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In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

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S U P P L E M E N T

T O T H E

HISTORIC DOUBTS

O N T H E

Life and Reign of King RICHARD III.

With REMARKS on some ANSWERS that have been
made to that Work.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive

You are no conjurer, by your leave.

That paltry story is untrue,

And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Hud. part II, cant. 3.

WHEN I published my doubts on the reign of king Richard the third, I concluded, from the obscurity of the subject, and from my own want of abilities, and superficial knowledge of our story, that men of deeper reading and masters of sounder reasoning would easily overthrow my arguments [though offered but as doubts], and would destroy what foundations I had pretended to lay, though corroborated by some facts, and established on some new and not totally despicable materials. To this humiliation, for the sake of truth, and of clearing up a very dark and intricate period, I was ready to submit. I wished to see a foolish and absurd tale removed from the pages of our gravest historians; and flattered myself, that not only the ridiculous and incoherent parts of the legend would be given up by men of sense,

Vol. II.

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but

but that some able writer would deign to state the whole matter in so clear and consistent a manner, that not only my doubts [which indeed are of little importance to any body] would be removed, but that the history of that period would receive such satisfactory, at least probable lights, as would prevent the reign of Richard from disgracing our annals by an intrusion of mob-stories and childish improbabilities, which at present in our best historians place that reign on a level with the story of Jack the giant-killer.

The remoteness of the time in question gave me those hopes. I should not indeed have been so weak as to flatter myself, while the spirit of party is in full vigour, that any concessions on later reigns would be made to a candid enquirer after truth. That perverse spirit, wilfully blind, adheres obstinately to the sacred disputes of our ancestors, and renders our history but a more bulky compilation of controversial pamphlets. To this hour the reigns of the Stuarts, the most ignominious period of our annals, are defended, justified, varnished, nay panegyricized, by able writers as well as by the most contemptible; as if that disgraceful succession was the favourite portion of our history with our favourite historians. Elizabeth and Cromwell, who, with all their faults, raised the dignity and honour of our country, and made it the terror of foreign nations, consoling us at least by national glory for national servitude, are depressed and vilified, in compliment to a despicable race, who with equal ambition were destitute of every talent to support it, and who naturally sunk in the esteem of Europe, as fast as they lost the hearts and respect of their own subjects.

The satisfaction I expected, nobody has deigned to give me; and were I so idly vain as to conclude, because my arguments have *not* been answered, that therefore they are unanswerable, I might indulge myself in the delusion of thinking that I have done some service to our history in clearing away a load of rubbish, that had obtained a prescriptive right of lying in the way of our historians, merely because it had been carelessly thrown there by writers, whose very dirt and mortar passed for buildings. Far from such presumption, I am persuaded that my doubts have not seemed to deserve an answer from those who are capable of giving one. To such men I must have appeared a paradoxical writer; and the story of Richard the third with all its absurdities is still deemed authentic, *because* sir Thomas More, who wrote it in his youth, proved afterwards a very great man; and *because* lord Bacon, who
copied

copied it afterwards into a fulsome panegyric, and who however corrected the original silly account without making it consistent, was the founder of modern philosophy, and as bright a genius as ever shone in the orb of literature. Nobody respects such great names more than I do. Yet, if whatever fell from the pen of More be holy writ, why should we not embrace his religion as well as his history? In his graver years he fell into all the follies of enthusiasm and bigotry, which he had ridiculed in his youth. I have shown many palpable falsties in his history. It is a poor refuge to set up his name against his mistakes: and methinks of all men living a sceptic philosopher is the last one should expect to find pinning his faith on the sleeve of reverend authority. Lord Bacon is still less entitled to our implicit assent. To say nothing of his slavish flattery to his living masters, can that man be received as an historian of unquestionable veracity, who has laboured to consecrate the crimes of Henry the seventh, and held forth the meanest tyrant as the model of political wisdom? Such historians stain the records of truth, and no talents can rescue their characters from contempt. To enshrine guilt, is sinning against virtue and wounding posterity. Tyrants are lulled with the hope of finding similar panegyrist: and as history is the tribunal at which all princes must appear, shall the bad dare to hope for advocates at that bar? Shall Henry the seventh of England and Henry the fourth of France receive the same palm from the same judicatory?

I am sorry to be forced to repeat these arguments, having mentioned them before; but such magic is there in great names, and it is so commode to use them instead of reasons, that one is obliged to expose the futility of such authorities when they are made the standard of truth against truth itself.

When I said that my arguments had not received an answer, I did not mean that my book had not been answered. It has been treated like the works of much better authors, and been attended both with that abuse and compliment that are essentially necessary to flatter a writer with the hopes of not being forgotten. I am very grateful for both; and equally satisfied with having offended some, and pleased others of my readers.

The first marks of disapprobation were conveyed in the Critical Review. I was severely reprov'd by that monthly court for not having taken due notice of Mr. Guthrie's History of England. The charge I acknowledge was just.

When I examined the story of Richard the third, it is true that I consulted the living works of dead authors, not the dead works of living authors. And it ought to be some palliation of my offence, that I not only had never seen Mr. Guthrie's History of England, but had never met with a single person that had read it. It had remained a profound secret to mortal eyes; or was consumed by those all-devouring enemies of the ingepious, time and the oven. However, I am sincerely sorry for my neglect; and the more so, as I find by the review, that my misfortune did not consist in differing with Mr. Guthrie, but in happening to be of the same opinion. It seems, Mr. Guthrie, long before the appearance of my Doubts, had condemned great part of the traditional history of Richard as a fable. It was therefore presumptuous in me to be as sagacious as so inimitable a writer; or a grievous affront not to acknowledge that he had previously started the same opinion. Why he should be ambitious of singularity I do not know. The more persons see through an absurdity, the more probable it is that the absurdity exists. Indeed, when an author has compiled our annals, I find he looks on the whole history of England as his property. It is an invasion of his freehold to contest a single fact that he has occupied. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Hume assert their right to the whole manour. Mr. Guthrie will not suffer me to agree with him, nor Mr. Hume to disagree with him. When they have adjusted their title between themselves, I will swear to the lawful monarch—in the mean time I hope I may be allowed to treat one of them at least as a pretender.

To the abuse with which those literary inquisitors the reviewers have honoured me, I acquiesce with gratitude. Not only in the case in question, but on other occasions, they have obliged me with that censure which bad authors, turned to critics, are so apt to pass on better writers than themselves. I have had the satisfaction of seeing my trifling writings rise in the favour of the public, in proportion as they have been condemned by the judicious gentlemen who are so laborious and kind as for a shilling a month to inform their humble auditors what they should think of every book, which the latter never read. May it ever be my fate [should I again attempt to amuse the public] to pass through the innoxious flames of such criticism; secure of losing no particle of my little merit by being grinned and mouthed at by as grotesque imps, as those that pipe and drum in the pictures of Teniers, to divert, one should think, rather than terrify faint Antony!

As I look on abuse as a flattering tribute paid by wounded or impotent enemies, so I am apt to suspect that when an author is profuse of compliments to his adversary, he really but laughs in secret at his opponent's abilities, and exalts them officiously, in order to render his own triumph more conspicuous.

Next to the capital offence of not having consulted Mr. Guthrie's departed history, I seem to have disgusted him or his champions by having treated disrespectfully some ancient chroniclers, particularly

"Those classics of an age that knew of none,"

Ingulphus, Matthew Paris, William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Hoveden; though by the way I have never mentioned them. It would puzzle me, I am told, to produce a Latin historian *now alive*, superior to William of Malmesbury, with regard to spirit, sentiment, and authenticity, nay, in the beauty of composition and elegance of diction. It would puzzle me indeed; as, except Buonamici's, I did not know that our modern histories were written in Latin. If they are, I offer them as an oblation one and all to the shades of the elegant Ingulphus, and as elegant Mr. Guthrie, the latter of whom for aught I know may have written his history in Latin too. Nay, from one passage, I have some suspicion that he may have written it in Greek, the thought being truly Anacreontic. He suspects that the duke of Clarence was not drowned in a butt of malmsey, but died of drinking that wine. The figure is a little bold, and above the common pitch of an antiquary: but poets and antiquaries are equally adventurous in their conjectures; and as the criticism is excellent, no doubt it will meet with proper respect from all those learned persons who shall re-write our history.

If it would not be trifling with my readers, I would mention another passage containing a thought not less new. The critic says, that sir Thomas More never did deserve *but in death* the name he has obtained for sincerity and honesty. How a man can deserve the character of honesty in death, who never deserved it in his life, is totally past my comprehension.

