known that the account of the wardrobe-keeper, in which almoſt the whole contains deliveries for the coronation, was not the coronation-account, but the wardrobe-keeper's account for the coronation, with ſome other deliveries. The diſtinction * is nice, and perhaps

* As in the ſame volume are bound accounts of the coronations of Henry the ſeventh and Henry the eighth, it is plain all three were reckoned in the office coronation-rolls. It was reſerved to doctor Milles's ſagacity to diſcover that the office has gone on in verbal inaccuracy for above two centuries.

Words are man's province; words we teach alone.
DUNCIAD.

without a difference; but as I am an antiquary, and as an antiquary is often a kind of verbal critic, hight a word-catcher, I ought to have ſtuck to words; the *meaning* of words is not enough. A roll implies a round volume, and lo! the volume in queſtion is ſquare! How culpable am I in the eyes of literal accuracy! But it is time to examine the preſident's argument, which I take to be this.

The book is an account of the deliveries from the wardrobe from the death of Edward the fourth to ſome time in the following year, including the time of the intended coronation of Edward the fifth, and the actual coronation of Richard the third. As there are other deliveries previous and ſubſequent to the coronation of Richard, the robes ordered for Edward, under the appellation of lord Edward, ſon of late king Edward, were probably what had been ordered for his own coronation; and the number and ſimilitude of the robes delivered for each king, corroborate that aſſertion; eſpecially as there were half coats ordered for the henchmen of the young king, and whole coats for thoſe of his uncle; the preſident having examined the account with ſuch avidity of detecting my errors, that in the heat of the chaſe he ſtumbled on this piece of œconomy in Richard or his officers.

I think I have ſtated the whole of this firſt great argument with as much fairneſs as is poſſible, and it is from want of diſcernment if I have omitted to do juſtice to it. Indeed there is a very Pindaric tranſition from the argument to the inference; *videlicet*, that the prince was dead, if his uncle did not intend he ſhould walk at his coronation. Was it certain Edward the fifth did walk at his uncle's coronation, it would be evident that he was not dead at the time; but would it be a proof that he was dead, if he did *not* walk there? Good Mr. Dean, this alacrity in confuting me hurries you, I fear, beyond what logic will warrant.

I will not ſmile at your half coats and whole coats—you concluded, to be ſure, that, as Edward was a child, his henchmen muſt be children too, and that half the quantity would ſuffice them: but, to be more ſerious, I will as briefly as poſſible take to pieces your argument, after obſerving, that what you charge on me is far ſhort of the expreſs declaration of the oracle of your belief. You ſay that "I ſuppoſe Richard had no ſuch evil intentions againſt his

his nephews on his acceſſion to the crown, and that, inſtead of putting them to death, he meant to do honour to the eldeſt, by aſſigning him a reſpectable place, and robes of dignity at the ceremony of his coronation."

Unfortunately, inſtead of this being any exaggeration on my part, it is much leſs than your own ſir Thomas More aſſerts to have been the intention of Richard. The chancellor tells us, on the authority of archbiſhop Morton, one of Richard's capital enemies, that the latter's firſt plan was to reſign the crown to his nephew, when Edward ſhould attain the age of 25. Surely aſſigning him a place at the coronation is ſomething leſs than reſigning the crown to him. Had *I* ſuggeſted that Richard had formed any ſuch ſcheme, with how much ſcorn ſhould I have been treated! Sir Thomas More may give this account with impunity, and with impunity doctor Milles may chooſe to forget it—with impunity he may tax me with ſuppoſing leſs than ſir Thomas More aſſerts—and with candour he may impute to me wilful omiſſions—but it ſhall ſuffice me to juſtify myſelf, and to ſupport my arguments, with decency, and with that ſmall portion of underſtanding which has fallen to my ſhare.

