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In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

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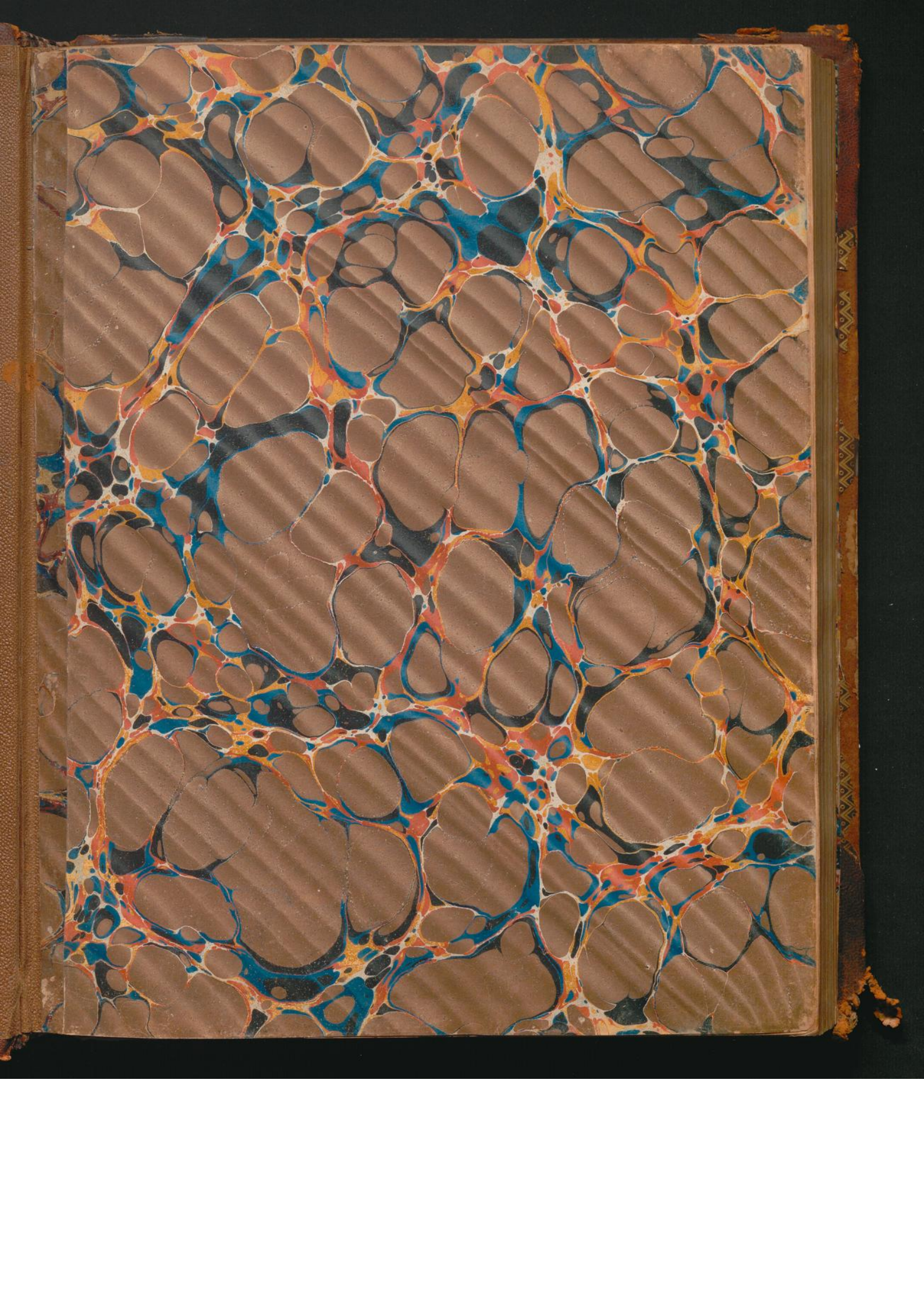
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THE

WORKS

OF

HORATIO WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.



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CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

	Page
A CATALOGUE of Engravers — —	1
Poſtſcript to the Second Edition — — —	117
Life of Mr. George Vertue — — — —	119
Liſt of Vertue's Works — — —	130
Dedication to the Fourth Volume of the Anecdotes of Painting —	155
Appendix to Anecdotes of Painting — —	156
Notices of Artiſts from Deſcamps — —	202
A Letter to the Editor of the Miſcellanies of Chatterton —	205
Advertiſement relative to the Papers left for Publication on the Subject of Chatterton — — —	234
An Ode modernized from Chatterton — —	235
Three original Letters from Chatterton to Mr. Walpole —	236
Mr. Walpole's Letter to Chatterton, on his re-demanding his MSS.	237
Lord Orford's laſt Declaration reſpecting Chatterton —	239
Remarks on a Letter ſigned Scrutator — —	241

Page

Narrative of what paſſed relative to the Quarrel of Mr. David Hume and Jean Jacques Rouſſeau, as far as Mr. Horace Walpole was concerned in it — — — 247
Letters which paſſed between David Hume, Eſq. and the Hon. Horace Walpole, relative to Rouſſeau — — 257
Reminiſcences, written in 1788 — — 271
Hieroglyphic Tales — — 319
A Parody on Lord Cheſterfield's Letters to his Son — 355
General Criticiſm on Dr. Johnſon's Writings — — 361
Strange Occurrences: being a Continuation of Baker's Chronicle — 363
Detached Thoughts — — — 368

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

The Funeral of the Lioneſs, a Fable — — 377
Verſes written in April 1750 — — 381
The Pariſh Regiſter of Twickenham — — 382
Counteſs Temple appointed Poet Laureate to the King of the Fairies 384
Portrait of Madame la Marquiſe du Deffand — 385
To Lady ——— when about five Years old, with a Preſent of Shells 387
The Three Vernons — — — 388
Epitaph on two Bullfinches — — 389
A Card to Lady Blandford — — 391
The Advice, a Song — — — 393
Song — — — ib.
To Love — — — — 394
To Lady C—— — — — — 395

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Prologue to The Myſterious Mother — — 396
Epilogue, to be ſpoken by Mrs. Clive — — 397
Epilogue, ſpoken by Mrs. Clive, on her quitting the Stage — 399
Inſcription under a Vaſe in Mrs. Clive's Garden — 400
Epilogue to Braganza — — ib.
——— *to the Times, a Comedy* — — 402

EPI-

Page

EPIGRAMS.

On the new Archbiſhop of Canterbury — — 403
Left on the Ducheſs of Queenſberry's Toilet — — ib.
On the Tranſlation of Anacreon — — 404

RIDDLES.—*To-day—A Looking glaſs—A Sundial* — 405

The Preſs at Strawberry-hill to Miſs M. and Miſs A. —— — 406
——— *to his Royal Highneſs William Duke of Clarence* — ib.
Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris —— — 407

Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to Richard Weſt, Eſq. with ſome Letters in Anſwer from Mr. Weſt — — 409

Index to the Catalogue of Engravers —— — 465

Lieut James Caulfield Bengal Cavalry

A

CATALOGUE

OF

ENGRAVERS.

WHEN the monarchs of Egypt erected thoſe ſtupendous maſſes, the pyramids, for no other uſe but to record their names, and by which their purpoſe was not anſwered; they little ſuſpected that a weed growing by the Nile would one day be converted into more durable regiſters of fame than quarries of marble and granite. Yet when paper had been invented, what ages rolled away before it was deſtined to its beſt ſervice! It is equally amuſing to obſerve what obvious arts eſcape our touch, and how quickly various channels are deduced from a ſource when once opened. This was the caſe of the preſs: printing was not diſcovered till about the year 1430: in thirty years more it was applied to the multiplication of drawings. Authors had ſcarce ſeen that facility of diſperſing their works before painters received an almoſt equal * advantage. To each was endleſs fame in a manner enſured, if they had merit to challenge it. With regard to prints, the new diſcovery aſſociated the profeſſors in ſome degree with the great maſters whoſe works they copied. This intimate connexion between painters and engravers makes ſome account of the latter a kind of

* Want of colouring is the capital deficience of prints; yet even this ſeems attainable. Monſieur le Blon, who will be mentioned hereafter, invented coloured prints, and did enough to ſhow the feaſibility. His diſcovery was neglected, as the revival of encauſtic painting has been lately; though the advantages of each art are ſo obvious and ſo deſirable.

neceſſary ſupplement to the hiſtory of the former. But if this country has not produced many men of genius in the nobler branch, it has been ſtill more deficient in excellent engravers. Mr. Vertue had been alike induſtrious in hunting after monuments of the latter profeſſion; he was of it himſelf; but as the artiſts were leſs illuſtrious, his labour was by far more unſucceſsful. Till the arrival of Hollar the art of engraving was in England almoſt confined to portraits. Vertue thought what was produced here before the reign of king James of ſo little conſequence, that in a ſketch which he had made for a beginning, he profeſſedly dates his account from the year 1600. If I take it up earlier, it is merely to give a complete hiſtory, which will be comprehended in few lines, and the materials for which I have chiefly gathered from his papers, and from the Typographical Antiquities of Mr. Ames *.

Mr. Evelyn ſays † the art of engraving, and working off from ‡ plates of copper, did not appear till about the year 1490. That is, it was not brought to perfection from the hints gathered from typography: yet it is certain that in 1460 Maſo Finiguerra, a goldſmith of Florence, by an accident that might have given birth to the roſling-preſs, without the antecedent diſcovery of printing, did actually light upon the method of taking off ſtamps from an engraved plate. Caſting a piece of ſuch plate into melted brimſtone, he obſerved that the exact impreſſion of the engraving was left upon the ſurface of the cold brimſtone, marked by lines of black. He repeated the experi-

* Joſeph Ames, ſecretary of the Society of Antiquaries, was originally a ſhip-chandler in Wapping. Late in his life he took to the ſtudy of antiquities; and beſides his quarto volume, containing accounts of our earlieſt printers and their works, he publiſhed a liſt in duodecimo of Engliſh heads, engraved and mezzotinto, and drew up the Parentalia from Mr. Wren's papers. He died in 1759. His library and prints were ſold by auction in the following year.

† Sculptura, p. 35.

‡ I have ſaid, and for two reaſons ſhall ſay little of wooden cuts: that art never was executed in any perfection in England: engraving on metal was a ſignal improvement of the art, and ſupplied the defects of cuttings in wood. The ancient wooden cuts were certainly carried to a great height, but that was the merit of the maſters, not of the method. Whoever deſires to know more of cutting in wood ſhould conſult a very laborious work, lately publiſhed in France in two vols. octavo, called Traité hiſtorique & pratique de la graveure en bois, par Papillon, Paris 1766. The author will not probably, as he wiſhes, perſuade the world to return to wooden cuts; but he gives examples of vignettes to books in that manner, which ought to make editors aſhamed of the ſlovenly ſtamps that are now uſed for the faireſt editions. There is a curious account of miſſals, &c. adorned with wooden cuts, in Mr. Gough's Brit. Topogr. 2d. edit. in the articles of Wiltſhire, from p. 319 to p. 362, vol. ii.

ment on moiſtened paper, rolling it gently with a roller. It ſucceeded. He communicated the diſcovery to Baccio Baldini, of his own profeſſion and city. The latter purſued the invention with ſucceſs, and engraved ſeveral plates from drawings of Sandro Boticello; which being ſeen by Andrea Mantegna, he not only aſſiſted Baldini with deſigns, but cultivated the new art himſelf. It had not long been in vogue before Hugo da Carpi tried the ſame experiment with wood, and even added a variety of tints by uſing different ſtamps for the gradations of lights and ſhades; a method revived here ſome years ago with much ſucceſs by Kirkall, and ſince at Venice by Jackſon; though very imperfectly.

From Italy engraving ſoon travelled into Flanders, where it was firſt practiſed by one Martin of Antwerp. He was followed by Albert Durer, who carried the art to a great height, conſidering how bad the taſte was of the age and country in which he lived. His fidelity to what he ſaw was at once his fame and misfortune; he was happy in copying nature, but it was nature diſguiſed and hid under ungraceful forms. With neither choice of ſubjects or beauty, his induſtry gave merit even to uglineſs and abſurdity. Confining his labours almoſt wholly to religious and legendary hiſtories, he turned the Teſtament into the hiſtory of a Flemiſh village; the habits of Herod, Pilate, Joſeph, &c. their dwellings, their utenſils, and their cuſtoms, were all Gothic and European; his virgin Mary was the heroine of a Kermis. Lucas of Leyden imitated him in all his faults, and was ſtill more burleſque in his repreſentations. It was not till Raphael had formed Marc Antonio, that engraving placed itſelf with dignity by the ſide of painting.

When the art reached England does not appear. It is a notorious blunder in Chambers*, to ſay it was firſt brought from Antwerp by Speed in the reign of James I. In ſome degree we had it almoſt as ſoon as printing; the printers themſelves uſing ſmall plates for their devices and rebuſes: Caxton's Golden † Legend has in the beginning a groupe of ſaints, and many other cuts diſperſed through the body of the work. It was printed in 1483. The ſecond edition of his Game at Cheſs had cuts too. So has his Le Morte Arthur. Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's ſucceſſor, prefixed to his edition of the Statutes in the ſixth year of Henry VII. a plate with the king's arms, creſts, &c. a copy of

* Dictionary. Edit. of 1728. Art. Printing. † Ames, p. 35.

which is given in the life of Wynkyn, by Mr. Ames in his Typographical Antiquities, p. 79. The ſame printer exhibited ſeveral books adorned with cuts, ſome of which are particularly deſcribed by his biographer, in pages 87, 88, 89, & ſequentibus.

The ſubſequent printers continued to ornament their books with wooden cuts. One conſiderable work, publiſhed by John Raſtell, was diſtinguiſhed by prints of uncommon merit for that age. It was called *The Paſtyme of the People*, and by biſhop Nicholſon in his Hiſtorical Library, *Raſtell's Chronicle*. This ſcarce book, of a very large ſize, I ſaw at the auction of Mr. Ames's library; it had many cuts, eighteen of which were in great folio, repreſenting the kings of England, ſo well deſigned and boldly executed as to be attributed to Holbein, though I think they were not of his hand. I ſhall mention but one more book with wooden cuts (though ſeveral are recorded by Ames). It is Grafton's Chronicle *, printed in 1569, and containing many heads, as of William the Conqueror, Henry VIII. and queen Elizabeth, &c. Yet though even portraits were uſed in books, I find no trace of ſingle prints being wrought off in that age. Thoſe which I have mentioned formerly † as compoſing part of the collection of Henry VIII. were probably the productions of foreign artiſts. The firſt book that appeared with cuts from copper-plates, at leaſt the firſt that ſo induſtrious an enquirer as Mr. Ames ‡ had obſerved, was, "The Birth of Mankind, otherwyſe called The Woman's Book," dedicated to the queen Catherine, and publiſhed by Thomas Raynalde in 1540, with many ſmall copper cuts, but to theſe no name was affixed. The earlieſt engraver that occurs was

THOMAS GEMINUS, OR GEMINIE,

1545 } as he calls himſelf in a title-page which I ſhall mention preſently. The little that is known of him is collected from his works. Of theſe was

Thomæ Gemini Lyſienſis Compendioſa totius anatomes delineatio, ære exarata, folio, 1545. "Theſe plates," ſays Ames §, "are ſome of the firſt rolling-preſs printing in England." This was a new edition of Veſalius's

* Ames, p. 204.
† Anecdotes of Painting, chap. iv.
‡ P. 219.
§ P. 218.

Anatomy,

Anatomy, which was firſt publiſhed at Padua in 1542 with large wooden cuts, which cuts Geminus imitated on copper-plates; though, ſays Vertue, "I queſtion whether more than the title-page, to which he has put his name, was the work of Geminus; the moſt and beſt part of the graved figures were probably copied from the wooden cuts in Veſalius by a better hand." The firſt edition was dedicated to Henry VIII. Geminus afterwards publiſhed a tranſlation by Nicholas Udal of the ſame work in 1552, and dedicated it to Edward VI. The tranſlator in his preface ſays, "Accepte therefore, jentill reader, this Tractiſe of Anatomie, thankfully interpreting the labours of Thomas Gemini, the workman. He, that with his great charge, watch and travayle hath ſet out theſe figures in pourtrature, will moſt willingly be amended, or better perfected of his own workmanſhip, if admoniſhed." Vertue, having quoted this paſſage, owns, that the writing to all theſe plates was ſurely graved by Geminie, and probably ſome parts or members of the bodies. We do not contend for the excellence of Geminie's performances. It is ſufficient that we have aſcertained ſo early an engraver in England. Vertue adds, that Geminie publiſhed another ſmall work, with copper cuts, relating to midwifery, two years before. I do not know whether he means two years before the firſt or the ſecond of his editions of Veſalius. It is certain that Ames does not ſpecify ſuch a work, though in page 304 he acknowledges that there are books printed by Geminie of an earlier date than any he had ſeen: for Geminie was not only an engraver but a printer; and dwelled in Blackfriars. Thence he publiſhed a Prognoſtication, &c. relating to the weather, the phænomena of the heavens, &c. with a number of cuts. *Imprinted by Thomas Geminie*, quarto, and another edition of his Anatomy in 1559, dedicated to queen Elizabeth.

So congenial an art as engraving, when once diſcovered, could not fail to ſpread in an age of literature. That accompliſhed prelate, archbiſhop Parker, who thought that whatever tended to enlighten and civilize the human mind was within his province, ſeems to have been the moſt conſpicuous patron of the arts in the reign of Elizabeth. I have mentioned before * that he employed in his palace at Lambeth a painter and two or three engravers. Of theſe the chief † was

* Anecdotes of Painting, chap. vii. p. 139.

† Another was Richard Lyne, of whom ſee an account in Mr. Gough's Brit. Topogr. 2d edit. vol. i. p. 208.

REMIGIUS

REMIGIUS HOGENBERGH,

of whom I can give the reader no farther information, than what he has received already, that Hogenbergh twice engraved the archbiſhop's head, which Vertue thought was the firſt portrait engraved in England; and a genealogy of the kings of England. Remigius had a brother, who either was in England or worked for Engliſhmen, his name

FRANCIS HOGENBERGH.

1555 } By his hand is extant a print of queen Mary I. dated 1555. If this was executed in her reign, it was antecedent to that of Parker: but it might not be done here, or might be performed after her death, and allude only to her æra. Under it is written, Veritas Temporis Filia. In the ſet of Saxton's maps he engraved thoſe of Gaul and Belgium. Of his works abroad Vertue had ſeen views in * Bruin's Civitates Orbis Terrarum, printed at Cologn in 1572, in conjunction with Simon Novellani and George Hoefnagle; and others in Abraham Ortelius's Theatrum Orbis Terrarum, in which he was aſſiſted by Ferdinand and Ambroſe Arſen, Antwerpiæ 1570. The map of England in this collection was the work of Humphry Lhuyd of Denbighſhire, as that of Spain was of Thomas Geminus, whom I have already mentioned. Engraving was on no contemptible foot in England when we had profeſſors † worthy of being employed to adorn Flemiſh editions; Flanders was at that time a capital theatre of arts and learning.

DR. WILLIAM CUNYNGHAM,

1559 } a phyſician of Norwich, was alſo an author and engraver. In his Coſmographical Glaſs, a fine copy of which is deſcribed by Ames ‡,

* This expenſive work conſiſts of two very large and thick folios; the firſt containing 178 plans and views of towns, the ſecond 135. They are drawn and engraved by Francis and Abraham Hogenbergh, Hoefnagle, and others, particularly Henry Stenwick: the author ſtyles himſelf both Bruin and Braun. It is a work of uncommon labour, but without method; and ſome of the cities are repeated. In this collection is the curious print of Nonſuch; and in the laſt plate but two of the firſt volume is a view of the lake Averno; Ortelius and G. Hoefnagle are ſtanding by the lake, and from ſeeing birds ſwimming on it, hunc locum non eſſe Aornon advertentes.

† Ortelius himſelf commends the Engliſh engravers; and, beſides thoſe I have ſpecified, he names Antony Jenkenſon, who flouriſhed in 1562, and Robert Leeth, a man ſkillful in taking the plot of a country. See Ames, p. 540.

‡ Ib. p. 237.

are

are many cuts and a large map of Norwich, ſome of the plates engraved by the doctor's own hand. It was printed in folio in 1559, and dedicated to the lord Robert Dudley, afterwards the well-known earl of Leiceſter.

RALPH AGGAS

1578 } was a ſurveyor, and related to Edward Aggas a printer *. Ralph publiſhed what I ſhould have concluded a book, as he called it Celeberrimæ Oxonienſis Academiæ, &c. elegans ſimul & accurata deſcriptio; but Ames, who is not very explicit, ſeems to ſpeak of it as a map, ſaying it was three feet by four; and he adds that Cambridge was *done* about the ſame time, that is, in 1578. Aggas made a map of Dunwich in 1589, which I have mentioned †, and a large plan and view of London, which was re-engraved by Vertue, and of which in one of his MSS. he gives the following account:

"A plan and view of London, with the river Thames and adjacent parts, being the moſt ancient proſpect in print. This was reported to have been done in Henry VIII, or king Edward VIth's time; but from ſeveral circumſtances it appears to be done early in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, about 1560; being cut in ſeveral blocks of wood. The prints thereof being now of the greateſt ſcarcity, no copies perhaps preſerved, being put up againſt walls in houſes, therefore in length of time all decayed or loſt. *Civitas Londinum.* Probably this was publiſhed by Ralph Aggas, as he himſelf mentions in that plan of Oxford, done after this was begun. But it muſt be obſerved that this very impreſſion is a ſecond publication, with the date 1618, and that there are ſeveral alterations from the firſt in this; and particularly, inſtead of the arms as queen Elizabeth bore them, thoſe of king James I. (England, France and Scotland) are put in the place of them. And in the firſt have been explanations of the remarkable places in the city and ſuburbs, as may be obſerved in many places by letters of reference. The length of this printed plan, 6 feet 3 inches, by 2 feet 4 inches, contained in ſix ſheets and two half ſheets, I believe the full extent in length; but I apprehend the notes of explanation were at bottom, printed on ſlips of paper to be added." Vertue then ſpecifies buildings or abſence of buildings which affix this plan

* Ames, p. 389.

† Anecdotes of Painting, chap. vii. p. 134.

to

to the æra in which he concludes it printed originally; as the water-gate at the palace of Weſtminſter, called the *Queen's-bridge*; Northumberland-houſe wanting, which was not erected in 1560, but was before 1618. Paget-place, ſo called in 1563, &c. Vertue had taken much pains to aſcertain the ancient extent of London, and the ſite of its ſeveral larger edifices at various periods. Among his papers I find many traces relating to this matter. Such a ſubject, extended by hiſtoric illuſtrations, would be very amuſing. Les Anecdotes des rues de Paris is a pattern for a work of that kind; but not the laſt edition; for the author, conducted by the clue of his materials into the ancient hiſtories of France and England, grew ſo intereſted in thoſe obſolete quarrels, that he tacked to an antiquarian diſcuſſion a ridiculous invective againſt the Engliſh and their hiſtorians. After authenticating whatever has paſſed of memorable in each ſtreet of Paris, he labours to overturn all that happened at Poictiers and Creſſy. Hiſtorian of gnats, he quarrels with camels.

HUMPHRY COLE,

1572} a goldſmith, and probably brother of Peter Cole, a painter mentioned by Meres in his Wit's Commonwealth, and in The Anecdotes of Painting*. I conclude ſo; as Humphry engraved a map to a folio bible, which he ſet forth in 1572, and a frontiſpiece, with queen Elizabeth, the earl of Leiceſter as Joſhua, and lord Burleigh as David. Humphry Cole, as he ſays himſelf†, was born in the north of England, *and pertayned to the Mint in the Tower* 1572. I ſuppoſe he was one of the engravers that *pertayned* to archbiſhop Parker, for this edition was called Matthew Parker's Bible. I hope the flattery to the favourites was the incenſe of the engraver!

JOHN BETTES,

brother of Thomas Bettes, the painter‡, was himſelf both painter and engraver. Meres, in the paſſage above quoted, is my authority for the firſt: Fox in his Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory tells us the ſecond, naming John Bettes as the performer of a pedigree and ſome vineats (vignettes) for Hall's Chronicle, and ſpeaking of Bettes in 1576 as then dead§. In the ſame place is mentioned one Tyrral, of whom I find no other account, nor of Cure, recorded by Meres;

* Page 135.
† Ames, 255.
‡ See Anecdotes of Painting, p. 135.
§ Ames, p. 197, in the note.

nor

nor of his Chriſtopher Switzer *, but that he uſed to execute wooden cuts for books about the time of archbiſhop Parker.

WILLIAM ROGERS

is another engraver in Meres's Recapitulation of Engliſh artiſts. He engraved a title-page to Linſchoten's Voyages to the Eaſt Indies; and probably the cuts to Hugh Broughton's Conſent of Scriptures, which have this mark WR, and which Vertue ſays have been reckoned the firſt graved plates done in England. But this is a miſtake; for Broughton's book was not printed till 1600 †. He alſo did heads of queen Elizabeth, of the earls of Eſſex and Cumberland, of ſir John Harrington in the title-plate of his Orlando Furioſo, of John Gerrard, ſurgeon, and a frontiſpiece with four ſmall heads. One Cure is alſo mentioned by Meres as an excellent engraver; but I find no other account of him, nor ever met with any of his works. Laurence Johnſon engraved ſeveral heads in The Turkiſh hiſtory, in folio, 1603.

CHRISTOPHER SAXTON,

1580} to whom we are obliged for the firſt maps of counties, lived at Tingley near Leeds in Yorkſhire, and was ſervant to Thomas Sekeford ‡ eſq. maſter of requeſts, and maſter of the court of wards. By the encouragement and at the expence of this gentleman Saxton undertook and publiſhed a complete ſet of maps of the counties of England and Wales, many of which he engraved himſelf, and was aſſiſted in others by Remigius Hogenbergh, whom I have mentioned, by Nicholas Reynold, by ſome foreigners, and by Auguſtine Ryther §, who made ſome of the maps of The Spaniſh invaſion, and who kept a ſhop near Leaden-hall, and procured a tranſlation of Petruccio

* In the Harleian library was a ſet of wooden cuts repreſenting the broad ſeals of England from the conqueſt to James I. incluſive, neatly executed. Vertue ſays this was the ſole impreſſion he had ſeen, and believed that they were cut by Chriſtopher Switzer, and that theſe plates were copied by Hollar for Sandford. Switzer alſo cut the coins and ſeals in Speed's Hiſtory of Great Britain 1614, from the originals in the Cottonian collection. Speed calls him *the moſt exquiſite and curious hand of that age.* He probably engraved the botanic figures for Lobel's Obſervations, and the plates for Parkinſon's Paradiſus Terreſtris, 1629. Chriſtopher Switzer's works have been ſometimes confounded with his ſon's, who was of both his names.

† Vide Ames, p. 429.

‡ His portrait may be ſeen in Vertue's print of The Court of Wards.

§ Ames, p. 541, note.

Ubaldini's Diſcourſe, which he dedicated to the lord admiral Howard in 1590. The county maps, dedicated to the queen, and adorned with the royal arms, and thoſe of the promoter, maſter Sekeford, were publiſhed by Saxton in 1579; the dates on different plates * ſhowing that the labour of ſix years, that is from 1574 to 1579, both included, had been beſtowed on them. Saxton is commended by Camden and Thoreſby, the latter of whom † calls his map of Yorkſhire *the beſt that ever was made of that county*. This rare map was three feet wide: at one corner was a view of York; at another, of Hull. Auguſtine Ryther had the chief hand in engraving it.

GEORGE HOEFNAGLE,

of Antwerp, was probably in England, mention being made ‡ of a map of Briſtol by him; and he certainly engraved a large plate of Nonſuch. He was one of the engravers employed by Ortelius. Vertue ſays that Mr. Green ſhowed to the ſociety of antiquaries a quarto containing about fifty copper-plates, engraved in 1592 by James Hoefnagle of Francfort, aged then ſeventeen, from drawings by his father George, of beaſts, birds, flowers, inſects, &c. §

THEODORE DE BRIE

1587 } was, as he informs us on his plates to Boiſſard's Roman antiquities, a native of Liege and a citizen of Francfort. He engraved the plates for the firſt four volumes of that work, the laſt of which was completed in 1601 and 1602, after his death, by his ſons Theodore and Iſrael, whom he brought up to his own buſineſs. His own head and Boiſſard's he has prefixed to ſome of the volumes. The firſt Engliſh work that I find with his name was The funeral proceſſion of ſir Philip Sidney, of which I have given an account before ‖, and which was expreſſedly engraved in London. The next was ¶ a title-page with the arms of the lord-keeper Hatton at large, to Wagenar's Mariner's Mirrour, the ſecond part, publiſhed by Antony Aſhley in 1588. The laſt does great honour to De Brie: he cut the curious plates,

* See the particulars in Ames, pp. 541, 542. He has alſo given at length the patent obtained by Mr. Sekeford.

† Ducat. Leod. p. 165, 195.

‡ Ames, p. 538.

§ One Cock, a Dutchman, graved an oval portrait of the queen of Scots in 1559, and from a genuine picture; but it is not clear that he ever was in England.

‖ Anecdotes of Painting, vol. i. p. 282.

¶ I find this in Vertue's MSS.

deſcribing

Vol.IV.P.10



A.Bannerman Sculp.

HOEFNAGLE.

deſcribing the manners and faſhions of the Virginians, in The brief and true report of the Newfoundland of Virginia, publiſhed by Thomas Hariot *, ſervant of ſir Walter Raleigh, and employed by him in the diſcovery. This work was printed at Francfort by J. Wechelius in 1590. The cuts were done at De Brie's own expence from drawings of J. White, who was ſent thither for that purpoſe. Picart has copied them in his Religious Ceremonies of all Nations; as Speed from drawings of the ſame perſon borrowed the frontiſpiece of his folio edition in 1611.† Theodore the father engraved the plates to the Latin Narrative of the Cruelties of the Spaniards in America, publiſhed in 1598. About the ſame time appeared De Brie's great work, entitled Deſcriptio Indiæ Orientalis & Occidentalis, 19 parts, 5 vol. folio. This is done much in the ſame manner with Hariot's Account of Virginia. Theodore the younger engraved the heads for Boiſſard's Collection of eminent perſons.

ROBERT ADAMS,

beſides the plates which I have mentioned in the former part of this Work, p. 137, drew and engraved repreſentations of the ſeveral actions while the Spaniſh Armada was on the Britiſh coaſts. Theſe charts were publiſhed by Auguſtine Ryther 1589.

I have now cleared my way to the æra from whence Vertue intended to date his account of our engravers; that is, from the laſt years of Elizabeth. Yet ſo unable had he been to amaſs materials ſufficient to be moulded into a hiſtory, that I find only brief notes till we approach to modern times. The ſatisfaction therefore that I cannot give to the antiquary, muſt be a little compenſated by aſſiſting collectors. In default of anecdotes, I ſhall form ſome, however imperfect, liſts of the works performed by the elder maſters. Theſe will be chiefly ſupplied from my own collection and from Ames's printed catalogue of Engliſh heads ‡, and may be increaſed hereafter by curious perſons, who will be aſſiſted by this ſketch to compile a more extenſive and complete hiſtory of the art in England.

* Hariot was afterwards a dependent of the earl of Northumberland, and one of the ſuppoſed magi who kept him company in the Tower.

† Ames, p. 563.

‡ As they are fully deſcribed there, and may be found alphabetically, I ſhall refer the reader thither for many of thoſe prints of which I give no account, that I may not ſwell this liſt unneceſſarily.

*REGINALD ELSTRACKE,

whoſe works are more ſcarce than valuable, flouriſhed under Elizabeth and her ſucceſſor, in whoſe reign he probably died. His firſt print, according to the date, is the portrait of

Sir Philip Sidney, done probably ſoon after his death.

Queen Elizabeth, done after her death.

The Black Prince, in an oval, as are moſt of the following.

Richard Whittington, lord mayor; and his cat.

Gervaſe Babington biſhop of Worceſter, æt. ſuæ 59, with four Latin verſes, and this motto, Virtus Dei in infirmitate.

Sir Julius Cæſar, knight, maſter of the rolls.

Henry V. titles in Latin.

Sir Thomas More; over his head, Diſce mori mundo, vivere diſce Deo.

Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charter-houſe; done after his death, 1611, which ſhows that Elſtracke was then living.

Edmund lord Sheffield, preſident of the North.

Thomas Howard, earl of Suffolk, lord treaſurer of England.

Robert earl of Eſſex.

Anne Boleyn.

John Harrington baron of Exton.

William Perkins.

Lord Darnley and queen Mary, whole lengths on one plate.

Padeſha Shaffallem, the Great Mogul.

* He generally wrote his name, Renold.

Philip

Philip III.

Chriſtian IV.

Sigiſmond Battori.

The archduke Albert and Iſabella, two plates.

William Knollis viſcount Wallingford.

Cardinal Wolſey.

Henry prince of Wales.

Antonio de Dominis.

Ladiſlaus king of Poland; in Fowler's Troubles of Sweden.

John Oden Barnevelt lord of Barkley.

Title-plate to Baſiliologia.

Another to Milles's Catalogue of Honour.

Time's Storehouſe, 1619.

Edward IV. king of England, with devices, &c. and are to be ſold by Thomas Geele at the Dagger in Lombard-ſtreet. As there is no date to this print, it is uncertain in what year it was done. Vertue in one of his MSS. ſays, that Thomas Hinde, in 1537, was the firſt printſeller in London; in another place he aſſigns that rank to George Humble; he no where mentions Geele. It is certain that the name of George Humble is frequently found on prints of the time of Elizabeth, in conjunction with John Sudbury; they lived in Pope's-head-alley: but Hinde and Geele were moſt probably their predeceſſors.

Toby Matthews archbiſhop of York, eight Latin verſes, R. E. ſculpſ. He. Holland excudit. are to be ſold by George Humble in Pope's-head-alley.

Mary queen of Scots. Jacobi Magnæ Britann. regis mater. She is abundantly dreſſed, and has the crown, ſceptre, globe and arms. Sold by Compton Holland, who is ſometimes the vender of prints; ſometimes takes them

them off, excudit*; and once at leaſt engraved himſelf. I have a laboured print by him of Robert earl of Eſſex, with his arms, creſt and titles. The print of Mary is much ſuperior to many of the preceding.

Henry Holland, who publiſhed the † Heroologia Anglicana, was eldeſt ſon of Philemon Holland, and I ſuppoſe brother of this Compton Holland. In 1613 he travelled into the Palatinate with John lord Harrington. Beſides the Heroologia, he publiſhed Monumenta ſepulcralia Eccleſiæ Sti Pauli Lond. quarto; and a volume containing the heads of the kings of England from the conqueſt to the year 1618. Theſe plates, ſays Vertue, are the ſame with thoſe in Martin's Chronicle, except the title-page, and the print of William I.

FRANCIS DELARAM

worked at the ſame time with Elſtracke, and in the ſame manner, but better and neater; and ſeems to have ſurvived him. His plates are,

William Somers, king Heneryes jeſter (8th.) from Holbein, are to be ſold by Thomas Jenner ‡ at the whitbeare in Cornewell. A whole length. Long

* G. Humble was alſo a painter. Among Ames's heads, p. 145, is one of Speed—D. Georgius Humble p. G. Savery ſc.

† The engraver of thoſe prints has not ſet his name to them. As they are in a more maſterly and free ſtyle than cuts done in England at that time, it is probable that Holland carried over the drawings with him, and had them executed abroad; and this will be confirmed by a circumſtance I ſhall mention in the article of Criſpin Paſs.

‡ Jenner attempted the art himſelf with no bad ſucceſs. I have a ſmall print by him of ſir William Wadd (or Waad) lieutenant of the Tower. Sir William was ſon of ſir Armigel Wadd of Yorkſhire, clerk of the council to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and author of a book of travels. The ſon was clerk of the council to Elizabeth, who diſpatched him to Spain to excuſe her ſending away their miniſter Mendoza, who had been dealing in treaſons againſt her. Sir William behaved with great ſpirit there, and with as much cleverneſs afterwards in piecing together a treaſonable paper, torn and thrown into the ſea by one Chreicton. Wadd was ſucceſſively embaſſador to the emperor Rodolph, to Henry IV. and to Mary queen of Scots, inſpector of the Iriſh forces, of the privy council to king James, and lieutenant of the Tower, from which poſt (to his honour) he was removed in 1613 by Robert Carr earl of Somerſet, ſir William being a man of too much integrity to be employed in the dark purpoſes then in agitation. He died at his manor of Battiles Waade (where he built the manſion ſtill ſtanding) in 1623, aged 77. He married Anne daughter of ſir John Hyron. His father ſir Armigel, who lies buried at Hamſtead, was the firſt Engliſhman that made diſcoveries in America. See Camden, The Engliſh Worthies, Ant. Wood, and Hiſt. and Antiq. of Eſſex.

tunic,

tunic, H. K. on his breaſt a chain, and a horn in his hand. Behind him buildings, and boys playing. Eight Engliſh verſes.

Henry VIII.

Queen Mary I. in an oval frame.

Sir Thomas Greſham, ditto, with gloves in his hand, large purſe to his girdle. Franciſco Delaram ſculpſit. are to be ſold by Jo. Sudbu. and G. Humble.

Queen Elizabeth, after her death, with a long inſcription. Vid. Ames, p. 62.

James I.

Henry prince of Wales, ſon of James I. in the robes of the garter, with a truncheon.

James Mountagu, biſhop of Wincheſter, 1617—are to be ſold by P. Stent.

Arthurus Severus O'Toole Noneſuch, ætatis 80, 1618. An old man with a large beard, a ſceptre in his hand with eleven crowns upon it. Eight Engliſh burleſque verſes. Seems to be the effigies of ſome adventurer.

Henry Percy earl of Northumberland; almoſt bald, and with very thick beard. Eight Engliſh verſes, 1619. Are to be ſold by G. Humble in Pope's-head-alley.

Another, younger, but with a long beard and hat on.

Small neat half-length of W. Burton of Falde, in an oval, with devices, 1622.

Sir Henry Montagu, chief juſtice of the King's-bench, with ſix Latin verſes, &c.

Sir William Segar, garter principal king at arms.

John Abbot, biſhop of Saliſbury, with ſix Latin verſes. Abra. Car. compoſ.

John biſhop of Lincoln, with purſe-bearer, mace-bearer, ſix boy-angels playing on muſical inſtruments, and ſix Latin verſes. A very neat and curious print.

Frederick elector Palatine.

Elizabeth, his wife.

Frederick Henry, their eldeſt ſon.

Charles prince of Wales.

John King biſhop of London.

Mathias de Lobel, phyſician.

Sir Horatio Vere; on either ſide a ſoldier completely armed at bottom; trophies, &c. at top.

George Withers, the poet, with eight Engliſh verſes, and this motto,

Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo, 1622.

Frances ducheſs of Richmond and Lenox, covered with jewels, a large veil behind. Conſtantia coronat. 1623.

Frontiſpiece to Nero Cæſar, folio, 1624. This is the lateſt date to which I find Delaram's name. The four next were a family of artiſts, and the beſt performers in the laboured finical manner of that age.