Having for some pages resented my agreement with him, Mr. Guthrie
takes

takes a short turn, and undertakes the condemnation of Richard against me, for fear I should not be in the wrong both ways. His chief argument against himself and me, *that Tirrel certainly murdered the two princes*, is drawn from the propriety of his being a person fit for the office. How is this made out? I had shown, that, instead of being the low tool described by sir Thomas More, Tirrel was a man of great note, and in high employment. How does Mr. Guthrie destroy this argument? By producing a commission to prove that Tirrel was a much greater man than I had represented him, having even in king Edward's time been appointed one of the commissioners for exercising the office of high constable of England. I thankfully accept this evidence against sir Thomas More: it certainly does demonstrate that Tirrel was not a mean fellow, a comrade of the page, who sir Thomas says recommended him as a fit instrument for a secret assassination.—Now let us see how I can defend Mr. Guthrie and myself against Mr. Guthrie.

A clause, says Mr. Guthrie, was omitted in the renewal of the patent which allowed to the commissioners clerks to take down the minutes of the proceedings, &c. *Had not Tirrel*, continues he, *with such a commission, some reason to think he was safe against all legal impeachments even in the following reign?* As all Richard's acts were in the following reign deemed the acts of an usurper, and consequently cancelled in effect, I should think not. But I cannot from what Tirrel might think deduce any manner of argument for showing that he was the murderer! But, says Mr. Guthrie, by the omission of clerks, Tirrel, or whoever the murderer was, had no occasion to call in any assistance or clerks. As I am defending Mr. Guthrie as well as myself, he will allow us to say, that instead of argument, this is downright nonsense. Does the command over assistants aid or defeat murder? Or, because a commissioner has clerks, is he obliged by law to enjoin them co-operation in murder? *By having no clerks*, says he, *he had no occasion to call in any assistance.* Suppose my lord commissioner Tirrel had had clerks, does Mr. Guthrie think they would have sued him for not employing them in assassination? But here are words more strange; *Tirrel, or whoever the murderer was.* Mr. Guthrie, then, it seems, doubts after all whether Tirrel was the real criminal or not. Observe how that very doubt makes him flounder out of one absurdity into another. By Tirrel's having no clerks, the murderer, *whoever he was*, had no occasion to call in any assistance: ergo, if Tirrel was *not* the murderer, whoever was had no occasion to call in any assistance,

assistance, because the lord high constable pro tempore happened to have no clerks. Thus do materials but serve to overfet a head that knows not how to digest them! And this is the historian that I am censured for not having consulted!

Mr. Guthrie is much happier in the application of materials that he has not met with. *The lady Eleanor Butler*, says he, *acquitted the king of any promise in open court*. This is a bold assertion. I would ask with submission, in what court that cause was tried, and where the record exists? So indefatigable a hunter after ancient game, no doubt can inform us where he discovered the minutes of the trial. Sure he did not adopt this random information from the authors he condemns, and who, he says *, *wrote under the influence of the house of Lancaster*. *Nothing then was thought too mean, however false it might be, for flattering the reigning powers*. If Mr. Guthrie is master of more authentic intelligence on this article, he will no doubt produce it.

In one point I acknowledge he has corrected me justly. I mentioned the duke of Albany being with Richard at York, as a presumption that Richard was on good terms with the court of Scotland; whereas, says Mr. Guthrie, and he is in the right, the duke of Albany lived then in exile, being on bad terms with his brother James the third. I beg the reader to subtract as much weight from the chain of my argument, as this mistake had made on his mind. Let this recantation evince that I am neither obstinate nor incorrigible. Had I met with either one fact or argument more in the writings of my opponents of equal weight, I should have yielded with the same facility. To adhere to what one cannot maintain, especially on so unimportant a subject as the history of Richard, would betray a vanity that expects the world should acquiesce in our weaknesses or prejudices, and a mind too disingenuous to acknowledge itself capable of mistakes.

My next adversary was a very civil gentleman, who did me the honour of answering my doubts in a volume as large as my own. He paid me so many compliments, that I beg he will draw upon me for the full debt, whenever he has occasion for the like number.

* Vide Critical Review, No. 145, p. 121, in the note from Guthrie.

Not so the third. Determined on the ruin of my work, and at the same time discreetly allowing sufficient intervals to his readers to digest his censures, he retailed them in that vehicle of universal and distributive justice, the London Chronicle. His friends, he said, had indeed persuaded him to collect the scattered leaves into a just volume—and he flattered the world with some hopes of his compliance. Might I presume to subscribe their petition, I would entreat him to indulge their wishes; especially as he broke off exactly at that part of my work, in which I had placed the strength of my argument. Content however with the sample he had given of his abilities, he concluded the world would give him credit from what he had done, for what he was able to do. As a specimen of those abilities, I shall from many of equally cogent logic select one instance. It will suffice to show why I am unwilling to encounter so tremendous a foe; at the same time that I do not feel myself sufficiently warmed by his passionate expressions to answer them with equal fury. Perhaps this author too may have written his history of England, and cannot forgive my not having quoted it. From the pains-taking compiler, who is twenty-five years in composing half a reign, to the garreteer, who transfuses old historians into weekly numbers as fast as his printer can dispatch them, the cohort of English historians is become so extensive a fraternity, that life is not long enough, though we should do nothing but read our own story in their various modifications of it. The passage I hinted at is in the Chronicle of March 12, 1768. The critic has discovered there that when the historian says prince Edward [son of Henry 6th] was murdered by the *servants* of Edward the fourth, we may easily suppose he meant the king's *brothers*; for, says he, *judiciously*, are not the king's *brothers* the king's *servants*? Let me ask this angry and shrewd person, whether, if he was to read in the Daily Advertiser that his majesty went to the opera attended by his *servants*, he should understand that his majesty's royal *brothers* walked before his chair? I have heard that omne majus continet in se minus; but this is the first time I have seen that proposition inverted.—It was a cruel friend that advised this author to reprint such lucubrations!

Having dispatched these skirmishers with perhaps more notice than they deserved, I must now turn to another kind of adversary, to one from whom I differ with regret, and whose talents I cannot encounter without fear: one whose knowledge is only excelled by his power of employing it: whose sagacity

city may nod, though it cannot be imposed upon; and who is more able to defend a bad cause, than I am to do justice to a good one: one who could sip the muddy streams of Ingulphus and Hoveden, without being intoxicated by them; and who, if it would have served any political purpose, could have cast such a plausible veil over the deformities of Richard, that my attempt to rescue his character from obloquy had been needless and impotent, when compared with what his masterly hand would have performed. Grieved I am therefore to think that what his haste made him neglect, he should not suffer to be executed in however inferior a manner by me. Yet what makes *him* averse from seeing *any* king whitewashed? Have I violated the ashes of his favourite martyr, I mean as they are enshrined in his volumes? The profane Mrs. Macaulay has proved the gross insincerity of that monarch. She has detected our author's beloved Clarendon in numberless wilful falsehoods,—nay, she has not treated our author himself with much ceremony. Yet she remains unanswered; and her arguments, built on records and incontestable authorities, seem like a rock to defy his assaults. My poor tribute to royalty is the only mite that is rejected. A notice however I cannot but esteem a singular honour, as, amidst a host of adversaries of various sorts, I am the only one to whom I think our author has ever deigned to make a reply. In truth, if the passages I am going to examine are to be regarded as a specimen of his polemic talents, he will forgive me I hope for saying, that he was not only in the right to select the weakest of his adversaries, but prudent in abstaining from a warfare in which his greatest force does not seem to lie.

After the first gush of opponents whom I have mentioned, my Doubts seemed to have nothing farther to fear but oblivion. I thought my work as much forgotten, as I had forgot my adversaries. I neither cared about them nor king Richard. How was I surprised the other day on receiving a present of a French Swiss journal from the learned * author himself, in which the first thing in the book was a criticism on my Doubts.—I call it criticism in deference to the author, though the whole, like other reviews, is chiefly composed of extracts from my work; and, unlike other reviews, of such a torrent of encomiums on myself, as made me blush for the mistaken good-

* Mons. Diverdun, author of *Mémoires littéraires de la Grande Bretagne pour les années 1767, 1768.*

nature of the author, and for my own demerit, which is ill entitled to such incense. Indeed, any vanity I might have conceived from this panegyric was greatly lowered by a passage at the end of the book, in which the author modestly owns that he does not much admire the works of doctor Swift. Could I be greatly flattered with the approbation of a gentleman who has so little taste as to dislike doctor Swift and to admire me? How qualified is this kind person to sit in judgment on books, who gives such a criterion of his distinguishing faculties!