The reaſon why I ſuppoſed it was intended Edward ſhould walk at his uncle's coronation was ſimply this: Becauſe the order for the delivery of robes to him, ſtands in and is mixed with the other orders for deliveries on the ſame occaſion; and becauſe he is there ſtyled lord Edward, ſon to late king Edward the fourth.

That it is mixed with thoſe other orders appears from the preſident's own account; for, having ſpecified the other orders, and thoſe for lord Edward, he tells us of other orders, page 373, to the duke of Buckingham, &c. for the queen's and king's coronation; and then in page 374 he ſays, This paragraph ſeems to conclude the account of deliveries for the firſt coronation—I ſuppoſe he means in oppoſition to the ſecond coronation at York.

Thus then I have eſtabliſhed, by the dean's own teſtimony, that the account of deliveries to lord Edward is mixed with the other deliveries for the coronation; and by being ſo mixed, and being warranted by ſir Thomas More to believe, that, whatever were Richard's ſecret intentions in futurity, he had

had talked of a deſign of delivering up the crown to his nephew on the latter's full age, was it very abſurd in me to ſuppoſe, that he might carry on (to humour the doctor I will ſay) his hypocriſy ſo far as to treat his nephew with honour and reſpect? I wiſh, when we come to ſee the reaſons aſſigned for Mr. Peter Curteys's inſerting the deliveries to Edward amidſt thoſe for his uncle's coronation, it may not be found that wiſer men have wreſted the palm of abſurdity from me.

But firſt I muſt produce a very material entry in this identical account, which the preſident has quoted without perceiving or underſtanding the force of it.

Antecedent to the order of deliveries to lord Edward, we find theſe words: "To many divers perſons for to have in haſte, by my lorde of Bukkingham's commandement, whoſe names were not remembered, delivered in grete, &c."

I aſk if any man can believe that this ſudden order, entered among the deliveries for the coronation of Richard, and ſpecifying the recollection of ſome perſons who had been omitted, was the recollection of Peter Curteys, who had forgotten to begin his account with the moſt obvious delivery, robes for the young king before he was ſet aſide? or whether it was not the recollection of Richard and Buckingham, who ſuddenly agreed that the depoſed prince ſhould walk at his uncle's coronation? An unlucky circumſtance corroborates the latter opinion. When Edward the fourth died, the duke of Buckingham was not in London, but in Wales; conſequently could not direct robes for the young ſucceſſor; though he was in London, and might order them againſt the coronation of Richard.

But what avail facts, dates, entries, arguments? The preſident ſhall wave his wand, and raiſe a conjecture that ſhall put their hoſt to flight. In his note to page 378, this able magician owns "that many of the articles which relate to lord Edward and his hengemen are charged in the wardrobe's general account of receipts and deliveries, undiſtinguiſhed from thoſe which were iſſued for Richard's coronation." The confeſſion is fair and candid, and ſeems almoſt to excuſe my ſuppoſition of the nephew attending the uncle's triumph—

triumph—but all ſhall be deſtroyed again. The preſident has a gueſs in ſtore that will recover the ground he had conceded. I muſt beg leave to give it in his own words, for no other could do juſtice to it.

" The deliveries made on this account, although prior to thoſe iſſued for the coronation, yet (conſidering the circumſtances of that time) could not ſtand in any other place. The maſter of the wardrobe's account was engroſſed and cloſed in the beginning of the following year, when the act of baſtardy had paſſed. In what order then, or under what name or title, could theſe liveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard's coronation, for then they muſt have been charged as robes for the king. Piers Courteys, no doubt, underſtood the *duty* of his office too well, to make ſo uncourtly an entry; and it would have been a dangerous experiment, at that critical period, to have excited the jealouſy or reſentment of his maſter."

" It was not for Richard's intereſt, nor agreeable to his inclinations, that the time or the uſes for which theſe garments were iſſued, ſhould be particularly ſpecified. They are placed, therefore, *after the articles relative to the coronation*, amongſt thoſe iſſued by the king's high commandment, which in ſome reſpects was literally true. It is needleſs to obſerve, that, when this account was cloſed, no other title but that of lord Edward could be given to this prince."