CRISPIN PASS,

of Utrecht, was a man of letters, and not only induſtrious to perfect himſelf in his art, but fond of promoting and encouraging it. This appears particularly by his being at the expence of ſetting forth Holland's Heroologia, which is expreſsly ſaid to be publiſhed Impenſis Criſpini Paſs; and his not mentioning himſelf as having any ſhare in engraving the plates makes me conclude that he recommended the beſt ſculptors among the Flemiſh. Indeed the prints have merit in themſelves, beſides being memorials of ſo many remarkable perſonages. Criſpin frequented and ſtudied the beſt maſters, and was ſent by prince Maurice to teach drawing in an academy at Paris. At what time he came to England is not clear; none of his works done here are dated, ſays Vertue, later than 1635; yet he certainly lived ſome years longer, as in 1643, being then probably very old, he publiſhed his book at Amſterdam, Della Luce del dipengere, & diſegnare, in Italian, French, High and Low Dutch, folio.

folio. In the preface he relates theſe circumſtances of his life: " Dès ma jeune age je me ſuis adonné à pluſieurs et divers exerciſes; mais je me ſuis particulierement attaché à eſtudier avec les plus fameux maiſtres, le ſieur Freminent, peintre de ſa majeſté très-chretienne, le renommé peintre & *architecte* ſieur Petro Paul Rubens, Abr. Bloemart, Paulo Morelſon, peintre et architecte de Utrecht—mais plus particulierement le très-noble ſeigneur Vander Burg, avec lequel je viſitay l'academie, où etoient les plus celebres hommes du ſiecle. L'illuſtre prince Maurice de heureuſe memoire m'envoya à Paris pour enſeigner le deſeign à l'academie du ſieur Pluvinel, premier ecuyer du roy." He begins with a little geometry, gives directions for the proportions of the human body, for figures in perſpective, for drawing in the academy by lamp-light, deſcribes the uſe of the manekin or layman for diſpoſing draperies, and goes through the proportions of horſes, lions, bears, leopards, elephants, ſheep, cats, and other quadrupeds, birds and fiſhes. His human figures are taken chiefly from Rubens, as is but too evident in the corpulency of his women. Some plates are after Lanfranc, and moſt of the animals from Roland Savery. The firſt diviſion contains thirty plates, the ſecond ſeven, and the third eleven, of perſpective. Among theſe are three cuts by his ſon, William, cum privileg. du roy très-chretien. Bleau publiſhed a ſecond edition of this work, and, to ſwell the volume, added a great number of old plates that belonged to other books. Some of the plates have theſe deſignations: Robert de Vorſt inv. R. de Vorſt incidit. R. Vandervorſt. Except the liſt of his works, I have nothing more to add to Criſpin's article, but that Peacham, in his Compleat Gentleman, ſtyles him " my moſt honeſt loving friend."

His next work is indeed very beautiful, being a large ſet of plates for a folio, entitled, Inſtruction du roy en l'exerciſe de monter à cheval, par Meſſire Antoine de Pluvinel, the perſon mentioned in the preface to his drawing-book. The work, which is in dialogues, and fooliſh enough, is in French and Dutch, adorned with many cuts admirably deſigned and executed. The young king Lewis XIII. Pluvinel, the duc de Bellegarde, grand ecuyer, and others of the court, appear in almoſt every print; and towards the concluſion are ſome plates exhibiting tilts at the barriers; in which are given portraits of all the great perſons of the court at that time, delivered, though very ſmall, with great exactitude. This valuable book is little known, though not very ſcarce.

Queen Elizabeth, a moſt ſumptuous whole length, with crown, ſceptre, globe, farthingale, royal arms, bible and ſword on a table, carpet and curtain, and twelve Latin verſes. Iſaac Olivier effigiebat, Criſpin vande Paſſe incidebat, procurante Joanne Waldnelto. This laſt circumſtance, and the paucity of Engliſh heads engraved by Criſpin, make me doubt whether he ever was in England himſelf. Perhaps drawings were ſent to him, as they have been of late to Houbraken for The illuſtrious heads.

A head of the ſame queen, oval. Among her titles is that of Virginia.

James I. in hat and ruff, oval within a ſquare frame; lion and grifon ſupporting it. Six Latin lines. Criſpin de Paſs excudit Coloniæ. Joannes Meyſſens excudit Antwerpiæ. As Paſs executed this abroad, it is not extraordinary that he ſhould have continued queen Elizabeth's grifon, not knowing that James on his acceſſion had aſſumed the Scottiſh ſupporter. This print is well done, though inferior to the preceding whole length.

Anne of Denmark, a curious print; ſhe is drawn in her hair, young, and with a very broad ſquare ſprigged ruff. Six Latin verſes. Criſpin de Paſs f. & excudit Coloniæ.

Henry prince of Wales.

Charles prince of Wales, in an oval like the two laſt. Four Latin verſes.

Ludoica Juliana Comes Naſſoviæ, &c. in a round.

Sir Philip Sidney.

The earl of Eſſex on horſeback.

Thomas Percius, nobilis Anglus, conſpirationis A. MDCV. initæ princeps. C. van de Paſs exc. See a deſcription of this rare print in Ames, p. 134. There is alſo a print in quarto of the ſeven conſpirators.

A collection of 200 emblems for George Wither.

A ſet of cuts for Ovid's Metamorphoſes, the title of which is, Pub. Ovidii Naſonis

Naſonis xv. Metamorphoſeon librorum figuræ elegantiſſimæ à Criſpino Paſſæo laminis æneis inciſæ, 1607.

Four large and handſome prints of Dives and Lazarus. The firſt only is executed by the father; the reſt are by a younger ſon, called Criſpin likewiſe, as is the following,

Frederic elector Palatine, young, oval, ſize of a large octavo, with martial trophies. Criſpin Paſſæus jun. figu. & ſculpſ. The other children of Criſpin Paſs were:

WILLIAM PASS,

who engraved a very rare print, which the earl of Oxford bought with the collection of ſir Simonds Dewes, and of which Vertue gives this account: It was a printed ſheet, containing the family of James I. and entitled Triumphus Jacobi regis auguſtæque ipſius prolis. The king ſitting on his throne with his regalia; on his right the queen and prince Henry leaning on ſkulls, to intimate they were dead; on his left prince Charles with his hand on a book, that lay on a table; an angel above holding two crowns. Near prince Charles ſtand the king and queen of Bohemia, and before them their ſeven children. At the bottom of the ſheet ſeveral Latin and Engliſh verſes. W. G. ſcripſit. Will. Paſs ſculpſit. Illuſtriſſ. Jaco. R. Principique Carolo D. D. eorumque licentiâ & favore excu. Joan. Bill *.

In another place Vertue deſcribes a ſimilar print, but does not ſay where he ſaw it. The latter is entitled, The progenie of the renowned prince James king of Great Britaine, France and Ireland. The verſes in both languages are different from thoſe in the preceding; to the latter it is ſaid, Hæc compoſuit Johannes Webſter; and the engraver is George † Mountain. To

* This beautiful and curious print (probably the very proof that was lord Oxford's) is now in my poſſeſſion: I bought it at the ſale of ſir Charles Cotterel's library in 1764, in the London edition of Thuanus, which is alſo adorned by general Dormer and ſir Clement Cotterel, with ſeveral other fine and ſcarce prints, particularly one of Henry IV. Marie de' Medici; their children and nurſes; and the print of the three Colignis, which I have mentioned in the life of Iſaac Oliver.

† I find but one other print with his name, and that a poor one; it is of Francis White, dean of Carliſle.

be ſold at the Globe over the Exchange. I ſuppoſe that plate was copied from that of Paſs *.

Another print recorded by Vertue contains in a half ſheet the king and queen of Bohemia, and four of their children. Will. Paſs fecit ad vivum figurator 1621. About twenty Engliſh verſes in two columns at bottom.

I have a very valuable print of the Palatine family on a large ſheet, broadways, but without any name of engraver. By the manner I ſhould take it for Sadeler. The king of Bohemia, aged, fat, and melancholy, is ſitting with Elizabeth under ſome trees. One of their ſons, in appearance between twenty and thirty, ſtands by the queen. On the other ſide are three young children, the leaſt playing with a rabbit. Two greyhounds, a pigeon, a toad, and ſeveral animals are diſpoſed about the landſcape, which is rich, and graved with much freedom. The inſcription is in French.

Of William Paſs I find theſe other works:

Robert earl of Leiceſter, head in oval, good, two Latin verſes, $\frac{P}{W}$ fe.

Frances ducheſs of Richmond and Lenox, half-length, extremely neat, her arms in a ſhield; on a table lies a book with theſe words, Conſtantia coronat. Over her a ſtate. Anno 1625 inſculptum à Guilh. Paſſeo Londinum. This print, which is in my poſſeſſion, reſembles very much a whole-length (I believe by Mytens) of the ſame great lady, which I bought from the collection of the late earl of Pomfret. There is another of her in her † weeds with the duke's picture at her ‡ breaſt at Longleate. But the beſt portrait of her is in Wilſon's Life of James I. The reader would find it well worth his while to turn to it.

* This print, exceedingly inferior to the former, is now in the collection of ſir William Muſgrave, who bought it, with many other ſcarce portraits, from Thoreſby's Muſeum in 1764.

† Mr. Maſters, author of the Hiſtory of C. C. C. Cambridge, has another of theſe.

‡ This was a faſhion at that time. There are three or four ladies drawn ſo by Cornelius Janſen, at Sherburn-caſtle, the lord Digby's; of which Elizabeth counteſs of Southampton, a half-length richly attired, is one of Janſen's beſt works. The ruins of the biſhop's caſtle, ſir Walter Raleigh's grove, the houſe built by him and the firſt earl of Briſtol, the ſiege the caſtle ſuſtained in the civil war, a grove planted by Mr. Pope, and the noble lake made by the laſt lord, concur to make that ſeat one of the moſt venerable and beautiful in England.

Sir

Sir John Haywood, LL. D. died 1627, with emblems. W. Paſs f.

Robert earl of Eſſex on horſeback.

George duke of Buckingham, ditto.

Chriſtian IV. king of Denmark, and Frederick duke of Holſtein, both ſtanding, in one print.

Darcy Wentworth, æt. 32, 1624.

James I. crowned, and ſitting with a ſword in his right hand, on which Fidei Defenſor, a death's head on his left on his knee; before him prince Henry with his left hand on a ſkull on a table. W. Paſſæus f. & ſc. anno Domini 1621.

Another with the ſame date, but the king's left hand is on the globe, not on a ſkull; and inſtead of prince Henry there is prince Charles. This fine print is in my poſſeſſion.

Sir Henry Rich, captain of the guards, oval frame. W. Paſs ſc.

MAGDALEN PASS.

I find little of her work but a very ſcarce little head in my own collection, repreſenting the lady Katherine, at that time marchioneſs, afterwards ducheſs, of Buckingham, with a feather fan. It is ſlightly finiſhed, but very free. Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, 1623; Cephalus and Procris; and Latona changing the Lycian peaſants into frogs, both after Elſheimer.

SIMON PASS

engraved counters of the Engliſh royal family, as I have already mentioned in the life of Hilliard. Vertue ſays, he ſtaid here about ten years, and then paſſed into the ſervice of the king of Denmark, his earlieſt works in England being dated 1613. Mr. Evelyn in his Sculptura, p. 88, adds, that Liberum Belgium by Simon de Paſs, dedicated to prince Maurice of Naſſau, is a very rare cut. Other prints by him are,

James I. crowned, ſitting in a chair; prefixed to his works.

Ditto, with a hat.

Queen

Queen Anne, 1617.

Ditto on horſeback, with a view of Windſor-caſtle behind.

Prince Henry with a lance, whole length.

Philip III. king of Spain.

Maria of Auſtria, his daughter, the intended bride of Charles I.

Another of her, as ſiſter of Philip IV. much neater. Four Latin verſes. Sim. Paſs ſc. Criſpin de Paſs (I ſuppoſe the younger brother) exc. 1622.

George Villiers, earl of Buckingham, 1617.

Another of him when marquis, 1620, to the knees, ſtanding by a column in a chamber. Angels and feſtoons of fruit.

Charles I. young (when prince) in the robes of the garter.

Henry earl of Northampton. I never ſaw this print.

Francis Manners earl of Rutland.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in an oval, arms and devices. Sim. Paſs ſculpſ. Comp. Holland exc.

Archbiſhop Abbot, ditto, with a view of Lambeth. Paſs and Compton.

Another, 1616, Lond. but without Lambeth and Holland's name.

Thomas earl of Arundel (the great collector), oval, arms. Michael Janſs. Mirevelt pinx. and Sim. Paſſæus ſculpſ. L. Compt. Holl. excu.

William earl of Pembroke, do. white ſtaff, arms. Pa. V. Somer pinx. 1617. To be ſold by Jo. Sudbury and G. Humble. And Philip earl of Montgomery, do.

Richard earl of Dorſet, do. ſold in Pope's-head alley.

Frances Howard counteſs of Somerſet, a curious print of a curious perſon. It is a ſmall oval *, the hair very round and curled, like a wig, ruff. S. Pa.

* Ames, p. 162, mentions another very like this, but with ſome few variations.

ſculp. Lon. Comp. Holl. exc. I have a print likewiſe of her huſband, by the ſame, and a miniature of him in his latter age by Hoſkins. In both, his face is a ſharp oval, and his hair fair. Proofs that the print given of him among the illuſtrious heads, which is a very robuſt black man, is not genuine.

William Knollis viſcount Wallingford, in an oval, with a hat like lord Bacon. I am not certain by which Paſs, I believe by Simon.

James Hay baron of Saley, afterwards earl of Carliſle; graved by Paſs, and ſold by Sudbury and Humble.

John King biſhop of London, oval, twelve Latin verſes. Nicolà Lockey pinx. fieri curavit, and Simon Paſſæus ſculpſit.

Lancelot Andrews biſhop of Ely, 1618. Qu. by which Paſs?

I have a ſmall neat head in an oval of Chriſtina Popping, in a Flemiſh dreſs, dedicated to her in a Latin inſcription, and with a French motto, and a verſe from Ovid, executed in 1615. By this one ſhould conclude he was not yet arrived.

Sir Edward Coke, with ſix Latin verſes.

Another of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Thomas Overbury. Veneno obiit 1613. Comp. Holl. exc.

Another, ſmaller.

William Butler, phyſician, good.

* Count Gondomar; dedicated to him, and ſtrongly touched. Theſe five laſt are ovals.

Another larger, with arms, Cupids, trophies, &c. very fine. Some of the following I take from Ames. The pages refer to his book.

A monumental plate, inſcribed by John Bill to his wife Anne, p. 23.

Lucy Harrington counteſs of Bedford, the patroneſs of Donne and other wits of that age, p. 28.

* There is another in folio, 1622.

Edward

Edward VI. p. 63. and James I. p. 89. Two more of the latter.

Queen Elizabeth, whole-length.

Lord chancellor Egerton.

Ant. Pluvinel eques, 1623.

James Montagu biſhop of Wincheſter.

John Arnd, a German divine.

Matoaca, alias Rebecca, filia potentiff. princ. Powkatavi imp. Virginiæ, æt. 21, 1616.

A woman's head, 1616.

Sir Henry Hobart.

Sir Edward Cecil, afterwards lord Wimbledon.

Digby earl of Briſtol.

Large head of Chriſtian IV.

Captain John Smith, 1617.

Title to lord Bacon's works.

Andreas Rivetus.

Antonius Walæus.

Robert Sidney viſcount Liſle, afterwards earl of Leiceſter, p. 103.

Charles earl of Nottingham, lord high admiral, p. 122.

Aaron Rathborne, p. 142.

Sir Thomas Smith, embaſſador to Ruſſia, p. 155.

Mary Sidney counteſs of Pembroke, ſiſter of ſir Philip Sidney, for whom he wrote the Arcadia, p. 161. She was old when this print was done.

Henry Wriotheſly earl of Southampton; the friend of lord Eſſex, p. 177.

Edward Somerſet earl of Worceſter, p. 181.

William Burton, phyſician, 1620.

In the French king's library at Paris is a large collection of the works of Criſpin Paſs and his family in two or three large volumes. One Emanuel Paſſe is mentioned in the Anecdotes of Painters, p. 150, as included in a licence to Cornelius Janſen to go abroad.

JOHN PAYNE

was ſcholar of Simon Paſs, and the firſt Engliſhman that diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the graver. Had his application been equal to his genius, there is no doubt but he would have ſhined among the firſt of his profeſſion; but he was idle, and, though recommended to king Charles, neglected his fortune and fame, and died in indigence before he was forty. There is a thin volume in octavo, called Good-friday, containing meditations on that day, and printed in 1648, to which are annexed ſome poems, under the title of Calanthe, by T. Rawlins. Among them is an epitaph on John Payne, then lately deceaſed. Mr. Evelyn * mentions him with applauſe: "Yet had we a Payne for his ſhip, ſome heads to the life, eſpecially that of Dr. Alabaſter, ſir Benjamin Rudyard †, and ſeveral other things." The ſhip was a print of the Royal Sovereign built in 1637 by Phineas Pett. It was engraved on two plates joined, three feet long, two feet two inches high. The head of Dr. Alabaſter I have, and it truly deſerves encomium, being executed with great force, and in a more manly ſtyle than the works of his maſter. It was taken from a painting by Cornelius Janſen. He did beſides a ſtorm, ſome plates for books, and theſe heads:

Hugh Broughton, oval, 1620, with ſix Latin verſes; very inferior to the preceding.

Alderman Leate, oval, with verſes.

Roger Bolton, ditto, with four Latin verſes, 1632.

Sir Edward Coke, chief juſtice, 1629.

Mr. Hobſon, the carrier, with eight Engliſh verſes.

* Sculptura, p. 98.

† This is one of his beſt.

Chriſtian duke of Brunſwick, &c. trophies; four Engliſh verſes.

Robert Devereux (2d) earl of Eſſex; hat and feather; J. P. neat little ſquare print.

Henry Vere earl of Oxford, ſtill better. It is a ſquare in the middle of a larger print by W. Paſs, in which, at top, bottom and ſides, are ſoldiers exerciſing, or holding banners with mottoes.

Carolus Ludovicus Princeps elector; a mere head, without even the neck.

Algernon Percy earl of Northumberland, in the ſame manner.

Elizabeth counteſs of Huntingdon.

Dr. Smith, of St. Clement's Danes, M. D.

Henry VII; Henry VIII; count Mansfeld; biſhop Hall; biſhop Lake; biſhop Andrews; ſir James Ley, chief juſtice; George Withers, the poet; Richard Sibbs; Ferdinand of Auſtria; Shakeſpear; John Preſton; Mr. Arthur Hilderſham; William Whitaker; Francis Hawkins, a boy; and theſe particular title-pages: to the Guide to Godlineſs; to the works of John Boys; to Chriſtian Warfare; to God's Revenge againſt Murder; and to La Muſe Chreſtienne, du ſieur Adrian de Rocquigny, 1634.

JOANNES BARRA,

of what country I know not, appears to have engraved theſe pieces:

Lodowick duke of Richmond and Lenox, 1624.

A title-plate, 1624.

Another, 1632.

A man's head, ſomething like a buſt, oval ornament; two figures repreſenting painting and literature, 1622.

There were many other engravers in the reign of James I. with whoſe private ſtory we are ſo little acquainted, that it is impoſſible to aſcertain their ſeveral ages and precedence. I ſhall give them promiſcuouſly as they occur.

JOHN

JOHN NORDEN.

1603 } In Mr. Bagford's collection was a view of London publiſhed by Norden in 1603 *, at bottom a repreſentation of the lord-mayor's ſhow, with variety of habits. In the ſame perſon's poſſeſſion Vertue ſaw another plan of London by T. Porter, in which he obſerved theſe particulars: at the upper-end of the Hay-market was a ſquare building called Peccadilla-hall; at the end of Coventry-ſtreet, a gaming-houſe, afterwards the manſion and garden of the lord keeper Coventry; and where Gerard-ſtreet is, was an artillery ground or military garden made by prince Henry. Norden ſeems to have been only a topographical engraver: he is known by his Speculum Britanniæ, or Hiſtorical and chorographical deſcription of Middleſex and Hartfordſhire, with a neat frontiſpiece and maps. Antony Wood conjectures with great probability that he is the ſame perſon with the author of ſeveral tracts which he enumerates, and thinks he was born in Wiltſhire; and adds that he was a commoner of Hart-hall, Oxford, in 1564, and took the degree of maſter of arts in 1573; that he lived at Hendon near Acton in Middleſex, was patronized by, or ſervant to, lord Burleigh and his ſon Robert earl of Saliſbury, and that he was a ſurveyor of the king's lands in 1614. Vertue ſubjoins, that one Charles Whitwell made a map of Surrey for Norden, which was neater than his other maps. He mentions alſo a large title-plate for the Engliſh Bible, inſcribed C. Boel fecit in Richmont, 1611. In Rymer's Fœdera, vol. xvii. is a patent granted in 1618 to Aaron Rathburne and Roger Bruges, for making a ſurvey for a true and perfect deſcription of the citie of London and Weſtminſter, in a map; and alſo ſeveral other cities.

WILLIAM HOLE OR HOLLE

1613 } Engraved an oval head of Michael Drayton in 1613, a poor performance; and a head of Johannes Florius, Italian maſter to Anne of Denmark. See Ames, p. 68. And thoſe of George Withers, Michael Drayton, Tom Coryat, John Hayward, and a very neat whole length of prince Henry, for Drayton's Polyolbion. He alſo publiſhed a copy-book, called The pen's excellencie by Martin Billingſley. The ſecond edition with the picture of the latter has 28 plates, 1618.

* In the year 1603 one Lawrence Johnſon graved ſeveral heads for the Turkiſh Hiſtory.

JODOCUS HONDIUS,

of whom I have given ſome account in The Anecdotes of Painters, under the article of his grandſon Abraham, was ſon of Oliver De Hondt, an ingenious artiſt of Ghent, where probably Jodocus was born in 1563, and where he ſtudied the mathematics, and the Latin and Greek tongues. The city of Ghent being delivered up when Jodocus was twenty years old, he came to England, and exerciſed various arts, as making mathematical inſtruments, types for printing, and engraving charts and maps. Among theſe were Sir Francis Drake's voyages, The Holy-land, The Roman Empire, and divers others. His celeſtial and terreſtrial globes, the largeſt that had then been publiſhed, were much commended. Several of Speed's * maps were executed by his hand; and he had great ſhare in the † Atlas Major of Gerard Mercator ‡, which was finiſhed by his ſon Henry, and publiſhed at Amſterdam in 1636. A tranſlation of it by Henry Hexam quarter-maſter to colonel Goring was dedicated to Charles I. Beſides theſe, and ſome things which I have mentioned in the Life of his grandſon, Jodocus engraved a ſmall print of Thomas Cavendiſh, the famous ſailor, another of queen Elizabeth, a large ſheet print of ſir Francis Drake, another ſmaller, and a head of Henry IV. of France. He married in London in 1586, and had ſeveral children; but removing to Amſterdam, he died there in 1611, being then but 48 years of age. His ſon

HENRY HONDIUS

finiſhed many works begun by his father, and in 1641 engraved a print of William prince of Orange from a painting by Alexander Cooper; a large head of queen Elizabeth, done at the Hague 1632; James I. æt. 42, 1608 (very poor); and in a ſet of heads publiſhed in 1608, thoſe of ſir Richard Spenſer and ſir Ralph Winwood.

A. BLOOM,

a name to a print of James I. which is inſcribed in Italian, Giacomo Re della Gran Bretagna. The ſame perſon, I ſuppoſe, is meaned by his initials A. B. which I find to ſome prints of that age.

* Others were done by Abraham Goos.

† There is a print of Jodocus prefixed to it.

‡ Mercator afterwards publiſhed a curious map of the Britiſh iſles.

THOMAS

THOMAS COCKSON

is unknown to us but by his works here following:

Matthias I. emperor.

Demetrius emperor of Ruſſia.

Mary de' Medici.

Lewis XIII.

Concini marquis d'Ancre, 1617.

Francis White dean of Carliſle, 1624. Theſe ſix are in folio.

Henry Bourbon prince of Condé.

Princeſs Elizabeth.

Samuel Daniel, 1609.

T. Coryat.

The revels of Chriſtiandom.

King James I. ſitting in parliament.

King Charles I. in like manner. Each on a whole ſheet.

Charles earl of Nottingham on horſeback. Sea and ſhips.

Cockſon generally uſed this mark T.

PETER STENT

was, I believe, an engraver, certainly a print-ſeller. On a portrait of the king of Bohemia is ſaid, Sold by Peter Stent. To one of the above-mentioned Francis White, but engraved by G. Mountain, is P. Stent excud. as is to a cut of ſir James Campbell, lord-mayor in 1629; but to one of Andrew Willet with ſix Latin verſes, are the letters P. S. who probably cut the plate, as no other artiſt is mentioned. Stent certainly lived ſo late as 1662; for in that year, as he had done in 1650, he publiſhed a liſt of the prints that he vended, which liſt was reprinted by Overton (who bought his ſtock) in 1672. In the firſt catalogue were mentioned plates of London, St. James's, Nonſuch, Whitehall, Wanſted,

Wanſted, Oatlands, Hampton-court, Theobalds, Weſtminſter, Windſor, Greenwich, Eltham, Richmond, Woodſtock, Baſinghouſe; battle of Naſeby, two ſheets, with general Ludlow on horſeback; two more of the battle of Dunbar: all now extremely ſcarce, and the more valuable as many of the edifices themſelves no longer exiſt. Nonſuch, that object of curioſity, is commonly known only by the imperfect and confuſed ſketch in one of Speed's maps; but there is a large and fine print of it, by G. Hoefnagle, in the firſt volume of Braun's Civitates orbis terrarum. Of * Old Richmond and Greenwich I have drawings; and of the former is a ſmall view by Hollar. In Overton's liſt is mentioned a map of the Royal-exchange by Thomas Cartwright, the builder.

WILLIAM DOLLE,

a name that occurs to a neat little print of ſir Henry Wootton †, with the word 'philoſophemur;' and to thoſe of Mar. Francke maſter of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge; of John Coſin biſhop of Durham; of Samuel Boteley; of the duke of Buckingham; of Sanderſon biſhop of Lincoln; of Milton, Hooker, and the earl of Eſſex.

DEODATE,

a name to a print of ſir Theodore Mayerne. An Italian called Deodate was phyſician to prince Henry, and probably this engraver.

R. MEIGHAN

1628 } Certainly worked in the year 1628, as he then publiſhed a head of John Clavel, and lived in St. Dunſtan's church-yard. Ames 46 ‡.

* At the lord viſcount Fitz-william's on Richmond-green, are two very large pictures, which came out of the old neighbouring palace: they are views of that palace, and were painted by Vinckenboom, who I never knew was in England. The landſcape in both is good, and touched in the ſtyle of Rubens; the figures are indifferent, the horſes bad. In the view to the green is a ſtag-hunting: in the other morrice-dancers, and a fool collecting money from the ſpectators. By the dreſſes they appear to have been painted about the latter end of James I. or beginning of Charles; for ſome of the ruffs are horizontal, ſome falling on the breaſt, which latter faſhion was introduced at that period. There appears to have been a pretty detached chapel, which is not in Hollar's view, and a boarded gallery to the ferry.

† There is another ſimilar by Lombart, prefixed to the firſt edition of ſir Henry's Remains.

‡ I am told, ſince the former edition, that Meighan was not an engraver, but a bookſeller and editor; that he publiſhed an edition of Shakeſpeare's Merry Wives of Windſor in 1630, and that his name often occurs on the records of the Stationers Company.

THOMAS

THOMAS CECILL,

1631 } Commended by Mr. Evelyn, did a print of ſir John Burgh, who was killed at the iſle of Rhee; of John Weaver*, which is dated 1631; of Walter Curle biſhop of Wincheſter; a ſmall whole length of Archee the king's jeſter; an oval head of John Talbot earl of Shrewſbury; queen Elizabeth on horſeback; Guſtavus Adolphus †; Edw. Reynolds ‡ biſhop of Norwich; ſir W. Cecil; Thomas Kidderminſter of Langley, 1628; and the frontiſpiece to lord Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum.

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

His works, though not numerous nor good, are more common than thoſe of the ten preceding. Such are,

James I.

Lancelot Andrews biſhop of Wincheſter.

Sir John Wynn of Gwedur in Carnarvonſhire, knight and baronet, obiit 1626, æt. 73; a very large head, coarſely done.

George Clifford earl of Cumberland, in an oval.

John Fiſher biſhop of Rocheſter.

Sir Francis Drake, with four Engliſh verſes.

Mr. Arthur Hildeſham, preacher at Aſhby de la Zouch.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Judge Lyttleton kneeling before a deſk.

Thomas Wilsford, æt. 40, with a line from Boetius, and four Engliſh verſes.

* It is prefixed to his Funeral Monuments: the frontiſpiece is by the ſame hand.

† In Scudery's Curia Politiæ.

‡ This head of biſhop Reynolds was probably engraven while he was only rector of Braunton in Northamptonſhire, of which he was poſſeſſed in 1631. See the title to his Treatiſe of the Paſſions. He was not conſecrated biſhop till 1660, and none of Cecill's works bear date after the reign of Charles I.

He engraved a monument in Dugdale's Warwickſhire, and ſome of the maps; the cuts in Norton's Ordinal, and finiſhed thoſe for Aſhmole's Theatrum Chemicum in 1651, at the latter's houſe in Black-friars. Vertue ſays, from Aſhmole's MSS. that during the interregnum Vaughan engraved a print of Charles II. to which he added ſo offenſive an inſcription, that an accuſation was preferred againſt him for it after the reſtoration. I have a very curious little book, entitled, "The true effigies of our moſt illuſtrious ſovereign lord king Charles, queen Mary, with the reſt of the royal progenie; alſo a Compendium or Abſtract of their moſt famous genealogies and pedigrees, expreſſed in proſe and verſe, with the times and places of their births, 1641." It contains heads of the king, queen, and prince Charles, and whole lengths of Mary, James, Elizabeth, Anne, Henry in his cradle, and an elder Charles who died. Some are by Hollar, one by our Robert Vaughan *. The duke of York is playing at tennis.

Edward Terry, rector of Greenford, Middleſex. This is the lateſt I find of Vaughan's works, being dated 1655. There is a print of Robert Devereux earl of Eſſex, general of the parliament, which Ames gives as engraved by J. Vaughan. If this is not an error of the preſs for R. it might be a brother. There is another of this lord by J. Hulett †, of whom I find no other work ‡, except a print of ſir T. Fairfax.

Vaughan engraved ſome, if not all the heads in Bentivoglio's Wars of Flanders, engliſhed by the earl of Monmouth.

WILLIAM MARSHAL §,

1634 } A more voluminous workman, who by the perſons he repreſented I ſhould conclude practiſed early in the reign of James. In the

* He alſo engraved Becket's ſhrine, from a MS. in the Cotton library. Vide Gough's Topogr. 2d edit. vol. i. p. 455.

† Another engraver of this name, who executed the cuts for Fielding's Joſeph Andrews, died in Red-lion-ſtreet, Clerkenwell, in January 1771.

‡ I am informed that the heads of lord Eſſex and Fairfax were done for Peck's Life of Cromwell; and that Hulett executed many plates for Coetlogon's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and for the Life of queen Anne, both publiſhed in weekly numbers by Robert Walker. The plates for the latter were copied from Dubôſc.

§ He might be brother of Alexander Marſhal the painter, whom I have mentioned in vol. iii. p. 329. Another William Marſhal was a printſeller in the year 1690.

year

year 1634, and ſix or ſeven years afterwards, he was employed by Moſeley the bookſeller to grave heads for books of poetry; and from their great ſimilarity in drawing and ornaments Vertue ſuppoſed that he drew from the life *, though he has not expreſſed ad vivum, as was the cuſtom afterwards; and he was confirmed in this conjecture by a print of Milton at the age of 21, with which Milton, who was handſome, and Marſhal but a coarſe engraver, ſeems to have been diſcontented, by ſome Greek lines, that are added to the bottom of the plate, which was prefixed to his Juvenile Poems. Vertue adds, that from this to the year 1670 he knows no engraving of Milton, when Faithorne executed one, with ad vivum delineavit et ſculpſit; and this Vertue held for the moſt authentic likeneſs of that great poet, and thought Marſhal's and Faithorne's bore as much reſemblance as could be expected between features of 21 and 62. Marſhal had the felicity too of engraving Shakeſpeare for an edition of his poems in duodecimo 1640, repreſenting him with a ſquare ſtiff band and a laurel in his hand. This is very hard, but not ſo bad as three others I have by his hand, of biſhop Ridley, of doctor Whitacre, and of Robert Dudley earl of Leiceſter. There is beſides a larger oval of Dr. T. Taylor. But the beſt of his works that I have ſeen, and that too probably one of his earlieſt, before employed in the drudgery of booksellers, is the head of a young author, without a name †, æt. 18, anno 1591, but with arms, a Spaniſh motto, and ſome verſes by Izaak Walton. This is much laboured. Ames has recorded about twenty more; of lord Bacon, lord Burleigh, Charles I. doctor Colet, R. Carpenter, earl of Eſſex, queen Elizabeth, John Hall, marquis of Hamilton, Philemon Holland ‡, Robert Jenkins, Henry earl of Monmouth, John Sym, R. Sibbes, J. Sherley, William earl of Sterling, Joſiah Shute, and archbiſhop Uſher §. Marſhal alſo engraved, but very poorly, the frontiſpiece to Taylor's Liberty of propheſying; and Fairfax on horſeback, for a title-page to Spragg's England's Recovery, folio.

G. GLOVER

1637} Was cotemporary with Marſhal, and engraved the portraits of Lewis Roberts in 1637, of J. Goodwin, William Barriff, ſir Edward Dering,

* He inſtances in the prints of Stapleton, Milton and Hodges. The laſt I find no where elſe.

† It is Dr. Donne, equipped for the expedition to Cales; and is prefixed to an early edition of his poems.

‡ This is at the bottom of his frontiſpiece to his tranſlation of Xenophon's Cyropædia.

§ I have four more; Robert Herrick, Daniel Featley, Will. Hodſon, and ſir T. Fairfax on horſeback. Edw. Bowers pinx.

John Lilburn, John Pym, Henry Burton, and Nat. Witt, all ſpecified by Ames. And a ſmall whole length of ſir Thomas Urquhart *, Joannes Amos Comenius, Mrs. Mary Griffith, and ſome others whom he hath omitted. Sir Edward Dering's is finely finiſhed.

HENRY PEACHAM,

author of The Compleat Gentleman, was certainly a judge of thoſe arts which are the ſubjects of this work, and, having contributed to its illuſtration, deſerves a larger article in ſuch a work than I am able to give of him †. Sanderſon, an intelligent writer on the ſame topics, is equally unknown to us; his Graphice, though in tortured phraſe, contains both ſenſe and inſtruction. The writers of that age, though now neglected for their uncouth ſtyle, their witticiſms, and want of ſhining abilities, are worth being conſulted for many anecdotes and pictures of manners, which are to be found no where elſe. What variety of circumſtances are preſerved by Lloyd, Winſtanley, and ſuch obſolete biographers! Fuller, amidſt his antiquated wit, yet wit it was, is full of curious, though perhaps minute, information. His ſucceſſor, Anthony Wood, who had no more notion of elegance than a ſcalping Indian, nor half ſo much dexterity in hacking his enemies, is inexhauſtibly uſeful. Peacham finds his place here by a good print that he engraved after Holbein of ſir Thomas Cromwell, knight, afterwards earl of Eſſex.

ROBERT DE VOERST

1635 } Was an eminent maſter, competitor of Voſterman, and known by ſome prints of merit from the works of Vandyck. In what year he came to England, or left it, does not appear: his lateſt works in this country are dated 1635. Vanderdort, who mentions him three or four times in king Charles's Catalogue ‡, expreſsly calls him the king's engraver, for whom he did two plates, one of his majeſty's ſiſter, the other of the emperor Otho, which Vandyck painted to ſupply the loſs of one of Titian's Cæſars. Voerſt

* He made the firſt Engliſh tranſlation of Rabelais.

† He was of Trinity-College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of maſter of arts, and was tutor to the earl of Arundel's children, whom he attended into the Low Countries. Beſides The Compleat Gentleman, he wrote a little tract with ſome honour, called The Worth of a Penny; and divers other works, as is ſaid in an advertiſement at the end of the ſecond edition of the laſt-mentioned piece.

‡ P. 71, 74.

Vol. 4. P. 34.



V. Dyck pinx.

T. Chambars Sculp.

ROBERT VAN VOERST.

made a preſent too to the king of a drawing on vellum with the pen, Our lady hugging Chriſt, and St. John. Mr. Evelyn mentioning Voerſt, ſays *, "He has likewiſe graven a number of heads after Vandyck; I ſhall only mention (thoſe of) the learned ſir Kenelm Digby, Inigo Jones, and thoſe two incomparable figures of king Charles and his royal conſort †." He executed another of the queen alone, and the following:

Robert earl of Lindſey, from Mirevelt.

James Stewart duke of Lenox, a middle-ſized oval, with ſhort round head of hair. Geo. Geldorp pinx. Another, when older.

Philip Herbert, earl of Montgomery (afterwards of Pembroke), larger oval. Mitens pinx. Another, ſquare, after Vandyck, very freely done.

Abraham Aurelius, ſmall ſquare half-length.

Sir George Carew earl of Totneſs, large oval, with military trophies, four Latin verſes. A good print.

Elizabeth queen of Bohemia, æt. 35, anno 1631. Londini. G. a Hondhurſt p.

Erneſt count Mansfeld.

Charles Lewis count Palatine.

Prince Rupert.

Robert Rich earl of Warwick.

Edward lord Littleton.

James marquis of Hamilton.

Henry earl of Holland.

Prince Charles, after Dobſon.

Edward Sackville earl of Dorſet.

Philip earl of Pembroke.

Simon Vouet.

* Sculptura, p. 76.

† Vertue engraved the ſame picture again.

William earl of Denbigh.

Henry Vere earl of Oxford, with a truncheon; young.

George Clifford earl of Cumberland, with a truncheon.

Small head of Goris, graved on ſilver.

Robertus Van Voerſt, calcographus, Londini. A. Vandyck p. his own portrait.

He alſo, as I have ſaid, cut ſome plates of animals for Criſpin Paſs's drawing-book: but his works, ſays Vertue, are not numerous. His head is in the collection of Vandyck's painters.

LUKE VOSTERMAN

was, I think, ſuperior to his rival Voerſt; at leaſt his prints are more highly finiſhed. Vertue ſays, he ſtaid here about five or ſix years, but in different places has mentioned works that take in the ſpace of eight years. He was employed by the king and the earl of Arundel*, and his and Voerſt's plates ſeem to be the firſt that were done here from hiſtoric ſubjects. Voſterman, from the king's collection, engraved Raphael's St. George, Chriſt praying in the garden by Annibal Caracci, and his burial by Parmegiano, and Lot and his daughters by the ſame. For the earl of Arundel, as early as 1623, he made ſome drawings with the pen, particularly a woman's head from Leonardo da Vinci, and a portrait of prince Henry. And for the ſame lord he performed a good print from Vandyck's fine picture of the earl † and his counteſs Alathea Talbot, ſitting together, the earl pointing to a globe. To the ſame lady Voſterman dedicated a large print on ſix ſheets, from Rubens's battle of the Amazons. And he drew the old counteſs Anne Dacre, the earl's mother, from whence Hollar engraved a very neat and rare print. What portraits I find of his hand are,

Charles I. with ruff, ribband, and ſlaſhed habit; large octavo, good.

Vandyck looking over his ſhoulder, and holding up his cloak, chain about his neck.

* He worked for the earl in 1631. † There is another of the earl alone.

Thomas

Thomas duke of Norfolk, with the ſtaves of lord treaſurer and earl marſhal, from Holbein. A very fine print.

Sir Thomas More, from ditto, unlike all other pictures of ſir Thomas. This has a flatter face, and a very ſmall bonnet. His right hand is held up to his beard, a letter or paper in his left; a little white dog lies on a table before him.

Eraſmus, after the ſame painter.

Holbein himſelf, with the pencil in his left hand, I ſuppoſe copied from another print.

Aloyſius Contarini, embaſſador from Venice to James I. 1628.

The old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr.

Claudius Maugis, 1630.

William earl of Pembroke.

William Cavendiſh, marquis of Newcaſtle.

Abraham Aurelius, Lond. æt. 43, 1618.

Charles duke of Bourbon.

St. George, 1627.

St. Helena.