If I found myself overwhelmed with praise, I was not less astonished to find at the end of his criticism two or three pages drawn up by Mr. Hume in answer to my Doubts, and bestowed on the journalist to help him in pronouncing sentence. He pronounces it accordingly, and declares me guilty of specious but false reasoning, and decides the victory in favour of Mr. Hume on the evidence collected from the latter's own notes.

The notes thus crept into the world are in French. Many months ago Mr. Hume gave me a sight of them in English, and I then told him what I must repeat now, that I thought I never saw more unsubstantial arguments. As he is of a different opinion, and as I am now at liberty to take them to pieces, I shall make bold to show, that they are not only no answer to my reasonings, which remain in full force, but that, if they are the best confutation Mr. Hume can make of my book, it had been wiser to let it sink or swim as it could, instead of heaping conjectures on improbabilities, and thereby leading our readers to see, that he not only avoided giving answers to my strongest arguments, but had rashly taken up an idle story without examination, and now is at a loss how to defend it.

Before I enter on the discussion of Mr. Hume's notes, I must make one or two short observations. Having remarked how shallow the authorities were on which the history of Richard is built, I thought myself warranted to call much of it in question. Buck, Carte, and it seems Mr. Guthrie, had preceded me in rejecting the received account. Some new lights had accidentally flowed in. Still I proposed my sentiments but as *doubts*—and yet have been told that I have not *proved* my hypothesis. If I had *proved* it, I should not have *doubted*. My adversaries on the other side seem to think that assertions and repetitions will serve for proofs, where facts and reasons are

wanting,

wanting. The best reasoner and greatest sceptic amongst them has for once listed under such mob-banners, and coolly retails the very same kind of logic against me, that has so often been wasted in vain against himself. I own there is much difference between us; our abilities are as unequal as our bodily prowess: a feather may fell me; he can resist a broad-sword.

My next observation is, that Mr. Hume rests the whole of his confutation on the single fact, the murder of the children. Whether he allows that I have cleared Richard's character from the other murders, he leaves me uncertain. What does this silence imply? Am I to infer from it that he gives up all the rest, though he had adopted into his history many of those idle tales? Or am I to conclude that he despises my arguments? But so he does with regard to Perkin Warbeck. He endeavours to establish that imposture, but does not attempt to refute the reasons I have brought to support Perkin's being the true duke of York. I challenged him to reconcile the contradictions in the story: he reverts to great names, as if names were arguments. Are all the murders charged on Richard supported by one and the same authority? Does Mr. Hume think that, if he proves one, all the rest follow of course? Or does he hope to rehabilitate the credit of his history, by attempting to show that in one point he has not been mistaken or lightly credulous? I must leave it to his own candour to answer these questions—and shall now show, that if he has no better arguments in store than what he has bounteously bestowed on his friend the journalist, or thought good enough for both him and me, the assumption of Perkin Warbeck being the true son of Edward the fourth, will gain new strength by the trifling arguments so great a man as Mr. Hume has been reduced to bring on the contrary side of the question.

The first note says that, *in general there reigns a great obscurity in the circumstances of the wars between the two roses.* I allow it. My doubts sprung from that obscurity. But, continues he, *the narrative of sir Thomas More throws great light over all the transactions of the reign of Richard, and over the murder of the two young princes his nephews.* This is begging the very question in dispute. *The magnanimity, the probity and the great sense of that author confirm his testimony; and there is no historian ancient or modern who ought to have more weight.* I must here stop in the middle of this note. In the first place I do not precisely know the meaning of *magnanimity*. It is a

pompous but empty word, often employed by another modern historian * in lieu of qualities more easily to be defined. When Henry the second had been over-reached, bubbled, baffled, humbled by Becket, and consequently could no longer pass for wise, provident or firm, his panegyrist salves all with that bombast and vague epithet, *magnanimous*: happen what would, his magnanimity was invulnerable. But if *magnanimity* is ridiculous in the mouth of an historian, it is still more absurd when applied to an historian. What has *magnanimity* to do with that character? And in what sense does it confirm his testimony? Sir Thomas More's *probity* will prove as little, if I have shown that he has given false evidence. Let Mr. Hume, before he quotes Sir Thomas's *probity*, refute the charge that I have brought against him from facts. A man cannot be a faithful historian if he perverts wilfully, or mistakes facts ignorantly: nor, I should think, would Mr. Hume allow in general that the *probity* of a bigot qualifies him for a sincere historian. Where was Sir Thomas's *probity*, or his *great sense*, when he was the dupe of the holy maid of Kent? Mr. Hume too, now become fond of authority, amasses all Sir Thomas's great qualities in the various parts of his life, to support a history which More wrote in the very early part of his life, at twenty-eight. I had remarked this; but Mr. Hume did not choose to make the distinction. By a flourish, and tacitly sinking the æra of the composition, he would lead his readers to believe, that the story of Richard the third was written by More in the grave and sedate part of his life, and bequeathed to posterity with all the sanction that the impress of the statesman and martyr could bestow on it. Young Mr. More, under sheriff of London, is the historian Mr. Hume equals with Tacitus, Davila, Thuanus, and all the standard authors of ancient and modern ages! Yet, still the question is not whether Sir Thomas lived near the time, but whether his narrative is a competent and probable account. I have questioned his competency, and proved him guilty of ignorant or wilful mistakes. Is it an answer worthy of an able reasoner to tell us, that Sir Thomas More lived at or near the time, and that as we have no better account we must believe his? Does Mr. Hume then believe all improbabilities because delivered by cotemporaries, and because he can find no better? Is he under such a necessity, has he such an alacrity of believing, that absurdities are with him preferable to doubting? Must he have an unbroken chain of history repositied in his head, be that history what it will, true or false, marvellous or rational? In theologic controversy divines often repeat, that where you have no better testimony, you must take up

with

* Lord Lyttelton.

with what you have. Does Mr. Hume allow this doctrine? I thought he knew that the accuracy of modern criticism had established two kinds of evidence, the *external* and the *internal*; and that the former, however respectable, is often called in question, when repugnant to the latter. But were Mr. Hume's still newer standard of authority to take place, we should be compelled to believe the origin of Rome, with its Mars, Rhea and the wolf, the marvels of Herodotus, and the fables of ancient Egypt: and in that case I doubt Mr. Hume would be embroiled with Voltaire, the patriarch of modern sceptics, who has called in question a mob of assassinations and poisonings far more credible than those imputed to Richard the third.

Mr. Hume continues: *We may justly regard him [sir Thomas More] even as a cotemporary; for though he was but five years old when the two princes were massacred, he lived and was brought up among the chief actors of Richard's reign; and one sees clearly by his recital, which is often very circumstantial, that he received the particularities from ocular witnesses.* This is again equally vague, unfair, and void of argument. Mr. Hume avoids specifying that More received his information from archbishop Morton, who I have proved was the most partial and suspicious authority from whence More could possibly draw his materials; and yet I defy him to show the least probability that More, a retainer of Morton, was likely to converse with any other chief actor of that period. Is it better proof of an author's veracity, that he is very circumstantial? If it is, why has Mr. Hume reposed so little trust in, quoted so little from Wilton, Weldon, Burnet, and others, who give circumstantial accounts of the vices, folly, falsehood and tyranny of four Stuarts? Is there a legend in the monkish writers, that is not circumstantial?

We cannot therefore, continues the note, reject his authority, and it ought to weigh over an hundred light doubts, scruples and objections, for no solid objection has yet been brought against him, nor can he be convicted of any error. This sentence *ex cathedra* is ridiculous, and fulminated like many bulls against those who do not acknowledge the papal authority. It is easy to say doubts and scruples are light: if they are, they are easily answered. Mr. Hume's infallibility is not more generally recognized, than that of many great men whose authority he himself has set at nought. He will excuse me therefore if I say he asserts only because he cannot answer. Mr. Guthrie and

I have shown that sir Thomas More's account of Tirrel is an absolute falsehood. It is proved from record that Tirrel was a great officer of the crown when More represents him as a low creature following the court, but unknown to the king, an intimate of a nameless page, and a fellow ready to be dispatched on any base and sudden assassination. Is this a light doubt, a trifling objection to More's veracity and competence? Sir Thomas adds, that Tirrel, a commissioner for executing the office of high constable in the last reign, and actually master of the horse at the period in question, or, as others say, appointed so within a month, was kept down by Ratcliffe and Catesby, neither of whom ever was Tirrel's equal, and one of whom I have proved was absent at the time. If these are trifling objections, I invite Mr. Hume to answer them—yes, and to answer sir Thomas More himself, who owns that *there was nothing so plainly and openly proved but that yet men had it ever inwardly suspect*. Mr. Hume, it seems, better informed than sir Thomas himself, knows that sir Thomas was perfectly acquainted with the fact and all the circumstances; and with equal confidence, equally unfounded, declares that *sir Thomas cannot be convicted of any error!*

It is with concern that I am forced to produce the remainder of the first note; nor can I conceive how Mr. Hume could allow himself to make such a misrepresentation of sir Thomas More's evidence in the face of sir Thomas's own words. *It is true*, says Mr. Hume, *that sir Thomas declares that the protector's partisans, in particular doctor Shaw, spread a report of a precontract between Edward the fourth and Elizabeth Lucy, while it appears from records that the parliament pronounced the children of Edward illegitimate, under pretext of a precontract with the lady Eleanor Butler.* But, continues Mr. Hume, *we must observe that no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts; and why should not the protector's flatterers and tools have spread sometimes the one, sometimes the other of those reports?* More quotes both, and treats both as lightly as they deserved. Mr. Carte thinks it incredible that Richard should have engaged doctor Shaw openly to calumniate the duchess of York his mother, with whom he lived on good terms; but if in reality it is difficult to believe this, why should not we suppose that the doctor, taking the general matter of his sermon from the protector or his friends, chose himself the particulars, and chose them with very little judgment? The disgrace into which he afterwards fell seems to strengthen this supposition.