And now I believe I may defy the wit of man, or its oppoſite, to produce two paragraphs, that ſhall pretend to argument, and be more void of common ſenſe.

It is plain from the two paſſages, that the dean felt how prepoſterous it would be to ſuppoſe that deliveries for Edward's coronation could be crowded into the midſt of that of Richard. He had owned the deliveries were ſo mixed as to be undiſtinguiſhable; and yet by a chicane, not quite conſonant to the character of a man who accuſes others of wilful omiſſions, and yet excuſable, as it is himſelf he contradicts, he here aſſerts that they are placed *after* the articles relative to the coronation. If he forgives himſelf, I aſſure him I do. Glaring, however, as this ſtate of the queſtion was, any evaſion, any conjecture how ſtrained ſoever, was preferable to owning that deliveries

for Richard's coronation *were* deliveries for Richard's coronation. How ſhall he avoid this dilemma? He ſhall begin with begging the queſtion in diſpute. He ſhall pronounce ex cathedrâ and of his own plenary knowledge, that *they were prior to thoſe iſſued for the coronation.* Aſk him how he knows this? He does not deign to tell you. But though in a pulpit or a preſident's chair a man may aſſert what he liſts, without being expoſed to impertinent queſtions, he forgot that a printed book, beſtowed on the public, is liable to troubleſome interrogatories, and that a man who affirms when he ſhould argue, is likely to be proved incapable of arguing.

His next arbitrary deciſion is, that the deliveries for king Edward the fifth could ſtand in no place, but amidſt the deliveries for the coronation of Richard the third. Yes, indeed, courteous reader, wonderful and extravagant as this propoſition ſeems, if you will turn to page 379 of the Archæologia, you will find this declaration totidem verbis. How! what! you will cry—could the deliveries for Edward's coronation ſtand nowhere but in the account of Richard's coronation?—Is the man in his ſenſes? Is he—But no, I hope you will not uſe any irreverent expreſſions; the dean, I aſſure you, is a worthy ſober man, a man of good learning, I believe, and one for whom I have a very great reſpect; and, if you will have a moment's patience, he will tell you why this matter could happen no otherwiſe. "The wardrobe-keeper's account was cloſed the next year, when king Edward had been declared a baſtard by act of parliament; and therefore *in what order*, under what name or title, could the deliveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard's coronation, for then they muſt have been charged as robes for the king," and therefore—Ay, you will cry, and therefore what? Becauſe Edward was no longer king, did it make his intended coronation become part of Richard's coronation? Does the depoſition of a king make the paſt acts of his reign become the acts of his ſucceſſor's reign?—And you tell me this man is in his ſenſes! Yes, indeed, kind reader, he is as much ſo as ever he was; and though he may not ſhine in argument, he is a deep antiquary, and does great honour to our ſociety. Well, well! ſays the reader, all this may be ſo; but ſtill, why was Richard's coronation-account the only place upon earth in which Piers Curteys could inſert matters that had not only nothing to do with it, but were as oppoſite to it as two things could well be? Why could not the deliveries to Edward be charged *after* the articles