What heads he engraved from Vandyck, I ſuppoſe were executed after he left England. In that period too, probably, was done a ſmall oval head of Jean comte de Tilly, with four emblematic figures and ſix French verſes. As I do not know the time of Voſterman's death, a print of ſir Hugh Cartwright, from Diepenbeck, engraved in 1656, might be the work of Voſterman junior, who made a plate from Holbein's Triumph of Riches. The father, while in England, painted a ſmall piece or two for a Mr. Skinner of Rocheſter.

In this place ſhould appear the indefatigable and admired Hollar; but the very enumeration of his works having furniſhed his no leſs laborious ſucceſſor Mr. Vertue with matter for an entire volume, it would be impertinent to dwell on his article. Though employed by bookſellers, few of his prints but were

were uſeful or curious. His largeſt are indifferent: the nearer his works approach to wanting a magnifying glaſs, the nearer they advance to perfection.

About the ſame period were many other artiſts, ſeveral of whom at preſent ſupport their claim by a ſingle print or two. I will name them, becauſe when once ranged it is eaſy for collectors to allot to them as many more of their works as ſhall be diſcovered; and I hope the former will thank me for my pains; for, if the drudgery of collecting is dull, what is it to be a collector's collector!

MARTIN DROESHOUT.

His heads are Shakeſpeare; John Fox, martyrologiſt; Richard Elton; John Howſon, biſhop of Durham: to this print is the name of William Peake, printſeller, probably the father of ſir Robert Peake, who engraved ſome things himſelf, and whom I have mentioned in the preceding volume. Droeſhout was alſo employed for Haywood's Hierarchy of Angels, and executed a print of Dido ſtabbing herſelf, for Stapylton's Virgil, octavo, and a head of lord Mounjoy Blount.

H. STOCK.

To a print of William earl of Saliſbury, oval.

H. VANDERBORCHT,

1631 } The painter, whom I have mentioned before, graved ſeveral things from the Arundelian collection. At Paris was a collection of plates from that cabinet, containing 567 pieces paſted into a book. Vanderborcht's are dated from 1631 to 1638.

T. SLATER

lived, I ſuppoſe, about this time, having graved a head of George Webbe, biſhop of Limerick, whoſe dreſs is of that age. See Ames, p. 180.

Some Engliſh heads were done by an engraver that I do not find was ever here, though he ſtyled himſelf the king's engraver: they are very large and handſome prints, particularly thoſe of Charles I. his queen, and the duke of Bucking-

Buckingham. There is a ſmaller of ſir Dudley Carleton, and one ſtill leſs of Antonio di Dominis, archbiſhop of Spalatro. This artiſt was William Delff, who worked chiefly after Mirevelt.

George Gifford did a head of John Bate, poor enough; and another of Hugh Latimer, biſhop of Worceſter, Edmund Marmion, and a head of George Tooke of Popes, oval.

THOMAS CROSS

1646} Occurs oftener: by him I find plates of

Jeremiah Burrows, 1646.

Jonas More, mathem. with a ſcroll of paper in his hand, 1649. H. Stone pinx.

Thomas Doolittle, miniſter of the goſpel.

Robert Dingley, maſter of arts.

John Gadbury.

Chriſtopher Love.

Edward Leigh.

John Richardſon, biſhop of Ardagh, 1654.

Philip Maſſinger.

Francis Roberts.

Thomas Wilſon.

Thomas Fidell, of Furnival's-inn.

Richard Brome, ſix Engliſh verſes.

Samuel Clarke, paſtor of St. Benet Finck.

Vincent Wing.

Frontiſpiece to White's Rich Cabinet, 1684.

S. SAVERY

S. SAVERY

was probably in England, though of three prints with this ſignature there is but one which has not ſome foreign marks to it. This laſt is of Speed, who, with his hat on, is ſitting in his chair. It is dedicated by George Humble. The other two are,

Charles I. with a high-crowned hat, as he is repreſented in the mezzotinto of him at his trial, which, by the way, is ſaid to be painted by Vandyck, who was dead ſome years before that event. The face probably was taken from one of his pictures, and the hat added. In this print, by Savery, is a view of Weſtminſter, in the manner of Hollar, A. V. Dyck pinx. S. Savery fecit. Jooſt Hartgers excud. The inſcription in Dutch. There is another of theſe without the name of Savery.

Thomas lord Fairfax, profile; hat on. A ſtrong dark print, ſomething like the manner of Rembrandt. Dutch verſes.

J. GODDARD,

1651 } Known by only one print, of Martin Billingſley, ætat. ſuæ 27, 1651, oval frame, motto, four Engliſh verſes. This Billingſley appears to have been a writing-maſter, a profeſſion who have been very apt to think their portraits of conſequence enough to be preſerved.

J. DICKSON

1660 } Did a head of Edward Parry, epiſcopi Laonenſis, anno 1660, Oxon.

A. HERTOCKS

1661 } Engraved A. Brome, 1661, oval frame.

Sir Edward Nicholas, ſecretary of ſtate *; oval frame laurelled.

Lord chief juſtice Rolle, a celebrated writer on the law.

Edward Waterhouſe, arm. and a few other heads.

W. Chamberlayne's head, prefixed to his Pharonnida, 1659.

* The picture from whence this was taken of ſir Edward from a better picture, by ſir Peter was done abroad in 1654. Vertue did a print Lely, in 1665.

A frontiſ-

A frontiſpiece to the Icon Baſilike, in folio. Vide Ames, p. 34. Another to the complete collection of that king's works; that to Mr. Evelyn's Sculptura *, and ſeveral others.

J. CHANTRY,

1662 } Another obſcure artiſt, engraved the heads of Edward Leigh, eſq. M. A. of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, 1660; of Thomas Whitaker, phyſician to Charles II; of Selden, and Gething a writing-maſter.

F. H. VAN HOVE,

another Dutch engraver, and more † prolific, ſeems to have worked here from the end of Charles I. to near the concluſion of the reign of king William: his cuts are dated in the years 1648, 1653, 1654, 1692, &c. ‡ but I have ſeen nothing of his hand that makes a particular enumeration of his works neceſſary.

ROTERMANS§

did a print of ſir William Waller, dated 1643; but I do not know that he was in England, having found nothing more of his hand, unleſs a print of Nathaniel Richards, gent. mentioned by Ames, p. 141, with the initial letters T. R. be his. Rawlins the medalliſt ſeldom put more than thoſe capitals either to his coins or writings. They may therefore belong to him.

FRANCIS BARLOW,

who has ‖ already appeared in this work, is peculiarly entitled to a place here; though, having given what particulars Vertue could diſcover relative to his life, I ſhall here only ſpecify his etchings.

* Vide Sculptura, p. 46.

† Ames mentions two dozen of his prints.

‡ There is a ſmall print of king William on horſeback, by Van Hove, prefixed to the Epitome of the Art of War, 1692. He did a conſiderable number of prints for John Dunton, the bookſeller, in that king's reign. See Dunton's Life and Errors, p. 346.

§ He ſpelled his name Rodttermondt.

‖ Anecdotes of Painting, p. 248.

For Edward Benlow's divine poems, called Theophila, fol. 1652, he drew and etched ſeveral deſigns, as he did for Ogleby's Virgil and Æſop.

His ſhare in Monke's Funeral, and in the book of birds * I have mentioned.

A print of an eagle ſoaring in the air with a cat in its talons. This event Barlow ſaw in Scotland, as he was drawing views there. The cat's reſiſtance brought both animals to the ground, where Barlow took them up.

R. GAYWOOD †,

who is mentioned both by Mr. Evelyn and Sanderſon, was ſcholar and cloſe imitator of Hollar, and, though I do not know that he attempted views, may in his heads be miſtaken for that maſter. Indeed that is not ſaying that he arrived at great excellence; yet he far outſhone many I have mentioned. He engraved the couchant Venus of Titian with a Spaniard playing on an organ, a fine picture of king Charles's collection and ſince of lord Cholmondeley's. The other works of Gaywood are portraits: of Mary queen of Scots with a croſs in her hand; W. Drummond of Hawthornden the Scottiſh hiſtorian, a ſmall oval, with his arms; Edward Cocker, who ſeems to have been an engraver too ‡ (there are two different prints of this man, one of them very neat); ſir Bulſtrode Whitelocke; ſir George Cook; William Fairfax, with ſix Engliſh verſes; Holbein; James Hodder, writing-maſter; William Leybourn; Marguerite Lemon, Vandyck's miſtreſs, with French verſes; counteſs of Portland; John Playford (there are three different prints of this man, by Gaywood, Loggan, and Van Hove); Matthew Stephenſon, an humble author; (to this print are theſe jingling rhymes,

The printer's profit, not my pride,
Hath this idea ſignify'd;
For he puſh'd out the merry play,
And Mr. Gaywood made it gay §.)

* Griffiere etched ſome plates of birds and beaſts after Barlow. Sailmaker, Boon, Danckers and Streater, the painters, etched ſome things.

† Gaywood has not ſet his chriſtian name at length to one of his prints. Vertue ſays that to ſome of them he put quondam diſcipulus Wen. Hollar.

‡ Cocker publiſhed 14 or 15 copy-books, and engraved his own writing, ſome of it on ſilver-plates. See Biogr. Brit. artic. Bales.

§ A better pun on this word was made on the Beggar's Opera, which, it was ſaid, made Gay rich, and Rich gay.

Cuthbert

Cuthbert Sidenham, 1654; lady Eleanor Temple, with four quibbling verſes, 1658; Vandyck; Charles (II.) king of Scots; Lipſius; Mahomet; monſieur de Balzac; doctor Fauſtus; a head of Chriſtina (probably imaginary) for Fowler's Troubles of Sweden and Poland; and a few more.

DUDLEY AND CARTER

were diſciples of Hollar; the former, like Gaywood, wrote himſelf quondam diſcipulus. His moſt conſiderable work was the ſet of etchings for The life of Æſop, prefixed to the latter editions of Barlow's Æſop. Robert Pricke was another of his ſcholars, and publiſhed Pierre le Muet's Architecture in 1675.

Mr. FRANCIS PLACE,

a gentleman of Yorkſhire, had a turn to moſt of the beautiful arts. He painted *, deſigned and etched. Vertue had heard that he learned the latter of Hollar, and has preſerved a letter that he received from Mr. Place, in anſwer to his enquiries into that fact and about Hollar himſelf, of whom he relates on his own knowledge many particulars which Vertue has inſerted in his life of that artiſt, but denies his having been inſtructed by him. Mr. Place was a younger ſon of Mr. Rowland Place of Dinſdale in the county of Durham, and was placed as clerk to an attorney in London, where he continued till 1665; in which year going into a ſhop, the officers came to ſhut up the houſe, on its having the plague in it. This occaſioned his leaving London; and gave him an opportunity of quitting a profeſſion that was contrary to his inclination, and of following the roving life he loved, and the arts for which he had talents †. Ralph Thoreſby, in his Ducatus Leodienſis‡, often mentions

* Mr. Scott, of Crown-court Weſtminſter, had a picture of gooſeberries painted in oil on a black ground (a common method with him, as Mr. Scott was told by Mrs. Wyndham, Place's daughter, who was living in 1764), and a jug of his earthen-ware.

† The additions to this article were communicated by a near relation of Mr. Place.

‡ Pp. 196, 466, 477, 492, 497. At the end of this account of Leeds is a catalogue of Thoreſby's own muſeum, now diſperſed, in which were ſome valuable and many fooliſh curioſities. Of the latter ſort was a knife taken from one of the Mohawks 1710, ſo ſeriouſly was that viſion believed at that time by grave people. Another of his rarities was a leaf of an Ananas: that fruit, now ſo common here, was ſcarce enough in the year 1715 to have a leaf of it preſerved in a repoſitory. The book itſelf is very diverting. Thoreſby, like other ſolemn and retired triflers, thought the world intereſted in knowing whatever related to them. Aſhmole's Diary is ridiculouſly curious. Thoreſby informs us that in his youth he was uneaſy when he firſt obſerved that he had not the uſual quantity of ſpittle that others have, p. 615. What a brave diſcovery was printing for men who wiſhed to record how often they ſneezed!

Mr. Place with great encomiums, and ſpecifies various preſents that he made to his muſeum. He tells us too that Mr. Place diſcovered an earth for, and a method of making porcelaine *, which he put in practice at the manor-houſe of York, of which manufacture he gave Thoreſby a fine mug †. From the ſame account we learn that Mr. Place diſcovered porphyry at Mount Sorril in Leiceſterſhire, of which he had a piece to grind colours on. This author ſpecifies views of Tinmouth-caſtle and light-houſe; the cathedral of York, churches and proſpects of Leeds, drawn and etched; and a mezzotinto of Henry Gyles the glaſs-painter, executed by Mr. Place. He alſo ſcraped three plates of John Moyſer, eſq. of Beverley, his particular friend; of Thomas Comber dean of Durham, and of biſhop Crew: the laſt is finely executed. Many ſketches of caſtles and views which he took in Wales, and of various other places in England, Scotland, and Ireland, ſeveral of them well finiſhed, are extant, and have been engraved. A view of Scarborough-caſtle was drawn as late as the year 1715. His prints are very ſcarce. He ſeldom reſided in London, and drew only for his amuſement, ſeldom completing what he undertook, and in his rambles painting, drawing, and engraving, occaſionally. In the reign of Charles II. he was offered a penſion of 500*l.* a year to draw the royal navy; but declined accepting it, as he could not endure confinement or dependence. In Thoreſby's Topography of Leeds are ſome churches drawn by Place. Ames mentions a print by him, which I have, of Richard Thompſon, from a painting of Zouſt: it is boldly done. Another is of Sterne, archbiſhop of York. He alſo did ſome plates of birds (ſee Anecdotes of Painting, article Griffiere); and the figures for Godartius's book of inſects. Mr. Place died in 1728; and his widow, by whom he had a daughter married to Wadham Wyndham, eſq. quitting the manor-houſe in York, diſpoſed of his paintings, among which were an admired piece of fowls, others of flowers and fiſh, unfiniſhed. There are two heads of Mr. Place extant, one by himſelf, the face only finiſhed, and another by Murray.

* His pottery coſt him much money: he attempted it ſolely from a turn to experiment; but one Clifton of Pontefract took the hint from him, and made a fortune by it.

† I have a coffee-cup of his ware; it is of grey earth with ſtreaks of black, and not ſuperior to common earthen-ware.

J. SAVAGE

J. SAVAGE

May be ſtyled engraver to a ſet of heroes, whom Prior calls *the unfortunate brave*. No country preſerves the images and anecdotes of ſuch worthies with ſuch care as England. The rigour of the law is here a paſſport to fame. From the infringers of Magna Charta to the collectors on the road, from Charles I. to Maclean, every ſufferer becomes the idol of the mob. Some of the reſemblances preſerved by Savage are of men who fell in a better cauſe; biſhop Latimer, Algernon Sidney, alderman Corniſh, the earl of Argyle, ſir Edmondbury Godfrey *, ſir Thomas Armſtrong, and the duke of Monmouth. He has alſo done heads of John Gadbury, ſir Henry Chauncy, ſir Henry Pollexfen, John a Laſco †, Arthur earl of Torrington, Ch. Leigh, M. D. ‡ ſome coins in Evelyn's Numiſmata, and two plates for Guidott's Thermæ Britannicæ.

MR. WILLIAM LODGE

was ſon of Mr. William Lodge of Leeds, merchant, by Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Sykes, eldeſt ſon of Richard Sykes, eſq. one of the firſt aldermen of that town [then § newly made a corporation by Charles I.], where our artiſt was born July 4, 1649, and inherited an eſtate of 300 *l.* a year. From ſchool he was ſent to Jeſus-college, Cambridge, and thence to Lincoln's-inn; but more pleaſurable ſtudies ſuiting his genius, he attended Thomas lord Bellaſſis, afterwards viſcount Falconberg, in his embaſſy to Venice; where meeting with Giacomo Barri's Viaggio Pittoreſco, wherein are particularized the chief pictures in Italy, and an account of Canon Settala's famous cabinet at Milan; Mr. Lodge tranſlated it into Engliſh, and added of his own graving heads of

* In Thoreſby's muſeum, mentioned above, was a blood-coloured ribband with Death's head, ſwords, &c. inſcribed, "In memory of ſir Edmondbury Godfrey, murthered the 12th of October 1678." A ſtrong picture of the height to which the rage of party was carried!

† For this plate Savage received three pounds, and the ſame for Latimer.

‡ This doctor ought not to be forgotten for his tranſlation of a Latin epitaph, which he has given in his Hiſtory of Lancaſhire: the latter part of the inſcription runs thus:

"L. Julius Maximus
——Alæ Sar. Conjux
Conjugi incomparabili
Et Filio Patris pientis
ſimo et Soceræ tena
ciſſimæ Memoriæ, p."

Thus Engliſhed by Dr. Leigh, book iii. p. 5.

"Julius Maximus & Alæ a Sarmatian, wife to her incomparable huſband, erects this to perpetuate the memory of Simo, the ſon of a pious father and his father-in-law."

§ Anno 1626.

the

the moſt eminent painters, and a map of Italy, printed in octavo 1679. While on his travels he drew various views, which he afterwards etched. Returned to England he aſſiſted Dr. Liſter of York in drawing rare ſhells and foſſils, which the doctor tranſmitted to the Royal Society, and are inſerted in their Tranſactions, particularly the Table of Snails, No. 85; the Trochitæ and Entrochi, No. 100; the Aſtroites, No. 112; the drawings of which were in Thoreſby's muſeum, from whom Vertue received theſe memoirs. He alſo drew for Dr. Liſter thirty-four different ſorts of ſpiders. There was then at York a club of virtuoſi, compoſed of Dr. Martin Liſter, John Lambert, eſq. Thomas Kirke, eſq. Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Francis Place. Between the two laſt congenial artiſts was a ſtrict friendſhip. Once on their rambles, on which they often ſtaid three or four months, as they were taking views in Wales, they were ſuſpected for Jeſuits [it was at the time of the Popiſh plot], ſeized, impriſoned, and not releaſed but on the appearance of ſome friends from Cheſter. Thoreſby, who amidſt his puerile or anile ideas could not avoid the ſuperſtition of dreams, related to my author, that Lodge being on a fiſhing party at Mr. Boulter's, at Stank near Harwood, dreamed [it ſeems he had never dreamed before, and Thoreſby quotes Mr. Locke* for another mononeiriſt] that he ſhould be buried in Harwood church. This vexed him, as he had deſtined his ſepulture at Giſburn, near Craven, by his mother. A dream is nothing without the completion: Lodge died at Leeds; but as the herſe paſſed by Harwood the carriage broke, the coffin was damaged, and the dream happily fulfilled, the corpſe being interred in the choir there Aug. 27, 1689. One captain Fiſher wrote upon Mr. Lodge's picture, "Pariſiis, Burdegalæ, Romæ, ac poſtremo Venetiis humanioribus ſtudiis juxta biennium verſatus, jam tandem honeſtis litteris et artibus excultus, natale ſolum petiit 1671, ætatis 23, jam pridem hoſpitii Lincolnienſis admiſſo ſocio."

Mr. Lodge's works, beſides thoſe I have mentioned, are,

View of Gaeta, the Mole and Plancus's tomb.

Pozzuolo, Caracalla's Mole, Baiæ, &c.

Ruins of the amphitheatre and aqueduct at Minturnum.

Promontory of Circe, temple of the ſun, &c.

* Eſſay, vol. i. p. 74.

Lambeth-

Lambeth-houſe from the Thames.

Weſtminſter-hall and the Abbey.

Sheriff-hutton caſtle.

Clifford's tower.

View of York from the water-houſe to the ruins of the manor-houſe.

Beſides theſe, which were ſmall, he did ſome large plates of

The Pont du Gard in Languedoc. To this he ſigns W.

The Monument. This is reckoned the beſt draught of it.

Leeds, with the ruins of Kirkſtal and Fountain abbeys, with a map of the wapentakes of Shireach and Morley, and a proſpect of Wakefield.

Newcaſtle-upon-Tine, with leſſer views of Tinmouth-caſtle, Alnwick, Holy-iſland, Berwick-upon-Tweed, Carliſle and Barnard-caſtle; all which were finiſhed, and a ſpecimen printed off, before the plate was ſpoiled by an accident. In the middle was deſigned a map of Northumberland, and at bottom a proſpect of Durham of the ſame dimenſions with that of Newcaſtle.

Edinburgh, Glaſgow, and Dyſart; different plates.

Oliver Cromwell and his page; dedicated to the Protector.

Samuel Malines, after a picture by Claret.

He painted ſome few things from the life in oil.

WILLIAM SHERWIN,

1670} Son of a divine of the ſame names, is the only perſon whom I find to have been royal engraver by patent, which himſelf, on a print of his father, prefixed to the latter's Clavis, tells us * he was. By what intereſt he obtained this diſtinction, does not appear; certainly by no great excellence in his profeſſion. Nor are his works numerous, though he exerciſed his art for

* Vide Ames, p. 157.

many

many years. Ames mentions about ſixteen heads by him; and there is another, which he has omitted, of John Gadbury the almanack-maker, who has been repreſented by no leſs than four artiſts. Sherwin perhaps engraved other plates beſides portraits. He has done two of Charles II. one, whole length, prefixed to Aſhmole's Order of the Garter. The firſt works I find by him are, William Bridge and William Salmon, both in 1670; the lateſt, judge Powel, in 1711. The regular architect of the general rule of the five orders, by Vignola, with additions by Michael Angelo, done into Engliſh by J. Leak, was printed for W. Sherwin, engraver, 1669.

JOSEPH NUTTING

probably commenced engraver about the time of the Reſtoration, as not long after he did a plate of Mary ducheſs of Beaufort, from a picture of Walker, and therefore it is likely that he was of ſome eminence. A head of Matthew Mead, father of Dr. Mead the phyſician, is the beſt thing I have ſeen of him. His works are few: as ſir John Cheke, from an old picture; James Bonnel, Mr. Locke, George Parker almanack-maker, and three of the family of Rawlinſon; the laſt dated 1709. He alſo engraved a frontiſpiece to Greenhill's Art of embalming, and a head of the author from a picture by Murray.

We now come to one of the moſt capital engravers that has appeared in this country. The number of thoſe whoſe works deſerve intrinſic regard, abſtracted from their ſcarcity or the curioſity of the perſons and objects repreſented, is very ſmall and ſoon enumerated. The family of Paſs were ſingularly neat: Hollar ſtill ſurpaſſed them, and in branches to which their art never extended. Vorſt and Voſterman ſhone in a higher ſtyle. Lombart added roundneſs to delicacy, and was even a great performer, if compared with moſt of his ſucceſſors, of whom Robert White ſeems to have declined the leaſt. John Smith carried the new diſcovered art of mezzotinto to the greateſt perfection we have ſeen it attain. The laſt John Faber in ſome things was, though far inferior, a good workman. Kirkall, commonly a wretched labourer, had ſingular merit in one branch that will be mentioned. Mr. Strange, aſhamed of the creeping and venal ſtyle to which the art was ſunk in Britain, has given us the works of Italian maſters with a tool worthy of Italian engravers. But yet there had been one Engliſhman, who without

Vol. 4 P. 49.



WILLIAM FAITHORNE.

Ipse pinxit. A. Bannerman Sculpt.

the timid perfection of French maſters, had ſhown that ſoftneſs and force, freedom and finiſhing, were compatible, and that the effect of chiaro ſcuro did not depend upon unblended maſſes of white and black: this was

WILLIAM FAITHORNE.

He * was born in London, in what year is uncertain †, and bred under Peake, painter ‡ and printſeller, afterwards knighted, with whom he worked for three or four years before the eruption of the civil war, and whom he accompanied into the king's ſervice. Being made priſoner at Baſing-houſe, Faithorne was brought to London, and confined in Alderſgate, where he reverted to his profeſſion, and among other heads did a ſmall one of the firſt Villiers duke of Buckingham, in the manner of Mellan. After much ſolicitation by his friends, he was permitted to retire § to France, where he found protection and encouragement from the abbé De Marolles, a ſingular man, who, with ſlender competence of parts, drummed and trumpeted for learning and the arts till he was admitted into the profeſſion. His memoirs are their memoirs; and one reads them, though they inform one of little more than that he was a good man, and acquainted with ſeveral that were great ‖. About the year ¶ 1650, Faithorne returned to England; and ſoon after married the ſiſter of one whom my authors call the famous captain Cround. By her he had two ſons and a daughter; Henry bred a bookſeller, William to his father's profeſſion. Faithorne now ſet up in a new ſhop, at the ſign of the Ship next to the Drake, oppoſite to the Palſgrave's-head-tavern without Temple-bar; where he not only followed his art, but ſold Italian, Dutch and Engliſh ** prints, and worked for bookſellers, particularly Mr. Royſton the king's bookſeller, Mr. Martin his brother-in-law in St. Paul's church-yard, and Mr. William Peake a ſtationer and printſeller on Snow-hill, the younger

* This account is taken from a MS. of Vertue, who received the particulars from Mr. Bagford, librarian to lord Oxford, and intimate with Faithorne; and from another of his friends, Mr. W. Hill Charke.

† Vide Anecdotes of Painting, p. 154.

‡ Graham ſays he was about ſeventy-five when he died. Eng. School, p. 417.

§ Graham ſays he was baniſhed for refuſing to take the oaths to Oliver: but by the account of his two friends whom I tranſcribe, he returned to England before the protectorate; which agrees better with a head I ſhall mention preſently, and with a ſhepherdeſs which he did at Paris in 1649. Graham adds, that he ſtudied ſeveral years under Champagne; which is alſo doubtful.

‖ He publiſhed a liſt of all that had made him preſents of their works.

¶ Bayfield's head is dated 1654.

** There are ſome to which is ſpecified, *Sold by William Faithorne.*

brother of his old maſter. Some time after the year 1680, Faithorne quitted his ſhop, and retired to a more private life in Printing-houſe-yard, Blackfriars, ſtill engraving, but chiefly painting from the life in crayons, in which branch he had formerly received inſtructions at Paris from Nanteuil. To theſe portraits I ſuppoſe we muſt refer ſuch of his prints as have W. Faithorne pinxit; though he alſo drew in black * and white, as John Aubrey in the Muſeum at Oxford. His crayon heads, mentioned by his biographers, were Mr. Lepiper the painter, col. J. Ayres, Mr. Allen, Mr. Smith, Mr. Sturt †, and Mr. Seddon, and moſt of the noted writing-maſters. The laſt he undertook was of Mr. Jo. Oliver, ſurveyor of the works at St. Paul's. The misfortunes of his ſon William broke his ſpirits ‡, though he was a robuſt and vigorous man: a lingering conſumption put an end to his life. He was buried near his wife, in St. Anne's Blackfriars, May 13, 1691. Beſides his pictures and plates, he publiſhed his Art of Graving § in 1662, dedicating it to his maſter ſir Robert Peake. His friend Flatman ‖ conſecrated a poem to his memory, concluding,

A Faithorne ſculpſit is a charm can ſave
From dull oblivion and a gaping grave.

I ſhall diſtinguiſh the works of Faithorne into five claſſes: firſt, his fine prints; ſecond, his middling, of which ſeveral approach to the firſt ſort; ſome to three, his bad; four, his hiſtoric; five, ſuch as I have not ſeen, but many no doubt belong to the firſt liſt.

CLASS I.

His own head, looking over his ſhoulder, long hair.

Sir William Paſton, baronet, 1659. A plump gentleman, very long hair,

* Graham ſays, alſo in miniature, of which there are many inſtances.

† Sturt's head was in lord Oxford's collection.

‡ He was once cured by Aſhmole of an iliaca paſſio. See Diary of the latter, p. 31, who tells us that he paid Faithorne ſeven pounds for engraving his portrait, p. 33.

§ The whole title is, The Art of Graveing and Etching, wherein is expreſt the true way of graveing in copper. Alſo the manner and method of that famous Callot and Mr. Boſſe, in their ſeveral ways of etching.

‖ Flatman has two copies of commendatory verſes prefixed to Sanderſon's Graphice. The firſt, on the fine head prefixed to the work, declares,

He outſays all, who lets you underſtand,
The head is Sanderſon's, Faithorne's the hand.

ſilk mantle over one ſhoulder. Every part of this print, which I think the beſt of his works, is finiſhed in the higheſt perfection.

Lady Paſton, ſame year; probably after a picture of Vandyck.

Margaret Smith, widow of Thomas Smith, and wife of ſir Edward Herbert; from Vandyck. A whole length of her by the ſame maſter was in the Wharton collection, afterwards in my father's, and now mine.

Montagu Bertie ſecond earl of Lindſey, from Vandyck.

William Sanderſon, ætat. ſuæ 68, 1658. Souſt pinxit. This head is prefixed to his Graphice, and does honour both to painter and engraver. There are two of theſe heads ſomewhat different.

Carew Reynel, armiger. Young man; long hair, ſhort band tied.

Samuel Collins, doctor of phyſic, æt. 67. W. Faithorne ad vivum delin. et ſculp.

Anne Bridges counteſs of Exeter, from Vandyck.

John Kerſey, born at Bodicot, &c. 1616: mathematical books. Souſt pinx. 1672.

John La Motte, eſq. citizen of London, born 1577, deceaſed 1655.

John viſcount Mordaunt. Head in armour, oval frame ſurrounded with arms, in the manner of prints of the Scottiſh nobility. Titles in Italian.

Thomas earl of Elgin, æt. 62, 1662. Old man with long hair, holding his mantle with his right hand.

Mary daughter of ſir Edward Alſton, wife of ſir James Langham.

Henry Cary earl of Monmouth.

John Pordage, philoſopher, phyſician, divine.

Thomas Killigrew, in a fur cap, ſitting at a table on which lie ſeveral of his works. Head of Charles I. hung up, a dog by the table. W. Sheppard pinx.

George Rodolphus Weckkerlin, æt. 50. Mytens pinx.

Thomas Stanley, octagon frame. P. Lilly pinx.

Robert Bayfield, æt. 25, 1654, in a large hat, four Engliſh verſes.

Another of the ſame perſon without a hat, æt. 27.

Francis Rous, provoſt of Eton, large hat, æt. 77, 1656, four Engliſh verſes.

Small head of a man with long hair and little band, in an oval, with ſix verſes, inſcribed J. S. Wright, which ſhew the perſon repreſented to have been an author.

Another ſmall head of a man looking off, long hair curled, four Engliſh verſes, inſcribed G. W. It is the portrait of Noah Bridges, clerk of the parliament.

Sir Henry Spelman, ruff and point night-cap.

Thomas Hobbes, æt. 76. En quam modice habitat philoſophia.

One Loveday, in an octagon frame, with ſix Engliſh verſes, devices, and French mottos.

A young clergyman, ditto, no name. Arms, five creſcents on a croſs; æt. 28, 1662 *.

Samuel Leigh, young man's head. Arms, æt. ſuæ 15, 1661. Incipe & perfice, Domine.

Henrietta Maria, with a veil. Royal arms, Scotland in the firſt quarter. Done at Paris in the manner of Mellan.

A fine head of Smith, writing-maſter, drawn by Faithorne, but engraved by Vanderbank.

Thomas Mace, prefixed to his book of Muſic: Faithorne ſubſcribed for three copies.

Henry More, ſitting under a tree in a landſcape, half-length.

Sir Orlando Bridgman, with the purſe, half-length.

Sir John Forteſcue †.

* Ames, p. 62, mentions a fine head by Faithorne of Edward Ellis of Baliol-college, to which this print and arms anſwer.

† This and the preceding are in Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales.

Robert

Robert Boyle, in an oval, with an air-pump.

Elias Aſhmole, buſt in a niche. He paid Faithorne ſeven pounds for the plate.

William Oughtred, æt. 83, in the manner of Hollar, and as good.

John Wallis, S. T. D. prefixed to his Mechanica.

Head of a young man, in his own hair, cravat tied with a ribband before; mantle. Arms, a lion rampant crowned, within a bordure. Half ſheet.

A large emblematic ſheet print of Oliver Cromwell, whole length, in armour, with variety of devices and mottos. This very ſcarce print is in my poſſeſſion: I never ſaw another proof of it.

Sir Francis Engleſield, knt. and bart. of Wotton Baſſet, in the county of Wilts. Oval, armour, flowing hair; half ſheet; exceedingly ſcarce.

CLASS II.

Henry Somerſet marquis of Worceſter, in armour, with a truncheon *. I have a proof of this, on which the titles are finely written by Faithorne himſelf, otherwiſe the plate had no inſcription.

Queen Catherine in the remarkable habit in which ſhe arrived, long dark hair curled in rows like a periwig, and ſpreading wider to her ſhoulders; ſtrait point handkerchief, black gown laced, the ſleeves ſlaſhed, and coming down to the middle of her arm, over which are turned up broad round ruffles, white tabby petticoat laced, over a farthingale, gloves in her left hand.

Barbara counteſs of Caſtlemaine, half-length, leaning on her left hand, in an oval frame.

* This print has the garter, though it was never given to the marquis. Probably it was promiſed; and the plate wanting the titles, looks as if lord Somerſet died before it was finiſhed, and before the promiſe could be completed through the misfortunes of both the king and the marquis. I once took this for a print of his ſon Edward, and ſo did Vertue; but it is evidently copied from an older print done when Henry was only earl, and which has his name, and was ſold by Stent. In that print there is much leſs appearance of a ribband; ſo ſmall a bit, that it might not be intended for the garter, and Faithorne by miſtake might ſupply the reſt and the George as he has done.

Chriſtopher

Chriſtopher Simpſon (a maſter of muſic); J. Carwarden pinx. a name I have ſeen no where elſe. There is a ſmaller print of the ſame perſon, but much inferior.

Prince Rupert, diſhevelled hair, ribband with a large knot round his neck, broad ſaſh laced, a remarkable print, G. Dobſon pinx.

Small head of ſome author, in a Roman habit; ſix Engliſh lines.

Charles I. ſmall head in an oval frame, with cornucopiæ and ſtone-work; ſeems a head-piece to ſome book.

John Bulwer, long Latin inſcription.

Edward Boys, S. T. B. æt. 66.

Mrs. Sarah Gilly, ſmall head in oval. This plate is ſometimes inſcribed Hannah Wooley, but the beſt impreſſions have the name of Gilly.

A woman whole length, ſmall, in ſhort veſt, long petticoat, a cloak with loops hanging behind. Under the figure, Mariana, 1655.

Mrs. Katherine Philips, a buſt; on the pedeſtal, Orinda.

Mr. Abraham Cowley. W. Faithorne ſculp. 1687. Another ſmaller, en buſte; a third to his Latin poems.

Richard Carpenter, in the ſame frame a profile, out of the mouth of which proceeds an animal's head breathing fire. Four Latin lines.

Francis Gliſſon, doctor of phyſic, æt. 75.

William Gouge, æt. 79, 1653.

Valentine Greatrakes, the ſtroker, ſtroking a boy's head. See an account of him in St. Evremont.

John Mayow, in the habit of a doctor of phyſic.

Sir Richard Fanſhaw. Died at Madrid 1666.

Buſt of Lucian in a niche, Greek motto, ten Engliſh verſes.

Dr. Harvey, buſt on a pedeſtal.

Charles

Charles II. round the frame, Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.

Two others larger, one in armour, with ſix Engliſh verſes; the other in robes of the garter, the royal arms diſpoſed at the four corners.

Sir Thomas Fairfax. Rob. Walker pinx. in the manner of Mellan.

John Milton, æt. 62, 1670. Guil. Faithorne ad vivum delin. et ſculpſit.

Francis More, ſerjeant-at-law.

John Hacket, biſhop of Litchfield and Coventry. Four Engliſh verſes.

Cardinal Richelieu, prefixed to the Engliſh tranſlation of his Life by John Doddington.

Monſieur de Thevenot, whole length, in an Aſiatic habit.

Henry Terne, with an account of him in Latin. W. Sheppard pinx.

Lord chief juſtice Anderſon, æt 76.

Sir Henry Coker, æt. 48, 1669. Account of him in Engliſh.

Sir Bulſtrode Whitelocke in armour *.

Charles earl of Carliſle in armour, octagon frame.

John Ogilby. P. Lilly pinx.

Horace lord Vere, ſir Francis Vere, and ſir John Ogle, one eye.

Olivarius Britannicus heros, in armour on horſeback.

Olivarius primus †.

Don John De Caſtro, the fourth viceroy of India.

Samuel Bolton, S. S. Theol. D. in oval, four Latin verſes.

CLASS III.

Theſe do not deſerve to be particularized. I ſhall barely name them:

* The reaſon of Whitelocke being drawn in armour, though a lawyer, was his being deputy-lieutenant of the militia, in which capacity he acted in the civil war.

† This and the preceding belong to a little book called Parallelum Olivæ; the frontiſpiece to which was alſo executed by Faithorne.

Richard

Richard Hooker; Edmund Caſtelli; Ricraft, a merchant; the emperor Marcus Aurelius; Henry Lawes; biſhop Brownrig; Robert, ſecond earl of Eſſex; Charles I. in armour; John Ray; Dominicus Contareno, dux Venetiarum.

CLASS IV. and V.

I join theſe, as I have ſeen very few of his hiſtoric prints or title-pages; but will ſeparate them by placing the heads I have not, laſt.

Parallelum Olivæ. Gods in council at top; Pallas and Neptune on the ſides.

An emblematic print; a pilgrim * ſitting and writing; a pyramid before him with figures and inſcriptions; Venice at a diſtance. This is a frontiſpiece to Pordage's book, whom I have mentioned before.

Æneas killing Turnus, for Ogilby's Virgil.

Hero and Leander, two prints, for David Whiteford's tranſlation of Muſæus.

Thomas Killigrew and the lord Coleraine, the princely ſhepherds. I ſuppoſe this was for a maſk.

Mercurius Chriſtianus.

Mercurius Ruſticus.

Our Saviour on the croſs, and St. Benedict.

The aſſembly-man.

Lucaſta, for Lovelace's poems.

A plan of London and Weſtminſter in ſix ſheets and two half ſheets. Publiſhed and ſurveyed by Newcourt, 1658 †.

Chriſt after Raphael. I believe this was finiſhed by Fillian.

A Madonna, and Joſeph, with a lamb, after La Hire: done while Faithorne was at Paris.

* It is ſaid to be lord Coleraine. Vide Granger's Supplement, p. 337.

† Vide Gough's Brit. Topogr. in London.

Title-

Title-plates: to Taylor's Life of Chriſt, extremely fine; to The Compleat Embaſſador; to Collins's Anatomy; to Jerye's Copy-book; to Hooke's Micrographia; and to The Philoſophical Tranſactions. Some of theſe may be only heads already mentioned; the liſt I tranſcribe is imperfectly taken.

Heads of ſir Francis Bacon, ſir Philip Sidney, and two foreigners; a frontiſpiece *.

Charles I. in an oval; above, the Church of England as a matron expiring; frontiſpiece to the Hiſtory of Charles I. by Hamon L'Eſtrange †.

The ſtory of Mr. Croſs and Wahorne. I do not know what this means; I ſuppoſe it is the duel of Mr. Crofts and Jeffery Hudſon.

Charles II. on his throne; archbiſhop Sheldon, lord Clarendon, and Monke duke of Albemarle, ſtanding; ſome birds in Barlow's book.

Frontiſpiece to the Engliſh tranſlation of Mezerai's Hiſtory of France; poorly executed.

In Taylor's Life of Chriſt, the four evangeliſts, and ſeveral hiſtoric prints in the book; ſome in the ſtyle of Goltzius, others of Hollar: the Annunciation, in his own manner, very good.

Frontiſpiece to Horneck's Crucified Jeſus.

Ditto, to an old edition of Glanville on Witches.

Six cuts to Sleiden's Hiſtory of the Reformation in Germany, the Engliſh edition.

Charles II. ſitting between Sheldon and ſir Orlando Bridgman; for The Preſent State of England.

Frontiſpiece to Legrand's Philoſophia.

Some plates for The Philoſophical Tranſactions.

Frontiſpiece to ſir J. Birkenhead's Aſſembly-man ‡.