I have

I have translated Mr. Hume's words as fairly and faithfully as I am able; and thus I answer them. On the authority of the roll of parliament I accused sir Thomas More of ignorance or falsification in naming Elizabeth Lucy instead of lady Eleanor Butler; and Mr. Hume is forced to admit the evidence, though he would fain avoid the conclusion. This he attempts by urging that sir Thomas mentions both reports. I must own that with all my care I can find no one word in sir Thomas relative to the lady Butler, and would be much obliged to Mr. Hume for pointing out the * passage to me. He also speaks of Elizabeth Lucy as a report propagated by the protector's tools and in doctor Shaw's sermon. Unfortunately sir Thomas gives us a *circumstantial* detail of a conversation between king Edward and his mother, in which that princess taxes him with a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy. Did the protector's mother spread those reports? Still farther: "The duchess, says sir Thomas, devised to disturb this marriage [with the widow Gray], and rather to help that he should marry one dame Elizabeth Lucy, whom the king had also not long before gotten with child, and openly objected his marriage, as it were in discharge of her conscience, that the king was sure to dame Elizabeth Lucy." Surely, surely, Mr. Hume, this is not a report spread by the protector's tools, but by that very mother whom Richard is accused of aspersing too—and so consistent is your circumstantial oracle, that in one place he ascribes the report to Richard, and in another to the duchess of York. And am I now unfounded in saying that sir Thomas More affirmed deliberately of Elizabeth Lucy what related to Eleanor Butler? What follows is still stronger: "By reason of which words such obstacle was made in the matter, that either the bishops durst not, or the king would not, proceed to the solemnization of this wedding, till these same were clearly purged and the truth well and openly testified. Whereupon dame Elizabeth Lucy was then sent for—and confessed they were never married." "This examination, adds sir Thomas, was solemnly taken." I ask if this proves that doctor Shaw chose the particulars without judgment? And I ask, if what is here said by More is not a wilful or mistaken falsehood? But, says

* I have heard that it is mentioned somewhere in the Biographia Britannica, that in a late edition of sir Thomas More's history Eleanor Butler is inserted instead of Elizabeth Lucy. My edition, which is of 1641, has no such correction; and a correction more recent would but prove that sir Thomas More wrote Elizabeth Lucy, and that the grossness of the mistake induced some modern editor to restore the genuine name.

Mr.

Mr. Hume, no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts.—No! Does not sir Thomas here directly affirm that the bishops refused to marry the king, till the examination was solemnly taken? Which are we to believe, the infallible chancellor, or his determined advocate? Mr. Guthrie goes farther, and, relating the same story of the lady Butler, affirms, as we have seen, that she denied any precontract in open court. So clear is this whole story, after being circumstantially related by sir Thomas More from ocular witnesses! I leave this part to be adjusted as it may by sir Thomas, Mr. Hume and Mr. Guthrie; and proceed to the article of doctor Shaw, of which Mr. Hume is not much happier in his solution.

Mr. Hume, not quite clear whether Mr. Carte is in the right or the wrong, in not believing that the protector aspersed his own mother, though I produced two original papers to prove that he lived in the house with her at the very time of the supposed calumny, and continued on good terms with her, desires us to suppose that doctor Shaw was prompted by the protector in general, but did not choose his materials judiciously. He has guessed that *both* the reports of Lucy and Butler were spread by the protector's agents. This is supposing that a sensible man and artful usurper made choice of very bungling tools, because spreading both reports would have been the surest way of contradicting both reports. But on this point I have better evidence, even that of sir Thomas himself against Mr. Hume, who says, "the protector would that the matter should be *touched aslope craftily*." *One may see clearly* [to use Mr. Hume's own words] *that sir Thomas is so circumstantial that he must have gathered his materials from the best evidence*; and thence conclude that the protector did not leave the execution of his plot to injudicious tools, but himself adjusted the whole detail of what they should say and do. This is a complete answer to Mr. Hume's supposition, which being raised in opposition to his own evidences, stands on no ground at all: and therefore, when he was reduced to this hypothesis, it is plain that he could not support so silly a story as that of Richard blackening his own mother and setting up a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy: both which I exposed; and which as Mr. Hume cannot defend from the authority of sir Thomas More, without contradicting sir Thomas More, I may fairly presume that I have confuted sir Thomas More, when Mr. Hume himself is forced to give him up, and is forced to deny that he has said what he *has* said so positively and *circumstantially*.

NOTE

NOTE the Second.

If we refuse to More the quality of cotemporary relatively to the protectorate of the duke of Gloucester, we cannot deny it to him with regard to the imposture of Perkin. He was then grown a man, and had all the faculties necessary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; so that when he assures us that Richard ordered the massacre of the duke of York, he assures us in effect in the clearest manner that Perkin, who assumed his name, was an impostor.

ANSWER.

When this note is analysed, I will recommend it for as beautiful an instance of false logic as can be produced. Here is the sum of it: Sir Thomas More was a grown man when Warbeck appeared, and had all the faculties necessary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; *therefore* a fact that he relates which passed in his childhood when he was *not* capable of knowing, examining, &c. proves another fact that happened when he was capable of knowing and examining, but which fact he neither related nor examined. Yet even in that circumstance of age Mr. Hume is unfortunate. Sir Thomas was born in 1480; Perkin appeared in 1495, when More was fifteen. Is not that a time of life singularly qualified for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth of a state secret? But perhaps Mr. Hume refers to Sir Thomas's age when he composed his history. I have shown that was in his twenty-eighth year, and when he was under-sheriff of London. Was he in a situation then of fathoming all the depths of a mystery which he himself and lord Bacon own had been sedulously involved by Henry the seventh in impenetrable obscurity? Does not Sir Thomas confess that he had heard the story of the murder related in many various ways, but gave it from the mouths of those he deemed the most credible witnesses? Was this being in a situation to know, examine and decide peremptorily on so dark a story? Is this assuring us *in the clearest manner* that Richard ordered the murder of his nephews? Does Mr. Hume think that every historian, who is a grown man at or near the time of an event, and who assures us of certain facts, ought to be implicitly received as a faithful reporter? Who stands more strongly in that predicament than doctor Burnet? Who has made a more solemn appeal to heaven for his veracity? I profess I believe the general and

by far the greater part of the bishop's history, because I have seen how vain the attempts have been to confute it.—But does Mr. Hume believe so too? If he does, why has he followed him so little? Why are More and Bacon competent witnesses against Richard the third, and Burnet not so against Charles the second?

NOTE the Third.

This note is composed of mere declamation, and assertions unfounded in fact. It contains a pompous panegyric of lord Bacon as a genius of the first water, an excuse for the flattery he has showered on Henry the seventh, and an assumption that it was composed from original papers now lost; with other positions equally arbitrary, which I shall examine presently. I have already observed, that nothing can be weaker than to pretend to establish the credit of an historian on the extent of his understanding. I fear the contrary is more often true; and that the less bright the imagination of an historian, the more he is likely to be exact in his narrative. Many historians are admired for their art, method, style, and shrewdness, on whose fidelity the world does not bestow equal approbation. Perhaps one of the least bright of our historians, Rapin, is more generally esteemed for his veracity than many of his superiors in composition. *But lord Bacon is an upright historian, is not partial to Henry, since it is from him we have received the details of the tyrannic government of that prince. All one can reproach him with is, for not blaming the facts he relates so severely as they deserve.* As the book is in print and common enough, one can scarce conceive how Mr. Hume could give this character of it. If the worst actions are not defended and palliated throughout, if his lordship's tacit disapprobation of them may be conjectured, as it is true it sometimes may, still so timidly is it insinuated, so cautiously enveloped, that he seems to have hoped the learned prince [James the first] under whose auspices the work was composed, would not have sagacity enough to penetrate his real sentiments. But I will recur to the book itself. In the dedication to prince Charles, lord Bacon professes *that he has endeavoured to do honour to the memory of that king*, [Henry the seventh] and the history takes care to keep the promise made by the dedication. *Besides, continues the dedication, the times deserve it, for he was a wise man and an excellent king.* This was the text, and we find it amply handled in the same style. I shall select a few instances, and will leave the reader to judge whether lord Bacon is solely reproachable with not having treated Henry's tyranny

ranny with due rigour, as Mr. Hume asserts; or whether, as I pretend, he has not exalted some of his worst actions into matter of panegyric: and under this head I shall forbear recapitulating the instances I have already quoted in the Historic Doubts.