articles relating to Richard? And above all, why could not Curteys charge them in their proper place, that is, previous to Richard's reign? He might have ſtyled Edward *the lord Edward* there as well as in Richard's account: what obliged him in one page of the ſame book to call a man king, whom in another page of the very ſame book he calls lord? A child of ten years old would reaſon better. Gentle reader, all this is very true; and yet we are not arrived at the moſt entertaining part of the argument. The dean, who has all along argued as if Richard the third and Henry the ſeventh had been two drivellers, has not more mercy on poor Peter Curteys, though meaning him very well, and lending him all his own ſhare of policy. Piers Curteys, ſays he, no doubt underſtood the *duty* of his office too well to make ſo *uncourtly* an entry; that is, *before* Richard's coronation. Whatever Curteys underſtood, it is plain the dean thinks he did not underſtand keeping his accounts, when he blended and confounded matters foreign to one another in ſuch a manner, that to this day the dean cannot unravel them. I am indeed more ſurpriſed to hear a reverend divine call it *the duty of office* to make a falſe entry: and this arch diſlocation of the wardrobe-keeper's accounts, the dean aſcribes to Curteys's *adroitneſs in paying his court*. Clergymen, I ſay it to their honour, have ever been obſerved to be woful courtiers, and to have often blundered into affronting princes, from their over officiouſneſs in flattering them. What an expedient has the dean lighted on to prevent Curteys from offending Richard, by reminding him that he had diſpoſſeſſed the king his nephew! Thus muſt the courtly Curteys have argued, according to the dean's notions of kings and courtiers, and cunning: If I charge my deliveries to Edward, ſays Curteys to himſelf, in their due time and place, it will imply that Edward has been king, and that his uncle has dethroned him. Richard is a jealous, ſuſpicious, ſhrewd and cruel prince, and may put me to death for my veracity. Well! but is there no private place, no obſcure corner, not likely to be noticed, into which I can ſlide my account for Edward, and which will eſcape the piercing eye of Richard? Oh! yes, there is one, and indeed the only one where it can ſtand properly, from the exceſs of the impropriety, and where from that very impropriety it will never be obſerved. I will place Edward's account in the midſt of Richard's coronation-account, and then the devil is in it if he will diſcover it—nay, and to conceal my artifice ſtill better, I will call Edward, not king,

but the lord Edward, ſon of the late king—a title ſo deſcriptive of his ſituation, and diſpoſſeſſion by Richard, that it will be impoſſible Richard ſhould ever recollect he diſpoſſeſſed him.

Thus has the dean removed all difficulties, *thus* has he confuted my *ſtrange* ſuppoſition, that an article in the midſt of an account for a particular ſervice relates to that particular ſervice, and to that ſervice only. Were I fond of diſputation, could I deſire better fortune than to have always ſuch adverſaries? Abilities muſt be poor indeed, to which opponents of that force would not prove a foil, and give ſeeming brightneſs. Yet I venture to foretell that there will not be wanting men whoſe heads are ſo adapted to falſe reaſoning, that the doctor's arguments will inſtantly ſtrike them with the moſt luminous conviction: for abſurdities, when they light on a proper ſoil, reſemble ſome of the ſeeds in the parable, *which falling upon ſtony places, forthwith ſprung up, becauſe they had no deepneſs of earth.* But I ſhall ſay no more on this head, and ſhall be far more brief on the ſecond great article of the dean's obſervations. As his mode of argumentation was arrived at its perfection in the famous paſſages above quoted, he could not ſoar any higher; and indeed the ſecond article, in compariſon of the firſt, is very flat, and taſtes more of the antiquary than the logician.

I have ſaid, that in the account of Richard's coronation it appeared that ſir James Tirrel walked as maſter of the horſe, and thence inferred that he was a conſiderable officer of the crown at that time, and conſequently of too great rank to be named as an obſcure perſon, and recommended by a ſtill more obſcure perſon, a nameleſs page, as a proper inſtrument for a ſecret murder: and I ſhowed that ſir Thomas More, who tells this abſurd ſtory on nameleſs authority, had added another falſity, which was in ſaying that Tirrel was not knighted till after the ſuppoſed aſſaſſination.

The dean is ſo impartial as to give up ſir Thomas's falſification or blunder in regard to the knighthood—ſo in one reſpect at leaſt I am allowed to have diſcovered that ſir Thomas ſpoke with little knowledge of the perſon he deſcribed—but the dean, who has ſtudied and pondered over, and tortured the wardrobe-account to make it depoſe againſt me, has diſcovered, that it was not ſir James Tirrel who walked at Richard's coronation as maſter of the horſe,

horſe, but his younger brother ſir Thomas; and that the latter was not maſter of the horſe, but only occupied the office of maſter of the horſe at that time; though both the preſident and the book are forced to confeſs that ſir James was actually maſter of the horſe before the ſecond coronation at York, which happened but two months afterwards.