HEADS.

Henry VIII; Richard Lovelace; Charles II. no name of engraver, one

* Vide Granger's Supplement, in James I. p. 136.

† Granger's Supplement, p. 177.

‡ Ib. p. 290.

of his firſt works; Charles II. inſcribed, This is Charles the firſt's heir*; Endymion Porter; James earl of Perth, drawn by Faithorne, graved by Vanderbank; ſir Bevil Granville; an octavo print, ex dono Rich. Hacket Litchf. et Cov. epiſc. † 1670: Inſervi Deo & lætare. Vertue mentions a head of the protector dedicated to him by Lud. Lambermontius a phyſician, with medals at the four corners of David, Solomon, Alexander, and Julius Cæſar, which, though without any name of engraver, he believed was Faithorne's work. Villiers duke of Buckingham, in the manner of Mellan; ſir John Hoſkins; archbiſhop Uſher, and a ſmaller; Roger earl of Caſtlemain; Robert Henley, this is doubtful; a man's head, no name, Latin inſcription beginning, Quodcunque manus tua facere poteſt; ſir James Harrington; Katherine lady Harrington; Tobias Venner; James duke of York; John Prideaux biſhop of Worceſter; Mr. Richard Zebelina, teacher of ſhort-hand; Thomas Oſborne earl of Danby; William Bates; Edward Stillingfleet biſhop of Worceſter; Quarles; Tafiletta; count Serena; a biſhop of Durham; general Monke; ſir William Davenant; Dr. Charles Leigh‡; Penelope Herbert, doubtful; Dr. Colet, Glanvill, and J. Murcott. Theſe three laſt are prefixed to their works. Sir William Davenant's was for the folio edition of his works. Ames gives ſome other heads with the name of Faithorne; but as he has always omitted to ſpecify whether engravings or mezzotintos, I ſhould ſuppoſe them the latter, and the works of our artiſt's ſon

WILLIAM FAITHORNE JUNIOR,

who worked only in that kind, and arrived to a good degree of excellence. He was negligent; and I believe fell into diſtreſſes which my authors ſay afflicted his father, and obliged himſelf to work for bookſellers. He died about thirty years old, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Martin's. His prints are,

Thomas Flatman, probably his firſt work.

Mary princeſs of Orange.

Sir William Reade§, oculiſt to queen Mary.

* This is not authentic, but the head of the earl of Eſſex, inſcribed with Porter's name, and done in the manner of Mellan.

† It is the biſhop's own head.

‡ This I am informed was engraved by Savage after Faithorne.

§ He was a mountebank, knighted by queen Anne, and appointed her oculiſt. See The Life of Mr. Naſh.

Mr.

Mr. Dryden, in a long wig.

Queen Anne, with looſe hair, garter-robes.

Prince George of Denmark.

Mr. Jeremiah Collier.

John More biſhop of Ely.

Frederick count of Schomberg.

Another, when duke.

John Cooper, a boy with a dog.

Lady Katherine Hyde.

Mrs. Mariamne Herbert.

The princeſs of Hanover.

Charles XII. king of Sweden.

A lady, half-length, with a baſket of flowers; no name.

Lord Henry Scott.

Mr. James Thynne, a boy.

Mr. Richard Gomeldon.

Queen Mary.

Shadwell, the poet.

Sir Richard Haddock, fine.

Mrs. Plowden, with a garland, gown lined with ſtriped ſilk; no name.

Another; but inſtead of the garland ſhe has a necklace in her hand.

Sancta Maria Magdalena.

A Cupid, after Parmentier.

A death's head between a watch and a roſe in a glaſs bottle.

A black giving fruit to a girl, inſcribed, Beauty's Tribute.

Others mentioned by Ames are,

The princeſs Sophia.

W. Bagwell.

W. Boys.

J. Seddon.

Mrs. Smith.

Madam Nichols. This I believe is the ſame with Mrs. Plowden.

Benedict Ithell; oval: arms beneath. G. Faithorne ad vivum delin. & fec.

JOHN FILLIAN

was ſcholar of the elder Faithorne, whoſe head he copied, and was living in 1676; but probably died young, as only two more plates appear of his hand; the heads of Thomas Cromwell earl of Eſſex, and of Paracelſus. Mr. Hill the painter was a diſciple of Faithorne, but never applied to engraving.

PETER LOMBART.

1660} Vertue had been able to trace no circumſtances of his life, but that he came from Paris, and returned thither, the firſt certainly before the Revolution, as he graved a plate of the protector; a frontiſpiece to Ogilby's Virgil, publiſhed in 1654; a title to a ſmall octavo in 1658; and ſir Robert Stapleton's head for his Juvenal before 1660. In fact, he does not ſeem to have ſtaid long here in the reign of Charles II. a cut of Antoine Grammont * being dated at Paris in 1663. In 1660 he made a large title-plate with many figures for Field's Bible, printed at Cambridge. His beſt works are the twelve half-lengths from Vandyck, too well known to be particulariſed. His other plates I will repeat briefly, as I ſhall thoſe of ſubſequent engravers. As

* So Vertue. I ſuppoſe this was Antony firſt duke of Grammont. Of his brother Philibert, the famous count Grammont, I have given a print to his Memoires from his portrait among the knights of the St. Eſprit in the Sale des grands Auguſtins at Paris—a collection it is ſurpriſing the French have never engraved, as it contains ſo many of their great men. Every new knight ſends his portrait to that repoſitory. It is pity the ſame practice is not obſerved by our knights of the garter.

they

they grow nearer to our own times and are common, to deſcribe them is unneceſſary.

Head of Walker, the painter; ſomething different from that at Oxford.

Charles I. on horſeback, from Vandyck. Lombart afterwards eraſed the face, and inſerted that of Cromwell, and then with the vicar of Bray's graver reſtored the king's.

Cromwell, half-length in armour, page tying his ſcarf.

Sir Samuel Moreland.

John Ogilby.

Charles V. emperor.

Dr. Charlton.

William Daviſon, phyſician.

Anne Hyde ducheſs of York.

Dr. Donne *.

Dr. Chriſtopher Terne.

Samuel Malines.

Sir Henry Wootton.

Father Paul.

John Dethick.

Dr. Taylor.

Cartwright, author.

Alexander Roſs.

Thomas Taylor.

* There is a frontiſpiece to his eighty ſermons, with his head and emblematic figures, engraved by M. Merian junior, but I ſuppoſe not done in England. To Howel's Dodona's Grove the plates were executed by C. Merian junior.

Brian

Brian Walton.

De la Fond, gazetteer of Amſterdam, 1667.

Johannes Dallæus.

Charles Emanuel prince of Savoy, 1671. This ſeems the lateſt of his works.

In Overton's catalogue of prints dated 1672, is mentioned a book of the Seven Sciences, eight plates by Lombart, but probably executed when he was in England.

Vertue alſo names an emblematic print which he calls Theophila, or Love-ſacrifice, with the device of the Trinity. It is the title to Bendlowe's Divine Poems, folio 1652.

JAMES GAMMON

" can hardly," ſays Vertue, "be called an engraver," ſo poor were his performances; yet one of them has preſerved a memorable perſon, Richard Cromwell, and authenticated a picture that I have of him by Cooper. Gammon's few other heads are, ſir Toby Mathews; Catherine of Braganza, and Maſcall the painter, from a picture done by himſelf.

ROBERT THACKER,

calling himſelf deſigner to the king, engraved a large print on a plate of four ſheets of the Cathedral at Saliſbury. Morgan, of whom I find as little, may be mentioned with him, having done a plan of London for Ogilby.

WILLIAM SKILLMAN,

living between 1660 and 1670, engraved the façade of Albemarle-houſe, and a view of the Banqueting-houſe.

JOHN DUNSTALL

1662 } Lived in the Strand, and taught to draw. In 1662 he deſigned and etched a book of flowers. His portraits are, William Gouge; Samuel Clarke, martyrologiſt; and king William and queen Mary.

Vol. 4. P. 83.



Jackson pinx. T. Chambars sculp.

PRINCE RUPERT.

J. BROWN.

1676 } A name that might well eſcape Vertue, ſince it is only found to a ſingle print in Ames's catalogue of a ſupervisor of exciſe at Briſtol; the plate done at Tedbury. Vide p. 48.

PRINCE RUPERT.

It is a trite obſervation, that gunpowder was diſcovered by a monk, and printing by a ſoldier. It is an additional honour to the latter profeſſion to have invented mezzotinto. Few royal names appear at the head of diſcoveries; nor is it ſurpriſing. Though accident is the moſt common mother of invention, yet genius being a neceſſary midwife to aid the caſual production, and uſher it to exiſtence, one cannot expect that many of the leaſt common rank ſhould be bleſt with uncommon talents. Quickneſs to ſeize and ſagacity to apply are requiſite to fortuitous diſcoveries. Gunpowder or printing might have fallen in many a prince's way, and the world have been ſtill happy or unhappy enough not to poſſeſs thoſe arts. Born with the taſte of an uncle, whom his ſword was not fortunate in defending, prince Rupert was fond of thoſe ſciences which ſoften and adorn a hero's private hours, and knew how to mix them with his minutes of amuſement, without dedicating his life to their purſuit, like us, who wanting capacity for momentous views, make ſerious ſtudy of what is only the tranſitory occupation of a genius. Had the court of the firſt Charles been peaceful, how agreeably had the prince's congenial propenſity flattered and confirmed the inclination of his uncle! How the muſe of arts would have repaid the patronage of the monarch, when for his firſt artiſt ſhe would have preſented him with his nephew! How different a figure did the ſame prince make in a reign of diſſimilar complexion! The philoſophic warrior, who could relax himſelf into the ornament of a refined court, was thought a ſavage mechanic, when courtiers were only voluptuous wits. Let me tranſcribe a picture of prince Rupert, drawn by a * man who was far from having the leaſt portion of wit in that age, who was ſuperior to its indelicacy, and who yet was ſo overborne by its prejudices, that he had the complaiſance to ridicule virtue, merit, talents.—But prince Rupert, alas! was an awkward lover!

* Count Hamilton.

" Il etoit brave & vaillant juſqu'à la temerité. Son eſprit etoit ſujet à quelques travers, dont il eut eté bien faché de ſe corriger. Il avoit le genie fecond en experiences de mathematiques, & quelques talens pour la chimie. Poli juſqu'à l'exces, quand l'occaſion ne le demandoit pas, fier, & même brutal, quand il etoit queſtion de s'humaniſer. Il etoit grand, & n'avoit que trop mauvais air. Son viſage etoit ſec & dur, lors même qu'il vouloit le radoucir; mais dans ſes mauvaiſes humeurs, c'etoit une vraie phiſionomie de reprouvé."

What pity, that we who wiſh to tranſmit this prince's reſemblance to poſterity on a fairer canvas, have none of theſe inimitable colours to efface the harſher likeneſs! We can but oppoſe facts to wit, truth to ſatire. How unequal the pencils! Yet what theſe lines cannot do, they may ſuggeſt: they may induce the reader to reflect, that if the prince was defective in the tranſient varniſh of a court, he at leaſt was adorned by the arts with that poliſh which alone can make a court attract the attention of ſubſequent ages.

We muſt take up the prince in his laboratory, begrimed, uncombed, perhaps in a dirty ſhirt: on the day I am going to mention he certainly had not ſhaved and powdered to charm Miſs Hughes; for it happened in his retirement at Bruſſels, after the cataſtrophe of his uncle. * Going out early one morning, he obſerved the ſentinel at ſome diſtance from his poſt, very buſy doing ſomething to his piece. The prince aſked what he was about? He replied, the dew had fallen in the night, had made his fuſil ruſty, and that he was ſcraping and cleaning it. The prince looking at it, was ſtruck with ſomething like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes cloſed together, like friezed work on gold or ſilver, part of which the fellow had ſcraped away.

One knows what a mere good officer would have ſaid on ſuch an accident: if a faſhionable officer, he might have damned the poor fellow, and given him

* This account Vertue received from Mr. Killigrew of Somerſet-houſe, who had it from Evelyn. In the General Dictionary a MS. ſaid to be drawn up by Mr. Evelyn himſelf, aſcribes the invention to the ſoldier. Yet in Mr. Evelyn's printed account of the diſcovery he expreſsly calls it, Invented by the prince. It is poſſible that the ſoldier might have obſerved the effect of ſcraping the ruſt from his piece, and yet have little thought of applying it, which probably was his highneſs's idea. In the Parentalia the invention is aſcribed to ſir Chriſtopher Wren, who is there ſaid to have communicated the diſcovery to the prince, p. 214.

a ſhilling; but the *genie fecond en experiences* from ſo trifling an accident conceived mezzotinto. The prince concluded that ſome contrivance might be found to cover a braſs plate with ſuch a grained ground of fine preſſed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impreſſion all black, and that by ſcraping away proper parts the ſmooth ſuperficies would leave the reſt of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter whom he maintained, they made ſeveral experiments, and at laſt invented a ſteel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or raſp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; thoſe being ſcraped away and diminiſhed at pleaſure, left the gradations of light.

The ſurpriſe occaſioned by the novelty of the invention, by its ſoftneſs, and union of parts, cannot better be expreſſed than in the words of Mr. Evelyn, whoſe abilities deſerved the compliment paid to him by the prince, of being one of the firſt to whom this ſecret or myſtery, as they held it, was imparted, and who was ſo dazzled with the honour of the confidence, or with the curioſity of the new art, that, after encouraging the world to expect the communication, he checked his bounty, and determined not to proſtitute the arcanum, but to diſcloſe it only to the elect.—Here * is his oracular deſcription:

"It would appear a paradox to diſcourſe to you of a graving without a graver, burin, point or aqua fortis; and yet this is performed without the aſſiſtance of either: that what gives our moſt perite and dextrous artiſts the greateſt trouble, and is longeſt finiſhing (for ſuch are the hatches and deepeſt ſhadows in plates) ſhould be here the leaſt conſiderable, and the moſt expeditious; that, on the contrary, the lights ſhould in this be the moſt laborious, and yet performed with the greateſt facility: that what appears to be effected with ſo little curioſity, ſhould yet ſo accurately reſemble what is generally eſteemed the very greateſt; viz. that a print ſhould emulate even the beſt of drawings, chiaro e ſcuro, or (as the Italians term it) pieces of the mezzotinto, ſo as nothing either of Hugo da Carpi, or any of thoſe other maſters who purſued his attempts, and whoſe works we have already celebrated, have exceded, or indeed approached; eſpecially for that of portraits, figures, tender landſcapes, and hiſtory, &c. to which it ſeems moſt appropriate and applicable."

* Sculptura, p. 146.

Thus, as he owns, he leaves it enigmatical; yet thinks he has ſaid enough to give a hint to ingenious perſons how it is performed.—In truth, they muſt have been more ingenious even than the inventor himſelf to have diſcovered any thing from ſuch an indefinite riddle. One knows that ancient ſages uſed to wrap up their doctrines, diſcoveries, or nonſenſe, in ſuch unintelligible jargon; and the baby world, who preferred being impoſed upon to being taught, thought themſelves extremely obliged for being told any ſecret which they could not comprehend. They would be reckoned mountebanks in this age, who ſhould pretend to inſtruct without informing; and one cannot help wondering that ſo beneficent a nature as Mr. Evelyn's ſhould juggle with mankind, when the inventor himſelf had conſented that the new art ſhould be made public*.

Indeed, curious as the diſcovery was, it did not produce all it ſeemed to promiſe; it has diverſified prints, rather than improved them; and though Smith, who carried the art to its greateſt height yet known, had conſiderable merit, mezzotintos ſtill fall ſhort of fine engravings. But before the ſecret paſſed into his hands, it was improved by Blooteling, who found out the application of the chiſel for laying grounds, which much exceeded the roller. George White afterwards made uſe of the graver for forming the black ſpot in eyes, and ſharpening the light, which in preceding mezzotintos he obſerved had never been ſufficiently diſtinct.

Some have thought that the prince only improved on Rembrandt's manner in his prints; but there is no account of the latter making uſe of a method at all like that practiſed for mezzotintos.

Prefixed to Evelyn's account is a kind of Saracen's head performed by that prince, with his highneſs's mark thus, . There is another of the ſame in large; a man with a ſpear; and a woman's head looking down, in an oval, no name to it. Theſe are all his works in mezzotinto. Landſcapes I think I have ſeen ſome etched by him; and in Jervas's ſale were ſome ſmall figures drawn looſely with the pen on white paper; under them was written, Deſſinati per il principe Roberto à Londra 23 Septembre. The earlieſt date of a

Rpf.

* See Mr. Evelyn's own excuſe for not telling his ſecret of mezzotinto, in his Sculptura, p. 148.



FRANCIS PLACE.— WILLIAM LODGE.—



P. 67.



A. Bannerman Sculp.

John Evelyn Esqr

mezzotinto that Vertue had ſeen was an oval head of Leopold William archduke of Auſtria, with this inſcription, Theodorus Caſparus à Furſtenburgh, canonicus, ad vivum pinxit et fecit 1656. This perſon had undoubtedly received the ſecret before his highneſs returned to England.

WALLERANT VAILLANT,

though a painter of ſome reputation, belongs to this work in the light only of engraver. He was born at Liſle in 1623, but ſtudied under Eraſmus Quellin at Antwerp; on leaving whoſe ſchool he applied himſelf to portrait-painting; and being adviſed to go to Franckfort againſt the coronation of the emperor Leopold, drew his picture with ſuch ſucceſs, that Vaillant ſoon found himſelf overwhelmed with buſineſs, till the Marechal de Grammont carried him to Paris, where in four years he found buſineſs enough to enrich him. He returned to Amſterdam, and died there in 1677. At what period of his life he came to England does not appear; yet here he certainly was, and came with prince Rupert, who taught him the ſecret of mezzotinto. Deſcamps ſays that this myſtery, as it was then held, was ſtolen from Vaillant by the ſon of an old man who ſcraped the grounds of his plates for him. This might be one of the means of divulging the new art; yet, as I ſhew in the Life of Becket, he and Lutterel both learned the ſecret by other means. Vaillant alſo drew from the life in black and white. There is a mezzotinto, as I am informed, by him, of queen Henrietta Maria ſitting in a fringed chair, with a little girl reſting againſt her knees, and a young man leaning on the back of the chair; he has a ribband croſs his ſhoulder, the edges of which are a little fringed: the lady is at work. I have never ſeen this print; but it correſponds ſo much with part of the picture of ſir Balthazar Gerbier's family by Vandyck, mentioned in The Anecdotes of Painting, art. Gerbier, that I ſuſpect the lady is not the queen, but Gerbier's wife.

MR. JOHN EVELYN.

If Mr. Evelyn had not been an artiſt himſelf, as I think I can prove; I ſhould yet have found it difficult to deny myſelf the pleaſure of allotting him a place among the arts he loved, promoted, patronized; and it would be but juſtice to inſcribe his name with due panegyric in theſe records, as I have once or twice taken the liberty to criticize him: but they are trifling blemiſhes com-

pared with his amiable virtues and beneficence; and it may be remarked that the worſt I have ſaid of him is, that he knew more than he always communicated. It is no unwelcome ſatire, to ſay that a man's intelligence and philoſophy is inexhauſtible. I mean not to write his life, which may be found detailed in the new edition of his Sculptura, in Collins's Baronetage, in the General Dictionary, and in the New Biographical Dictionary; but I muſt obſerve that his life, which was extended to 86 years, was a courſe of enquiry, ſtudy, curioſity, inſtruction, and benevolence. The works of the Creator, and the mimic labours of the creature, were all objects of his purſuit. He unfolded the perfection of the one, and aſſiſted the imperfections of the other. He adored from examination; was a courtier that flattered only by informing his prince, and by pointing out what was worthy for him to countenance, and was really the neighbour of the goſpel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him. Whoever peruſes a liſt of his works, will ſubſcribe to my aſſertion. He was one of the firſt promoters of the Royal Society, a patron of the ingenious and indigent, and peculiarly ſerviceable to the lettered world; for, beſides his writings and diſcoveries, he obtained the Arundelian marbles for the Univerſity of Oxford, and the Arundelian Library for the Royal Society: nor is it the leaſt part of his praiſe, that he who propoſed to Mr. Boyle the erection of a philoſophic college for retired and ſpeculative perſons, had the honeſty to write in defence of active life againſt ſir George Mackenzie's Eſſay on Solitude *. He knew that retirement in his own hands was induſtry and benefit to mankind; but in thoſe of others lazineſs and inutility.

Vertue diſcovered that long before the appearance of Mr. Evelyn, his family had been engaged in what then were curious arts. In an ancient MS. in the Office of Ordnance he found theſe entries:

A patent for making ſalt-petre granted to George Evelyn and others 1587.

Powder-makers; George Evelyn, eſq. of Wooton in Surrey 1587. Mr. John Evelyn; Mr. Robert Evelyn; Mr. George Evelyn, till the beginning of 1637.

* This was the more remarkable, as Evelyn lived in the ſhade of philoſophy; Mackenzie was continually engaged in the buſtle of buſineſs and fierceſt violence of party.

The

The lady of our Mr. Evelyn had correſpondent talents; ſhe deſigned the frontiſpiece to his Eſſay on the firſt book of Lucretius *.

But to come to the point which peculiarly entitles Mr. Evelyn to a place in theſe ſheets.

There are five ſmall prints of his journey from Rome to Naples, which are generally † ſuppoſed to be etched by one Hoare from Mr. Evelyn's drawings; but a very ingenious and inquiſitive gentleman ‡ has convinced me that they are performed by his own hand. I cannot give the reader better ſatisfaction than by tranſcribing part of a letter which that gentleman was ſo obliging as to ſend me, and his modeſty I hope will forgive the liberty I take with him.

" Copy of the title to Mr. John Evelyn's five prints for his Journey from Rome to Naples;

The inſcription is engraved on the ſuperficies of a large broken ſtone table, ſuſtained by a little genius with wings, ſtanding about the middle of the plate: on each ſide are views of the Roman antiquities, particularly on the left is ſeen the arch of Septimius Severus:

Locorum aliquot inſignium & celeberrimorum inter Romam et Neapolin jacentium ὑποδεξεις et exemplaria Domino Dom°. Thomæ Henſheaw Anglo omnium eximiarum & præclariſſimarum artium cultori & propugnatori maximo et συνοψαμενῳ αὐτῷ (non propter operis pretium, ſed ut ſingulare amoris ſui teſtimonium exhibeat) primas has δοκιμασίας aquâ forti excuſas & inſculptas

R. Hoare excu.

Jo. Evelynus delineator
D. D. C. Q.

* Hollar inſcribed a head of Vandyck to Mr. Evelyn.

† So the author of his life ſays, tranſcribed in the Biogr. Dict. The General Dictionary indeed calls them Mr. Evelyn's own engravings, which the following account will make clear.

‡ Mr. Nathaniel Hillier.

The above is an exact copy of the titular dedication to Mr. Evelyn's five prints of his Journey from Rome to Naples; and it is imagined that upon the face of the inſcription there is a manifeſt appearance of Mr. Evelyn's being not only the deſigner, but alſo the engraver, as well as the dedicator of the prints; notwithſtanding the author of his Life, prefixed to the new edition of his Sculptura, ſays that they were engraved from his ſketches by Hoare, an artiſt of character at that time: for, when we come to examine the prints, and find the title exactly conformable to the above copy, and that the five views themſelves are all of them ſubſcribed *JE* f. at the right hand corner, and no other notation at all concerning any deſigner, engraver, or publiſher whatever (except the little '*R. Hoare excu.*' at the bottom of the title juſt as above deſcribed); one can hardly think otherwiſe than the author of Mr. Evelyn's life muſt have been miſinformed, and never have ſeen or carefully conſidered the inſcription on the title dedicatory and the prints themſelves. Beſides, I ſhould be glad to be informed how the author of Mr. Evelyn's Life came to know that Hoare was an artiſt, or engraver at all, and more eſpecially one of character at that time, ſince Mr. Evelyn himſelf has not inſerted him among the eighteen Engliſh engravers whoſe praiſe he has celebrated, and whoſe names he has given us p. 91 of his Sculptura: and though he tells us in p. 92, that there were ſome other Engliſh artiſts, who had merited with their graver, but were unknown to him by name; yet ſurely, of all others, the artiſt who had engraved his own deſigns could not have been among that number, more eſpecially if he had been an artiſt of character. Not to mention a particular circumſtance attending my ſet of the prints in queſtion, (which I have great reaſon to believe were one of the ſets which Mr. Evelyn kept for himſelf) being ſuperſcribed with a pen and ink, *My journey from Rome to Naples*, and with a black lead pencil, *Sculpſit Johannes Evelynus Pariſiis* 1649. However, it ought to be mentioned that the pen and ink and the black lead do not appear to be of the ſame hand-writing."

The General Dictionary corroborates the great probability of Mr. Evelyn engraving theſe views, by quoting more etchings by him, a view of his own ſeat at Wooton, and another of Putney; and Thoreſby in his Muſeum ſays expreſsly, p. 496, that the prints of the Journey from Rome to Naples were done by Mr. Evelyn, who preſented them to him, with his own head by Nanteuil.

DAVID

DAVID LOGGAN

was born at Dantzick, and is ſaid to have received ſome * inſtructions from Simon Paſs in Denmark. Paſſing through Holland he ſtudied under Hondius, and came to England before the Reſtoration. Being at Oxford, and making a drawing for himſelf of All-ſouls-college, he was taken notice of and deſired to undertake plates of the public buildings in that univerſity, which he executed, and by which he firſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf. He afterwards performed the ſame for Cambridge, but is ſaid to have hurt his eye-ſight in delineating the chapel of King's-college. He alſo engraved on eleven folio copper plates Habitus Academicorum Oxoniæ à Doctore ad Servientem. In the Regiſtry of Matriculation there is this entry, David Loggan Gedanenſis, Univerſitatis Oxon. Chalcographus, July 9, 1672. He had a licence for fifteen years for vending his Oxonia Illuſtrata. He frequently drew heads in black lead, as Mr. Aſhmole's † in 1677, and the lord-keeper North's at Wroxton; and was one of the moſt conſiderable engravers of heads at that time. Dryden, ſatirizing vain bards, ſays,

> And in the front of all his ſenſeleſs plays
> Makes David Loggan crown his head with bays ‡.

He married Mrs. Jordan, of a good family near Witney in Oxfordſhire, and left at leaſt one ſon, who was fellow of Magdalen-college Oxford. David lived latterly in Leiceſter-fields, where he died 1693 §. His portraits, as enumerated by Vertue, are:

John Sparrow, 1653.

William Hickes, 1658.

Charles II. without his name, and only with Fidei Defenſor; therefore probably done before the Reſtoration.

Another in armour.

* Mich. Burghers told Vertue that he had Loggan's own head done by himſelf in black lead, æt. 20. 1655 (if ſo, he was born in 1635); and knew of no other portrait of him; but he certainly ſat to Soeſt.

† Vid. Aſhmole's Diary, p. 58.

‡ Art of Poetry, canto 2d.

§ In another place Vertue ſays, in 1700.

Another,

Another *, leaning his hand on archbiſhop Sheldon; at bottom, a ſmall head of Moncke.

Another of the King.

Queen Catherine.

James duke of York, at length, garter robes.

George duke of Albemarle, half length in armour, done from the life by Loggan, and is one of his beſt works.

Sir Edward Coke, in Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales.

Edward earl of Clarendon, from the life, a fine head in the ſame book.

Head of a divine; no name. Engliſh verſes.

Biſhop Mew, from the life.

Thomas Iſham, from the life, but, as Vertue thought, engraved by Valck*.

Robert Stafford, with the ſame circumſtances.

Archibald earl of Argyle, ditto.

Iſaac Barrow, ditto.

Mother Louſe of Louſe-hall. This partly gained him his reputation at Oxford.

Sprat biſhop of Rocheſter.

Reynolds biſhop of Norwich. Qu. if not by T. Cecil?

Archbiſhop Uſher.

Edward Reynolds.

A man's head, no name, 1660.

A phyſician, do. ætat. 45. Suppoſed to be Dr. Willis.

* This is the frontiſpiece to Richard Atkins's Growth of Printing.

† Vertue ſays that Vandergutch, Loggan's diſciple, told him that Loggan uſed long ſtrokes in expreſſing fleſh; and that where faces appear dotted in his prints, they were executed by the perſons he employed.

Sir

Sir Henry Pope Blount, with only his initials and arms.

Dr. Charleton, from the life.

Ralph Bathurſt, do.

William Holder, do. Vertue thought the face by Vanderbank.

Boyle archbiſhop of Armagh.

Sir John Chardin, from the life.

John Mayow.

A youth, in an oval, no name, but ſuppoſed an anceſtor of judge Holt.

Arthur Jackſon.

James duke of Ormond, from the life.

Sir Grevil Verney.

Sir Edward Coke.

John Bulfinch, printſeller, from the life.

Biſhop Seth Ward, do.

Lake biſhop of Chicheſter.

Crew biſhop of Durham.

Compton biſhop of London.

Meggot dean of Wincheſter. There is another of him by White.

Lord-keeper Guilford, from the life; one of his beſt prints.

Thomas Barlow, from the life.

Thomas Fuller, 1661.

A. Brome, 1664.

John Wallis.

Pearſon biſhop of Cheſter, from the life.

John Cockſhut.

The ſeven biſhops, copied from White's plate for Loggan by Vanderbank, who worked for him towards the end of his life.

Duke of Ormond, in an oval.

James duke of Monmouth, young, in the robes of the garter. The handſomeſt print of him.

James earl of Derby.

Thomas Sanders. Flesſhiere pinx.

Richard Alleſtry, from the life.

Gunning biſhop of Ely.

Mr. Waterhouſe.

Mr. Joſhua Moone.

Dr. Henry More.

George Walker of Londonderry.

Leonard Plukenet, 1690.

Archbiſhop Sancroft, from the life.

Lloyd biſhop of St. Aſaph.

Queen Henrietta Maria.

Frontiſpiece to a Common-prayer-book in folio, 1687, deſigned by John Bapt. Gaſpars.

Titus Oates.

Sir George Wharton, but no name, æt. 46.

Another, 1657.

George prince of Denmark, from the life.

Pope Innocent XI.

An emblematic print of Cromwell at length in armour. A. M. eſq. fe.

The

The Academy of Pleaſure, 1665. Head of a man with a high-crowned hat.

Frontiſpiece to Rea's Floriſt, ſomething in the manner of Cornel. Galle.

Frontiſpiece to Guidott's Thermæ Britannicæ.

Loggan brought over with him Blooteling and Valck, whom I am going to mention. Vanderbank worked for him, and one Peter Williamſon, of whom I find no account but that Vertue thought the emblematic print of Cromwell in the above liſt might be done by him.

ABRAHAM BLOOTELING

came from Holland in 1672 or 73, when the French invaded it, but ſtaid not long, nor graved much here, but did ſome plates and ſome mezzotintos that were admired. Vertue ſays he received 30 guineas for etching a portrait of the duke of Norfolk. At Amſterdam, after he had left England, he publiſhed Leonardo Auguſtino's Gems in 1685, and etched all the plates. His portraits are,

Prince Rupert, after Lely, 1673.

Edward earl of Sandwich, ditto, a head.

Another, half length.

Edward Stillingfleet, canon of St. Paul's.

The ſame, with the inſcription altered after he was biſhop of Worceſter.

Anthony earl of Shaftſbury, ſitting; one of his moſt ſcarce works.

Thomas earl of Danby, after Lely.

James duke of Monmouth.

Thomas Sydenham, after Mrs. Beale.

Henry duke of Norfolk, 1678, large.

Jane ducheſs of Norfolk, ditto, Bruxelles, 1681.

J. Wilkins, biſhop of Cheſter, after Mrs. Beale.

Henry marquis of Worceſter.

An old man's head, profile; etched.

A boy's head with feathers in his cap, ditto.

John Tillotſon dean of Canterbury, fine.

Cecil Calvert, lord Baltimore.

Charles Howard earl of Carliſle.

Admiral Tromp, 1676.

Van Haren, done in Holland, 1680.

GERARD VALCK

was Blooteling's ſervant, and then married his ſiſter; came with him from Holland, and returned with him, though he ſometimes worked for Loggan. Valck engraved one of the fineſt prints we have: it is the famous ducheſs of Mazarin, ſitting in very looſe attire, with one hand on an urn. There is a beautiful portrait of the ſame ducheſs in a turban, painted in Italy, at the duke of St. Alban's at Windſor. Vertue knew but three more of Valck's entire works; Robert lord Broke, done in 1678; John duke of Lauderdale, in robes of the garter, and an indifferent mezzotinto of Mrs. Davis * after Lely.

EDWARD LE DAVIS,

of Welſh extraction, was apprentice to Loggan; whoſe wife obliging him to follow her in livery, he ran away to France, and became a dealer in pictures, by which on his return he made a good fortune. He engraved

James duke of York; a large head, with flowers round the oval.

Bertram de Aſhburnham, for Guillim's Heraldry.

Ducheſs of Portſmouth, ſitting.

* There is another of her in ſmall quarto after Cooper. Valck aſſiſted Schenk in publiſhing the large Dutch Atlas in 2 vols. folio, 1683.

St. Cecilia playing on a base-viol, with boy-angels flying; probably done at Paris, after Vandyck.

Mary princess of Orange, 1678.

William prince of Orange; both after Lely.

General Moncke.

Stephen Monteage, 1675.

Charles II. sitting; the face expunged afterwards, and replaced with king William's.

A merry Andrew, after Francis Halls, graved in an odd manner.

An Ecce Homo, after Caracci, scarce.

Charles duke of Richmond, a boy, after Wissing, 1672.

—— LIGHTFOOT,

says Mr. Evelyn*, "hath a very curious graver, and special talent for the neatness of his stroke, little inferior to Wierinx; and has published two or three Madonnas with much applause." I suppose he is the same person with William Lightfoot, a painter, mentioned in The Anecdotes of Painting, p. 290.

MICHAEL BURGHERS

came to England soon after Louis XIV. took Utrecht, and settled at Oxford, where, besides several other things, he engraved the almanacs: his first appeared in 1676, without his name. He made many small views of the new buildings at Queen's-college, and drew an exact plan of the old chapel before it was pulled down. His other works were,

Sir Thomas Bodley; at the corners, heads of W. earl of Pembroke, archbishop Laud, sir Kenelm Digby, and John Selden.

William Somner, the antiquary.

Franciscus Junius, from Vandyck.

A medal and reverse of William earl of Pembroke (who lived) in 1572.

* Sculptura, p. 99.

John

John Barefoot, letter-doctor to the Univerſity, 1681.

Head of James II. in an almanac, 1686.

Small head of T. V. ſir Thomas Wyat.

Antony Wood, in a niche.

King Alfred, from a MS. in the Bodleian-library.

Archbiſhop Chichele.

John Baliol.

Devorguilla, his wife.

William earl of Pembroke.

Timothy Halton, provoſt of Queen's-college, from the life.

Dr. Wallis, 1699.

Two of Dr. Ratcliffe.

Sir Kenelm Digby.

Archbiſhop Laud.

John Selden*.

A large face of Chriſt, done with one ſtroke, in the manner of Mellan.

Many frontiſpieces for the Claſſics publiſhed at Oxford.

Several views of houſes for Dr. Plot's Works, and for other books.

Ditto for the Engliſh tranſlation of Plutatch's Lives; and probably the vignettes to the Catalogus Libr. MSS. in Angliâ.

PETER VANDERBANK†

1674 } Was born at Paris, and came to England with Gaſcar, the painter, about the year 1674. He married the ſiſter of Mr. Foreſter, a gen-

* The heads of Digby, Pembroke, Laud and Selden are the ſame I have mentioned at the corners of ſir T. Bodley's print.

† He ſometimes wrote his name Vandrebanc.

tleman

tleman who had an eſtate at Bradfield in Hertfordſhire. Vanderbank was ſoon admired for the ſoftneſs of his prints, and ſtill more for the ſize of them, ſome of his heads being the largeſt that had then appeared in England. But this very merit undid him; the time employed on ſuch conſiderable works was by no means compenſated in the price. He was reduced to want, and, retiring to his brother-in-law, died at Bradfield, and was buried in the church there in 1697. After his death, his widow diſpoſed of his plates to one Brown, a printſeller, who made great advantage of them, and left an eaſy fortune. Vanderbank had three ſons. The eldeſt had ſome ſhare in the theatre at Dublin. The youngeſt, William, a poor labourer, gave this account to Vertue. In the family of Foreſter was a portrait of the father by Kneller, and of the eldeſt ſon. Vanderbank's prints,

Charles II. in garter robes, Gaſcar pinx. 1675.

Ditto, 1677, 2 feet 4 inches high, by 2 feet wide.

James II. large ſheet, Kneller p.

Mary his queen, ditto.

Another, after Wiſſing.

King William, after Kneller.

Another, after Wiſſing.

Queen Mary, after the ſame.

Prince George of Denmark.

Princeſs Anne.

Louis Quatorze, large head.

Statue of Charles II. in the Royal Exchange.

Archbiſhop Tillotſon, after Mrs. Beale; the face was rubbed out, and re-engraved by R. White.

Archbiſhop Teniſon, after Mrs. Beale, 1695.

Prince George of Denmark, folio ſheet.

Princeſs Anne, at length.

Princeſs Mary, at length.

Thomas earl of Oſſory, large head.

Alexander earl of Moray, 1686.

George viſcount Tarbatt, 1692.

Sir William Temple, after Lely, 1679.

John Smith, writing-maſter, Faithorne delin. Vertue ſays a great conteſt happened about the payment for this fine head.

James earl of Perth, 1683.

Thomas Lamplugh archbiſhop of York; one of the fineſt of his works.

George Walker, who defended Londonderry.

Thomas Dalziel, a Scotch general; ſcarce.

John Locke, in a periwig.

Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.

Another, ſmaller.

Edmund Waller, æt. 23.

Another, æt. 76.

Sir Thomas Allen, very large.

James duke of Monmouth, ditto.

Richard lord Maitland, 1683.

William lord Ruſſel, after Kneller.

Lady Litchfield, Verelſt pinx.

Sir George Mackenſie.

Henry More, Loggan delin. It has not Vanderbank's name.

Archibald earl of Argyle.

Frederick duke of Schomberg.

Young

Young man's head, Fide et fiduciâ. Riley pinx.

John Cotton Bruce, very large.

Robert earl of Yarmouth, ditto.

Sir Thomas Brown, M. D.

Head of a Scotch gentleman, altered to the earl of Marr. Haſſel pinx.

John earl of Strathnaver; *i. e.* J. earl of Sutherland, who died about 1734.

William duke of Queenſberry.

William duke of Hamilton.

George lord Dartmouth.

His own head.

Samuel Wood*.

Vanderbank engraved a ſet of heads for Kennet's Hiſtory of England; they were deſigned by Lutterel. Vanderbank executed from the Conqueror to queen Elizabeth; the reſt were finiſhed by M. Vandergutch.

He alſo graved after Verrio's paintings at Windſor, and ſome other hiſtories, and did ſome plates which have his name in Tijon's Book of Ironworks. He appears too to have had ſome concern in a manufacture of tapeſtry; in the duke of Ancaſter's ſale was a ſuite of tapeſtry with Vanderbank's name to it.

NICHOLAS YEATES AND JOHN COLLINS,

1680 } Two obſcure engravers, whom Vertue mentions together for theſe plates,

Sir William Waller, ob. 1669.

Embaſſadors from Bantam. H. Peart pictor. Printed 1682, large folio.

* I am informed that this head of Wood could not be done by P. Vanderbank the elder, whoſe arm was torn off in 1737. See Phil. Tranſ. for 1738. As I find no account of his ſecond ſon, his name was probably Peter, and he might be an engraver.

Leonard Plukenet, M. D. Collins ſculp. 1681.

Oliver Plunket, archbiſhop, ob. 1681. Collins Bruxell. ſculp.

I find the name of R. Collins jun. to a print, done by him from the life, of Francis Peck, the antiquary, born 1692. Vide Ames, p. 135.