Henry procured the Star-chamber, which before subsisted by the common law, to be confirmed in certain cases by act of parliament. This court, says lord Bacon, is one of the sagest and noblest institutions of this kingdom.

Recounting the reasons that moved Henry to put to death sir William Stanley, the brother of his own mother's husband, lord Bacon reckons those that were predominant in the king's nature and mind, as, *Stanley's overmerit and the glimmering of a confiscation, for he was the richest subject for value in the kingdom*—and after assigning these base and scandalous motives, he adds these words: *after some six weeks distance of time, which the king did honourably interpose, both to give time to his brother's intercession and to show to the world that he had a conflict with himself what to do, Stanley was arraigned, condemned and beheaded.* This honourable hypocrisy is something more methinks than not treating Henry with proper severity. And these fordid motives weighed to get rid of a man, whom lord Bacon impiously compares to Jesus Christ, *as having had the benefit at once to save and crown.* p. 135.

On the inhuman murder of the young and simple earl of Warwick the noble historian is as indulgent as possible, and rather treats it as an act of political wisdom. "It happened opportunely, says he, that while the king was meditating that young prince's death, another counterfeit started up to represent the danger to the king's estate, and thereby to colour the king's severity that followed. And to shift the envy of so foul a deed from himself, the king thought good to transport it out of the land, and to lay it upon his new ally the king of Spain: for these two kings understanding one another at half a word, Ferdinand refused to give his daughter to prince Arthur, while the earl of Warwick was alive." Is it possible to palliate a shocking murder by smoother terms? And did not the sage Henry by this infamous intrigue avow that the earl of Warwick had the best title to the crown, from the illegitimacy of Henry's own queen and her sisters? In truth, among the instances of his boasted wisdom, there is scarce one in which he did not prove the dupe of his own duplicity, and of the superior cunning of others. But I

should tire the reader and myself with recapitulating what the whole book demonstrates, that it is the panegyric of a knavish tyrant, and in no light deserves the rank to which Mr. Hume would prefer it. I will only observe farther, that in the end he calls him *the Solomon of England, and a wonder for wise men*, and talks of the piety, charity, morality, justice and lenity, of a tyrant who plundered his people by every act of extortion, shed innocent blood from jealousy, wrenched the laws to serve his purposes, and died mocking God by commanding his son to put to death the earl of Suffolk whom he had sworn himself to save.

Mr. Hume's next assertion in this note is, that lord Bacon composed his history from authentic papers now lost; and therefore ought always to be cited as an original writer. Lord Bacon no where pretends to have seen any such papers: it is a mere *ipse dixit* of Mr. Hume, who being the sole finder of those papers was certainly at liberty to lose them again if he pleased. Lord Bacon's history was rather composed like Xenophon's *Cyrus*, for a model to princes, than as a strict and faithful narrative. Livy, Josephus, Eusebius, and even Varillas, might by Mr. Hume's argument be equally entitled to universal credit. The first founded all his fables of the early ages of Rome on writers long since perished: and the three others pretended to have consulted authentic monuments and papers in the composition of their several works; and yet, though on that foot original writers, are now treated by all men of sense as fabulous romancers. But Mr. Hume takes great care to forget that the truth of history does not depend solely on the originality of an author. A thousand circumstances must concur to establish his credit. A cotemporary, if not an actor, is seldom well informed, and the first histories we have are generally the least true. Time brings greater evidence to light, and dissipates the clouds of party, partiality, and mistake. Why else has Mr. Hume taken the trouble of recomposing what has been so often written?

I will conclude my remarks on this note with exemplifying two more round assertions in it, as little founded as the preceding. In lord Bacon's time, says Mr. Hume, it was no longer any body's interest to blacken Richard. I have stated, and I thought clearly, that it was as unsafe in king James's time, as in king Henry's, to assert the bastardy of the children of Edward the fourth. James the first claimed from the eldest daughter of Henry and Elizabeth. In the very last years of queen Elizabeth, not twenty-
five

five years before lord Bacon wrote his history, various claims to the crown had been set forth in opposition to that of James. The earls of Huntingdon, Derby, and others, were descended from different branches of the royal stock, whose titles were preferable to those of Henry, who had in reality no title at all, and even of his wife Elizabeth, if her mother's was not a lawful marriage. I am not surpris'd that Mr. Hume should overlook my arguments, but he will not wonder if I think them preferable to his assertions founded on no argument at all, and contrary to fact.

But the most strange assertion of all is, Mr. Hume's pretending, contrary to the evidence of his own eyes, that lord Bacon had no doubt of Perkin being an impostor. I have stated in the Historic Doubts various expressions of lord Bacon, which evince, that whatever pains he took to persuade others, he was by no means convinced himself. The immunity of Lambert Simnel, *which was no small argument that there was some secret in it; the king's manner of muffling the story, which has left it almost a mystery to this day; his owning that the king did himself no good by the publication of the narrative*—these and twenty other expressions must convince us that lord Bacon was far from having any inward conviction that Perkin was not the true duke of York; and that, if my doubts are light and trifling, Mr. Hume's assertions are so overloaded with false weight, that they will sink themselves in the mind of every impartial reader.

But without guessing at the depths of so insincere a mind as lord Bacon's, here is positive proof that he did not believe the story as he related it. He has composed a new confession for Perkin, different from and irreconcilable with that published by king Henry. This I stated before. Mr. Hume could not answer it, and consequently overlooked it—at the expence of his accuracy. I offer it to him once more thus: Lord Bacon could not compose a new confession for Perkin, without thinking that that given out by Henry was a fiction; and certainly not without knowing that what he himself composed in lieu of it, was so. Was it from these two impostures that lord Bacon believed Perkin was an impostor?

NOTE the Fourth.

But if we demand, says Mr. Hume, cotemporary evidence, the strongest and least suspicious are ready with their testimony. He then musters a long

list of the queen and first persons and families, who, says he, were so persuaded of the murder of the two princes, that they addressed themselves to the earl of Richmond, the mortal enemy of their family and party. Here let us pause a moment.—Mr. Hume formerly, making use of the same argument, was so unlucky as to mistake Lancastrians for Yorkists. Corrected now, though without owning his mistake, he has invented a new muster-roll of names, still without offering the least authority to inform us from whence he took them. He has dubbed them all Yorkists at once. That they all submitted afterwards to the usurper Henry, I do not doubt, especially after he had married the heiress of York. For such of them as joined to invite Richmond over, their belief or disbelief of the murder proves just nothing at all, but that they deserted the right heirs of the crown, and entered into a conspiracy to place it on the head of a bastard branch. Let Richard be what he would, his usurpation could give no title to Henry. If the princes were dead and their sisters legitimate, the latter were the next heirs. There were also many other princes and princesses living of the house of York. As it appeared afterwards that the counties in which the chief interest of that family lay, maintained their affection and attachment to that house, Mr. Hume will excuse me if I do not believe from his fictitious roll of names that the party of York did concur in general in the invitation to Henry; and though he lays great stress on illustrious names, whoever calls to mind the factions of that time and their frequent changes from interested views, and whoever has seen any thing of factions at all, will not form his opinion of a cause from the behaviour of the most illustrious persons on either side. Much less will he pay regard to a second edition of names, supported, according to Mr. Hume's method, by no authority.