This important point gained, the preſident concludes, that what he calls this promotion coinciding exactly in point of time with ſir Thomas More's account of the murder, it is moſt probable that the maſterſhip of the horſe was beſtowed on ſir James Tirrel, as a reward for the black ſervice that he had juſt committed; and that his own brother was ſet aſide, or, in his words, ſuperſeded, to make way for him.

Not ſatisfied, however, with this wonderful diſcovery, the preſident modeſtly beſtows collateral helps, as buttreſſes to his argument. The firſt is an aſſertion by implication. The delivery of the ſtable furniture to him, ſays he, *implies* his having then *firſt* taken poſſeſſion of his office. Methinks this painful accuracy implies a little ſuſpicion that ſir James Tirrel had been named maſter of the horſe a little earlier. Is not a man maſter of the horſe from the moment of the king's nomination, though he may not have taken poſſeſſion of the ſtables and ſaddles? If the dean will ſend to the office, he will ſoon ſee how futile this *verbal* preciſion is.

The ſecond buttreſs is more in character, though, if poſſible, ſtill leſs to the purpoſe. It is an ample pedigree of the Tirrels for five deſcents, and is ſet forth and guarantied by all the pomps of impertinent heraldry—and only to prove what no mortal diſputes, and what aſcertains no part of the argument, namely, that ſir James and ſir Thomas Tirrel were brothers.

But though I veil my bonnet with all due deference to the preſident's genealogic abilities, he will excuſe me, if I have not quite the ſame deference for his arguments, which, with ſubmiſſion, I ſhall now ſhow to be as ill-grounded as his conjectures.

The very expreſſion that the younger brother *occupied* the office of maſter of the horſe, and that the elder *was* maſter of the horſe in leſs than two

month, would have ſtruck any other man but the preſident, I believe, that the younger brother officiated for the elder. But this is nothing to the inference the preſident draws from this imaginary diſgrace of the junior. It immediately makes him ſee, that while the younger was executing this high employment, the elder was an obſcure fellow, of little note, and therefore proper to be recommended by one does not know whom, as a ready villain, proper for an aſſaſſination. He was, indeed, "maſter of the king's hengemen or pages; conſequently it was his duty to be attendant on the king, and probably to ſleep in his antichamber, whilſt the pages themſelves were employed in menial offices nearer the royal perſon." Theſe are the dean's words; and he adds, it is in no reſpect improbable that he ſhould be ſeen in the king's antichamber, where Richard firſt propoſed to him the murder of his two nephews.

Now muſt I aſk the dean ſeriouſly, whether it was from not underſtanding his own language, or from wilful perverſion of my words, that he pretends I argued as if I thought it not likely that ſir James Tirrel might be ſeen in Richard's antichamber. I never ſaid any ſuch thing: whoever will read my book will ſee I never uſed ſo ſilly an argument; and I muſt repeat, the dean wilfully or ignorantly miſtakes my words when he aſcribes ſuch a meaning to them.

I ſaid, and I repeat it, that ſir James Tirrel was an officer of too high rank to be deſcribed in the abſurd manner by which he is painted by ſir Thomas More. I ſaid, and I repeat it, that there is not common ſenſe in the tale there told; that an uſurper would not go to Warwick to diſpatch orders for a murder to be committed in London, which he had juſt left, without taking any ſteps towards the murder. I ſaid, that it was not likely that a page ſhould recommend a great officer of the crown to the king for an aſſaſſin; and it was ſtill leſs likely, as ſir James was already in great favour with his maſter. I aſk the dean, who is ſo able a courtier and politician, whether he thinks a menial ſervant would recommend for a murder one of the principal officers of the court? And I am ſo hardy as ſtill to call ſir James Tirrel ſo, though he did not *occupy* the office of maſter of the horſe till two months after the time I had aſſigned. Maſter of the hengemen was a place of great truſt—that maſter of the hengemen was brother to the perſon who at leaſt then