WILLIAM CLARKE

did a head of George duke of Albemarle, from a painting of Barlow, and another of John Shower, from a picture of his own; the latter is a ſmall mezzotinto.

JOHN CLARKE

1690 } Was an engraver at Edinburgh, where he did two profile heads in medal of William and Mary, prince and princeſs of Orange, yet dated 1690; and prints of ſir Matthew Hale, of George baron de Goertz (this was in concert with Pine), of Dr. Humphrey Prideaux, and a plate with ſeven little heads of Charles II. and his queen, prince Rupert, prince of Orange, duke of York, duke of Monmouth, and general Moncke. There was another John Clarke, who lived in Gray's Inn; he engraved a quarto print of Rubens, and, probably, the plates for Bundy's tranſlation of Catrou, and Rouille's Roman Hiſtory, and the vignettes for lord Lanſdowne's works. Gerard and Robert Vandergutch were alſo employed for the latter book.

R. TOMPSON,

a name to a print of Nel Gwynn and her two ſons, and to a few others. Though he only puts *excudit* on his plates, and on thoſe ſold by Alexander Brown, he probably ſcraped them. Brown, beſides his mezzotintos, engraved the plates to his Art of Painting, 1669. See Payne Fiſher's verſes prefixed to that work. Brown's plates in that piece are chiefly copied from Bloemart's drawing-book. Trevethan is mentioned by Sanderſon, but I know none of his works. To a print of biſhop Ruſſel is ſaid, Thomas Dudley Anglus fecit 1679.

PAUL VANSOMER,

1678 } Another artiſt of no great fame, whom I give to complete the liſt, and as I find them, not confining myſelf ſtrictly to dates, which would



ROBERT WHITE.

would be difficult to adjuſt when there were ſo many of the profeſſion about the ſame period. Vanſomer at firſt executed many plates both graved and in mezzotinto after the works of Lely; his drawings were commonly made in two * colours by Gaſpar Baptiſt, and ſometimes by Lemens; and he was ſo expeditious as to finiſh a half-length plate in a ſummer's day—ſufficient reaſon for me not to ſpecify all his works. Before he arrived here, he had performed a print of Charles duke of Bavaria and his ſecretary in 1670. His mark was thus . * Another print was of a counteſs of Meath after Mignard; and a third of the duke of Florence and his ſecretary. Towards the end of his time the art was ſunk very low: Vertue ſays that about the year 1690 Verrio, Cooke and Laguerre could find no better perſons to engrave their deſigns than S. Gribelin and Paul Vanſomer—he might in juſtice have added that the engravers were good enough for the painters; and in 1702 that J. Smith was forced to execute in mezzotinto the frontiſpiece to ſignor Nicolò Coſimo's book of muſic. But before we come to that period we have one or two more to mention, and one a good artiſt:

ROBERT WHITE

was born in London 1645, and had a natural inclination to drawing and etching, which he attempted before he had any inſtructions from Loggan, of whom he learned, and for whom he drew and engraved many buildings. What diſtinguiſhed him was his admirable ſucceſs in likeneſſes; a merit that would give value to his prints, though they were not ſo well performed. Many of his heads were taken by himſelf with a black lead pencil on vellum: Mr. Weſt has ſeveral, particularly his own head at the age of ſixteen: Vertue thought them ſuperior to his prints. The heads of ſir Godfrey Kneller and his brother in Sandrart were engraved from drawings by White, whoſe portrait ſir Godfrey drew in return. Many of the portraits in Sandford's curious coronation of James II. were done from the life, as Vertue thought, by White. In 1674 he graved the firſt Oxford Almanac, as he did the title-plate deſigned by Adr. Hennin to the Hiſtory and antiquities of that univerſity. He alſo engraved Moncke's funeral. For a plate of the king of

* Mr. Scott, in Crown-court, Weſtminſter, has a copy in two colours in oil by Vanſomer himſelf, The laſt ſupper, after Pouſſin; very freely done.

† As Vertue ſometimes calls him Paul, and ſometimes John Vanſomer, I conclude they were different perſons, and that this mark belonged to the latter.

Sweden he received 30*l.* from one Mr. Sowters of Exeter. Of his own works he made no regular collection; but when he had done a plate, he rolled up two or three proofs, and flung them into a cloſet, where they lay in heaps. Thus employed for 40 years together, he had ſaved about four or five thouſand pounds; and yet, by ſome misfortunes or waſte at laſt, he died in indigent circumſtances *; and his plates being ſold to a printſeller in the Poultry, enriched the purchaſer in a few years †. As no man perhaps has exceeded Robert White in the multiplicity of Engliſh heads, it may be difficult to give a complete catalogue of them; yet as my author had formed a long liſt, it would be defrauding curious collectors if I refuſed to tranſcribe it: one would not grudge a few hours more, after the many that have been thrown away on theſe idle volumes. I ſeem to myſelf a door-keeper at the Temple of Fame, taking a catalogue of thoſe who have only attempted to enter.

Edward the Black Prince, in an oval.

Ditto in armour, at length.

Edward IV. without a name, arms, or inſcription. It was done for the Fœdera, and placed at the reign of Henry V; but Rymer doubting if it was that king, the name was omitted. Rapin finding it there, had it copied for his firſt French edition. It is a profile from the whole length at St. James's, which has ſince appeared, by Vanderdort's catalogue, to be Edward IV. by Belcamp: there is alſo a wooden cut done temp. Eliz. which agrees with Vanderdort's account.

Charles I. after Van Vorſt.

Charles II. large head, 1679.

Ditto, whole length, in robes of the garter.

Queen Anne 1703, poorly done.

Queen Elizabeth ſitting under a canopy.

* He died ſuddenly at his houſe in Bloomſbury in 1704.

† Vertue ſays the ſame ſucceſs attended Cooper and Bowles, printſellers: a profeſſion which Vertue thought very juſtly did not deſerve to thrive beyond the laborious artiſts whom they employed.

The three firſt Edwards, and Richard II. for Brady's Hiſtory of England.

James II. under a canopy, with Sancroft and Jeffries.

Another when duke of York, garter-robes.

Another, large head, 1682.

The ſame, altered when king.

Mary of Eſte, ducheſs of York.

Another, whole length.

Henry duke of Glouceſter, whole length.

King William and queen Mary, prefixed to Cox's Hiſtory of Ireland.

Two dukes of Hamilton, in Burnet's Memoirs of that family.

George earl of Cumberland, dreſſed as for a tournament; a beautiful print.

Lady Mary Jolliffe.

Nine ſmall heads of the family of Rawdon. Thoreſby ſays they were done for a MS. account of that family. I have eight of theſe cuts.

Robert Moriſon, M. D.

Richard Meggot, dean of Wincheſter.

Thomas duke of Leeds, ad vivum.

Heneage earl of Nottingham.

Seven lords juſtices in 1695. One plate.

Sir Edward Ward, chief baron, 1702.

Sir George Treby, ad vivum, 1694.

Patrick earl of Strathmore, 1686.

Sir John Somers lord-keeper, 1693.

William Salmon, M. D. 1700.

Five biſhops martyrs. One plate.

Nathaniel

Nathaniel Vincent, 1694.

Everard Maynwaringe, M. D.

Ezekiah Burton, after Mrs. Beale.

Two of John Partridge.

Sir George Ent, M. D.

Two of Samuel Pepys, of his beſt graving.

Two of ſir William Temple.

Joſeph Perkins, A. B.

Cole, a phyſician. His name is only mentioned in two Latin verſes under the head.

Robert South, S. T. P.

Dr. Stillingfleet, biſhop of Worceſter.

John Bunyan.

Two of ſir Roger Leſtrange.

Henry Purcel, after Cloſterman.

Count Konigſmark.

Simon Patrick, biſhop of Ely.

Two of Antony earl of Shaftſbury.

George earl of Melvil. Sir John Medina p.

James earl of Perth, after Kneller.

Another after Riley, titles in French. This is reckoned one of White's beſt. Of this lord there are prints by Faithorne, Vanderbank and White.

The ſeven biſhops, in one plate.

A gentleman, full-bottomed wig, arms, no name.

Archbiſhop Teniſon, from the life.

William

* William Camden, ætat. 58.

John Owen, D. D.

Mary counteſs dowager of Warwick.

Sir Alexander Temple
Suſanna lady Temple } In habits of the time of James I.

Lord chancellor Clarendon, after Lely.

John earl of Rocheſter.

John duke of Newcaſtle.

Robert Leighton, S. T. P. ætat. 46.

James Cooke, M. D.

George Hickes, S. T. P. from the life, 1703; one of his laſt works. There is another earlier.

Biſhop Burnet, after Mrs. Beale.

Another, from the life.

Queen Mary of Eſte.

Thomas Street, judge, from the life.

John Aſhton, gent. after Riley.

Mr. Fleetwood, from the life.

Benjamin Whitchot, S. T. P.

A clergyman, in his own dark hair.

A young gentleman, in full-bottomed wig, laced cravat; ſaid to be Mr. Benj. Hewling.

* For this plate he received four pounds; which ſeems to have been his moſt common price, as appeared by the receipt-book of Chiſwell, bookſeller in St. Paul's church-yard. For the print of queen Mary, done in 1694, White had four pounds ten ſhillings.

Sir

Sir Edward Lutwyche, ſerjeant at law.

Sir Thomas Pilkington, lord-mayor.

Sir Peyton Ventris, judge, 1691.

Sir Creſwell Levinz, judge.

John Overall, biſhop of Norwich.

Thomas Creech, M. Sunman pinx.

Thomas Gouge, after Riley.

James Bonnel, eſq.

Robert earl of Aileſbury.

John How, V. D. M.

Dr. Antony Horneck, after Mrs. Beale.

Vera effigies Venturi Mandey, ætat. 37, 1682.

Thomas Flatman. Hayls pinx.

Sir John Cotton, 1699.

Mr. Parker of Lees, Hebrew motto and arms, but no name.

Mr. Joſeph Moone.

Four different plates of archbiſhop Tillotſon.

John Wilkins, biſhop of Cheſter.

Three of William Bates, S. T. P.

William Walwyn, ætat. 80.

Archbiſhop Sancroft.

Dr. Buſby, ob. 1695.

John Fryer, M. D. from the life.

Samuel Cradock, B. D.

William

William Bluck, eſq.

George Buchanan.

The lady Anne Clifford, counteſs dowager of Dorſet and Pembroke.

William Petyt, from the life.

Sir James Turner.

Sir Robert Howard.

Dr. John Blow, from the life.

Thomas Manton, D. D.

John Boccace, from Titian.

Thomas Thynne, eſq.

Henry Wharton, A. M. after Tilſon.

Cardinal Pole.

Sir Thomas Wentworth earl of Strafford.

Sir George Jefferies, lord chief juſtice.

The ſame, altered all but the face.

Sir John Holt, lord chief juſtice.

Thomas Tryon, gent. 1703.

Effigies Authoris (Burnet of the Charter-houſe).

Edmund King, M. D. There is another print of him in mezzotinto by R. Williams; both are fine.

Sir Henry Spelman.

Sir George Mackenſie, well engraved.

Denzil lord Holles of Ifield.

The honourable Robert Boyle.

Sir John Hoſkins, a buſt on a pedeſtal, no name of engraver.

Antony Tuckney, D. D.

John Scott, S. T. P.

John Aylmer, biſhop of London.

Edmund Ludlow, lieutenant-general.

John Flavel, 1680.

Samuel Haworth, M. D.

Philomuſus, S. G. in cypher. It is Samuel Gilbert, author of The Floriſt's Vade Mecum.

William Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's.

Catherine of Arragon, for Burnet's Hiſtory of the Reformation.

Robert Johnſon, ætat. 44.

William Cockburn, M. D.

John Shower, 1700.

William Hunt, ætat. 28.

Mr. George Herbert, author of poems.

A writing-maſter looking over his right ſhoulder, in his hair, laced cravat, no name.

Mary queen of Scots.

Prince Lewis of Baden.

Neophytus archbiſhop of Philippopolis, 1702.

Baron de Ginckle, afterwards earl of Athlone.

Sir John Marſham, æt. 80.

Sir Richard Levett, lord mayor.

Archbiſhop Uſher, White's name not to it, done by Tyrril, 1683.

Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, preſident of the court of ſeſſion, poorly done from a good drawing in Indian ink by David Paton, in the poſſeſſion of ſir David Dalrymple.

Henry Coley, Philomath.

Joſeph Caryl.

Thomas Creech. Sunman p.

Sir Philip Warwick, after Lely.

John Edwards, S. T. B. from the life.

Monſieur de St. Evremont.

Mordecai Abbot, eſq. Richardſon p.

Dr. John Owen; ſome impreſſions have not his name.

Daniel Colwall, 1681.

Samuel Slater, 1692.

Sir Thomas Brown, M. D.

Five Kentiſh gentlemen, petitioners, one plate.

Dr. Joſeph Beaumont, maſter of Peter-houſe.

Lord chief juſtice Coke.

John Sharpe, archbiſhop of York.

Timothy Cruſo, V. D. M.

John Sowter, merchant of Exeter: he had been in Sweden, and beſpoke the plate of the king of Sweden mentioned above.

Sir John Niſbet of Dirleton, one of the ſenators of the college of juſtice in Scotland.

Archibald firſt duke of Argyle, titles in Latin.

Queen Mary II. done after her death.

John Selden.

Counteſs of Arundel, in mezzotinto, the only print he did in that way*.

Sir Thomas Nott, from the life.

Prince Rupert, after Kneller.

Walter Chetwynd, eſq. from the life.

Sir John Fenwick, after Wiſſing.

Thomas Deane of Freefolk.

James II. ſtar and garter crowned.

James Cooke, M. D. ætat. 64.

Another, ætat. 71.

William Leybourn, from the life. Fol. Two.

Another, quarto.

Edward Hatton, M. D.

John Rawlet, B. D.

Sir Geoffry Palmer, attorney-general.

Sir Herbert Perrot.

Jeremy Collier, 1701.

William Burkit, A. M. 1703.

Archbiſhop Sharpe.

Charles III. king of Spain, begun by R. White juſt before his death, finiſhed by his ſon G. White, whoſe name is to it.

Sir Edward Dering, 1687.

Patrick earl of Marchmont.

John Harris, D. D. begun by the father, and finiſhed by the ſon.

* So Vertue thought, but there is another of Dr. Briggs.

Thomas

Thomas Weſton, writing-maſter.

A man's head, 1677, with the ſigns of the zodiac round him.

Frederick Auguſtus king of Poland, 1696.

Charles XI. king of Sweden, 1683.

Alexander Carencroſs, biſhop of Glaſgow.

Reverend Matthew Pole.

Creſcentius Mather, S. T. P.

A man's head, in a laced cap, long beard; ſaid to be ſir Alexander Gibſon of Durie, one of the ſenators of the college of juſtice in Scotland.

Sir Patrick Lyon, from the life.

Bibye Lake and Mary Lake, oval heads in one plate.

Robert Sparke, B. D.

John Vaughan, chief juſtice of the common pleas.

John Brown, ſurgeon.

A biſhop's head (doctor Taylor).

Joſhua Barnes, Greek inſcription.

Captain William Bedloe.

Mrs. Aphra Behn.

Richard Baxter, ætat. 55.

Sir Robert Cotton.

David Clarkſon, miniſter, after Mrs. Beale.

Samuel Clarke, from the life.

John Cleveland, without White's name.

Stephen Charnock, B. D.

William Cookſon.

John Collins, S. T. P.

Prance and Dugdale, two plates.

Elias Keach.

Captain Robert Knox.

Daniel Kendrick, phyſician.

George Moncke duke of Albemarle.

Richard Morton, M. D.

Milton, after Faithorne's print.

Sir John Pettus.

Sir Paul Rycaut.

John Ruſhworth, eſq.

George Stradling, S. T. P.

James II. with his dying expreſſions.

John Lightfoot, S. T. P.

Thomas Willis, M. D.

Rev. Philip Henry.

Sir William Aſhhurſt, lord mayor.

Mr. Edmund Trench.

Sir Robert Wright, lord chief juſtice.

Sir Nathan Wright, lord-keeper.

Thomas Wadſworth, M. A.

Archbiſhop Whitgift.

James Janeway, without White's name.

Thomas Barlow, biſhop of Lincoln.

The ſeven counſellors for the ſeven biſhops.

Vol. 4. P. 93.



HAMLET WINSTANLEY.

Princeſs Anne of Denmark.

Two of John Ayres.

A gentleman, half length, laced ruff, black habit, white gloves in his right hand, in his left, cloak and ſword.

Another in a long wig, with a death's head.

A man's head, the other part a ſkeleton.

Another in a long wig and laced cravat, place left for arms, without White's name.

Another, in his hair, broad band, cloak, in his right hand a book, other books behind.

GEORGE WHITE,

ſon of Robert, finiſhed ſome of his father's plates, and engraved others himſelf, but chiefly practiſed in mezzotinto, in which he ſucceeded, and had ſometimes 20 guineas for a plate. His beſt, I think, are of ſir Richard Blackmore, and Sylveſter Petyt, the latter remarkably fine. He alſo painted in oil, and more frequently in miniature. One of his firſt large heads, in his father's manner, was of James Gardiner biſhop of Lincoln. He was alive ſo late as the year 1731, when a print by him of biſhop Weſton is dated.

ARTHUR SOLY

1683 } Was much employed by Robert White, who drew his head in black lead, which was engraved in 1683. Himſelf did prints of Richard Baxter and Tobias Criſp.

HAMLET WINSTANLEY

learned to draw under the Knellers, being deſigned for a painter, and from thence went to Italy; but on his return ſeems to have addicted himſelf to engraving. He etched and publiſhed the earl of Derby's collection of pictures, as his father Henry had done ſeveral views of Audley-inn, which he dedicated

dedicated to James II. that building being then a royal palace*: he added too an inſcription in honour of ſir Chriſtopher Wren. This ſet of prints is very ſcarce; the plates are reſerved by the deſcendents of the earls of Suffolk. Henry was clerk of the works at Audley-inn in 1694, and in 1700 clerk of the works at Newmarket. It was this artiſt, I believe, who had a houſe † near Audley-inn at Littlebury, where were ſeveral mechanic tricks to ſurpriſe the populace, and known by the name of Winſtanley's wonders. Theſe childiſh contrivances, I ſuppoſe, he learned in Italy, where they do not let their religion monopolize all kind of legerdemain. In the Villa Borgheſe at Rome, amidſt emperors, heroes, and philoſophers, I have ſeen a puppet-ſhow in a box that turned like a ſquirrel's rolling cage; in the ſame palace was the noble ſtatue of Seneca dying in the bath, and a devil that ſtarted out of a clock-caſe as you entered the chamber. There is a print of James earl of Derby from a painting by Hamlet Winſtanley, another of Peploe biſhop of Cheſter, and his own head by himſelf. The two laſt were executed by Faber. Winſtanley the father was projector and builder of the Eddyſtone light-houſe, and was killed by the fall of it in a great ſtorm. ‡ Hamlet Winſtanley's collection of copper-plates and prints were ſold by auction at Eſſex-houſe, March 18, 1762. Among them were his etchings from lord Derby's pictures, and the cupola of St. Paul's after Thornhill.

—— BURNFORD

1681 } Is known only by a print of William Salmon, chymiſt, 1681.

ISAAC OLIVER,

a name that can never be omitted when it occurs in any branch of the arts, was, I ſuppoſe, the ſame perſon with the glaſs-painter, whom I have mentioned

* It had been purchaſed by the crown, but much of the money not being paid, king William returned it to the family; but bought as much tapeſtry there as coſt him 4500*l.* It is remarkable that in the church of Walden, which is beautifully light and ſtriking, is ſtill preſerved very freſh the achievement of the memorable Frances counteſs of Eſſex and Somerſet.

† There is a large print of that houſe, as an advertiſement for a ſubſcription to a ſet of prints of houſes and ſeats.

‡ This article is not in its proper period of time, as relating to the ſon, but rightly placed with regard to the father. In a former edition I had confounded them together.

in my Anecdotes of Painting, p. 157, and is found to two prints; the firſt, of James II. the other of lord chancellor Jefferies, who is there ſtyled earl of Flint; a title which none of our hiſtorians mention to have been given to or deſigned for him.

JOHN DRAPENTIERE

1691 } Etched prints of Benjamin Keach, Daniel Burgeſs, 1691, ſir James Dyer, and J. Todd.

WILLIAM ELDER

was cotemporary with Robert White; and a Scotchman. Vertue had ſeen ſome writing graved by him in a book in 1681. He made a print of himſelf in a fur cap, and another in a wig. His beſt work was a plate of Ben Jonſon. His other things are heads of Pythagoras; Dr. Mayern; John Ray; Dr. Morton; archbiſhop Sancroft; George Parker; Charles Snell, writing-maſter; admiral Ruſſel; and judge Pollexfen.

JOHN STURT

was born April 6, 1658, and at the age of 17 was put apprentice to Robert White, and did ſeveral prints, but of no great merit. However, he was exceedingly admired by Mr. Thoreſby *, who in his muſeum had the Lord's prayer engraved by Sturt in the compaſs of a ſilver penny, the ten commandments, &c. in the ſize of a medal; and the goſpel of St. Matthew engraved in octavo. Sturt's capital work was his Common-prayer-book, publiſhed by ſubſcription in 1717: it is all engraven very neatly, on ſilver plates, in two columns, with borders round each plate; ſmall hiſtories at top, and initial letters. It is a large octavo, and contains 166 plates, beſides 22 in the beginning, which conſiſt of the dedication, table, preface, calendar, names of ſubſcribers, &c. Prefixed is a buſt of George I. in a round, and, facing it, thoſe of the prince and princeſs of Wales. On the king's buſt are engraven the Lord's prayer, creed, commandments, prayers for the royal family, and the 21ſt pſalm, but ſo ſmall as not to be legible without a magnifying glaſs. He

* Ducat. Leod. 498, 513. Mr. Thoreſby mentions two other engravers, Mr. Robert Jackſon, and Mr. Francis Bragge.

alſo engraved a Companion to the Altar on plates of the ſame ſize, and a ſet of 55 hiſtoric cuts for the Common-prayer-book in ſmall octavo. He copied faithfully, as may be ſeen by the Engliſh tranſlation of Pozzo's Perſpective, publiſhed by James in folio. Sturt, grown old and poor, had a place offered him in the Charter-houſe, which he refuſed, and died about the age of 72. He had received near 500*l.* of Mr. James Anderſon of Edinburgh, to grave plates for his fine book of Scottiſh Records, &c. but did not live to complete them.

MR. LUTTEREL

was bred at New-inn, but having a diſpoſition to drawing, took to crayons and abandoned the law. Having a mechanic head, and obſerving the applauſe given to the new art of mezzotinto, he ſet himſelf to diſcover the ſecret, for ſo it was ſtill kept. His firſt invention for laying the grounds was by a roller, which ſucceeded pretty well, but not to his content, that method being neither ſo ſharp nor caſting as the true way. Upon this he perſuaded his friend Lloyd, who kept a print-ſhop in Saliſbury-ſtreet in the Strand, to bribe one Blois, who uſed to lay grounds for Blooteling, and was then going to Holland, to diſcover the myſtery. The profits were to be divided, Lutterel ſcraping and Lloyd ſelling the prints. Forty ſhillings purchaſed the ſecret; but when purchaſed, Lloyd would not communicate it to Lutterel, on which they quarrelled. In the interim

ISAAC BECKET*,

then apprentice to a callico-printer, viſiting Lutterel, caught the paſſion of learning mezzotinto; and hearing that Lloyd was poſſeſſed of the ſecret, and being forced to abſent himſelf from his buſineſs upon an intrigue, had recourſe to Lloyd, who, though maſter of the arcanum, was not capable of putting it in execution. Becket offered his ſervice, was inſtructed in the uſe of the chiſel, and entered into articles of working for Lloyd. Lutterel in the mean time purſued his old method, and publiſhed a print of a woman blowing out a candle backwards, which ſold mightily. Soon after he got acquainted with Vanſomer, and from him learned the whole proceſs. Becket fell again into the ſame trouble, and Lutterel aſſiſting him, they became intimate; but Becket marrying a woman of fortune, ſet up for himſelf, and Lutterel did

* Born in Kent, 1653.

many

many heads for him, being more expeditious and drawing better than Becket; but they were often finiſhed by the latter. Lutterel's beſt print was a portrait of Le Piper, the painter; few of his works have his name to them. He was the firſt that laid grounds on copper * for crayons, a method afterwards practiſed by Faithorne. One of Becket's beſt is a print of a lady Williams, whole length. I have run theſe lives into one another, finding them blended by Vertue, and naturally connected.

I have now carried this work down to the year 1700. If the art did not make great improvements after that period, at leaſt it was enlarged, and not ſo reſtricted to portraits. Hiſtoric ſubjects came into vogue too. If no great matter was performed, that age did not deſerve ſo much reproach as we do. Few good pictures were then imported. How many noble collections have been formed ſince, and yet how few prints appear of intrinſic merit! I have mentioned thoſe of Mr. Strange, which are worthy of any country, and of the maſters he has imitated. Mac-Ardell has done a few in mezzotinto, that ſhow what that branch is capable of; but our collections are ſtill far from being exhauſted; and yet I do not forget how many beautiful landſcapes of Claude Lorrain and Gaſpar Pouſſin we owe to the late Mr. Pond. Nor is this wholly the fault of artiſts: if the public would neglect whatever is not worthy of their country and of its riches, nor pay great prices for haſty performances, it is not credible that we can want either the genius or induſtry of the French, though hitherto their prints in general are at leaſt as much better than ours as their prices are more reaſonable.

The end of king William's reign was illuſtrated by a genius of ſingular merit in his way,

MR. JOHN SMITH,

1700} The beſt mezzotinter that has appeared, who united ſoftneſs with ſtrength, and finiſhing with freedom. To poſterity perhaps his prints will carry an idea of ſomething burleſque; perukes of outrageous length flowing over ſuits of armour compoſe wonderful habits. It is equally ſtrange that faſhion could introduce the one, and eſtabliſh the practice of repreſenting the other when it was out of faſhion. Smith excelled in exhibiting both as he

* Some of Lutterel's works in this manner are in queen Caroline's cloſet at Kenſington.

found them in the portraits of Kneller, who was leſs happy in what he ſubſtituted to armour. In the kit-cat-club, he has poured full-bottoms chiefly over night-gowns: if thoſe ſtreams of hair were incommode in a battle, I know nothing they were adapted to, that can be done in a night-gown.

I find little account of Smith's life, except that he ſerved his time with one Tillet, a painter in Moorfields; and that as ſoon as he became his own maſter, he applied to Becket, and learned from him the ſecret of mezzotinto; and being farther inſtructed by Vander Vaart *, was taken to work in ſir Godfrey's houſe, and, as he was to be the publiſher of that maſter's works, no doubt received conſiderable hints from him, which he amply repaid. Vertue, who was leſs diligent in his enquiries after the works of mezzotinters, has left no regular catalogue of Smith's works; nor, as they are ſo common, ſhall I attempt one. This liſt is already ſwelled to too large a ſize; and I ſhall forbear particularizing the prints of thoſe that are to follow, which, being of ſo freſh a date, cannot be ſcarce. Smith had compoſed two large volumes with proofs of his own plates, which I have ſeen in his hands; he aſked 50*l.* for them: what became of them I know not †. His fineſt works are, duke Schomberg on horſeback; that duke's ſon and ſucceſſor, Maynhard; the earls of Pembroke, Dorſet, and Albemarle; three plates, with two figures in each, of young perſons or children, in which he ſhone; William Anſtruther; Thomas Gill; William Cowper; Gibbons and his wife; queen Anne; duke of Glouceſter, whole length with a flower-pot; duke of Ormond; a very curious one of queen Mary in a high head, fan and gloves; earl of Godolphin; the ducheſs of Ormond, whole length, with a black; and ſir George Rooke. There is a print by him of James II. with an anchor, but no inſcription, which not being finiſhed when the king went away, is ſo ſcarce, that I have known it ſold for above a guinea. Beſides portraits, Smith performed many hiſtoric pieces, as The loves of the gods from Titian at Blenheim in ten plates; Venus ſtanding in a ſhell, from a picture by Correggio, that was at Buckingham-houſe; Venus and Cupid on a couch; a ſatyr and woman after Luca Jordano; and many more, of which perhaps the moſt delicate is a holy family with angels, after Carlo Maratti. There is a print of himſelf after ſir Godfrey Kneller.

* See an account of Vander Vaart in the Anecdotes of Painting, p. 389.

† I am told they were in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Spencer, miniature-painter, and are now in his widow's. They have ſince been ſold ſeparately.

SIMON.

SIMON GRIBELIN

1707} Was born at Blois in 1661, and came to England about 1680; but it was above twenty years before he was noticed. The firſt work that raiſed his reputation was the tent of Darius, publiſhed in 1707. This was followed by a ſet of the Cartoons: their ſucceſs was very great, having never been completely engraved before; but they were in too ſmall a volume, nor had Gribelin any thing of greatneſs in his manner or capacity: his works have no more merit than finicalneſs, and that not in perfection, can give them. He afterwards publiſhed ſix hiſtoric pieces from pictures in the royal collection at Kenſington, and the ceiling of the banqueting-houſe; but none of his plates give any idea of the ſtyle of the maſters they copied. His prints at beſt are neat memorandums. He executed a great number of ſmall plates on gold, ſilver and copper; chiefly for books, but was fitteſt to engrave patterns for goldſmith's work. I have a thick quarto collected by himſelf, of all his ſmall plates, which was ſold by his ſon after his deceaſe, which happened, without any previous ſickneſs, in Long-acre. He caught cold by going to ſee the king in the houſe of lords; fell ill that night, continued ſo next day, and died the third, aged 72. He left a ſon and daughter: the ſon graved in his father's manner, and went to Turkey in the retinue of the earl of Kinnoul, to draw proſpects, but returned in about two years. Gribelin the father engraved ſome portraits, as duke Schomberg, ſir William Dawes, and a ſmall whole length of the earl of Shaftſbury for the Characteriſtics.

SIR NICHOLAS DORIGNY,

born in France, at Paris, in 1657, was ſon of Michael Dorigny by a daughter of Vouet the painter. His father dying while he was very young, he was brought up to the ſtudy of the law, which he purſued till about thirty years of age; when being examined, in order to being admitted to plead, the judge finding him very difficult of hearing, adviſed him to relinquiſh a profeſſion to which one of his ſenſes was ſo ill adapted. He took the advice, and, having a brother a painter at Rome, determined to embrace the ſame occupation; and ſhut himſelf up for a year to practiſe drawing, for which he probably had better talents than for the law, ſince he could ſufficiently ground himſelf in the former in a twelvemonth. Repairing to Rome and receiving inſtructions from his brother, he followed painting for ſome years; when having acquired great

great freedom of hand, he was adviſed to try etching. Being of a flexile diſpoſition, or uncommonly obſervant of advice, he turned to etching, and practiſed that for ſome more years; when looking into the works of Audran, he found he had been in a wrong method, and took up the manner of the latter, which he purſued for ten years. We are at leaſt got to the fiftieth year of his age, if Vertue's memory or his own did not fail him; for Vertue received this account from himſelf. He had now done many plates, and laſtly the gallery of Cupid and Pſyche after Raphael—when a new difficulty ſtruck him. Not having learned the handling and right uſe of the graver, he deſpaired of attaining the harmony and perfection at which he aimed—and at once abandoning engraving, he returned to his pencils—a word from a friend would have thrown him back to the law. However, after two months, he was perſuaded to apply to the graver; and receiving ſome hints from one that uſed to engrave the writing under his plates, he conquered that difficulty too, and began with a ſet of planets. Mercury, his firſt, ſucceeded ſo well, that he engraved four large pictures with oval tops, and from thence proceeded to Raphael's transfiguration, which raiſed his reputation above all the maſters of that time.

1711 } At Rome he became known to ſeveral Engliſhmen of rank, who perſuaded him to come to England and engrave the Cartoons. He arrived in June 1711, but did not begin his drawings till the Eaſter following, the intervening time being ſpent in raiſing a fund for his work. At firſt it was propoſed that the plates ſhould be engraved at the queen's expence, and to be given as preſents to the nobility, foreign princes and miniſters. Lord-treaſurer Oxford was much his friend; but Dorigny demanding 4 or 5000*l.* put a ſtop to that plan; yet the queen gave him an apartment at Hampton-court with neceſſary perquiſites.

The work however was undertaken by ſubſcription at four guineas a ſet. Yet the labour ſeeming too heavy for one hand, Dorigny ſent to Paris for aſſiſtants, who were Charles Dupuis and Duboſc, who differed with him in two or three years, before the plates were more than half done. What relates farther to thoſe engravers will follow hereafter.

April 1, 1719. Sir Nicholas preſented to king George I. two complete ſets of the Cartoons, and a ſet each to the prince and princeſs. The king gave

him a purſe of 100 guineas, and the prince a gold medal. The duke of Devonſhire, of whom he had borrowed 400 *l.* remitted to him the intereſt of four years; and in the following year procured him to be knighted by the king. He painted ſome portraits here, not with much ſucceſs in likeneſs; and his eyes beginning to fail, he retired to France in 1724, and died at Paris in 1746. His collection of drawings had been ſold before in 1723. Among them were ſome after Dominichino and Guercino, and one after Daniel de Volterra, which Vertue preferred to all his works. There were an hundred * and four heads, hands and feet, traced off from the Cartoons. While he was making drawings of the Cartoons, a perſon in London offered him 200 *l.* for them, but he would not conclude any agreement till the plates were finiſhed. They were ſold at his auction for 52 guineas. The total amount of his drawings came to 320 *l.* His whole number of plates large and ſmall was 153.

CHARLES DUPUIS,

beſides part of the Cartoons, engraved ſome plates of the ſtory of Charles I. but differing with Dorigny, and the climate not agreeing with him, he returned to Paris, where he died ſuddenly in 1743. A younger brother of his came over, and did ſome plates, but returned ſoon, finding greater encouragement at home.

CLAUDE DUBOSC

quitted Dorigny at the ſame time with Dupuis, but ſettled here, and undertook to engrave the Cartoons † for printſellers. His next engagement was a ſet of the duke of Marlborough's battles, to be performed in two years for fourſcore pounds a plate, having no aid but Du Guernier, who had been in England for ſome years, and who was chiefly employed in etching frontiſpieces for books and plays; but that help not being ſufficient, Duboſc ſent to Paris for Beauvais ‡ and Baron, who aſſiſted him to complete the work, in 1717. He afterwards took a ſhop and ſold prints. Picart having publiſhed his Religious Ceremonies in 1733, Duboſc undertook to give that work in Engliſh, and brought over Gravelot and Scotin to carry it on: it came out weekly by ſubſcription. Himſelf did a plate from the fine picture of

* Theſe were ſold in one lot for 74 *l.* ſeparately afterwards for 102 *l.*

† One Epiciere and Baron aſſiſted him.

‡ Of this man I find no other account.

Scipio's

Scipio's continence by Nicolo Pouſſin at Houghton. His portrait was drawn by Smybert.

LEWIS DU GUERNIER

1708 } Studied under Chatillon at Paris, and came to England in 1708, but with very moderate talents, though he was reckoned to improve much here by drawing in the academy, which was then frequented, though eſtabliſhed only by private contributions among the artiſts. Du Guernier was choſen director of it, and continued ſo to his death, which was occaſioned by the ſmall-pox, Sept. 19, 1716, when he was but 39 years old. His chief buſineſs was engraving frontiſpieces for plays, and ſuch ſmall hiſtories. His ſhare in the plates of the duke of Marlborough's battles has been mentioned. At the inſtance of lord Halifax he did a large print of Lot and his two daughters from Michael Angelo di Caravaggio, and two ample heads of the duke and ducheſs of Queenſberry.

GEORGE BICKHAM,

1709 } Cotemporary with the laſt, engraved a few heads, as ſir Iſaac Newton's, and biſhop Blackall's; a folio ſheet with ſix writing-maſters, one of whom, George Shelly, he engraved alſo from the life 1709, and many other works. He retired to Richmond, and in May 1767, being then living, ſold part of his plates and ſtock in trade by auction.

S. COIGNARD,

a name that I find only to a print of Dryden after Kneller. Vide Ames, page 52.

T. JOHNSON,

an artiſt as obſcure as the preceding, graved a print of Bullock the comedian from the life.

JOHN KIP*,

born at Amſterdam, arrived here not long after the Revolution. He did

* There had been before a William Kip, who engraved ſome triumphal arches 1603.

a great number of plates, and very indifferently, of the palaces and ſeats in this kingdom. They were firſt drawn by one Leonard Knyff, his countryman, who alſo painted fowls, dogs, &c. and dealt in pictures. The latter died in Weſtminſter 1721, aged between 60 and 70, having been many years in England. His pictures, which were not extraordinary, were ſold in 1723. Kip engraved an inſide view of the Daniſh church built by Cibber, and died at near 70 years of age, in 1722, in a place called Long-ditch, Weſtminſter. He left a daughter, whom he had brought up to painting.

GEORGE KING

did plates of the lady Falconberg, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas. Another of his name, Daniel King, who * publiſhed the Vale Royal of England, drew and engraved the plate of the cathedral at Cheſter, and ſeveral other views in the ſame book. His manner reſembles Hollar's.

S. NICHOLS.

His prints mentioned by Ames are, of James Owen, and a woman called Yorkſhire Nan. Some of theſe men ſeem to have been below Vertue's notice, and conſequently are only mentioned here, that I may not ſeem to have overlooked them. Indeed, though Vertue thought that the art raiſed its head a little after the arrival of Dorigny, I find very few, except himſelf, who can paſs for tolerable maſters.

JOSEPH SIMPSON

was very low in his profeſſion, cutting arms on pewter plates, till, having ſtudied in the academy, he was employed by Tillemans on a plate of Newmarket, to which he was permitted to put his name, and which, though it did not pleaſe the painter, ſerved to make Simpſon known. He had a ſon of both his names, of whom he had conceived extraordinary hopes, but who died in 1736 without having attained much excellence.

* Daniel King wrote Miniature, or the Art of Limning, dedicated to Mrs. Mary Fairfax, daughter of lord Fairfax, afterwards ducheſs of Buckingham. It was MS. in the collection of Thoreſby, and at his ſale was purchaſed by Mr. Scott of Crown-court, Weſtminſter.

PETER VAN GUNST

1713 } Was not in England himſelf, but engraved the ſet of whole lengths after Vandyck. Houbraken * came from Holland in 1713 to make the drawings, for each of which he received one hundred guilders. The perſons who employed him were Mr. Cock, Mr. Comyns, and the late well-known Mr. Swinny, formerly director of the theatre. Van Gunſt had a ſon who was twice in England, but ſtaid not long.

ROBERT or ROGER WILLIAMS,

a Welchman, was, I believe, ſenior to many I have mentioned. He worked only in mezzotinto, in which he had good ſucceſs. His print of ſir Richard Blackmore is uncommonly fine. He contracted a great lameneſs from a ſprain, for which he had his leg cut off, and lived many years afterwards.

W. WILSON

did a mezzotinto of lady Newburgh, lord Lanſdown's Myra.

MICHAEL VANDERGUTCH,

of Antwerp, was ſcholar of one Boutats, and maſter of Vertue, who was told by him that Boutats had four daughters and twenty ſons, of whom twelve were engravers; and that one of them, Philip, had twelve ſons, of whom four were engravers. Vandergutch's own family, though not ſo numerous, has been alike dedicated to the art. When Michael arrived here, does not appear. He practiſed chiefly on anatomic figures; but ſometimes did other things, as a large print of the royal navy, on a ſheet and half, deſigned by one Baſton. His maſter-piece was reckoned a print of Mr. Savage. He was much afflicted with the gout, and died Oct. 16th, 1725, aged 65, at his houſe in Bloomſbury, and was buried in St. Giles's. He left two ſons; Gerard the ſecond ſon, now living †, and

JOHN VANDERGUTCH,

who was born in 1697. He learned to draw of Cheron, and of his father

* I believe this was not Houbraken the engraver, but a painter of that name, who gave the deſigns for a Hiſtory of the Bible.