But, as if he was sensible of the weakness of his argument, he endeavours to prop the question he has begged, by asking the most wonderful question that I suppose was ever asked since the days of the schoolmen. They indeed used to enquire how things would have been, if they had been very different from what they were; as how Adam and Eve would have begotten children, if they had both been women? Our new Toftatus proposes the following quare in support of his imaginary host of Yorkists: *Is there one, says he, of these persons, who in writing the memoirs of their own time would not have assured us that Richard murdered his nephews?*—In truth, I have not such intuition into what never existed, as to know how a nothing would be, if it had
had

had ever been. Would Mr. Hume allow me that Charles the first was a tyrant and murderer, because I should assert that Bradshaw, Ireton, and Hugh Peters, who never did write his history, would have represented him as such, if they ever had written his history? How difficult is it to establish the received history of Richard, when so able a man as Mr. Hume is reduced to suppose that it would be confirmed by the writings of his bitterest enemies, if those enemies had given any account of him! A man less bright than Mr. Hume would suspect that such non-existent hypothetical authors would have been partial. His Promethean sagacity, after creating the persons, has discovered not only what they would have written, but argues from this posthumous kind of non-entities. This is a fair and fruitful addition to the stores of disputation: its latitude is unbounded: it may serve alike the cause of truth and falsehood, and does equal honour to the ingenious gentleman who invented this sort of argument, and to his friend the Swiss reviewer, who was only dazzled by my old-fashioned arguments, but was convinced by the luminous force and solidity of this new method of induction.

NOTE the Fifth,

Is built on Richard's supposed intention of marrying his niece. Unluckily it proves nothing at all. If the young duke of York escaped, Richard certainly did not know whether he was living or dead. If Richard designed to marry his niece, it was to prevent her espousing Richmond. These round-about ways of supposing the murder, are the shifts of one that cannot prove the imposture of Perkin. Prove that, and I will not dispute the murder. It is the strong evidence in favour of his being the true duke of York that invalidates the murder. Mr. Hume had rather do any thing than discuss that evidence. He flies from it to presumptions, fantastic bead-rolls of names, unwritten memoirs, and non-repeals of acts of parliament. With him, the *not* repealing an act of parliament is a proof that there was no ground for making it. By the same kind of logic, a repeal ought to corroborate an act of parliament.

NOTE the Sixth.

In a string of propositions it is usual to increase the strength of the argument. Mr. Hume has inverted this method. The farther he advances, the weaker his reasons, till he concludes with one that precedes the faculty of reasoning,

reasoning, and is calculated only for the nursery. In the note before me, after endeavouring from historians and actors to establish the murder, he has recourse to the reports spread in foreign nations. Let Mr. Hume, if he can, refute my arguments in favour of Perkin Warbeck; I willingly resign to him the sudden impression spread in France by Richard's enemies, and the recent and more mature judgment of the Swiss reviewer. Let me however observe, that the emperor of China refused to receive an embassy from a great princess on much the same plea that Charles the eighth urged against Richard's ambassadors. Would Mr. Hume, his friends messieurs Dalember and Diderot, and Voltaire, who have celebrated the tolerating and legislative spirit of that heroine, allow that the Chinese monarch's ill-breeding was a proof that the most atrocious reports were well-founded?

NOTE the Seventh.

Still advancing like a lively crab in retrograde argumentation, Mr. Hume next presents us with every body's oration. Every body, says he, argued thus and thus: and then, like a good christian, fums up this harangue with a quotation from scripture. "Richard, says he, could not plead like Cain, Am I the keeper of my nephews?" I am rejoiced that saint Cain is admitted into Mr. Hume's rubric. "Richard, continues he, might have answered the accusation by producing his nephews."—What! if one or both had escaped, and were not in his power? Thus Mr. Hume supposes the very point to be proved, and wonders it is disputed, after he has taken it for granted. I have so good an opinion of his sagacity, that if he had *not* taken it for granted *before* he wrote his history, I am persuaded he would not believe it now. There is a good deal of difference in the kind of belief which a man entertains *before* he has treated a subject, and *after*.

NOTE the Eighth,

Is built on the evidence of Tirrel, which I have examined distinctly in my Doubts, and there challenged Mr. Hume to show how it was possible for Perkin to agree in his narrative with Tirrel and Dighton, unless he was the true duke of York; supposing Tirrel made the confession alleged, which I have shown to be most improbable. If Tirrel did *not* make that confession, there is no evidence of the murder, but the declaration of Dighton, who,
says

says lord Bacon, *spake best for the king*, and whose testimony is invalidated by every rule of evidence. I own there is less trouble in repeating the words *Tirrel* and *Dighton*, than in answering those arguments—and Mr. Hume has chosen the easier part. Indeed I do not conceive why my book was worth answering, and not my arguments.

NOTE the Ninth.

If the duke of York had escaped, says Mr. Hume, *the queen his mother, the duchess of Burgundy, and all those attached to his family would have been made acquainted with it*. I agree with him on the two former, not at all on the rest. It was too important a secret to be confided to many. The illustrious partisans of that or any party were not, I doubt, so immaculate as to deserve a trust of such consequence. The queen and duchess probably were informed: and it is odd to hear Mr. Hume complaining that the secret was not trusted to the duchess, when she was the principal supporter of Perkin. Mr. Hume is surprised that she was not let into the secret; and presently will reject her own declaration that she knew him for her nephew. Henry's treatment of the queen dowager, and her close imprisonment with prohibition of all access, is a stronger presumption of her being privy to that fatal secret, than any Mr. Hume can bring to show that she did not know it.

NOTE the Tenth.

Our total ignorance of those who assisted the duke of York in his escape is sufficient proof of the imposture of Perkin. If Perkin had obtained the crown, this would be something of an argument. Did not the pretender escape from Scotland, because Mr. Hume does not *know* who assisted him?

NOTE the Eleventh.

Perkin's narrative is void of all probability.—I know it. Lord Bacon thought so, and composed a new one for him. What consequence ought to be drawn thence? Why, that we have not his genuine narrative, but such as were composed for him by Henry the seventh and the Lancastrian historians. Mr. Hume is as unhappy in his conclusions as in his assertions.

NOTE the Twelfth.

Perkin made an entire confession of his imposture, and read it three times. We do not find the least insinuation that it was drawn from him by torture; and when he made it the last time, he had certainly nothing to fear.

ANSWER.

It would be highly unreasonable in me to take offence at Mr. Hume's forgetting all my arguments, and all the answers which I have already given to his, [for indeed he does little more than repeat what he had said before] when he takes the liberty of contradicting a person who ought to have much greater weight with him, I mean himself. In his notes on his own history he informs us, that Perkin's confession was supposed [though he questions it] to be wrung from him by torture. He now positively asserts that we do not find the least insinuation of such force being employed. This is asserting and denying to some purpose. With regard to the confession, he does not inform us to which he adheres, to Henry's or Bacon's. No matter: we cannot believe both, and both give us cause to believe neither. Henry's was rejected by the infallible Bacon, and his own substitution of another destroys that too. That Perkin had nothing farther to fear, is asserted with as little foundation. Have we never heard in arbitrary governments [such was that of England then] of men submitting on imposed conditions to a milder death, to avoid one more cruel? Who knows whether Perkin [supposing he made a confession, which is most improbable] read it in an audible voice; or whether Henry's tools and sheriffs and guards did not disperse a paper after his death, and affirm he had delivered it to them? Were the histories of those times written *circumstantially* as they are now? Indeed, which history of that time was written at the time? Sir Thomas More does not go so low: lord Bacon and the rest wrote many years afterwards.

NOTE the Thirteenth.

If Henry had not been convinced that Perkin was a ridiculous impostor, he would not have let him live an hour after he had got him in his power. The

manner in which he treated the innocent earl of Warwick gives great force to this argument.

ANSWER.

I do not presume to trouble Mr. Hume or any body else with looking over the detail I have given of Henry's anxiety and suspicions on Perkin's account; and of the difference of his behaviour towards him and Lambert Simnel, who *was* a ridiculous impostor, and whom Henry treated accordingly. But if Mr. Hume does not *purposely* choose to confound this conduct on two very different subjects, I would beg him to peruse once more his infallible Bacon, and see whether Henry thought that Perkin was an object of contempt and ridicule.

The latter part of the note is as extraordinary an oversight [I will call it no more] as the former. "Had Henry been convinced that Perkin was the true duke of York, he would not have let him live an hour, but would have treated him as he did the young earl of Warwick." Henry had reigned at least nine years before Perkin appeared. The earl of Warwick was all that time in Henry's power, and it was at least two years before the latter was put to death. Perkin was not in Henry's hands as many *months*, as Warwick had been *years*, before Henry caused him to be executed. Does not Mr. Hume's argument contract, as he boasts, great force from this happy illustration?

NOTE the Fourteenth.

Enter the duchess of Burgundy on the other side of the question. Just now Mr. Hume argued from her knowing nothing of her nephew; now it seems she knew too much. Like Hudibras, Mr. Hume can take up his arms, dispute,

"Confute, change sides, and still confute himself back again."