then officiated as maſter of the horſe: and what is worſe, Mr. Preſident, who unfortunately does not perceive the importance of the materials he handles, owns that ſir James, in the reign of Edward the fourth, had been a commiſſioner for executing—what?—the office of high-conſtable of England, the firſt office in the kingdom, an office ſuppreſſed by Henry the eighth on account of its dangerous and almoſt unbounded power; and he owns likewiſe that ſir James had been made a knight banneret by Richard in Scotland that very year—and be it noticed, that bannerets were created only by the king or commander in chief, when they themſelves were preſent in the field; and that nothing but ſignal bravery entitled any man in thoſe martial ages to ſo diſtinguiſhed an honour. After this, the dean or any man elſe is welcome to believe, that when Richard bemoaned himſelf to one of his pages that he could not find an aſſaſſin, the ſaid nameleſs page replied, "Sir, there lieth one in the palet-chamber without that I dare ſay will do your grace pleaſure; the thing were right hard that he would refuſe."

But I have not done with Mr. Preſident yet; I muſt taſk him a little farther. Though he owned that I detected ſir Thomas More in one falſification, how comes he himſelf to quote him for another, in which I had detected him likewiſe? Sir Thomas More had ſaid that Tirrel "had a high heart, and ſore longed upwards, not riſing ſo faſt as he hoped, being hindered and kept under by ſir Richard Ratcliffe and ſir William Cateſby." I had ſhowed the impoſſibility of this being true, and alſo that Ratcliffe was abſent at Pontefract. Where is the dean's candour in ſuppreſſing that detection? Does he think he avoids it by quoting Hall, inſtead of ſir Thomas More, though Hall uſes More's own words?

But before the preſident can wind up my complete confutation, he is ſo kind as to furniſh me with another inſtance of his judgment, which I cannot paſs by. In pinning down ſir James Tirrel's promotion to the preciſe moment eſtabliſhed by More, he drops theſe words: It happened "immediately before the creation of Richard's ſon, prince of Wales, an event to which the lives of the two princes ſeemed to be the only obſtacle." Mr. Preſident, your readers and I muſt again aſk whether you know what you ſay? Do you commonly argue in this manner? What! were they an obſtacle to the father's making his ſon prince of Wales, when they had not been

an obſtacle to his making himſelf king? For what reaſon? How, why were they an obſtacle? Deign to inform us—or, if you cannot, as I firmly believe you cannot, I will inform you how they might be an obſtacle, though you will not like the reaſon—and yet you ought to like it, for it is again drawn from your oracle ſir Thomas More. If Richard, as ſir Thomas aſſerts, had inſinuated that he intended to reſtore the crown to his eldeſt nephew, it would have been a moſt haſty and indecent contradiction to have created his ſon prince of Wales. Thus you ſee how you ought to have argued; and you may ſee too, that when you get hold of a good argument, it is without knowing it. In the mean time you have reduced yourſelf to this alternative: if Richard did not pretend, or had not pretended to intend to reſtore his nephew, there is no ſenſe in ſaying that there was more reaſon for not making his own ſon prince of Wales, than there had been for making himſelf king. If he did pretend ſuch a deſign, then treating his nephew with honour, and exhibiting him at his own coronation as king in futuro, was but part of the ſame policy, and is confirmed by the entry of deliveries for Edward in the account of Richard's coronation. You have allowed that Richard deferred creating his ſon prince of Wales, as is certain; but you avoid the only obvious reaſon for it, and have recourſe to one that is no reaſon at all.