† He ſold pictures, and died in Great Brook-ſtreet, London, March 18, 1776, aged 80.

to

to engrave; but chiefly practiſed etching, which he ſometimes mixed with the other. He ſtudied too in the academy. His ſix academic figures after Cheron were admired; and he is much commended by Cheſelden in the preface to his Oſteology, in the prints of which he had much ſhare, as he had in the plates from ſir James Thornhill's cupola of St. Paul's. There is a print by him from Pouſſin's picture of Tancred and Erminia.

CLAUD DAVID,

of Burgundy, publiſhed a print from the model of a fountain with the ſtatues of queen Anne, the duke of Marlborough on horſeback, and ſeveral river gods, which was propoſed to be erected at the conduit in Cheapſide. Under the print: Opus equitis Claudii David, comitatus Burgundiæ.

CHEREAU, JUNIOR,

came over by invitation from Duboſc, being brother of a famous engraver of that name at Paris, whoſe manner he imitated. He executed a profile of George I. which was much liked; but aſking extravagant prices, he found ſmall encouragement, and returned home.

BERNARD LENS

was ſon of a painter of the ſame names, who died Feb. 5, 1708, aged 77, and was buried in St. Bride's. He left four or five MS. volumes of collections on divinity. His ſon, the ſubject of this article, was a mezzotinto-ſcraper, and drawing-maſter; ſometimes etched, and drew for Sturt and other engravers. He copied The judgment of Paris in mezzotinto from ſir Peter Lely, and did a multitude of ſmall prints in the ſame way, chiefly hiſtories and landſcapes, and drew ſeveral views in England in Indian ink. He died April 28, 1725, aged 66. His ſon was the incomparable painter in water-colours, Bernard Lens, whoſe copies from Rubens, Vandyck, and many other great maſters, have all the merit of the originals, except, what they deſerve too, duration. He was drawing-maſter to the duke of Cumberland and the princeſſes Mary and Louiſa, and to one whom nothing but gratitude would excuſe my joining with ſuch names, the author of this work: my chief

reaſon for it is, to bear teſtimony to the virtues and integrity * of ſo good a man, as well as excellent artiſt. He died at Knightſbridge, whither he had retired, after ſelling his collection. He left three ſons: the eldeſt was a clerk in my office at the Exchequer; the two youngeſt, ingenious painters in miniature.

SAMUEL MOORE,

of the Cuſtom-houſe, drew and etched many works with great labour. He firſt made a medley of ſeveral things, drawn, written, and painted; one he preſented to ſir Robert Harley, ſpeaker of the houſe of commons, afterwards earl of Oxford; it was an imitation of ſeveral ſorts of prints.

——— SCOTIN,

no eminent artiſt, as appears by his print from Vandyck's Beliſarius at Chiſwick. If the two fine pictures on this ſubject are compared, it muſt not be by ſetting Scotin's near Mr. Strange's. To weigh the merits of Salvator and Vandyck impartially, Mr. Strange ſhould engrave both; I mean, to judge how each has delivered the paſſions, in which deciſion we ſhould not be diverted by the colouring. Indeed, one would ſuppoſe that Vandyck had ſeen Salvator's performance, and, deſpairing to exceed him in the principal figure, had transferred his art and our attention to the young ſoldier. Salvator's Beliſarius reflects on his own fortune; Vandyck's warrior moralizes on the inſtability of glory. One aſks one's ſelf which is more touching, to behold how a great man feels adverſity, or how a young mind is ſtruck with what may be the cataſtrophe of ambition?

MR. ENGLISH,

1718 } Of Mortlack, who died in 1718, etched a print of Chriſt and the diſciples at Emmaus, after Titian.

* Once when he was drawing a lady's picture in the dreſs of the queen of Scots, ſhe ſaid to him, "But, Mr. Lens, you have not made me like the queen of Scots." "No, madam: if God Almighty had made your ladyſhip like her, I would." This Bernard etched two or three little drawing-books of landſcape.

HENRY

HENRY HULSBERG,

born at Amſterdam, did prints of ſir Bulſtrode Whitlocke, Robert Warren, A. M. and Joſeph Warder, a phyſician; ſome of the plates in the Vitruvius Britannicus; a large view of St. Peter's church at Rome, &c. and a head of Aaron Hill, for his Hiſtory of the Ottoman Empire, fol. 1711. After a paralytic illneſs of two years he died in 1729, and was buried in the Lutheran church of the Savoy, of which he had been warden, and by which community and by a Dutch club he had been ſupported after he became incapable of buſineſs.

JOHN FABER,

born in Holland, drew many pictures from the life on * vellum with a pen, and ſcraped ſeveral mezzotintos, both from paintings and from nature. His moſt conſiderable works, and thoſe not excellent, were portraits of the founders of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. He died at Briſtol, in May 1721. His ſon,

JOHN FABER, JUNIOR,

ſurpaſſed his father by far, and was the next mezzotinter in merit to Smith. He was born in Holland, but brought to England at three years old. His firſt inſtructions he received from his father; afterwards he ſtudied in Vanderbank's academy. He executed a prodigious number of portraits, ſome of which are bold, free, and beautiful. To him we owe the kit-cat-club, the beauties at Hampton-court, and have reaſon to wiſh that we had the ſame obligations to him for thoſe at Windſor, and of the admirals at Hampton-court. He died of the gout, very few years ago, at his houſe in Bloomſbury. His widow married Mr. Smith, a lawyer.

EDWARD KIRKALL,

ſon of a lock-ſmith, was born at Sheffield in Yorkſhire, where he attained the rudiments of drawing, which however were long before they arrived at any perfection. He came to London, and for ſome time ſupported himſelf by graving arms, ſtamps, ornaments, and cuts for books †. The latter

* Vertue had ſeen one of theſe ſmall heads, inſcribed, J. Faber delin. in Graven Hage 1692.

† In 1725 he did the cuts for the new edition of Inigo Jones's Stonehenge.

gained

gained him an immortality, which with all his ſucceeding merit he perhaps would have miſſed, if his happening to engrave the portrait of a lady Dunce had not introduced him to the remark of Mr. Pope, who deſcribes her

" With flow'rs and fruit by bounteous Kirkall dreſt."

At length, drawing in the academy, and making ſome attempts in chiaro ſcuro, he diſcovered a new method of printing, compoſed of etching, mezzotinto and wooden ſtamps; and with theſe blended arts he formed a ſtyle, that has more tints than ancient wooden cuts, reſembles drawings, and by the addition of mezzotinto ſoftens the ſhades on the outlines, and more inſenſibly and agreeably melts the impreſſion of the wooden ſtamps, which give the tincture to the paper and the ſhades together. He performed ſeveral prints in this manner, and did great juſtice to the drawing and expreſſion of the maſters he imitated. This invention, for one may call it ſo, had much ſucceſs, much applauſe, no imitators.—I ſuppoſe it is too laborious, and too tedious. In an opulent country where there is great facility of getting money, it is ſeldom got by merit. Our artiſts are in too much hurry to gain it, to deſerve it.

JAMES CHRISTOPHER LE BLON,

another inventor in an age which however has not been allotted any eminent rank in the hiſtory of arts. He naturally follows Kirkall, as there was ſome analogy in their purſuits. The former, if I may ſay ſo, attempted to print drawings, the latter to print paintings. He was a Fleming, and very far from young when I knew him, but of ſurpriſing vivacity and volubility, and with a head admirably mechanic, but an univerſal projector, and with at leaſt one of the qualities that attend that vocation, either a dupe or a cheat: I think the former; though, as moſt of his projects ended in the air, the ſufferers believed the latter. As he was much an enthuſiaſt, perhaps like moſt enthuſiaſts he was both one and the other.

He diſcovered a method of giving colour to mezzotinto, and perfected many large pictures, which may be allowed very tolerable copies of the beſt maſters. Thus far his viſions were realized. He diſtributed them by a kind of lottery, but the ſubſcribers did not find their prizes much valued. Yet ſurely the art was worth improving, at leaſt in a country ſo fond of portraits. Le Blon's method of mezzotinto at leaſt adds the reſemblance of colour.

He

He had another merit to the public, with which few inventors begin; he communicated his ſecret, in a thin quarto in French and Engliſh, entitled "Coloritto; or, The harmony of colouring in painting, reduced to mechanical practice under eaſy precepts and infallible rules." Dedicated to ſir Robert Walpole. In the preface he ſays that he was executing anatomic figures for monſieur St. André. Some heads coloured progreſſively, according to the ſeveral gradations, bear witneſs to the ſucceſs and beauty of his invention. In 1732 he publiſhed a treatiſe on Ideal Beauty, or Le Beau Idéal, dedicated to lady Walpole. It was tranſlated from the original French of Lambert Hermanſon Ten Kate.

He afterwards ſet up a project for copying the Cartoons in tapeſtry, and made ſome very fine drawings for that purpoſe. Houſes were built and looms erected in the Mulberry-ground at Chelſea; but either the expence was precipitated too faſt, or contributions did not arrive faſt enough: the bubble burſt, ſeveral ſuffered, and Le Blon was heard of no more *.

JOHN SIMON

was born in Normandy, and came over ſome years before the death of Smith, who diſagreeing with ſir Godfrey Kneller, Simon was employed by him to copy his pictures in mezzotinto; which he did, and from other maſters, with good ſucceſs. He was not ſo free in his manner as Smith, but now and then approached very near to that capital artiſt, as may be ſeen in his plates of Henry Rouvigny earl of Galway, of earl Cadogan, and particularly of lord Cutts in armour with a truncheon. Simon died about the year 1755. His collection of prints was ſold by auction at Darres's print-ſhop in Piccadilly over-againſt Coventry-ſtreet, Nov. 3d, 1761.

L. BOITARD

was a Frenchman, and a very neat workman. He engraved chiefly for books, and was employed by Dr. Woodward, by Dr. Douglas on anatomic figures, and by Dr. Meade. He engraved a large print of the rotunda after Paolo Panini, and the plates for Mr. Spence's Polymetis. He married an Engliſh-woman, and left a ſon and a daughter. Boitard's father, who went often to

* It is ſaid that he died in an hoſpital at Paris in 1740.

Holland to purchaſe curioſities for Dr. Meade, drew with the pen, in the manner of La Fage, and often ſet his name to his drawings, with the time he had employed on them, which ſometimes, even for large pieces, did not exceed fifteen minutes. Showing one of his deſigns to Dorigny, and boaſting of this expedition, ſir Nicholas told him he ſhould have thought a man of his vivacity might have executed two ſuch in the time.

B. BARON,

1725} Brought over, as has been ſaid, by Duboſc, with whom he broke and went to law on the plates for the ſtory of Ulyſſes, engraven from the deſigns of Rubens in the collection of Dr. Meade; but they were reconciled, and went to Paris together in 1729, where Baron engraved a plate from Watteau, and engaged to do another from Titian in the king's collection, for monſieur Crozat, for which he was to receive 60*l.* ſterling. While at Paris, they both ſat to Vanloo. Baron has executed a great number of works, a few portraits, and ſome conſiderable pictures after the beſt maſters; as the family of Cornaro at Northumberland-houſe; Vandyck's family of the earl of Pembroke, at Wilton; Henry VIII. giving the charter to the company of ſurgeons; the equeſtrian figure of Charles I. by Vandyck, at Kenſington; its companion, the king, queen, and two children; and king William on horſeback with emblematic figures, at Hampton-court. His laſt conſiderable work was the family of Naſſau, by Vandyck, at the earl of Cowper's. Baron died in Panton-ſquare, Piccadilly, Jan. 24th, 1762.

HENRY GRAVELOT

was not much known as an engraver, but was an excellent draughtſman, and drew deſigns for ornaments in great taſte, and was a faithful copyiſt of ancient buildings, tombs, and proſpects, for which he was conſtantly employed by the artiſts in London. He drew the monuments of kings for Vertue, and gave the deſigns, where invention was neceſſary, for Pine's plates of the tapeſtry in the houſe of lords. He had been in Canada as ſecretary to the governor; but the climate diſagreeing with him, he returned to France, whence he was invited over by Duboſc. He was for ſome time employed in Glouceſterſhire, drawing churches and antiquities. Vertue compares his neat manner to Picart, and owns that in compoſition and deſign he even excelled his favourite Hollar. He ſometimes attempted painting ſmall hiſtories and converſations.

Of his graving are the prints to ſir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakeſpear, and many of them he deſigned; but it is his large print of Kirkſtall-abbey which ſhows how able an engraver he was.

JOHN PINE

need but be mentioned, to put the public in mind of the ſeveral beautiful and fine works for which they are indebted to him. The chief of them are, The ceremonies uſed at the revival of the order of the Bath by king George I.; the prints from the tapeſtry in the houſe of lords, repreſenting the deſtruction of the Spaniſh armada, a book rivalling the ſplendid editions of the Louvre; and the fair edition of Horace, the whole text engraven, with ancient bas-reliefs and gems illuſtrating the ſubjects. He has given too a print of the houſe of commons, ſome ancient charters, and other things. His head painted by Mr. Hogarth in the manner of Rembrandt is well known from the print.

ARTHUR POND,

another promoter of meritorious works, was concerned with Mr. Knapton in ſetting forth the noble volume of illuſtrious heads, engraved by Houbraken and Vertue, and which might ſtill be enlarged. Mr. Pond was author too of the deſign for engraving the works of Claude Lorrain and Gaſpar Pouſſin, of which ſeveral numbers were exhibited; a few landſcapes from Rembrandt and other maſters, and prints from Paolo Panini followed. He alſo publiſhed many prints from fine drawings, and a ſet of caricaturas after Cavalier Ghezzi. Mr. Pond had ſingular knowledge in hands, but conſiderably more merit as an editor than as a painter, which was his profeſſion both in oil and crayons. He had formed a capital collection of etchings by the beſt maſters, and of prints, all which he diſpoſed of to a gentleman in Norfolk: they have ſince been ſold by auction, as were his cabinet of ſhells after his death. He etched his own head, Dr. Meade's and Mr. Sadler's, Pope's and lord Bolingbroke's.

HENRY FLETCHER

1729} Publiſhed a print, the ſtory of Bathſheba, from Sebaſtian Concha, his firſt eſſay on his own account. He alſo engraved a print of Ebenezer Pemberton, miniſter of Boſton.

CAREY CREED

1730} Publiſhed a ſet of plates from the ſtatues and buſts at Wilton.

JOSEPH WAGNER,

1733} A Swiſs, came to England in 1733, aged between 20 and 30. He had ſtudied painting a little; but, being encouraged by Amiconi, engraved after the works of the latter. His firſt productions were plates of the three princeſſes, Anne, Amelie, and Caroline; his next, a whole length of the czarina Anne. He afterwards executed two prints of boys, and about an hundred plates, views of Roman antiquities, moſt of them copied from old engravings, and from Canaletti ſome proſpects of Venice, whither he accompanied Amiconi, intending to keep a print-ſhop there.

THOMAS PRESTON

did a print of Mr. Pope, and a large head of admiral Blake, with ſhips under it.

JOHN LAGUERRE

was ſon of Lewis Laguerre, a painter of hiſtory, by whom he was educated to the ſame profeſſion, and had a genius for it; but neglecting to cultivate it, he took to the ſtage, in which walk he had merit, as he had ſucceſs in painting ſcenes for the theatre in Covent-garden, to which he belonged. He engraved a print of Falſtaff, Piſtol and Doll Tearſheet, with other theatric characters, alluding to a quarrel between the players and patentees, and a ſet of prints, of Hob in the Well, which ſold conſiderably; but he died in indifferent circumſtances in March 1748. Lewis the father etched a print of Midas ſitting in judgment between Pan and Apollo.

PETER FOURDRINIERE,

who died a few years ago, excelled in engraving architecture, and did many other things for books.

JOHN GREEN,

a young man who made great proficience in graving landſcapes and other things (particularly heads of Thomas Rowney; Thomas Shaw, D. D. W. Derham, D. D. and the plates for Borlaſe's Natural Hiſtory of Cornwall, and many of the ſeats), was born at Hales Owen in Shropſhire, and bred under Baſire, an engraver of maps, father of the preſent engraver to the Antiquarian Society. Green was employed by the Univerſity of Oxford, and continued their almanacs; but died immaturely three or four years ago. His brother is in the ſame buſineſs.

Beſides all I have mentioned, diſperſed in Vertue's MSS. I have ſince found ſome more names, of whom the notices are ſo ſlight, that it is not worth while to endeavour finding proper places for them. Their names are Morellon le Cave *, a ſcholar of Picart; J. Cole; P. Williamſon; G. Lumley, who ſettled at York; P. Tempeſt; Peter Coombes; P. Pelham; E. Kyte; George Kitchin, who did heads of Mahomet and Muſtapha, Turks belonging to George I.; and William Robins, Alexander Brown, and De Blois, mezzotinters: Van Bleek †, who executed of late years a fine print of Johnſon and Griffin, players; and A. Van Haecken, who has given a head of Dr. Pepuſch and ſome others. John Stone the younger drew and engraved one of the plates for Dugdale's Warwickſhire. T. Pingo did a plate of arms for Thoreſby's Leeds; S. Boiſſeau, a plate for Aaron Hill's Hiſtory of the Ottoman Empire; and Th. Gardner a ſet for the Common Prayer paraphraſed by James Harris, 1735. Several Engliſh portraits have been engraved abroad, particularly by Cornelius Van Dalen; Arthur De Jode, and P. De Jode; J. De Leuw; Pontius; Edelinck, and Picart. Many alſo have been engraved by unknown hands.

To the concluſion of theſe Memoirs, and for a ſeparate article, I reſerve an account of him to whom his country, the artiſts whoſe memories he has preſerved, and the reader, are obliged for the materials of this work.

On living artiſts it is neither neceſſary nor proper to expatiate. The taſk will be eaſy to others hereafter to continue the ſeries. Here is a regular ſuc-

* He did a head of Dr. Pococke, before Twells's edition of the doctor's works.
† He died July 26, 1764.

ceſſion from the introduction of the art into England to the preſent year; and the chief æras of its improvements and extenſion marked. That the continuation will afford a brighter liſt, one may augur, from the protection given to the arts, from the riches and flouriſhing ſtate of our dominion, and from the maſters we actually poſſeſs. Houſton *, Mac-Ardell †, and Fiſher, have already promiſed by their works to revive the beauty of mezzotinto. The exquiſite plates of architecture, which daily appear, are not only worthy of the taſte which is reſtored in that ſcience, but exceed whatever has appeared in any age or country. Mr. Rooker ‡ is the Marc Antonio of architecture. Vivares and ſome others have great merit in graving landſcape. Major's works after Teniers, &c. will always make a principal figure in a collection of prints, and prevent our envying the excellence of the French in that branch of the art. I could name more, if it would not look like flattery to the living; but I cannot omit ſo capital a maſter as Mr. Strange, leſt it ſhould look like the contrary. When I have named him, I have mentioned the art at its higheſt period in Britain.

* Mr. Houſton died Auguſt 4, 1775. † Mr. Mac-Ardell died June 2, 1765.
‡ Mr. Rooker died Nov. 22d, 1774.

October 10th, 1762.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT

To the Second Edition, publiſhed in 1786.

THIS volume, the Editor was ſenſible at its compilation, was the moſt imperfect part of Vertue's and his own accounts of The Hiſtory and Progreſs of the Arts in England. It would not be difficult at preſent to give a much more complete deduction of the Graphic art in its different branches. But not only the indolence that attends age, and frequent illneſſes, have indiſpoſed the Author from enlarging his plan; more pardonable reaſons determined him to make very few additions to this new edition; nor ſhould he have thought of republiſhing the work, unleſs ſolicited by Mr. Dodſley. The indulgence of the public ought to imprint reſpect, not preſumption; and inſtead of treſpaſſing anew on that lenity, the Author has long feared he ſhould be reproached, that

Detinuit noſtras numeroſus Horatius aures;

a quotation he ſhould not dare to apply to himſelf, if adjectives in *oſus*, as famoſus, &c. were not moſt commonly uſed by Latian authors in a culpatory ſenſe; and thus *numeroſus* only means *too voluminous*. Another reaſon for not having enlarged the preceding work was, that it would interfere with the plan laid down of terminating the hiſtory of the arts at the concluſion of the laſt reign. In fact, a brighter æra has dawned on the manufacture of prints. They are become almoſt the favourite objects of collectors, and in ſome degree deſerve that favour, and are certainly paid as if they did. Engraved landſcapes have in point of delicacy reached unexampled beauty. A new ſpecies has alſo been created; I mean aqua-tinta—beſides prints in various colours.

Perhaps it would be worth while to melt down this volume, and new-caſt it, dividing the work into the ſeveral branches of wood-cuts, engravings, etchings, mezzotints, and aqua-tints. A compiler might be aſſiſted by ſome new publications, as the Eſſays on Prints, Strutt's Dictionary of Engravers, and a recent Hiſtory of the Art of Engraving in Mezzotinto, printed at Wincheſter, wherein are mentioned foreign notices on the arts.

Were I of authority ſufficient to name my ſucceſſor, or could prevail on him to condeſcend to accept an office which he could execute with more taſte and ability; from whoſe hands could the public receive ſo much information and pleaſure as from the author of The Eſſay on Prints, and from the Tours, &c.? And when was the public ever inſtructed by the pen and pencil at once, with equal excellence in the ſtyle of both, but by Mr. Gilpin?

THE



Richardson pinx. T. Chambars sculp.

GEORGE VERTUE, Engraver,

Ætat. L. Ann. MDCCXXXVIII.

THE

LIFE OF MR. GEORGE VERTUE.

THE enſuing account is drawn from his own notes, in which the higheſt praiſe he ventures to aſſume is founded on his induſtry—How many men in a higher ſphere have thought that ſingle quality conferred many ſhining others! The world too has been ſo complaiſant as to allow their pretenſions. Vertue thought the labour of his hands was but labour—the Scaligers and ſuch book-wights have miſtaken the drudgery of their eyes for parts, for abilities—nay, have ſuppoſed it beſtowed wit, while it only ſwelled their arrogance, and unchained their ill-nature. How contemptuouſly would ſuch men have ſmiled at a ploughman, who imagined himſelf authoriſed to abuſe all others, becauſe he had turned up more acres of ground!—and yet he would have toiled with greater advantage to mankind.

George Vertue was born in the pariſh of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, in the year 1684. His parents, he ſays, were more honeſt than opulent. If vanity had entered into his compoſition, he might have boaſted the antiquity of his race: two of his name were employed by Henry VIII. in the board of works:—but I forget; a family is not ancient, if none of the blood were above the rank of ingenious men two hundred years ago.

About the age of thirteen he was placed with a maſter who engraved arms on plate and had the chief buſineſs of London; but who, being extravagant, broke, and returned to his country, France, after Vertue had ſerved him between three and four years. As the man was unfortunate, though by his own fault, the good-nature of the ſcholar has concealed his name. As it is proper the republic of letters ſhould be acquainted with the minuteſt circumſtances in the life of a renowned author, I queſtion if Scaliger would have been ſo tender.

Returned to his parents, Vertue gave himſelf entirely to the ſtudy of drawing for two years; and then entered into an agreement with Michael Vandergutch for three more, which term he protracted to ſeven, engraving copper-plates for him; when, having received inſtructions and advice from ſeveral painters, he quitted his maſter on handſome terms, and began to work for himſelf. This was in the year 1709. The firſt twelvemonth was paſſed in drawing and engraving for books.

The art was then at the loweſt ebb in England. The beſt performers were worn out: the war with France ſhut the door againſt recruits; national acrimony and the animoſity of faction diverted public attention from common arts of amuſement. At that period the young engraver was recommended to ſir Godfrey Kneller, whoſe reputation, riches, parts, and acquaintance with the firſt men in England ſupported what little taſte was left for virtù, and could ſtamp a character wherever he deigned to patronize. My author mentions with dutiful ſenſibility what joy this important protection gave to his father, who had his education warmly at heart, and who dying ſoon after, left a widow and ſeveral children to be ſupported by our ſcarce-fledged adventurer. His own words ſhall tell how he felt his ſituation, how little the falſe colours of vanity gave a ſhining appearance to the morning of his fortune; "I was," ſays he, "the eldeſt, and then the only one that could help them; which added circumſpection in my affairs then, as well as induſtry to the end of my life."

At intervals of leiſure, he practiſed drawing and muſic, learned French and a little Italian. It appears that he afterwards acquired Dutch, having conſulted in the originals all that has been written in thoſe three languages on the art to which he was devoted.

His works began to draw attention, and he found more illuſtrious patronage than Kneller's. Lord Somers employed him to engrave a plate of archbiſhop Tillotſon, and rewarded him nobly. The print will ſpeak for itſelf. It was the ground-work of his reputation, and deſerved to be ſo. Nothing like it had appeared for ſome years, nor at the hour of its production had he any competitors. Edelinck was dead in France, White in England, Van Gunſt in Holland: "It ſeemed," ſays he himſelf, "as if the ball of fortune was toſſed up to be a prize only for Vertue." One cannot eſtimate ſucceſs at a lower

lower rate, than to aſcribe it to accident; the compariſon is at once modeſt and ingenious. Shade of Scaliger, which of your works owed its glory to a dearth of genius among your cotemporaries?

In 1711 an academy of painting was inſtituted by the chief performers in London. Sir Godfrey Kneller was placed at the head; Vertue was one of the firſt members, and drew there for ſeveral years.

To the end of that reign he continued to grave portraits from Kneller, Dahl, Richardſon, Jervaſe, Gibſon, and others.

On the acceſſion of the preſent royal family he publiſhed a large head of the king from a painting by Kneller. As it was the firſt portrait of his majeſty, many thouſands were ſold, though by no means a laborious or valuable performance. However, it was ſhewn at court, and was followed by thoſe of the prince and princeſs. All concurred to extend his buſineſs. In any receſs from that he practiſed in water-colours, ſometimes attempting portrait; oftener copying from ancient or curious pieces which he propoſed to engrave. So early as the year 1713 he commenced his reſearches after the lives of our artiſts, and began his collections; to which he added prints by former maſters, and every thing that could tend to his great work, the Hiſtory of the Arts in England. Wherever he met with portraits of the performers, he ſpared no pains in taking copies. His journeys over England with the ſame view will appear in the courſe of his Life. Theſe travels were aſſiduouſly employed in making catalogues, obſervations, and memorandums of all he ſaw.

His thirſt after Britiſh antiquities ſoon led him to a congenial Mæcenas. That munificent collector, Robert Harley, ſecond earl of Oxford, early diſtinguiſhed the merit and application of Vertue. The invariable gratitude of the latter, expreſſed on all occaſions, implies the bounty of the patron. "The earl's generous and unparalleled encouragement of my undertakings, by promoting my ſtudious endeavours," ſays he, "gave me great reputation and advantage over all other profeſſors of the ſame art in England." Another leſſon of humility! How ſeldom is fame aſcribed by the poſſeſſor to the countenance of others! The want of it is complained of—here is one inſtance,

perhaps a ſingular inſtance, where the influence is acknowledged—after the death of the benefactor.

Another patron was Heneage Finch * earl of Winchelſea, whoſe picture he painted, and engraved; and who, being preſident of the ſociety of Antiquaries on the revival in 1717, appointed Vertue, who was a member, engraver to it. The plates publiſhed by that ſociety from curious remains were moſt of them by his hand as long as he lived, are a valuable monument, and will be evidence that that body is not uſeleſs in the learned world.

The Univerſity of Oxford employed him for many years to engrave their almanacs. Inſtead of inſipid emblems that deſerved no longer duration than what they adorned, he introduced views of public buildings and hiſtoric events; for he ſeldom reaped benefit from the public, without repaying it with information.

Henry Hare, the laſt lord Coleraine, an antiquary and collector, as his grandfather had been, is enumerated by Vertue among his protectors. His travels were dignified by accompanying thoſe lords. They bore the expence, which would have debarred him from viſiting many objects of his curioſity if at his own charge; and he made their journeys more delightful, by explaining, taking draughts, and keeping a regiſter of what they ſaw. This was the caſe in a journey he took with lord Coleraine to Saliſbury, Wilton and Stonehenge. Of the latter he made ſeveral views: Wilton he probably ſaw with only Engliſh eyes. Amid legions of warriors and emperors, he ſought Vandyck and Rubens, Holbein and Inigo Jones. An antique and modern virtuoſo might inhabit that palace of arts, and never interfere. An ancient indeed would be a little ſurpriſed to find ſo many of his acquaintance new baptized. Earl Thomas did not, like the popes, convert pagan chiefs into chriſtians; but many an emperor acts the part at Wilton of ſcarcer Cæſars.

In 1726 Vertue, with Mr. Stephens the hiſtoriographer, viſited St. Albans, Verulam and Gorhambury. At the latter he made a drawing from the picture of ſir Francis Bacon.

* He died in 1726.

Great

Great part of his time was employed for lord Oxford, for whom he engraved portraits of Mr. Prior, ſir Hugh Middleton, &c. For the duke of Montagu he did ſir Ralph Winwood; for ſir Paul Methuen, Cortez; archbiſhop Warham from Holbein's original at Lambeth; and for lord Burlington, Zucchero's queen of Scots.

His prints growing numerous, many perſons were deſirous of having a complete collection. He made up ſets for ſir Thomas Frankland, for Mr. Weſt, and for lord Oxford; the laſt in three large volumes, carried down to 1741, and ſold after the earl's death to the late earl of Aileſbury for 50 guineas.

In 1727 he went to Wimpole for a week, and thence made a tour with lord Oxford for ſix weeks more, to Stamford, Burleigh, Grantham, Lincoln, and Welbeck, one of the ancient ſeats of the counteſs of Oxford, where after the earl's death ſhe aſſembled the portraits of her anceſtors to a prodigious number, the heroes of many an illuſtrious race. Thence they paſſed to Chatſworth, and York, where Vertue had the pleaſure of converſing with Mr. Francis Place, who had been intimate with Hollar:—trifling circumſtances to thoſe who do not feel what he felt. Vertue drew up an account of this progreſs, and preſented it to his patron.

For ſome years his ſtages were marked by noble encouragement, and by opportunities of purſuing his favourite erudition. He was invited whither he would have wiſhed to make pilgrimages; for the love of antiquity is a kind of devotion, and Mr. Vertue had different ſets of ſaints. In 1728 the duke of Dorſet called him to Knowle. Humble before his ſuperiors, one conceives how his reſpect was heightened at entering ſo venerable a pile, realizing to his eyes the ſcenes of many a waking viſion. Here he drew ſeveral of the poets. But he was on fairy ground; Arcadia was on the confines; could he reſiſt an excurſion to Penſhurſt? One may judge how high his enthuſiaſm had been wrought, by the mortification he expreſſes at not finding there a portrait of ſir Philip Sidney.

In 1730 appeared his twelve heads of poets, one of his capital works. Though poetry was but a ſiſter art, he treated it with the affection of a relation. He had collected many notes touching the profeſſors, and here and

there in his MSS. are ſome ſlight attempts of his own. But he was of too timid and correct a nature to ſoar where fancy only guides. Truth was his province; and he had a felicity uncommon to antiquaries, he never ſuffered his imagination to lend him eyes. Where he could not diſcover he never ſupplied.

After his poets, of which he propoſed to enlarge the ſeries, it was his purpoſe to give ſets or claſſes of other eminent men. This was the firſt idea of illuſtrious heads, a hint afterwards adopted by others, and at laſt taken out of *his* hands, who was beſt furniſhed with materials for ſuch a work. Some branches he executed himſelf with deſerved applauſe.

About this time he again went to Oxford, copied ſome original paintings, and took an account of what portraits they have of founders and benefactors, and where depoſited. Thence to Glouceſter to draw the monument of Edward II. having for ſome years been collecting and making drawings of our kings, from images, miniatures or oil-paintings; a work ſoon after unexpectedly called forth. On his return he ſtopped at Burford to view the family-piece of ſir Thomas More, and viſited Ditchley and Blenheim. His next tour was to Cambridge, where he had been privately engaged to draw by ſtealth the portrait of old Mr. Thomas Baker of St. John's, then an eminent antiquary, earlier in his life the modeſt author of that ingenious and poliſhed little piece, Reflections on Learning.

Vertue's next conſiderable production was the heads of Charles I. and the loyal ſufferers in his cauſe, with their characters ſubjoined from Clarendon. But this was ſcarce finiſhed, before appeared Rapin's Hiſtory of England, "a work," ſays he, "that had a prodigious run, eſpecially after tranſlated, inſomuch that it became all the converſation of the town and country; and the noiſe being heightened by oppoſition and party, it was propoſed to publiſh it in folio by numbers—thouſands were ſold every week." The two brothers Knaptons engaged Vertue to accompany it with effigies of kings, and ſuitable decorations. This undertaking employed him for three years. A fair copy richly bound he preſented to Frederic prince of Wales at Kenſington. A volume of his beſt works he gave to the Bodleian library.

In 1734 he renewed his journeys about England. With Roger Gale the antiquary

antiquary he went to St. Alban's, Northampton and Warwick. In 1737 the earl of Leiceſter carried him to Penſhurſt; and the end of the ſame year lord Oxford took him again to Oxford, to Compton Verney the ſeat of the maſter of the rolls, to Warwick, Coventry, Birmingham, and to lord Digby's at Coleſhill, to view the curious picture of queen Elizabeth's proceſſion, ſince removed by the late lord to Sherborn-caſtle in Dorſetſhire. They returned by Stratford (Vertue did not want true devotion to Shakeſpear), by Mr. Sheldon's at Weſton, where are a few curious pictures, ſaw Blenheim, and Mr. Waller's at Beaconsfield. The next year he went into Hertfordſhire to verify his ideas about Hunſdon, the ſubject as he thought of queen Elizabeth's progreſs. The old lord Digby, who from tradition believed it the queen's proceſſion to St. Paul's after the deſtruction of the Armada, was diſpleaſed with Vertue's new hypotheſis. The ſame year he ſaw Windſor, and Mr. Topham's collection of drawings at Eton.

He next engaged with the Knaptons to engrave ſome of the illuſtrious heads, the greater part of which were executed by Houbraken, and undoubtedly ſurpaſſed thoſe of Vertue. Yet his performances by no means deſerved to be condemned as they were by the undertakers, and the performer laid aſide. Some of Houbraken's were careleſsly done, eſpecially of the moderns; but Vertue had a fault to dealers, which was a merit to the public: his ſcrupulous veracity could not digeſt imaginary portraits, as are ſome of thoſe engraved by Houbraken, who living in Holland, ignorant of our hiſtory, uninquiſitive into the authenticity of what was tranſmitted to him, engraved whatever was ſent. I will mention two inſtances; the heads of Carr earl of Somerſet and ſecretary Thurloe are not only not genuine, but have not the leaſt reſemblance to the perſons they pretend to repreſent. Vertue was incommode; he loved truth.

Towards the end of 1738 he made another tour with lord Oxford through Kent and Suſſex, viſiting Rocheſter, Canterbury, Chicheſter, Portſmouth, Southampton and Wincheſter; and the principal ſeats, as Petworth, Goodwood, Stanſted, and Coudray—the laſt alone worth an antiquary's journey. Of all theſe he made various ſketches and notes; always preſenting a duplicate of his obſervations to lord Oxford.

He had yet another purſuit, which I have not mentioned; no man had ſtudied

ſtudied Engliſh coins more; part of his reſearches have appeared in his account of the two Simons.

He ſtill wanted to viſit the eaſt of England. In 1739 his wiſh was gratified; lord Coleraine, who had an eſtate at Walpole in the borders of Norfolk in Lincolnſhire, carried him by Wanſted, Mouſham, Gosfield, St. Edmundſbury, ſir Andrew Fountain's and Houghton, to Lynn, and thence to Walpole; in which circuit they ſaw many churches and other ſeats.

In 1740 he publiſhed his propoſals for the commencement of a very valuable work, his hiſtoric prints, drawn with extreme labour and fidelity, and executed in a moſt ſatisfactory manner. Queen Elizabeth's progreſs he copied exactly in water-colours for lord Oxford, who was ſo pleaſed with it, that he ſent Mr. Vertue and his wife a preſent of about 60 ounces of plate.—But thus arrived at the ſummit of his modeſt wiſhes, that is, rewarded for illuſtrating Engliſh hiſtory—his happineſs was ſuddenly daſhed; he loſt his noble friend the earl, who died June 16, 1741. "Death," ſays he emphatically, "put an end to that life that had been the ſupport, cheriſher, and comfort of many, many others, who are left to lament—but none more heartily than Vertue!"

So ſtruck was the poor man with this ſignal misfortune, that for two years there is an hiatus in his ſtory—he had not ſpirits even to be minute.

In 1743 he was a little revived by acquiring the honour of the duke of Norfolk's notice, for whom he engraved the large plate of the earl of Arundel and his family. For his grace too he collected two volumes of the works of Hollar, chiefly of thoſe graved from the Arundelian collection; and having formed another curious volume of drawings from portraits, monuments, pedigrees, &c. of the houſe of Howard, the duke made him a preſent of a bank-note of 100*l.*

His merit and modeſty ſtill raiſed him friends. The counteſs dowager of Oxford alleviated his loſs of her lord: their daughter the ducheſs of Portland he mentions with equal gratitude; the late duke of Richmond and lord Burlington did not forget him among the artiſts they patroniſed. But in 1749 he found a yet more exalted protector. The late prince of Wales ſent for

for him, and finding him maſter of whatever related to Engliſh antiquity, and particularly converſant in the hiſtory of king Charles's collection, which his royal highneſs wiſhed as far as poſſible to re-aſſemble, he often had the honour of attending the prince, was ſhown his pictures by himſelf, and accompanied him to the royal palaces, and was much employed in collecting prints for him, and taking catalogues, and ſold him many of his own miniatures and prints.

He had now reaſon to flatter himſelf with permanent fortune. He ſaw his fate linked with the revival of the arts he loved; he was uſeful to a prince who trod in the ſteps of the accompliſhed Charles; no Hugh Peters threatened havoc to the growing collection—but a ſilent and unexpected foe drew a veil over this ſcene of comfort, as it had over the former. Touched, yet ſubmiſſive, he ſays, after painting the prince's qualifications, and the hopes that his country had conceived of him,—"but alas, Mors ultima rerum! O God, thy will be done! Unhappy day, Wedneſday March 20th, 1751!" His trembling hand inſerts a few more memorandums of prints he engraved; and then he concludes his memoirs in melancholy and disjointed ſentences thus,—"Obſervations on my indifferent health—and weakneſs of ſight increaſing—and loſs of noble friends, and the encouragement from them leſs and leſs daily—this year—and worſe in appearance begins with 1752."

He loſt his friends; but his piety, mildneſs, and ingenuity never forſook him. He laboured almoſt to the laſt, ſolicitous to leave a decent competence to a wife * with whom he had lived many years in tender harmony. His volumes of the works of Hollar and the Simons I have mentioned here and elſewhere. The reſt of his works will appear in the enſuing Liſt.

He died July 24th, 1756, and was buried in the cloiſters of Weſtminſter-abbey on the 30th following, with this epitaph:

Here lyes the body of George Vertue
Late engraver
And fellow of the Society of Antiquaries,
Who was born in London 1684,
And departed this life on the 24th of July 1756.

* Margaret his wife ſurvived him, and died March 17, 1776, in the 76th year of her age. His brother James, who followed the ſame profeſſion at Bath, died about 1765.

With manners gentle, and a grateful heart,
And all the genius of the Graphic Art,
His fame ſhall each ſucceeding artiſt own
Longer by far than monuments of ſtone.

Two other friends—not better poets indeed—inſerted the following lines in the papers, on viewing his monument:

Proud artiſt, ceaſe thoſe deeds to paint on ſtone,
Which far above the praiſe of man have ſhone:
Why ſhould your ſkill ſo vainly thus be ſpent?
For Vertue ne'er can need a monument.