She had adopted Simnel, and therefore was not to be credited about Perkin. Mr. Hume demands that she should be acquainted with the fate of her nephew; she tells you she is.—Therefore what? Therefore do not believe her.—But I will rest contented with Mr. Hume's contradicting himself, as

he has done in so many instances, and shall leave the reader to judge from what I have said in the Doubts, whether Henry or Margaret set up an imposture?

But I cannot so easily abandon Mr. Carte to the attacks of that powerful *whig*-champion, Mr. Hume, who has no mercy on a poor dead man, only because he was attached to that nonsensical tenet *hereditary right*. Mr. Carte, says he, to blacken Henry the seventh for having no hereditary right, suppressed entirely the important fact of the duchess supporting Simnel. Is it then an irremissible crime in an historian to suppress any material fact? I do not know, nor can I take the trouble now to examine whether Mr. Carte has suppressed the negotiations between Charles the first and the pope's nuncio, so unanswerably proved upon him by the exact Mrs. Macaulay. I myself have declared that it was natural for Charles to treat with Roman catholic subjects against protestant subjects who endeavoured to dethrone him. But what becomes of his protestant piety, his martyrdom, his sincerity? Look at the concessions he made on every capital point, and the oaths he swore to conceal them. If Mr. Carte has suppressed this enormous treaty, and has still represented Charles in an amiable light, I shall indeed allow that he has stifled an important fact, and will abandon him to my *whig* friend—but an historian may omit less material circumstances, and not deserve the same censure. For instance: Burnet assures us that sir Edmundbury Godfrey told him that he expected to be knocked on the head. This circumstance is entirely omitted by a late masterly historian, though very material with regard to the murder that ensued: but it did not suit the hypothesis of Godfrey's murdering himself. *Vide Hume's Reign of Charles II.*

I will not wander from my subject to lay open many other errors and omissions in the history I have here quoted, though I could loosen its artful texture in variety of places with far greater facility than I have unravelled the story of Richard the third. I admire the ingenious fabric with all its want of symmetry, and in spite of the conflict with which it is ever at war with itself, by endeavouring to separate those hearty friends the prerogative and the church, and by fruitlessly trying to exalt the former and decry the latter; an attempt that renders the whole work one beautiful contradiction.

NOTE the Fifteenth.

No proofs, says Mr. Hume, were produced at the time, of Perkin's being the true duke of York. How does he know? When so much accumulative evidence in his favour, after all the labours of Henry and his partisans to destroy it, yet remains, sure the probability is, that still greater appeared at the time. From what Henry forged, we may guess at what he suppressed. We have none but Lancastrian historians: the queen was shut up, and, by lord Bacon's own confession, every thing so muffled by Henry, that it staggered every body. Mr. Hume, cutting the Gordian knot which he could not untie, asserts with the tone of an Alexander, that all Perkin's answers might have been easily suggested to him by the duchess of Burgundy, by Frion, and by whoever had lived in the court at that time. I have shown to demonstration by *dates*, which Mr. Hume swallows as if they were expletives, that the duchess did *not* live in the court at any part of the time; and any man's common sense, but Mr. Hume's, will tell him, that it is absolutely impossible to instruct a stranger so thoroughly in all the passages of a court, that he would not be detected in an hour's time. If my book is not a heap of absurdities, there is no part of it less liable to be contested than the passages in which I have stated the true and obvious method of detecting such an impostor, if he was one. I have shown that the omission of such satisfaction, and the substitution of the most absurd assertions, create the strongest objections against Henry. If I have talked nonsense, it would be charity in Mr. Hume to set me right. He knows the deference I have for his understanding, and no doubt he, if he pleased, could convince me that Henry's conduct was clear, rational, and liable to no misrepresentation: that lord Bacon's account of his ambiguity is false, and yet that lord Bacon's account ought to be implicitly relied on. Mr. Hume could certainly disprove all that I have said, and prove all that he has said himself, though as yet he has done neither. Nay, I am persuaded he could do what is still more difficult, since his eloquence has worked that miracle both on himself and his friend the reviewer, convince me by weak arguments and groundless assertions, that the authority of great names is preferable to solid reasons; and that repeating arguments that have been confuted, gives them new force. Women and drunken men make use of that kind of oratory; and perhaps Mr. Hume's example may give new weight to the practice.

The

The note concludes with confessing that many persons of distinction were *at first* deceived by Perkin, which he ascribes to the enthusiasm of the nation in favour of the house of York.—I thought that all the illustrious Yorkists, according to Mr. Hume's catalogue of them, knew for certainty that the children were murdered. How came they to unknow it again? *But*, says he, *many were at first deceived*. Would not one think that that persuasion had been momentary? Does Mr. Hume forget, or with the art of a disputant did he slip in the words *at first* to make his reader forget, that four or five knights of the garter and privy-counsellors to Henry were convinced Perkin was king Edward's son, and died in that persuasion? Does such attestation of their belief accord with Mr. Hume's assertion in the beginning of the note, that *no proofs* were produced at the time, of Perkin being the true duke of York? This manner of stating a fact and evading the just conclusion, I call owning truth without allowing it: it is endeavouring to delude with a clear conscience. The poor reviewer fell into the snare—I do not believe any body else will.

NOTE the Sixteenth.

The last note, which establishes the murder on the authority of the bones found in the Tower, is the only note to which I shall not presume to give an answer. Untouched let it subsist to the comfort and edification of all the good women who visit the tombs in Westminster-abbey! May those bones remain an equal proof of the crimes of Richard, and of the catholic credulity of Mr. Hume and the reviewer! In those pious lands where all the evidence of a miracle depends on showing the rotten remains of those to whom, or the spot on which it happened, such faith is often found.—In truth, I did not expect it would make its appearance in the form of an argument—but since Mr. Hume is reduced to reason from relics, he will excuse me if I leave him at the door of the sanctuary, and am still unbeliever enough to think that those bones so enshrined are no more a proof of the guilt of Richard, than they are of the piety of Charles the second.

I have thus replied to Mr. Hume's remarks; an attention certainly due to whatever falls from so superior a writer. I am not entitled to the same observance from him; nor would the public excuse me, if he wasted some of those moments in answering my objections, which he can employ so much better

better for their instruction and amusement. In truth, they expect greater things from him. As he has been admitted into the penetralia of the Benedictine college at Paris, and has explored the authentic secrets of the two last Stuarts, the public is impatient for the detail of those mysteries, of which he has already given them a hint: nor can the appetite which *he* has raised be satisfied with a meagre note. He has another and still greater achievement to perform, which can never be executed by so masterly a hand, and which the world eagerly demands from his; a work more worthy of his genius, than any on which it has yet been exercised. As Mr. Hume's talent certainly veers to panegyric rather than satire, it must be a grateful satisfaction to so generous a mind to bestow deserved encomiums, instead of softening defects and excesses. The reign of king William, who expelled the tyrants of Britain and tools of France, will shine with all its lustre when treated by a philosopher and patriot, who prefers the rights, the liberty, the happiness of mankind, to the selfish politics of narrow-minded kings, and to the base adulation of venal courts. In Mr. Hume's page we shall read with pleasure the establishment and extent of our invaluable constitution, as immoveably founded on the revolution—and the excellent doctor Robertson will not remain the first of historians, who, above the little prejudices of country, party, and profession, has dared to speak of the natural rights of mankind with just boldness, and has traced the progress of despotism in such glorious glowing colours, as must warn the few free nations yet remaining on earth to watch the silent craft and undermining policy of princes and statesmen.

Having now dispatched all the straws that have been thrown in my way, may I be allowed to add to what I have formerly said, some additional confirmations of my opinion?

A very sensible gentleman, whose name I will not mix with Guthrie's and reviewers, on reading my book, sent me a small volume of notes that he had drawn up forty years ago, in which I was flattered to find very many of my own remarks, and others of great weight, which I should be proud to be at liberty to publish. This is a proof that my opinion is not singular. Indeed, Rapin, Carte, and others, had seen the objection that ought to be made to Lancastrian historians. Mr. Hume calls Carte's doubts whimsical; and mine, light scruples. With submission, they are not whimsical or light scruples, which so profound a reasoner as Mr. Hume can answer no better.

With

With regard to the person of Richard, the earl of Shaftsbury was so good as to inform me, that his ancestor the lady Ashley, who lived to a great age, had conversed with lady Desmond, and gave from her the same account that I have given, with this strong addition, that Perkin Warbeck was remarkably like Edward the fourth. And to prove that the print I have exhibited of Richard and his queen, which the late bishop of Carlisle believed was taken from a window in the priory of Little Malvern [destroyed by a storm some years ago], was not a fantastic picture of imagination, I shall here present the reader with two more portraits of Richard and his queen, almost minutely corresponding with Vertue's drawing, and taken from the best and most unquestionable authority. The earl of Sandwich, on reading my Doubts, obligingly acquainted me that the duke of Manchester was possessed of a most curious and original roll, containing the list, portraits and descent of all the earls of Warwick, drawn by John Rous himself, the antiquary. This singular manuscript his grace, at my desire, was so good as to lend me; and with his permission I caused ten of the last and most curious portraits to be traced off, and here present them to the public faithfully and exactly engraven.