I will go a ſtep farther, ſir, and aſſiſt you a little in your confutation—— nay, if you provoke me, I will anſwer my book myſelf, to ſhow you how you ſhould have anſwered it. Do not you then perceive, ſir, that my hypotheſis of Edward's walking at his uncle's coronation by no means deſtroys the ſuppoſed murder? You have been ſo raſh as to pin it down to the preciſe moment aſſigned by ſir Thomas More, which is incredible: but had you admitted, according to the wardrobe account, that Edward walked, or it was intended ſhould walk, at his uncle's inveſtiture, you would have exhibited Richard as an artful uſurper, inſtead of making him the clumſy fool he appears in yours and ſir Thomas's narrative. When he treated his nephew with honour, produced him in robes like his own, talked of reſtoring the crown to him, and refrained from declaring his own ſon his ſucceſſor, he acted like an artful politician, and might hope to blind the people by this hypocriſy, and give a better colour to his nephew's death, if he intended afterwards to take him off, and give out that he died a natural death. Which

was

was the caſe I have never pretended to ſay. That he murdered the younger brother, is another queſtion; and I fear, ſir, you muſt confute all I have ſaid on Perkin Warbeck, before you will be able to eſtabliſh the affirmative. At preſent you will excuſe me if I do not aſſiſt you in that taſk too, till I find you a more hopeful ſcholar.

And now to conclude—Do you really expect that your readers will believe the murder, becauſe I called a ſquare book a roll, becauſe Piers Curteys charged his deliveries in the moſt improper place in which he could place them, and becauſe you have produced a pedigree of the Tirrels? I ſay nothing of your arguments, becauſe I think you will adhere to any thing rather than to them. Or ſhall I be perſuaded that it was not intended Edward the fifth ſhould walk at Richard's coronation, though you have corroborated all my reaſons for believing ſo? And ſhall I give up a long chain of argument, founded on the abſurdities, falſehoods and contradictions of your authorities, and ſupported by facts and dates? No, ſir, I am ſure you are too modeſt to make ſuch a requeſt; and though out of deference to you I have done what I had declared I would not do, that is, anſwer two or three immaterial and detached cavils, picked and culled out of at leaſt a dozen pages of arguments, as I have drawn them up at the end of my work; and though you have uſed all your endeavours in ſifting and torturing the coronation-roll (for I again dare to call it ſo), to make it refute me, yet I cannot pay you the compliment of ſaying that you have ſatisfied one of my doubts. If the book deſerved the honour of being anſwered by you, it deſerved to be anſwered like a man. Take it, ſhow the weakneſs of it, pull the arguments to pieces from beginning to end: make ſenſe of the tale of Perkin—it is a ſtale ſhift in controverſy to beſtow names inſtead of arguments, eſpecially when we cannot anſwer. Prove that Perkin was an impoſtor; it is below you to avoid the challenge by calling it a ſtrange tale. For your own ſake, and for the honour of the ſociety, I wiſh to ſee a better anſwer to my work ſtand in our Memoirs than that you have tacked to the firſt volume. I ſhall rejoice at it, though you have acted ſo differently from what you yourſelf have pronounced a merit in your predeceſſor; in whoſe panegyric, page lxiii, you ſay, "His literary merit with the ſociety received an additional luſtre from the affability of his temper, the gentleneſs of his manners, and the benevolence of his heart, *which united every member of the ſociety in eſteem to their*

their head, and in harmony and friendſhip to each other." The late biſhop of Carliſle, I am apt to think, would not have deemed controverſy the nurſing mother of concord. Indeed, ſir, had I ſeen your Obſervations previouſly to their publication, I ſhould have been ſtrangely divided in my inclinations—for my own ſake, I ſhould have wiſhed you to publiſh them; for yours, to ſuppreſs them. You have ſaved me from a difficulty, and I thank you; and, as a proof of my gratitude, I wiſh to ſee a mitre adorn your brow. The moſt exemplary fathers of the church have not always been the beſt logicians.

Aug. 28, 1770.

FINIS.