Another.

Troubled in mind, and preſs'd with grievous ſmart,
Her happy manſions left the Graphic Art,
And thus to Science ſpoke: "What! can it be?
"Is famous Vertue dead?—Then ſo are we."

Theſe are well-meant hyperboles on a man who never uſed any. He was ſimple, modeſt, and ſcrupulous; ſo ſcrupulous, that it gave a peculiar ſlowneſs to his delivery; he never uttered his opinion haſtily, nor haſtily aſſented to that of others. As he grudged no time, no induſtry, to inform himſelf, he thought they might beſtow a little too, if they wiſhed to know. Ambitious to diſtinguiſh himſelf, he took but one method, application. Acquainted with all the arts practiſed by his profeſſion to uſher their productions to the public, he made uſe of none. He only lamented he did not deſerve ſucceſs, or if he miſſed it when deſerved. It was ſome merit that carried ſuch baſhful integrity as far as it did go.

He was a ſtrict Roman Catholic; yet even thoſe principles could not warp his attachment to his art, nor prevent his making it ſubſervient to the glory of his country. I mention this as a ſingular inſtance. His partiality to Charles the firſt did not indeed claſh much with his religion; but who has preſerved more monuments of queen Elizabeth? Whatever related to her ſtory he treated with a patriot fondneſs; her heroes were his. His was the firſt thought of engraving the tapeſtry in the houſe of lords; his a project of

giving a ſeries of proteſtant biſhops—for *his* candour could reconcile toleration and popery.

His collection of books, prints, miniatures and drawings were ſold by auction May 17, 1757. Lord Beſborough bought there his copies in water-colours of the kings of England, as I did a large piece of Philip and Mary from the original at Woburn, which he intended for his ſeries of hiſtoric prints. There too I purchaſed his drawings taken from Holbein; and ſince his death, the beſt piece he ever painted, a ſmall whole-length of the queen of Scots in water-colours.

The length of this account I flatter myſelf will be excuſed, as it contains a few curious particulars, which are not foreign to the ſubject, and which concomitantly illuſtrate the hiſtory of arts.

LIST OF VERTUE's WORKS.

SMALL head of the ducheſs of Marlborough; the firſt print he publiſhed.

The rat-catcher's head, from Viſcher; his ſecond print.

Zephyrus in the clouds, with two Engliſh verſes.

William prince of Orange, from Vandyck, ſmall half-length; mezzotinto.

Sleeping Venus, with three Cupids and a Satyr, from Coypel.

CLASS I. ROYAL PORTRAITS.

Four ſmall plates of kings from William I. to George I. incluſively.

The ſame in one plate.

Large ſet of heads of the kings, for Rapin.

Smaller ſet, ditto.

Monuments of the Confeſſor, Edward I. Henry V. Henry VII. Edward VI. for the ſeries of royal tombs.

Richard II. whole-length, from the painting in Weſtminſter-abbey.

Queen Elizabeth, profile, from Iſaac Oliver.

Ditto from Hilliard, in Hearne's Camden's Elizabetha.

Mary queen of Scots, from Zucchero, to the knees.

A head of the ſame, ſmaller.

The ſame queen, ſmall, from the picture at St. James's.

Ditto, engraved on gold in an oval, from Dr. Meade's picture, finely executed.

Small oval of the king and queen of Bohemia, and one of their children.

Charles I. and his queen, holding a chaplet of laurel, from Vandyck. Voerſt engraved the ſame picture.

Queen Anne, large oval, after Kneller.

Ditto, crowned, the royal arms at top; the medals of her reign round the frame.

King George I. very large, 1715.

Ditto, a leſs ſize, 1718, better.

Ditto, ſmaller.

Ditto, with flouriſhes, for ſome patent, or writing-book.

George prince of Wales, large.

The princeſs of Wales, ſmaller.

The ſame when queen, large.

Ditto, with an angel bringing a crown; from Amiconi.

Frederic prince of Wales, in a tied periwig and armour, from Boit.

Princeſs Anne.

William duke of Cumberland, collar of the Bath, from Jarvis.

Princeſs Mary, holding a baſket of flowers; mezzotinto, very bad. My proof has no inſcription.

CLASS 2. NOBLEMEN.

William Seymour duke of Somerſet.

Henry Somerſet duke of Beaufort.

William Cavendiſh duke of Newcaſtle, for The illuſtrious heads.

John duke of Marlborough.

John duke of Buckingham.

Philip duke of Wharton, from Jarvis, no inſcription.

Lionel duke of Dorſet, in robes of the Garter.

Ditto, in coronation robes, white ſtaff.

Henry Howard earl of Surrey, with many devices.

Ditto, ſmaller, copied from Hollar.

Francis earl of Bedford, for The illuſtrious heads.

Edward earl of Dorſet, ditto.

Heneage earl of Winchelſea; blank ſhield, coronet and ſupporters; no inſcription, nor any croſs ſtrokes in the figure.

Robert Dudley earl of Leiceſter.
Edward earl of Clarendon.
Edward earl of Sandwich.
} Small heads.

The earl of Derwentwater.

Edward earl of Orford.

Charles earl of Halifax.

Robert earl of Oxford, garter robes, white ſtaff, one of his laſt and worſt works.

Edward earl of Oxford, ſitting, in night-gown and cap; many pieces of his collection round him.

Edward

Edward earl of Oxford, in his robes, whole length.

Thomas earl of Strafford.

Horace lord Vere.

John lord Somers.

William lord Burleigh.

CLASS 3. LADIES.

Sarah ducheſs of Somerſet, whole length.

Elizabeth counteſs of Shrewſbury.

Dorothy counteſs of Sunderland.

The lady Morton.

Henrietta counteſs of Orrery.

Frances lady Carteret.
Sophia counteſs Granville. } Wives of John earl Granville.

Mrs. Margaret Halyburton, inſcriptions in Latin and Engliſh.

Lady M. Cavendiſh Harley, for the ſmall edition of Waller.

CLASS 4. BISHOPS.

Archbiſhop Warham, for The illuſtrious heads.

Ditto, ſmall.

Archbiſhop Cranmer; with a book in both hands, æt. 57. By miſtake the inſcription and arms give it for Parker.

Archbiſhop Parker, books before him and on each ſide; fine.

Ditto, book in one hand, ſtaff in the other.

Archbiſhop Parker, ſmaller, and only the head.

Archbiſhop Whitgift, book on a cuſhion before him.

Ditto, ſmaller, head.

Archbiſhop Grindal.

Archbiſhop Bancroft.

Archbiſhop Tillotſon, ſitting in a velvet chair; fine.

John Potter, biſhop of Oxford.

Ditto, when archbiſhop, in a chair, holding a book on his knee.

Francis Godwin, biſhop of Landaff.

Archbiſhop Blackburne.

James Sharp, archbiſhop of St. Andrews.

John Jewel, biſhop of Saliſbury.

John Robinſon, biſhop of London.

Edmund Gibſon, biſhop of London.

The ſame print, but with books and charters on each ſide of the arms.

Edward Chandler, biſhop of Durham.

Richard Fox, biſhop of Wincheſter. Joannes Corvus Flandrus faciebat.

Hugh Latimer, biſhop of Worceſter.

William Talbot, biſhop of Saliſbury.

Gilbert Burnet, biſhop of Saliſbury.

Ofspring Blackhall, biſhop of Exeter.

William Lloyd, biſhop of Worceſter, ſitting in a chair in his library; one of his moſt capital works.

Ditto, a large head.

Francis

Francis Gaſtrell, biſhop of Cheſter.

Richard Smalbroke, biſhop of Litchfield and Coventry.

George Smalridge, biſhop of Briſtol.

Francis Atterbury, biſhop of Rocheſter. Two, with ſome little difference in the inſcriptions.

Thomas Ken, biſhop of Bath and Wells. Three different prints.

Philip Biſſe, biſhop of Hereford.

Thomas Tanner, biſhop of St. Aſaph.

Martin Benſon, biſhop of Glouceſter.

Benjamin Hoadley, rector of St. Peter Poor (afterwards biſhop of Wincheſter).

Thomas Wilſon, biſhop of Sodor and Man.

CLASS 5. CLERGYMEN.

John Spencer, dean of Ely.

Laurence Echard.

Thomas Biſſe, S. T. P.

William Lupton, S. T. D.

George Brown, A. M.

Mr. Kettlewell.

George Troſſe, V. D. M.

Effigies Authoris, arms. It is Burnet of the Charter-houſe. Alſo (a print of) The ſacred theory of the earth (according to his ſyſtem).

Mr. Iſaac Mills.

William Whiſton.

E. T. Epiſc. Oſs. deſignatus. It is Edward Teniſon.

Matthew

Matthew Henry, V. D. M.

Dr. Conyers Middleton. This was deſigned for his works, but was rejected, as Vertue's eyes had begun to fail.

John Barwick, dean of St. Paul's.

John Gilbert, canon of Exeter.

R. Cudworth, D. D.

Iſaac Watts, V. D. M.

Another, D. D. with a book in his hand.

Dr. Swift.

Another, ſmaller, in a night-gown.

Another, ſtill ſmaller: under it, Non Pareil.

Humphry Gower, maſter of St. John's college.

John Gale, M. A. and D. P.

Daniel Burgeſs.

John Edwards, S. T. P.

Lewis Atterbury, LL. D.

John Harris, S. T. P.

Richard Fiddes, S. S. T. P.

Mr. Hall (executed); no name. Arms.

Montroſe, no name, cap, band, picked beard.

John Gill, S. T. P.

Humphrey Prideaux, dean of Norwich.

John Owen, dean of Chriſt-church.

Mr. Thomas Stackhouſe.

Ralph Taylor, S. T. P.

Henry

Henry Sacheverell.

John Wesley. Two of them, 1742, 1745.

John Strype.

John Flamsteed.

Richard Bentley.

Joseph Spence.

Samuel Clarke. Three. The two smalleſt have no difference, but that to one is added Dna. Hoadley pinx. Perhaps the other was only a proof.

Mr. Spinckes.

Mr. Henry Grove.

Robert South, S. T. P.

John Piggott, V. D. M.

Robert Moss, dean of Ely.

William Broome.

A. Blackwall, M. A.

Mr. Joseph Stennet.

Edmund Calamy, D. D.

Thomas Bradbury.

John Laurence, A. M.

Philip Doddridge.

CLASS 6. CHANCELLORS, JUDGES, LAWYERS.

Sir Thomas More.

Sir Nicholas Bacon.

Sir Francis Bacon.

Tomb of the ſame.

Sir Thomas Parker.

The ſame, when earl of Macclesfield.

Sir Peter King, lord chief juſtice.

The ſame, when chancellor.

Sir Matthew Hale.

John lord Forteſcue.

Sir John Willes.

Sir Robert Eyre.

Sir Robert Raymond.

Henry Powle, ſpeaker, and maſter of the rolls.

Sir Joſeph Jekyll, maſter of the rolls.

The ſame, ſitting in a chair, fine.

John Verney, maſter of the rolls, fine.

James Reynolds, chief baron.

Sir James Steuart, lord advocate.

Sir John Comyns, chief baron.

Sir Francis Page, baron of the Exchequer.

The ſame, juſtice of the King's-bench.

Sir John Blencowe, juſtice of the Common-pleas.

Robert Price, baron of the Exchequer.

Sir James Montague, ditto.

Alexander Denton, juſt. of Common-pleas.

Sir Laurence Carter, baron of Exchequer.

William Peere Williams, eſq.

Thomas Craig of Riccartoun.

Thomas Vernon, eſq.

Lord-keeper North.

Sir Dudley North.

Roger North, eſq.

John Bridges, eſq.

CLASS 7. MINISTERS, and GENTLEMEN.

Sir Francis Walſingham.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Another, ſmall.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

Sir Francis Drake; large, poorly done.

Thomas Harley, eſq. of Brampton-bryan.

Sir Robert Harley, knight of the Bath.

Sir Edward Harley, ditto.

Edward Harley, eſq. auditor of the Impreſt.

Sir Ralph Winwood.

William Trumbil, eſq. envoy to Bruſſels.

Sir William Trumbull, ſecretary of ſtate.

John Thurloe, eſq.

Sir Edward Nicholas.

Sir Thomas Roe.

James Craggs, eſq. ſenr.

Lord Aubrey Beauclerk, poorly done.

Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn.

Sir Thomas Rawlinſon, lord-mayor.

Francis Mundy.

Sir Philip Sydenham.

Mr. Parker.

James Gardiner, A. M.

Henry Barham, eſq.

A gentleman, in a cravat, looſe cloak, arms, label above him, no inſcription.

John Graves, gent. aged 102, 1616.

Richard Graves, of Michleton, eſq. d. 1669.

Richardus Graves de Michleton, ob. 1731.

Monument of Mrs. Eleanor Graves, &c.

Samuel Dale, M. L.

John Morley, eſq.

James Puckle, ſmall.

John Bagford. My proof is on Indian reddiſh paper. Vertue was fond of printing on papers of various colours.

John Murray of Sacomb, antiquary.

CLASS 8. PHYSICIANS, &c.

Peter Barwick, phyſician to Charles II.

Dr. Ratcliffe.

Dr. Turner.

Another, ſmaller.

Thomas Fuller, M. D.

Thomas Willis, M. D.

John Freind, M. D.

John Marten, ſurgeon.

Ambroſe Godfrey, chymiſt.

CLASS 9. FOUNDERS, BENEFACTORS, &c.

Hugh Price, founder of Baliol-college.

Sir Thomas Greſham.

Statue of ditto.

Tomb of ditto.

Edward Colſton, eſq.

Sir Hugh Myddleton, fine.

Dr. Colet.

Buſt of ditto.

Thomas Sutton.

Tomb of ditto.

View of the Charter-houſe.

William Lancaſter, S. T. P.

CLASS 10. ANTIQUARIES, AUTHORS, MATHEMATICIANS.

William Lambard.

John Stowe.

Sir Robert Cotton.

John Selden.

Sir James Ware.

Thomas Hearne. Two different.

Robert Nelſon.

Walter Moyle, eſq.

William Baxter.

Richard Baxter, prefixed to Calamy's Life of Baxter.

Mr. Wollaſton.

Sir Iſaac Newton.

Abraham Sharp.

George Holmes.

Sir Philip Sidney, with many devices.

Small head of ditto.

The ſame, whole length, ſitting under a tree.

Robert Boyle. Two of them.

Mr. Steele, in a cap.

The ſame when ſir Richard, in a wig.

Mr. Addiſon. Two: one has his arms.

Edmund Halley.

Mr. John Freake.

CLASS II. POETS and MUSICIANS.

Title-page to the ſet of 12 poets, in an ornamented border, with lord Oxford's arms.

1. John Gower. †
2. Geofry Chaucer.
3. Edmund Spencer.
4. William Shakeſpeare.
5. Ben Jonſon.
6. Francis Beaumont.
7. John Fletcher.
8. John Milton.
9. Samuel Butler.
10. Abraham Cowley.
11. Edmund Waller.
12. John Dryden.

Geofry Chaucer, large, in oval frame. *

Another ſmaller, verſes in old character. *

A plate with five ſmall heads of Chaucer, Milton, Butler, Cowley, Waller.*

Edmund Spencer, ſmall. *

William Shakeſpeare, ſmall, in a large ruff. *

Another ſtill leſs. *

Print of his tomb. *

A plate with ſeven ſmall heads of Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, Beaumont, Fletcher, Otway, Dryden, Wycherley. *

† Thoſe numbered are the ſet. Thoſe with an aſteriſk do not belong to it.

Ben

Ben Jonſon, ſmall. *

Francis Beaumont, ſmall. *

Buſt of John Milton. *

Another, young; 2 Latin verſes. *

Another, old; 2 Greek verſes. *

The ſame, 6 Engliſh verſes. *

Abraham Cowley, ſmall. *

Butler, for Grey's Hudibras. *

Waller, for the ſmall edition of his works. *

John Dryden, large. *

A ſmall one. *

Sir John Suckling.

Nicholas Rowe.

His tomb.

Thomas D'Urfey.

Allan Ramſay.

Mrs. Eliza Haywood.

William Croft, doctor of muſic.

A head of John Milton, for a vignette. *

Another, very different, æt. 42. At one corner lightning; at the other, the ſerpent and apple. *

Two others, ſmaller. *

Another, ſmaller. *

Trivet, an old poet. A monk in an initial letter.

John

John Lydgate.

Lord Lanſdown.

Matthew Prior, ſitting in a chair.

Mr. Pope, in a long wig.

Ditto, ſmall, in a cap.

Arthur Johnſon.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

Mr. John Robinſon, organiſt.

Class 12. Foreigners.

Hernan Cortez.

Franciſcus Junius, from an etching of Vandyck.

The ſame, completely engraved.

Balthazar Caſtiglione.

Rapin Thoyras.

Job Patriarcha.

1. William prince of Orange *.

2. Maurice prince of Orange.

3. Jacobus Arminius.

4. Simon Epiſcopius.

5. Johannes Bogerman.

6. Gerardus Voſſius.

7. Franciſcus Gomarus.

* The eleven heads numbered are a ſet.

8. Edwardus Poppius.

9. Gaſpar Barlæus.

10. Johannes Uttenbogaert.

11. Philip de Mornay.

Maphæus Barberinus, poſtea Urbanus VIII. Papa.

Hieronymus Fracaſtorius.

Cervantes.

Father Paul.

Profile of Auguſtine Caracci.

Racine.

Benedetti, ſinger.

Rev. Mr. Aaron.

Pierre Varignon.

Blaiſe Paſcal.

Archbiſhop Fenelon.

Wenceſlaus Hollar.

Marcus Hieronymus Vida.

Charles XII. of Sweden.

Philip V. king of Spain.

Eraſmus.

Antony Arnauld.

Charles Rollin.

Monſ. de St. Evremond.

CLASS 13. HISTORIC PRINTS, and PRINTS with two or more PORTRAITS.

Henry VII. and his queen; Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour.

Proceſſion of queen Elizabeth to Hunſdon-houſe.

The tomb of lord Darnley; James I. when a child, earl and counteſs of Lenox, &c. praying by it.

Battle of Carberry-hill, at large, from a ſmall view in the preceding.
This was the firſt number, publiſhed with explanations.

Three children of Henry VII.

Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk and Mary queen of France.

Frances ducheſs of Suffolk, and Adrian Stoke, her ſecond huſband.

Lady Jane Grey, with emblematic devices.

This was the ſecond number publiſhed in like manner. Vertue intended to give ſome other pictures, relative to the family of Tudor, as Philip and Mary, from the picture at Woburn, which he had purpoſely copied in water-colours; but he finiſhed no more of that ſet but the following:

Edward VI. granting the palace of Bridewell for an hoſpital.

The Court of Wards; with an explanation on a folio ſheet.

Thomas earl of Arundel, his counteſs and children; a plate done for the duke of Norfolk, and never ſold publicly.

Thomas earl of Strafford and his ſecretary.

The earl of Strafford's three children.

A ſet of ten plates, containing the heads of Charles I. and the principal ſufferers in his cauſe, with their characters beneath, from lord Clarendon.

Thomas earl of Coningſby and his two daughters.

The family of Eliot of Port Eliot in Cornwall.

William duke of Portland, Margaret his ducheſs, and lady Mary Wortley.

CLASS 14. TOMBS.

Tomb of John duke of Newcaſtle in Weſtminſter-abbey.

—— of Sophia marchioneſs of Annandale.

—— of Dr. Colet.

Buſt of ditto.

Tomb of Dr. Young.

—— of Dryden.

—— of Thomas Watſon Wentworth.

CLASS 15. PLANS, VIEWS, CHURCHES, BUILDINGS, &c.

Survey of the remains of Roman antiquity on the Wolds in Yorkſhire.

Ancient plan of London as it was in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, on ſeveral ſheets.

A ſurvey and ground-plot of the palace of Whitehall.

Two plans for re-building London, propoſed by ſir Chriſtopher Wren, after the fire.

Two different by Mr. Evelyn.

Antiquæ Etruriæ parts orientalis.

Plan of a Roman military way in Lancaſhire.

Lincoln's-inn-chapel.

Church of Boſton.

Plan and elevation of the fire-works in St. James's-park, April 27, 1749.

View of the fire-works at the duke of Richmond's at Whitehall, May 15, 1749.

The gate-houſe or tower of Layer-Marney-hall in Eſſex.

Three plates of Saxon antiquities, Waylandſmith, Ichenild-way, &c.

Per-

Perſpective view of a gothic front in the church of Worlingworth in Suffolk.

Inſide view of the chapel in London-bridge. Another plate with the outſide and the bridge.

Small view of the cathedral at Exeter.

Ditto of St. Edmundſbury.

Part of the abbot's palace at ditto.

Ichnography of the church, ditto.

Eaſt view of Bluntſham church in Huntingdonſhire.

View of an ancient gate-way, dedicated to Nicholas biſhop of Exeter.

View of London about 1560.

North-weſt view of Gainſborough.

Small view of the theatre, printing-houſe, and Aſhmolean muſeum at Oxford.

View of Penſhurſt.

Inſide of the abbey-church at Bath, drawn by J. Vertue, brother of George.

Plan of the church of St. Martin.

Weſt proſpect of ditto.

South proſpect of ditto.

View of the Savoy.

A teſſelated pavement diſcovered at Stunsfield near Woodſtock, 1712.

Extent of the fire of London, on two ſheets.

The ancient wooden church at Greenſteed in Eſſex, &c.

Map of ſome Roman garriſons.

Plan of a Roman camp.

Five large prints of the Radcliffe library at Oxford *.

* Gough's Br. Topog. in Oxfordſhire.

Claſs

CLASS 16. COINS, MEDALS, BUSTS, SEALS, CHARTERS, GEMS, and SHELLS.

Coin of Carauſius and his empreſs, in braſs.

Plate of coins of Carauſius.

Ditto, and of other emperors.

Plate of coins with the crux victorialis.

Medal of queen Caroline when princeſs, a figure ſitting on each ſide.

Reverſe of a medal, legend, Reſurges.

Plate of ancient Gallic coins.

Another of barbarous coins.

Medal of Leo X.

Plate 1. Egyptian figures, &c.

Plate 2. Ditto.

Medal of George II. his queen, and children.

Heads of Virgil and Homer.

Smaller Homer.

Small head of Franciſcus Junius.

Ditto of king Alfred.

Ditto of a pope.

Very ſmall one of Caleb Danvers.

Buſt of lord Turchetyl abbot of Crowland.

A buſt found at York in poſſeſſion of Roger Gale.

An

An extract from Domeſday, relating to the church of Hambyrie in Wyrceſterſhire.

Seal in the ſhape of a lozenge, an ox and a caſtle.

Seal of Adam de Newmarche.

Tally of Thomas Godeſire.

Seal of dean and chapter of Hereford.

Two others.

Seal of George Coke, biſhop of Hereford.

—— of Robert Benet, biſhop of Hereford.

—— of Savari de Boun. A creſcent.

Another, ſame arms.

Another ſeal, with arms of Bohun.

Another. Another, a knight on horſe-back.

Seal of William Fitz-Oth.

—— to the ſurrender of an abbey.

—— of St. John Clerkenwell.

—— of Thomas biſhop of Elphin.

—— of biſhop Egidius.

Some other ſeals *.

Arms of queen Elizabeth, as a ſtamp.

Ditto of James I.

Precept of king Henry to the ſheriff of Nottingham.

A charter and imperfect ſeal, parts only of a horſeman and of another figure.

* Gough's Brit. Topog. p. 712. of the firſt edit.

Repre-

Repreſentation of the pontific tiara.

Jewels in the collection of Margaret ducheſs of Portland, 3 plates.

Five ſhells, ditto.

Thirteen ſamples of antique ſilver chaſed plate found at Bath *.

CLASS 17. FRONTISPIECES, HEAD and TAIL-PIECES.

Frontiſpiece to Pline ſur l'or et l'argent. George II. and queen Caroline, at top.

A biſhop giving a writing to Hibernia, with other figures. Seems to relate to a charity-ſchool.

A man writing on a tomb by moon-light; for Dr. Young's Night-thoughts.

Minerva raiſing a woman; Reſurges: Vignette.

Head-piece for Thurloe's State-papers: Thurloe's head, &c.

A perſon offering a book to James I. Faith ſtanding by him with *Holy Bible*, &c. I believe for father Paul.

A proceſſion, with the ſign of the tabard; for one of Chaucer's tales.

A temple with books and emblematic figures: Vivitur ingenio.

Frontiſpiece to the auction book of the Harleian collection.

A head-piece with view of Stonehenge, &c.

Vignette to Spence's Polymetis.

A man digging, with Latin mottos, ſmall oval.

Inſide of a church, and a church-yard; head-piece.

The Annunciation, ditto.

Many plates for the quarto edition of Waller.

* Gough's Brit. Topogr. in Somerſetſhire—but qu. whether theſe were not engraved by his brother James, who reſided at Bath?

The

The Ad Lectorem for lord Burlington's Palladio.

Frontiſpiece to Hiſtoria Cæleſtis.

Six initial letters, N. 2 Ps. S. 2 Ts.

Set of head-pieces for Homer.

Frontiſpiece to Fenton's Mariamne.

Ditto to Smith's prints from Titian.

CLASS 18. MISCELLANEOUS.

Arms of the Antiquarian Society at Spalding, engraved and mezzotinto.

Arms of Blount.

Conundrum for Henry's right tobacco, a toe, a back, and O.

Benefit ticket for mademoiſelle Violette.

Print of Richard Dickinſon governor of Scarborough Spaw, with verſes. Poor.

Large print of David Bruce, with account of his diſtreſſes at ſea. As ill done as the former.

Two plates of a mummy.

Two genealogic trees, entitled, Proceſſus & Series Legis.

Plate to put in lady Oxford's books.

Inſcription to Neptune and Minerva.

Head of Silenus, a bas-relief.

Liber & Libera, ditto.

A plate of ſome Roman antiquities.

The weſtern proſpect of Bear'sden-hall in Surrey, a ſatiric print.

Antiquity-hall, a ſatiric print.

An antique female figure with two faces, holding a ſnake with two heads.

Beſides many plates for the Society of Antiquaries, publiſhed in their two volumes, and a ſeries of Oxford Almanacs for ſeveral years; and perhaps ſome plates which have not come to my knowledge.

Oct. 22d, 1762.

DEDICATION

DEDICATION to the FOURTH VOLUME

Of The ANECDOTES of PAINTING, Edit. 1780.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES,

Duke of RICHMOND, LENOX, and AUBIGNY.

MY LORD,

IT is not to court protection to this work; it is not to celebrate your Grace's virtues and abilities, which want no panegyric; it is to indulge the ſentiments of reſpect and eſteem, that I take the liberty of prefixing your name to this volume, the former parts of theſe Anecdotes having been inſcribed to a lady, now dead, to whom I had great obligations. The publications of my preſs have been appropriated to Gratitude and Friendſhip, not to Flattery. Your Grace's ſingular Encouragement of Arts, a virtue inherited with others from your noble Father, entitles you to this Addreſs; and allow me to ſay, my Lord, it is a proof of your Judgment and Taſte, that in your countenance of talents there is but one inſtance of partiality—I mean, your favour to,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

Moſt faithful and obedient

Humble ſervant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

APPENDIX.

THIS INDENTURE * made the day of in the fourth yere of our fovrain lord kyng Herry the 8th betwyne Mr. Robert Hacomblein provoſt of the kynge's college royal at Cambrydge and the ſcolers of the ſame with the adviſe and agrement of Mr. Thomas Larke ſurveyor of the kynge's works there on the oon partye, and John Waſtell maſter maſon of the ſeid works, and Herry Severick oon of the wardens of the ſame on the other partye, witneſſeth that hit is covenaunted bargayned and agreed betwyne the partyes aforeſeid, That the ſeid John Waſtell and Herry Severick ſhall make and ſett up, or cawſe to be made and ſet up at ther coſts and charges, a good, ſuer, and ſufficyent vawte for the grete churche there, to be workmanly wrought, made, and ſett up after the beſt handlyng and forme of good workmanſhip, according to a plat thereof made and ſigned with the hands of the lords executors to the kyng of the moſt famous memorye Herry the 7th, whoſe ſowle God pardon. And the ſeid John Waſtell and Herry Severick ſhall provide and fynde at ther coſt and charges, as moche good ſufficyent able ſton of Weldon quarryes, as ſhall ſuffiſe for the performing of all the ſaid vawte, together with lyme, ſound ſcaffoldyng, cinctores, moles, ordinaunces, and evry other thyng concerning the ſame vawtyng, as well workmen and laborers, as all manner of ſtuff and ordinaunces that ſhall be required or neceſſary for the performance of the ſame; except the ſeid Mr. Provoſt and ſcolers with the aſſent of the ſeid ſurveyors granted to the ſeid John Waſtell and Herry Severick for the grete coſt and charge that they ſhall be at in remevyng the grete ſcaffold there, to have therefore in recompence at the end and performyng of the ſeid vawte the timber of two ſevereyes of the ſeid grete ſcaffold by them remeved to their own uſe and profight; and on that the ſeid John Waſtell and Herry Severick ſhall have duryng the tyme of the ſeid vawtyng, certeyne ſtuffs and neceſſaryes there, as gynnes, whels, cables, hobynatts, ſawes and ſuch other as ſhall be delyvered unto them by indenture; and they to delyver the ſame agayne unto the college there at the end of the ſeid worke. The ſeid John Waſtell and Herry Severick granten alſo and bynde themſelves by theſe covenauntes,

* See Vol. III. chap. iv. p. 88. in art. King's College, Cambridge.

that

that they ſhall performe and clerely fynyſh all the ſeid vawte within the tyme and ſpace of three yeers next enſuyng after the tyme of their begynnyng upon the ſame; and for the good and ſuer performyng of all the premyſſes as is afore ſpecyfyed, the ſeid provoſt and ſcolers covenaunt and graunte to pay unto the ſeid John Waſtell and Herry Severick 1200 l. that is to ſey, for every ſeverey in the ſeid churche 100 l. to be payd in forme followyng, from tyme to tyme as moche money as ſhall ſuffiſe to pay the maſons and others rately after the numbre of workmen; and alſo for ſton in ſuche tymes and in ſuche forme as the ſeid John Waſtell and Herry Severick ſhall make their bargaynes for ſton, ſo that they be evyn paid with 100 l. at the end of the performyng every ſeverey; and if there remayne ony parte of the ſeid 100 l. at the fynyſhing of the ſeid ſeverey, then the ſeid Mr. Provoſt and ſcolers to pay unto them the ſurpluſage of the ſeid 100 l. for that ſeverey, and ſo from tyme to tyme unto all the ſeid 12 ſevereys be fully and perfyttly made and performed.

THIS INDENTURE made the fourth day of Auguſt in the fifth yere of the reign of our ſoverayn lord kyng Herry the 8th, betwene Mr. Robert Hacombleyn provoſt of the kynge's college royal in Cambrydge and the ſcolers of the ſame with the advice and agrement of Mr. Thomas Larke ſurveyor of the kynge's works there on the oon partye, and John Waſtell maſter maſon of the ſeid works on the other partye, witneſſeth, That it is covenaunted, bargayned, and agreed betwene the partyes aforeſeid, that the ſeid John Waſtell ſhall make and ſett up or cawſe to be made and ſett up at his propre coſts and charges the vawting of two porches of the newe churche of the kynge's college aforeſeid with Yorkſhere ſton, and alſo the vawtes of ſeven chapels in the body of the ſame churche with Weldon ſton accordynge to a platt made as well for the ſame ſeven chapels as for the ſeid two porches; and nine other chapels behynd the quyre of the ſeid churche with like Weldon ſton to be made of a more courſe worke, as appereth by a platte for the ſame made; and that the ſeid John Waſtell ſhall make and ſett up or cawſe to be made and ſett up at his coſt and charge the batelments of all the ſeid porches and chapels with Weldon ſton accordynge to another platte made for the ſame remayning with all the other plattes afore reherſed in the kepynge of the ſeid ſurveyor ſigned with the hands of the lords the kynge's executors; all the ſeid vawtes and batelments to be well and workmanly wrought, made and ſett up after the beſt handlynge and forme of good workmanſhyp, and accord-

according to the platts afore ſpecifyed; the foreſeid John Waſtell to provide and fynde at his coſt and charge not only as moche good ſufficient and hable ſton of Hampole quarryes in Yorkſhere as ſhall ſuffiſe for the performance of the ſeid two porches, but alſo as moche good ſufficient and hable ſton of Weldon quarryes, as ſhall ſuffiſe for the performyng of all the ſeid chapels and batelments, together with lyme, ſand, ſcaffoldyng, mooles, ordinaunces, and every other thyng concernyng the fynyſhing and performyng of all the ſeid vawtes and batelments, as well workmen and laborers, as all manner of ſtuff and ordinaunce as ſhall be requyred or neceſſary for performance of the ſame: provided alwey that the ſeid John Waſtell ſhall kepe continually 40 fre-maſons workyng upon the ſame. The ſeid John Waſtell graunteth alſo and byndeth hymſelf by theſe preſents to performe and clerely fynyſh all the ſeid vawtes and batelments on this ſide the ffeeſte of the Nativitie of Seynt John Baptiſte next enſuyng after the date hereof; And for the good and ſuer performyng of all theſe premyſſes, as is afore ſpecyfyed, the ſeid provoſt and ſcolers granten to pay unto the ſeid John Waſtell for ſton and workmanſhip of every the ſeid porches with al other charge as is afore reherſed 25 *l.*

And for evry of the ſeid ſeven chapels in the body of the churche after the platt of the ſeid porches 20 *l.*

And for vawtyng of evry of the other nine chapels behind the quyre to be made of more courſe work 12 *l.*

And for ſton and workmanſhip of the batelments of all the ſeid chapels and porches devided into twenty ſevereys evry ſeverey at 100 *l.*

And for all and ſingler covenaunts before reherſed of the partye of the ſeid John Waſtell wele and truly to be performed and kept, he byndeth himſelf, his heirs and executors in 400 *l.* of good and lawfull money of England to be paid unto the ſeid Mr. Provoſt, ſcolers and ſurveyor at the ffeeſte of the Purification of our bleſſed Lady next comyng after the date of theſe preſentes; and in lyke wiſe for all and ſingler covenauntes afore reherſed of the party of the ſeid Mr. Provoſt, ſcolers and ſurveyor wele and truly to be performed and kept, they bynde themſelves, their ſucceſſors and executors in 400 *l.* of good and lawfull money of England to be paid unto the ſeid John Waſtell at the ſeid ffeeſte of the Purification of our bleſſed Lady, in witneſſe whereof the

the partyes aforeſeid to theſe preſent indentures interchangeably have ſett their ſeales, the day and yere above wryten.

THIS INDENTURE made the fourth day of January in the fourth yere of the reign of our ſoverayn lord kyng Herry the 8th, betwene Mr. Robert Hacombleyn provoſt of the kynge's college royal in Cambrydge and the ſcolers of the ſame with the advice and agrement of Mr. Thomas Larke ſurveyor of the kynge's works there on the oon partye, and John Waſtell maſter maſon of the ſeid works on the other partye, witneſſeth, That it is covenaunted, bargayned, and agreed betwene the partyes aforeſaid, that the ſeid John Waſtell ſhall make and ſett up or cawſe to be made and ſett up at his propre coſts and charges the fynyalls of the buttraſſes of the grete churche there, which be 21 in numbre; the ſeid fynyalls to be well and workmanly wrought made and ſett up after the beſt handelyng and forme of good workmanſhip, according to the platts conceyved and made for the ſame, and according to the fynyall of oon buttraſſe which is wrought and ſett up, except that all theſe new fynyalls ſhall be made ſum what larger in certayne places, according to the mooles for the ſame conceyved and made; alſo it is covenaunted, bargayned and agreed between the partyes aforeſeid that the ſeid John Waſtell ſhall make and ſett up or cawſe to be made and ſett up at his propre coſt and charges the fynyſhing and performying of oon towre at oon of the corners of the ſeid churche, as ſhall be aſſigned unto him by the ſurveyor of the ſeid works; all the ſeid fynyſhing and performyng of the ſeid towre with fynyalls, ryfaat gabbletts, batelments, orbys, or croſſe quarters, and every other thynge belongyng to the ſame to be well and workmanly wrought made and ſett up after the beſt handelyng and forme of goode workmanſhip, accordyng to a platt thereof made remayning in the kepyng of the ſeid ſurveyor. The ſeid John Waſtell to provide and fynde at his coſt and charge as moche good ſuffycyent and able ſton of Weldon quarryes, as ſhall ſuffiſe for the performying of the fynyalls of all the ſeid buttraſſes, and alſo for the performying and finyſhing of oon of the towres, as is afore ſpecifyed, together with lyme, ſand, ſcaffolding, mooles, ordinances and evry other thyng concernyng the fynyſhyng and performyng of all the buttraſſes and towre aforeſeid, as well workmen and laborers, as all manner of ſtuff and ordenances as ſhall be required or neceſſary for performance of the ſame, except the ſeid Mr. Provoſt, ſcolers and ſurveyor granten to lend to the ſeid John Waſtell

ſum

ſum parte of old ſcaffoldyng tymbre, and the uſe of certayne ſtuff and neceſſaryes there, as gynnes, whels, cables, hobynatts, ſawes, and ſuch other as ſhall be delyvered to him by indenture; and the ſeid John Waſtell to delyvre the ſame agayne unto the ſeid ſurveyor as ſone as the ſeid buttraſſes and towre ſhall be performed. The ſeid John Waſtell graunteth alſo and byndeth himſelf by theſe covenaunts to perform and clerely fyniſh all the ſeid buttraſſes and towre on this ſide the feeſt of the Annunciation of our bleſſed Lady next enſuyng after the date hereof; and for the good and ſure performyng of all theſe premyſſes, as is afore ſpecifyed, the ſeid provoſt and ſcolers covenaunten and granten to paye unto the ſeid John Waſtell for the performyng of evry buttraſſe 6*l.*—13*s.*—4*d.* which amownteth for all the ſeid buttraſſes 140*l.* and for performyng of the ſeid towre 100*l.* to be paid in forme followyng; that is to ſey, from tyme to tyme as moche money as ſhall ſuffiſe to pay the maſons and other laborers rately after the numbre of workmen; and alſo for ſton at ſuche times and in ſuche form as the ſeid John Waſtell ſhall make his proviſyon or receyte of the ſame ſton, from tyme to tyme as the caſe ſhall requyre; provided alway that the ſeid John Waſtell ſhall kepe continually ſixty fre-maſons working upon the ſame works, as ſone as ſhall be poſſible for him to call them in by vertue of ſuche commiſſyon as the ſeid ſurveyor ſhall delyvre unto the ſeid John Waſtell for the ſame entent; and in caſe ony maſon or other laboror ſhall be found unprofytable or of ony ſuche ylle demeanor whereby the worke ſhould be hyndred or the company myſordred, not doing their duties accordyngly as they ought to doo, then the ſeid ſurveyor to indevor himſelf to performe them by ſuch wayes as hath byn there uſed before this time; and alſo the forenamed Mr. Provoſt, ſcolers and ſurveyor ſhall fynde as moche iron worke for the fynyalls of the ſeid buttraſſes as ſhall amounte to five ſhillings for every buttraſſe; that is in all 4*l.*—5*s.* And whatſoever iron werke ſhall be occupyed and ſpent about the ſeid werkes and for ſuertie of the ſame above the ſeid five ſhillings for a buttraſſe, the ſeid John Waſtell to bere hytt at his own coſt and charge; and for all and ſinguler covenaunts afore reherſed of the partye of the ſeid John Waſtell wele and truly to be performed and kepte, he byndeth himſelf, his heirs and executors in 300*l.* of good and lawfulle money of England to be paid unto the ſeid Mr. Provoſt, ſcolers and ſarveyor at the feſte of Eſter next comyng after the date of thes preſentes; and in lyke wiſe for all and ſinguler covenauntes afore reherſed of the partye of the ſeid provoſt, ſcolers and ſurveyor wele and truly to be performed and kepte, they bynde them their ſucceſſor

and executors in 300*l.* of good and lawfulle money of Englande to be paid unto the ſeid John Waſtell at the ſeid ffeſte of Eſter, in witneſſe whereof the partyes aforeſaid to this preſent indenture interchangeably have ſett their ſeales the day and yere above wryten.