The roll is on parchment, and is seven yards and a half long; perfectly preserved within, but by handling damaged on the outside, on which have been painted many coats of arms.

The list begins with Guthalmus, and contains the effigies of several imaginary saints and heroes, many kings of England, and the portrait of Richard the third, with whom it concludes, twice; all neatly tricked, and the habits of the most distant ages, as well as of the succeeding, judiciously observed. On the outside is written

"This roll was laburd and finishd by master John Rows of Warwick."

But perhaps the most curious part of this curiosity is the following inscription under Richard, which shows that, whatever Rous chose to say of him in compliment to Henry the seventh, he gave a very different account of him in his roll, which he left to posterity, as a monument of the earls and town to which he was so much attached. Here is the inscription as it was written by Rous's own hand:

"The

"The moost mighty prince Richard by the grace of God kynge of Ynglond and of Fraunce and lord of Ireland, by verey matrymony, wtowt dyscontynewance or any defylunge yn the lawe, by eyre male lineally dyscendyng fro kynge Harre the second, all avaryce set asyde, rewled his subgettys in hys realme ful comendabyllly, puneshynge offenders of hys lawes, specyally extorcioners and oppressers of his comyns, and cheryshynge tho yat were vertuos, by the whyche dyscrete guydyng he gat gret thank of God and love of all hys subgettys ryche and pore, and gret lawd of the people of all othyr landys about hym."

Mr. Hume declares his affection to coteremporary and original authors. I beseech him to produce one more genuine, more uncastrated, less interpolated than this record, existing in the very hand writing of the author. Let him try it by his rules of originality, and compare it with the testimonies of More and Bacon. He will tell me, perhaps, that Rous in his history has said the very reverse. True, in a book dedicated to Richard's rival and successor. Lay Richard for a moment out of the question, and let Mr. Hume tell me on any indifferent point which evidence he would prefer. Would he believe Rous flattering Henry to his face; or Rous in his cell delivering his opinion of a dead king? for it is evident that in the inscription Rous speaks of Richard as one that *bad* ruled.

I do not doubt but the able critics with whom I have been engaged, would treat my conjecture as light and whimsical, if I said I believed [and yet I must avow I do believe] that the remarkable and by no means indifferent words *by very matrimony without discontinuance or any defiling in the law, by heir male lineally descending*, allude to the bigamy of Edward the fourth and the illegitimacy of his children. I firmly believe too that the subsequent words *all avarice set aside, punishing offenders of his laws, especially extortioners and oppressors of his commons*, were a tacit satire on the usurer his successor. I have at least produced here much better authority in vindication of Richard than Mr. Hume can bring against him; for he cannot reject the testimony of Rous, without giving up those criterions of truth, which he has established as demanding our assent and trust.

I said in my Doubts, that I was ready to yield to better reasons than my own; but I did not say I would yield to worse. Still less was I ever inclined to accept of great names instead of any reasons at all. If mere authority would do, Mr. Hume would have as much weight with me as Bacon or More: but great men without their great sense strike me with no more awe than their monuments, which only exhibit their titles and cover their dust. We shed a tear over their ashes and their weaknesses, but bestow our tribute of praise on those excellencies alone which touch the heart or convince the understanding.

May 10, 1769.

F I N I S.

P. S. Since the above notes were written, I have found two passages, that evidently show how vague and uncertain the reports relating to the death of Edward the fifth and his brother were even in the life-time of sir Thomas More. From that very scarce book called *The Pastime of the People*, and better known by the title of *Rastell's Chronicle*, in the possession of Mr. John Ratcliffe of Rotherhithe, I transcribed verbatim the following paragraphs:

"But of the maner of the dethe of this yonge kyng and of his brother, there were dyvers opinyons. But the most comyn opinyon was that they were smoldery'd betwene two fetherbeddes, and that in the doynge the yonger brother escaped from under the fetherbeddes, and crept under the bedstede, and there lay naked awhyle, tyll that they had smoldery'd the yonge kyng, so that he was surely dede. And afteryt. one of them toke his brother from under the bedstede and hylde his face downe to the grounde with his one hande, and with the other hande cut his throte holle a fonder with a dagger. It is a mervayle that any man coude have so harde a harte to do so cruell a dede, save onely that necessity compelled them, for they were so charged by the duke the protectour, that if they shewed nat to hym the bodyes of bothe those chylderne dede on the morowe after they were so comaunded, that than they themselfe shulde be put to dethe. Wherefore they that were comaunded to do it were compelled to fullfyll the protectour's wyll.

wyll. And after that the bodyes of these ii chylderne as the opinyon ranne were bothe closed in a great hevy cheste, and by the meanes of one that was secrete with the protectour, they were put in a shyppe goynge to Flaunders; and whan the shyppe was in the blacke depes this man threwe bothe those dede bodyes so closed in the cheste over the hatches into the see, and yet none of the maryners nor none in the shyppe, save onely the sayd man, wylt what thyng it was that was there so inclosed; which sayenge dyvers men conjectured to be trewe, because that the bones of the sayd chylderne coude never be founde buryed nother in the Towre nor in no other place."

"Another opinyon there is that they whiche had the charge to put them to dethe caused one to cry so sodaynly treason, treason, wherewith the chylderne beyng aferde, desyred to knowe what was best for them to do. And than they bad them hyde themselfe in a great cheste that no man shulde fynde them, and if any body came into the chambre, they wolde say they were nat there. And accordynge as they counsellyd them, they crepte bothe into the cheste, which anone after they locked. And than anone they buryed that cheste in a great pytte under a steyre, which cheste was after caste into the blacke depes, as is before sayd."

I shall pass over the absurdities of both the foregoing accounts; but how will they strike us, when we find from Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 147, that this book was printed in 1529, the twenty-first year of Henry the eighth, and from p. 141, that Rastell the compiler and printer married sir Thomas More's own sister? If sir Thomas, as Mr. Hume pretends, was so intimate with the chief persons of Richard's court or reign, how came he to suffer his brother-in-law to pass such senseless stuff on the public, in a work no doubt submitted to his inspection? for Rastell was not only his relation but printer, his very next publication being a dialogue written by More and printed in the same year with the *Chronicle*. Nor did sir Thomas pick up the materials for his own history *after* the appearance of Rastell's *Chronicle*, which was published but six years before sir Thomas's death, when the persons from whom he gained his intelligence must have been dead likewise. But do not sir Thomas's own words betray, not only doubts in his own breast, but thorough proof of the uncertainty of all the incidents relative to the murder? He tells us, that he does not relate the murder in every way he had heard it, but according to the most probable account he could collect

from the most creditable witnesses. And I will ask one or two more questions, which I defy Mr. Hume or any man living to answer in a rational manner. If Dighton and Tirrel confessed the murder in the reign of Henry the seventh, how could even the outlines be a secret and uncertain in the reign of Henry the eighth? Is it credible that they owned the fact, and concealed every one of the circumstances? If they related those circumstances, without which their confession could gain no manner of belief, could sir Thomas More, chancellor to Henry the eighth, and educated in the house of the prime minister to Henry the seventh, be ignorant of what it was so much the interest of cardinal Morton to tell, and of Henry the seventh to have known and ascertained? A king and his brother are murdered (according to Henry, More, Bacon, Hume, Guthrie, and the mob), a great officer of the crown and a low groom confess themselves principals in the guilt, the first is executed, the latter suffered to live, to disperse the tale. Neither of them give the least account *how* they committed the fact; or, if they did, no man living from the prime minister to the compiler of the Chronicle could get *certain* intelligence of what they confessed, though it is impossible to assign any other reason for the impunity of Dighton, but the intention of his spreading and authenticating the story. If therefore the confessions said to be made by Tirrel and Dighton are irreconcilable to every standard by which we can judge of evidence, no evidence of the murder exists. If the attestations produced by Henry, More, and Bacon, who indubitably furnished the best they could, are inconsistent and improbable, the identity of Perkin Warbeck and the duke of York remains unshaken, Mr. Hume himself allowing and bending all the force of his argument to prove, that the strong evidence against Perkin is the certainty of the murder. If, on the contrary, the authority of historians is sufficient to pass such stuff on our credulity, I must avow I cannot see what criterion there is in human reason by which we may distinguish between truth and the most clumsy and incoherent legends.

August 6, 1769.