THIS INDENTURE made the thirde day of the moneth of May in the yere of the reigne of Henry the 8th by the grace of God kyng of England and Ffraunce, defendor of the ffeyth and lorde of Ireland the eightene, betwene the right worſhepfulle maſters Robert Haccombleyn doctor of divinitie and provoſt of the kynge's college in the univerſitie of Cambridge, William Holgylle clerke maſter of the hoſpitalle of Seint John Baptiſte called the Savoy beſydes London, and Thomas Larke clerke archdeacon of Norwyche on that oon partie, and Ffraunces Wylliamſon of the parysſhe of Seint Olyff in Southwerke, in the countie of Surrey glaſyer, and Symond Symondes of the parysſhe of Seint Margaret of the towne of Weſtmynſter in the countie of Middleſex on that other partie, witneſſeth, That it is covenaunted, condeſcended and aggreed betwene the ſeid parties by this indenture in manner and forme folowing, that is to wete, the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes covenaunte, graunte, and them bynde by theſe preſents that they ſhalle at their owne propre coſtes and charges wele, ſuerly, clenely, workmanly, ſubſtantyally, curyouſly and ſufficyently glaſe and ſett up, or cauſe to be glaſed and ſett up foure wyndowes of the upper ſtory of the great churche within the kynge's college of Cambridge, that is to wete, two wyndowes on the oon ſyde of the ſeid churche, and the other two wyndowes on the other ſyde of the ſame church with good, clene, ſure and perfyte glaſſe and oryent colors and imagery of the ſtory of the old lawe and of the newe lawe after the forme, maner, goodenes, curyouſitie and clenelyneſs in every poynt of the glaſſe wyndowes of the kynge's newe chapell at Weſtmynſter; and alſo accordyngly and after ſuche maner as oon Barnard Fflower glaſyer late deceaſed, by indenture ſtode bounde to doo; and alſo accordyngly to ſuche patrons otherwyſe called vidimus, as by the ſeid maſters Robert Haccombleyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke, or by any of them, to the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes or to either of them ſhal be delyvered, for to forme glaſſe, and make by the foreſeid foure wyndowes of the ſeid churche; and the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes covenaunte and graunte by theſe preſentes that two of the ſeid wyndowes ſhal be clerely ſett up and fully fynyſhed after the fourme aboveſeid within two

yeres next enſuying after the date of theſe preſentes, and that the two other wyndowes reſydue of the ſeid foure wyndowes ſhal be clerely ſett up and fully fynyſhed within three yeres next enſuyng after that——without any furder or longer delay. Furdermore the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes covenaunte and graunte by theſe preſentes that they ſhalle ſtrongely and ſuerley bynde all the ſeid foure wyndowes with double bands of leade for defence of great wyndes and other outragious wethers; and the ſeid maſters Robert Haccombleyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke covenaunte and graunt by theſe preſentes that the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes ſhall have for the glaſſe workmanſhip and ſettyng up of every foot of the ſeid glaſſe by them to be provided, wrought, and ſett up after the forme aboveſeid ſixtene pence ſterlinges; and where the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes, and alſo John a More of the parysſhe of Seint Margarett of the towne of Weſtmynſter in the countie of Middleſex ſquyer, John Kellet of the ſame parysſhe towne and countie yoman, Garrard Moynes of the parysſhe of Seint Olyffe in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey joyner, and Henry Johnſon of the parysſhe of Seint Clement Danes without the barres of the newe temple of London in the countie of Middleſex cordwaner by their writtyng obligatory of the date of theſe preſentes be holden and bounde to the ſeid maſters Robert Haccombleyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke in the ſumme of two hundred pounds ſterlinges to be paid at the ffeeſte of the Nativitie of Seint John Baptiſte, now next comyng after the date of theſe preſentes, as in the ſame writtyng obligatory more plainly at large doothe appere; nevertheleſſe the ſame maſters Robert Haccombleyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke for them and their executors covenaunte and graunte by theſe preſentes, that yf the ſaid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes on their part wele and truly performe, obſerve, fulfille and kepe all and every the covenaunts, bargaynes, graunts, and promyſes and agreements aforeſeid in manner and fourme as is above declared, that then the ſame writtyng obligatory ſhall be voyd and had for nought, and elſe it ſhall ſtande in full ſtrengthe and effect. In witneſſe whereof the ſeid parties to theſe indentures interchangeably have ſett their ſealles.

YOVEN the day and yere aboveſeid.

THIS INDENTURE made the laſte day of the moneth of Aprelle in the yere of the reigne of Henry the 8th by the grace of God kyng of England and

Ffraunce, defendor of the ffeyth and lorde of Ireland the eightene, betwene the right worſhepfulle maſters Robert Haccombleyn doctor of divinitie and provoſt of the kynge's college in the univerſitie of Cambridge, maſter William Holgylle clerke maſter of the hoſpitalle of Seint John Baptiſte called the Savoy beſydes London, and maſter Thomas Larke clerke archdeacon of Norwych on that oon partie, and Galyon Hoone of the paryſh of Seint Mary Magdelen next Seint Mary Overey in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey glaſyer, Richard Bownde of the paryſhe of Seint Clement Danes without the barres of the newe temple of London in the countie of Middleſex glaſyer, Thomas Reve of the paryſhe of Seint Sepulchre without Newgate of London glaſyer, and James Nycholſon of Seint Thomas Spyttell or Hoſpitalle in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey glaſyer on that other partie witneſſeth, That it is covenaunted, condeſcended and aggreed between the ſeid parties by this indenture in manner and forme folowing, that is to wete, The ſeid Galyon Hoone, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon covenaunte, graunte, and them bynde by theſe preſentes, that they ſhalle at their own propre coſtes and charges well, ſuerly, clenely, workmanly, ſubſtantyally, curiouſly and ſufficiently glaſe and ſette up, or cauſe to be glaſed and ſett up eightene wyndowes of the upper ſtory of the great churche within the kynge's college of Cambridge, whereof the wyndowe in the eſte ende of the ſeid churche to be oon, and the windowe in the weſte ende of the ſame churche to be another; and ſo ſeryatly the reſydue with good, clene, ſure and perfyte glaſſe and oryent colors and imagery of the ſtory of the olde lawe and of the newe lawe after the forme, maner, goodenes, curioſytie, and clenelynes, in every poynt of the glaſſe wyndowes of the kynge's newe chapelle at Weſtminſter; and alſo accordyngly and after ſuche maner as oon Barnard Fflower glaſyer late deceaſed, by indenture ſtode bounde to doo, that is to ſey, ſix of the ſeid wyndowes to be clerely ſett up and fynyſhed after the forme aforeſeid within twelve moneths next enſuyng after the date of theſe preſentes; and the twelve wyndowes reſidue to be clerely ſett up and fully fynyſhed within foure yeres next enſuyng after the date of theſe preſentes; and that the ſeid Galyon, Richard, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon ſhalle ſuerly bynde all the ſeid windowes with double bands of leade for defence of great wyndes and outragious wetheringes; furdermore the ſeid Galyon, Richard, Thomas, Reve and James Nycholſon covenaunte and graunte by theſe preſentes, that they ſhall wele and ſuffycyently ſett up at their owne propre coſtes and charges

all the glaſſe that now is there redy wrought for the ſeid wyndowes at ſuch tyme and whan as the ſeid Galyon, Richard, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon ſhal be aſſigned and appoynted by the ſeid maſters Robert Haccombleyne, Wylliam Holgylle, and Thomas Larke or by any of them; and wele and ſuffyciently ſhall bynde all the ſame with double bands of leade for the defence of wyndes and wetheringes, as is aforeſeid, after the rate of two pence every ffoote; and the ſeid maſters Robert Haccombleyne, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke covenaunte and graunte by theſe preſentes, That the foreſeid Galyon, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon ſhall have for the glaſſe workmanſhip and ſetting up twenty foot of the ſeid glaſſe by them to be provided, wrought, and ſett up after the forme aboveſeid eightene pence ſterlinges; alſo the ſeid Galyon Hoone, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon covenaunte and graunte by theſe preſentes, that they ſhalle delyver or cauſe to be delyvered to Ffraunces Wylliamſon of the parysſhe of Seint Olyff in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey glaſyer, and to Symond Symondes of the parysſhe of Seint Margarete of Weſtmynſter in the countie of Middleſex glaſyer, or to either of them good and true patrons, otherwyſe called a vidimus, for to fourme glaſſe and make by other four wyndowes of the ſeid churche, that is to ſey, two on the oon ſide thereof and two on the other ſyde, whereunto the ſeid Ffraunces and Symond be bounde, the ſaid Ffraunces and Symond paying to the ſeid Galyon, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon for the ſeid patrons otherwyſe called a vidimus as moche redy money as ſhal be thought reſonable by the foreſeid maſters William Holgylle and Thomas Larke; and where the ſaid Galyon Hoone, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon by their writtyng obligatory of the date of theſe preſentes be holden and bounden to the ſeid maſters Robert Haccombleyne, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke, in the ſome of five hundred markes ſterlinges to be paide at the ffeiſte of the nativitie of Seint John Baptiſte now next comyng after the date of theſe preſentes, as in the writtyng obligatory more plainly at large may appere; nevertheleſſe the ſame maſters Robert Haccombleyne, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke for them and their executors wille and graunte by theſe preſentes that yf the ſaid Galyon Hoone, Richarde Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholſon well and truly performe, obſerve, fullfille and kepe all and every the covenauntes, bargaynes, graunts, promyſes and aggreementes aforeſeid in maner and forme as is above declared, that then

the ſeid writtyng obligatory ſhall be voyde and had for nought, and elſe it ſhall ſtand in full ſtrength and effect: In witneſſe whereof the ſeid parties to theſe indentures interchangeably have ſett their ſealles.

YOVEN the day and yere aboveſeid.

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* *De conceſſione officii Danieli Mittens.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To all whome theſe preſentes ſhall come, greeting;

Knowe yee that wee, haveing experience of the facultie and ſkill of Daniel Mittens in the art of picture draweing, of our eſpeciall grace, certeine knowledge and meere motion, have given and granted, and by theiſe preſentes, for us, our heirs and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunte unto the ſaid Daniel Mittens the office or place of one of our picture drawers of our chamber in ordinary, and him the ſaid Daniel Mittens, one of our picture drawers of the chamber of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, do appointe, conſtitute and ordaine by theiſe preſentes, to have, houlde, occupy and enjoy the ſaid office or place unto the ſaid Daniel Mittens for and dureing his naturall life;

And further, of our more eſpeciall grace and certeine knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and, by theiſe preſentes for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunte unto the ſaide Daniel Mittens for the exerciſing of the ſaid office or place, the yearlie fee and allowance of twentie pounds of lawfull money of Englande by the yeare, to have and to holde, receive and enjoy the ſaid fee and allowance of twentie pounds by the yeare, to the ſaid Daniel Mittens and his aſſignes, for and dureing the naturall life of the ſaid Daniel Mittens, out of the treaſure of us our heires and ſucceſſors, at the receipte of the exchequer of us our heires and ſucceſſors, by the hands of the treaſurer and chamberlaines of us our heires and ſucceſſors there for the tyme being, att the foure uſuall feaſts of the yeare, that is to ſay, at the feaſts of the nativitie of Saint John Baptiſt, St. Michaell the Archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annuntiation of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, by

* Rymer's Fœdera, vol. xviii. p. 111. See vol. iii. p. 151, of this work.

even

even portions to be paid, the firſt payment thereof to begin from the feaſte of the annuntiation of the bleſſed Virgin Mary laſt paſt before the date hereof, together with all and all manner of other fees, profitts, advantages, rights, liberties, commodities and emoluments whatſoever to the ſaid office or place belonginge or of righte appertayneing, or which hereafter maie anie way be due belonging or apperteyneing;

Wherefore our will and pleaſure is, and wee doe by theiſe preſentes, for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, commaunde and authorize the ſaide treaſurer, chauncellor, under-treaſurer, and barons of the ſaid exchequer for the tyme being, and all other the officers and miniſters of the ſaide courte, and of the receipte there for the tyme beinge, that they, and every of them, to whom itt doth or ſhall appertaine, doe not only upon ſighte of theiſe our letters pattents, or the inrollment of them, from tyme to tyme pay and deliver, or cauſe to be payed and delivered unto the ſaid Daniel Mittens and his aſſignes the ſaide yearlie fee and allowance of twenty pounds as the ſame ſhall growe due, but doe alſoe give allowance thereof accordinge to the true intente and meaning of theiſe preſentes: and theiſe our letters pattents, or the inrollment thereof, ſhall be yearlie and from tyme to tyme, as well to the treaſurer and chamberlaines of our ſaid exchequer, as to all other the officers and miniſters of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, to whome it ſhall apperteine, a ſufficient warrant and diſchardge in this behalfe;

Although expreſs mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelf at Weſtminſter, the fowerth day of June.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

Pro Daniele Myttens.

REX, quarto die Junii, conceſſit Danieli Myttens the office of one of the picture drawers of the king's chamber during his lyff. P. S.

De

* *De conceſſione ſpeciali Franciſco Crane militi.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To the treaſorer, chancellor, under-treaſorer, chamberlaines and barons of the exchequer, of us, our heires and ſucceſſors nowe being, To the receivor generall of us, our heires and ſucceſſors of our duchie of Cornwall for the time being, and to all other the officers and miniſters of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, to whome itt ſhall appertaine, and to everye of them, greeting.

Whereas upon our bargaine heretofore made by ourſelf, with our truſtie and well-beloved ſervant ſir Francis Crane knight, for three ſuits of gould tapeſtries by him delivered to our uſe, we ſtand indebted to the ſaid ſir Francis Crane in the ſomme of ſix thouſand poundes of lawfull money of England, for ſatisfaction of which ſomme we are well pleaſed to give unto him an annuitie or yeerelie penſion or allowance of one thouſand pounds for ten years, or reaſonable recompence or allowance for the forbearance of the ſeid debte of ſixe thouſand poundes, if wee ſhall fynde cauſe at anie time to pay in the ſame; and whereas we are graciouſlie pleaſed to contribute one thouſand poundes a yeare towards the furtherance, upholding and maintenance of the worke of tapeſtries, lately brought into this our kingdome by the ſaid ſir Francis Crane, and now by him or his workmen practiſed and put in uſe at Mortlake in our countie of Surrey;

Knowe yee that wee, as well in ſatisfaction of the ſaid debte or ſomme of ſix thouſand pounds, ſo as aforeſaid mentioned to be by us oweing unto the ſaid ſir Francis Crane, as in performance of our royal intention, pleaſure and purpoſe in the payment of the ſaid contribution for the better maintenance of the ſaid woorke of tapeſtries, of our eſpecial grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, have given and graunted, and by theis preſents, for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunte unto the ſaid ſir Francis Crane one annuitie or yeerely penſion of two thouſand pounds of lawfull money of England by the yere,

To have, houlde, perceive, receive and take the ſaid annuitie or yeerely penſion of two thouſand pounds of lawfull money of England by the yere to the ſaid ſir Francis Crane, his executors or aſſignes, from the feaſte of the

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 60. See vol. iii. p. 162, of this work.

byrth

byrth of our Lord God laſte paſte before the date hereof, for and dureing the terme, and untill the full ende and terme of ten yeares from thence next enſueing, fullie to be compleate and ended; to be perceived, had and taken at and from the handes of the receivor generall of us, our heires and ſucceſſors for the tyme being of our ſaid duchie of Cornwall, out of the rentes, ſomme and ſommes of money reſerved, due and payable, or hereafter to be due and payable unto us, our heires and ſucceſſors, for or in reſpect of the preemption of tynne within the counties of Cornwall and Devon, and which ſhall from tyme to tyme be paid unto and be remayning in the handes of the ſaid receivor for the tyme being, or at the receipt of the exchequer of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, by the hands of the treaſorer, undertreaſorer and chamberlaines of the ſaid exchequer for the tyme being or ſome of them, out of the treaſure of us, our heires and ſucceſſors from tyme to tyme remayneing in their or any of their handes, at the feaſtes of the nativitie of St. John Baptiſte, and the byrth of our Lord God, by even and equal portions to be payde, the firſte paymente thereof to be made at the feaſte of the nativitie of St. John Baptiſte next enſueing the date of theis preſentes; wherefore our will and pleaſure is, and wee do hereby for us our heires and ſucceſſors ſtraightlie charge and commaund the receivor generall of us our heires and ſucceſſors of the ſaid duchie of Cornwall for the tyme being, and alſo the treaſorer, undertreaſorer and chamberlaynes of the exchequer of us our heires and ſucceſſors for the tyme being, that they or ſome of them, upon ſight of theis our letters pattents, or the inroolment of them, doe from tyme to tyme paie and deliver, or cauſe to be payde and delivered unto the ſaid ſir Francis Crane, his executors or aſſignes, the foreſaide annuitie or yeerlie penſion of two thouſand poundes of laufull money of England before by theſe preſents given and graunted, accordinge to the tenor, effecte and true intent and meaning of theis our letters pattents.

And our further will and pleaſure is, and wee doe hereby, for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, give full power and authoritie unto, and alſo require and commaund, the treaſorer, chancellor, undertreaſorer and barons of the ſaid exchequer of us, our heires and ſucceſſors for the tyme being, or any other our officers to whom it ſhall or may appertaine, that they and everie of them doe from tyme to tyme make and give allowance and defalcation unto the ſaid receivor generall for the tyme being, of his accompte and accompts to be made for the revenue within his chardge, and receipte of and for all ſuch payments,

payments, ſomme and ſommes of money as the ſaid receivor ſhall from tyme to tyme paie and deliver to the ſaid ſir Francis Crane, his executors or aſſignes out of the rents, ſomme and ſommes of money, payable or to be payable unto us, our heires or ſucceſſors, for or in reſpecte of the ſaid preemption of tynne, according to the true intente and meaning of theis preſents, and theis preſents or the inrollment thereof ſhall be as well unto the ſaid receivor for the tyme being a ſufficient warrant and diſcharge for the deliverie and payment thereof, as alſoe to the ſaid treaſorer, chancellor, undertreaſorer, chamberlaines and barons of the exchequer, or anie other our officers to whome itt may appertayne, for the allowance thereof accordinglie, and ſhall be likewiſe a ſufficient warrant and diſcharge to the ſaid treaſorer, undertreaſorer and chamberlaines of the ſaid exchequer for the time being, without any further or other warrant or declaration of the pleaſure of us, our heires or ſucceſſors, in that behalfe to be had, procured or obteyned; provided alwaies, and our intente and meaning is, that if wee, our heires or ſucceſſors, ſhall at any tyme or tymes hereafter, dureing or within the ſaid terme of ten yeares, paie or cauſe to be paide to the ſaid ſir Francis Crane, his executors or aſſignes, at one entire payment, ſoe much lawfull money of England as, together with ſuch ſommes of money which the ſaid ſir Francis Crane, his executors or aſſignes ſhall in the meane time receive in liewe of one thouſand poundes per annum, parcel of the ſaid annuitie of two thouſand poundes per annum, intended to the ſaid ſir Francis Crane for ſatiſfaction of his ſaid debte, ſhall make upp the full ſomme of ſix thouſand poundes for the aforeſaid debte, and ſoe much more as the intereſt thereof, to be accompted after the rate of eight poundes for a hundred by the yeare ſhall amounte unto in the meane tyme from the date hereof, That then and from thenceforth, all further payments of the ſaide one thouſand poundes, intended for ſatisfaction of the aforeſaid debte and all arrearages thereof then incurred, ſhall ceaſe and determyne, but the other one thouſand poundes, parcell of the ſaid two thouſand poundes, ſhall contynue and remayne in force, to be ymployed for and towards the maintenance and ſupportation of the ſaid woorke, according to our gracious intention in that behalfe, anie thing in theis preſents contained to the contrarie notwithſtanding.

And laſtlie, our will and pleaſure is, that theis our letters pattents, or the

inrollment of them, ſhall be ſufficient and of validitie, according to the true meaning of the ſame.

Although expreſs mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelf at Weſtminſter the tenth daie of May.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

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* *De conceſſione dimiſſionis Franciſce Duciſſe Richmond et Lenox et Franciſco Crane.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To all to whome theſe preſents ſhall come, greeting,

Whereas, our moſt deare and royall father, kinge James, of bleſſed memory, having bene, divers yeares ſince, informed of the great prejudice and daily loſſe which his loveing ſubjects did ſuſteyne, by the uſe of private and unwarranted farthing tokens of lead, braſſe and other mettale, which divers vintners, victuallers, tapſters, chaundlers, bakers and other inferior tradeſmen, were then wont to obtrude and putt upon their chapmen and cuſtomers in the buying and ſelling of ſmall commodities; and finding in his royall wiſdom that, beſides the inconvenience and loſſe that theſe tokens brought with them to the poorer ſort of people, the uſe of them was not without ſome wrong to his royall prerogative, which ought not only to authorize all ſorts of coyne, but whatſoever elſe in the nature of coyne ſhould ſerve as the meaſure of buying and ſelling; out of theſe conſiderations, which were for the preſervation of his majeſties own honour and the good and benefitt of his loveing ſubjects, itt pleaſed his majeſty thereupon to appoynt and ordeyne, by lettres patents under his great ſeale of England, that a convenient quantity of one uniforme ſort of farthinge tokens ſhould be exactly and artificially made in copper, with his majeſties name and title thereupon, to be ſtamped, to be publiquely uſed, and to paſſe betweene man and man for farthings, and did

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 143.

ſettle

ſettle and eſtabliſh a rechange of them into money, whereby the poorer ſort of people might buy and ſell with more conveniencie, and the ſubject in generall receive eaſe without loſſe;

Nowe,

For that itt is found by experience had of the laudable uſe and conſtant rechange of thoſe farthing tokens of copper into money, ſoe made by authority as aforeſaid, that they are growne acceptable and pleaſeing to all our ſubjects, and of very neceſſary and daily uſe inſtead of ſingle money, both for charity to the poore and for the more eaſie tradeing in pettie commodities,

We have thought fitt to contynue and eſtabliſhe the uſe thereof by like letters patents, for the reſidue of the terme which our ſaid royall father was pleaſed to graunt in that behalfe, in ſuch manner as is hereafter ſpecified.

Know yee therefore that wee, aſwell in conſideration of the premiſſes, as for divers other good cauſes and conſiderations us hereunto eſpecially moveinge, of our eſpeciall grace, certayne knowledge and meere motion, and of our prerogative royall, have given and graunted, and by theſe preſents, for us our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunt unto our right truſtie and welbeloved coſen, the lady Frances ducheſſe dowager of Richmond and Lenox, and to our welbeloved ſervant, ſir Francis Crane knight, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, full free and abſolute licence, power and authority that they the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, by themſelves or any of them, or by their or any of their deputies, workmen or ſervants, ſhall and may, dureing the termes of yeares hereafter in theſe preſents mencyoned, make, in ſome convenient place at their or any of their pleaſure or appointment, ſuch a competent quantety of farthing tokens of copper as may be conveniently by them, or any of them, yſſued amongſt the loving ſubjects of us our heires and ſucceſſors, within our realmes of England and Ireland, and the domynion of Wales, or any of them, within the termes of yeares hereafter mencyoned, and the ſame, ſoe made, to utter, diſpoſe, diſperſe, and iſſue within the ſaid realmes and domynion or any of them, according to the true meaning of theſe preſents, at anie time within the ſaid termes of yeeres hereafter in theſe preſents mentioned;

And our will and pleaſure is, that the ſaid farthinge tokens ſhall be made exactly and arteficially of copper, by engines or inſtruments, haveing on the one ſide two ſcepters croſſing under one diademe, and on the other ſide a harpe crowned, with our title Carolus Dei Gratia Magne Brittannie, Francie et Hibernie Rex, weighing ſix graines a-piece or more, at the diſcretion of the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators, deputies or aſſignes, with a privy marke from time to time to be ſett uppon them, at the coyning or ſtamping of them, to diſcover the counterfeiting of any ſuch like tokens by any others, which farthinge tokens wee doe hereby, for us our heires and ſucceſſors, will and ordeyne to paſſe and to be generally uſed, betweene man and man, as tokens for the value of farthings, within our ſaid realmes and domynion, in ſuch manner and forme as in and by the ſaid former letters patents is expreſſed.

And further of our more ample grace, certayne knowledge and meere motion, and for the conſiderations aforeſaide, and to the intente that the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, ſhall and may have and enjoy the full benefitt and profitt intended unto them as by this our graunt, wee doe by theſe preſents, for us our heires and ſucceſſors, ſtraightlie prohibite and forbid all and everie perſon and perſons whatſoever (other than the ſaid ducheſſe dowager of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, by themſelves or their ſervants or deputies) to make or counterfeite ſuch our farthinge tokens of copper, or any engines or inſtruments in reſemblance of them, or any other tokens whatſoever, or to uſe or utter any other farthinge tokens or other tokens whatſoever, either made or counterfeited within our ſaid realmes or domynion, or beyond the ſeas, or elſewhere, att any tyme after the commencement of theſe our letters patents, upon payne of forfeiture of all ſuch farthinge tokens or other tokens, and of all ſuch engines or inſtruments as ſhall be made, uſed, uttered, or found, contrary to the true meaning of theſe preſents; and upon ſuch further paynes, penalties, and impriſonments, as by the lawes and ſtatutes of theſe our realmes of England or Ireland reſpectively, or by our prerogative royall can or may be inflicted upon them for their contempt and breach of our royall commaundment in this behalfe, the one moiety of all ſuch forfeitures to be to us our heires and ſucceſſors, and the other moiety thereof wee doe, for us our heires and ſucceſſors, give and grant unto the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane,

Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, without any account to be given or rendered to us our heires or ſucceſſors for the ſame;

And further alſoe, for the better execution of this our grant, wee doe by theſe our letters patents, for us our heires and ſucceſſors, give and graunt unto the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, that they, by themſelves, their deputies, ſervants or factors, or any of them, att all tymes and from tyme to tyme dureing the termes of yeares hereby graunted, taking a conſtable or other officer with them, ſhall and may enter into any ſhipp, bottome, veſſell, boate, ſhopp, houſe, ware-houſe, or any other place whatſoever, where they, or any of them, ſhall have cauſe to make ſearch within any of our ſaid realmes and domynions by water or land, aſwell within liberties as without, and there to ſearche and try by all waies and meanes for all ſuch counterfeit farthinge tokens, or other tokens, engynes and inſtruments made for the makeing of the ſaid tokens, as ſhall be brought in from the parts beyond the ſeas, or found to be made within any of our ſaid realmes and domynion contrary to the true intent and meaning and purport of theſe preſents; and finding any ſuch tokens, inſtruments or engynes, to arreſt, ſeize, carry away and deteyne the ſame to the uſe in theſe letters patents before mentioned and expreſſed;

To have and to hold, perceive, uſe, exerciſe and enjoye all and ſinguler the aforeſaide powers, liberties, priviledges, licences, graunts, authorities, and other the premiſſes, unto the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſignes, from the day of the date hereof, unto the firſt day of Auguſt next comeing, and from thenceforth for and dureing the whole terme and tyme of ſeventeen yeares then next enſueing and fully to be compleat and ended.

Yielding and paying, and the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, for themſelves, their executors and adminiſtrators, doe covenant, promiſe and grant, to and with us our heires and ſucceſſors, to yield and pay therefore yearly, unto us our heires and ſucceſſors, the yerely rent or ſomme of one hundred marks of lawfull money of England, into the receipt of the exchequer of us our heires and ſucceſſors at Weſtminſter, at the feaſts of the nativity of St. John Baptiſt, and the birth of our Lord God, or within twenty eight dayes next after the ſaid feaſts, by even and equall portions yerely

to be paid dureing the termes aforeſaid, the firſt payment thereof to begin at the feaſt of the nativity of St. John Baptiſt, in the yere of our Lord God one thouſand ſix hundred twenty-five, or within twenty eight dayes after the ſaid feaſts:

Provided always that if itt ſhall happen the ſaid yerely rent of one hundred marks, or any parte thereof, to be behind and unpaid by the ſpace of twenty-eight days next after either of the ſaid feaſts wherein the ſame ought to be paid as aforeſaid, that then and from thenceforth this our preſent grant ſhall ceaſe, be void and of none effect, any thing in theſe preſents contayned to the contrary notwithſtanding:

And further, of our more eſpeciall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, and for the conſiderations aforeſaid, wee have given and graunted, and by theſe preſents, for us our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunt unto the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, all ſuch profitts, gaynes, benefitts and advantages as ſhall be, from tyme to tyme dureing the termes of yeares aforeſaid, made, gotten, raiſed and obteyned by the makeing, iſſueing or exchangeing of all ſuch farthing tokens of copper in manner and forme aforeſaid; to have, perceive, receive and take the ſaid profitt, gayne and benefitt, to be raiſed and made as aforeſaid, to the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, to their owne proper uſe for ever, without any account or other thing to be given or rendered to us our heires and ſucceſſors for the ſame, other than the yerely rent in and by theſe preſents reſerved, and the moiety or one halfe of the forfeitures which ſhall happen dureing the ſaid termes as aforeſaid;

And for the better diſtributing and diſperſing of the ſaid farthing tokens the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, for themſelves their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, doe covenant, promiſe and grant to and with us our heires and ſucceſſors by theſe preſents, that they the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators and aſſignes, ſhall not onely be content and ready, dureing all the tyme hereby granted, to deliver forth the rate of one and twenty ſhillings in farthing tokens for every twenty ſhillings in ſterling money, which any our loveing ſubjects ſhall be willing to give or diſburſe for the ſame, but alſoe,

during

during the ſaid termes, to deliver unto any our loveing ſubjects that ſhall find themſelves ſurcharged with more of the farthing tokens heretofore made by the authority of the letters patents of our ſaid deare father, as hereafter to be made by vertue of theſe preſents, than he can conveniently utter for his uſe and occaſions, the ſomme of twenty ſhillings in ſterling and currant moneys for every twenty one ſhillings in farthing tokens, aſwell of ſuch as have been heretofore made by the authority aforeſaid, as of ſuch as ſhall be made by vertue of theſe preſents, and ſo after that rate for all greater or leſſer ſommes, at the hands of all tradeſmen, in all ſuch place and places where the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, adminiſtrators or aſſignes ſhall iſſue or utter our ſaid farthing tokens; and to the intent the ſaid tokens may be brought to a more frequent and generall uſe for the good of our loving ſubjects without any inconvenience, according to our gracious intention: our will and pleaſure is, that there be from tyme to tyme a convenient quantety of the ſaid farthing tokens ſent, and wee doe hereby command and authorize the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors, deputies and aſſignes, from tyme to tyme, to ſend ſuch a convenient quantety of them into as many citties, burroughs corporate and markett townes within our ſaid realmes and domynion, as they or any of them ſhall conceive may be fitt for the neceſſary uſe of the ſaid ſeverall places, and the ſame to be left in the hands of ſome diſcreet perſon or perſons, together with ſufficient meanes for the rechange of the tokens to be uttered to the citizens or inhabitants of the ſaid citties, borroughs corporate and markett townes and other places, and ſuch other as ſhall be there reſiant or reſort thither, if cauſe ſhall require; and our pleaſure and command is that the chief officers and governors, with the miniſters and conſtables of ſuch citties, borroughs corporate and markett townes, doe endeavour that the ſaid tokens may be there diſperſed and freely paſſe betwixt man and man for the value of farthings as before is expreſſed:

And further wee doe hereby ſtraightly charge and command all and ſinguler maiors, ſheriffs, conſtables, head-boroughs, comptrollers, cuſtomers, ſearchers, waiters, and all other officers and miniſters to whom it ſhall or may apperteyne, to be aiding and aſſiſting in all lawfull and convenient manner unto the ſaid ducheſſe of Richmond and Lenox and ſir Francis Crane, their executors adminiſtrators and aſſignes, and their and every of their deputies, factors and ſervants, in the due execution of theſe our letters patents, upon payne of our high

high diſpleaſure, and ſuch paynes, puniſhments and impriſonments as by the lawes and ſtatutes of this our realme of England and Ireland, or by our prerogative royall, may or can be inflicted uppon them for their contempts in this behalfe:

And our further will and pleaſure is, and wee doe hereby declare our intent and meaning to be, that all the farthing tokens of copper heretofore made, by vertue of the ſaid letters patents of our ſaid deare father, ſhall ſtill paſſe and be yſſued amongſt our loveing ſubjects, within our ſaid realmes of England and Ireland and domynion of Wales, for the value of farthings in ſuch manner and forme as the ſame dureing the force of the ſaid letters patents did paſſe and were yſſued, notwithſtanding the ſurrender and determination of the ſaid letters patents, under ſuch priviledges, powers, proviſions, cautions, forfeitures, puniſhments and reſtraints, as before in theſe preſents wee have limitted and appointed for ſuch farthen tokens hereafter to be made and iſſued by vertue of theſe preſents.

Although expreſſe mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelfe att Weſtminſter, the eleventh day of July.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

Pro Franciſco Crane.

REX, viceſimo primo die Julii, conceſſit Franciſco Crane militi officium cancellarii ordinis garterii infra caſtrum de Windſor in comitatu Berks, unà cum cuſtodiâ ſigillorum ejuſdem ordinis durante vita.

P. S.

A Grant of the Office of Maſter-Maſon and Architect *.

CHARLES, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 675. See vol. iii. of this work, p. 164.

To

To all whome theſe preſents ſhall come, greeting.

Knowe yee that wee, of our eſpeciall grace, certeine knowledge and meere motion, and for divers other good cauſes and conſiderations us at this preſent moveing, have given and graunted, and, by theſe preſents, for us our heirs and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunte to our truſty and welbeloved ſervaunt Nicholas Stone the office and place of our maſter maſon and architeckt for all our buildings and reparations within our honour and caſtle of Windſor, and him the ſaid Nicholas Stone our ſaid maſter maſon and architeckt for all our ſaid buildings and reparations within our honour and caſtle of Windſor aforeſaid, wee doe make, ordaine, conſtitute and appointe by theſe preſents,

To have hold execute and enjoy the ſaid office and place of our maſter maſon and architeckt for all our buildings and reparations within our honour and caſtle of Windſor aforeſaid, to the ſaid Nicholas Stone, by himſelfe, or his ſufficient deputy and deputies, for and dureing the terme of his naturall life;

And further, of our more ample grace, certeine knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and by theſe preſents, for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, wee doe give and graunt to the ſaid Nicholas Stone for the exeçuteing of the ſeid office and place, the wages and fee of twelve pence of lawfull money of England by the day, in as large and ample manner as William Suthis, or any other perſon or perſons heretofore, having executed and enjoyed the ſaid office and place, hath, had or ought to have had and enjoyed; to have and yearely to receive the ſaid wages and fee of twelve pence by the daye, to the ſaid Nicholas Stone and his aſſignes, from the daye of the date of theſe preſents, for and dureing the naturall life of him the ſaid Nicholas Stone, out of the treaſure of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, by the hands of the treaſorer and chamberlaines of us, our heires and ſucceſſors there for the time being, at the fower uſuall feaſts or termes of the yeare, that is to ſay, at the feaſts of the nativitie of Saint John Baptiſt, Saint Michael the Archangell, the birth of our Lord God, and the annuntiation of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary, by even and equall portions yearlie to be paid, together with all other profitts, commodities and allowances to the ſame office and place due, incident, or in anie wiſe appertayneing, in as lardge and ample manner as the ſaid William Suthis or any other perſon or perſons heretofore haveing executed and enjoyed the ſaid office hath had, or ought to have had and enjoyed.

Although expreſſe mention, &c.

In witneſſe whereof, &c.

Witneſſe our ſelfe at Weſtminſter, the one and twentieth daye of Aprill.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

Pro Nicholao Stone.

THE king, the twenty-firſt day of Aprill, granteth to Nicholas Stone the office and place of maſter maſon of all the king's buildings and reparations within the honor and caſtle of Windſor during his life. P. S.

De conceſſione officii Abrahamo Vanderdoort.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To all to whome, &c. greeting.

Whereas our welbeloved Abraham Vanderdoort eſquire hath, by many chardgeable tryalls and long practice, attayned to the art, miſtery, ſcience and ſkill of imboſſing and making of medales, great or ſmale, moulded or preſſed, or in any other manner in gould, ſilver or braſſe, which the former emperors and monarches of the world have heretofore beene wont to leave as monuments of antiquitie to their poſterities, and are nowe alſoe growne in uſe amongſt many of the princes of Chriſtendome:

Knowe yee therefore that wee, being willing to appropriate to our ſelfe the ſervice and imployment of the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort in that arte, miſtery, ſcience and profeſſion, have of our eſpeciall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, given and graunted, and by theſe preſents, for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunt unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort, the office or place of maiſter imboſſer and maker of the medales of us, our heires and ſucceſſors of all ſizes and quantities to be wrought in gould, ſilver or braſſe, moulded or preſſed, or in other matter whatſoever: and to have the overſeeing and keeping of the ſame, for the ſervice of us, our heires and ſucceſſors;

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 73. See vol. iii. p. 184 of this work.

and him the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort wee doe by theſe preſents, for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, conſtitute, appointe and ordaine to be the maiſter imboſſer and maker of the medales of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, of all ſizes and quantities to be wrought in gould, ſilver or braſſe, moulded or preſſed, or in other manner whatſoever, and to have the overſeeing and keeping of the ſame, for the ſervice of us, our heires and ſucceſſors;

To have, hould, occupie and enjoy the ſaid office or place unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort and his aſſignes, for and dureing the natural life of him the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoorte.

And further, of our eſpeciall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and by theis preſents for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunte unto the ſaide Abraham Vanderdoorte, for the exerciſeing of the ſaide office or place, the yearlie fee and allowance of fortie poundes of lawfull money of England by the yeare, to have, hould, receive and enjoy the ſaid fee and allowance of fortie poundes by the yeare to the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoorte, out of the treaſure of us our heires and ſucceſſors, at the receipte of the exchequer of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, by the hands of the treaſorer and chamberlaynes of us, our heires and ſucceſſors there for the tyme being, at the fower uſual feaſts of the yeare, that is to ſaye, at the feaſte of the nativitie of Sainte John Baptiſte, Sainte Michaell the Archangell, the birth of our Lord and the annuntiation of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, by even portions to be paied; the firſte payment thereof to begin at the feaſte of Sainte John Baptiſte next comeing after the date hereof, together with all and all manner of other fees, profitts, advantages, rightes, liberties, commodities and emoluments whatſoever to the ſaid office or place belonging or of right apperteyning, or which hereafter may any way be due, belong or apperteyne; wherefore our will and pleaſure is, and wee doe, by theſe preſents, for us our heires and ſucceſſors command and authorize the ſaid treaſorer, chancellor, undertreaſorer and barons of the ſaid exchequer for the time being, and all other the officers and miniſters of the ſaid court, and of the receyte there for the tyme being, that they and every of them, to whom itt doeth or ſhall apperteyne, doe not onelye upon ſighte of theis our lettres patents or the inrollment of them, from tyme to tyme, paie and deliver, or cauſe to be paid and delivered unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoorte and his aſſignes the ſaid yearly fee and allowance of fortie poundes as the ſame ſhall growe due, but doe alſoe give

allowance thereof according to the true intent and meaning of theſe preſents; and theis our lettres patents or the inrollment thereof, ſhall be yearlie and from tyme to tyme, aſwell to the ſaid treaſorer and chamberlaines of our ſaid exchequer, as to all other the officers and miniſters of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, to whome it ſhall apperteyne, a ſufficient warrant and diſchardge in this behalf:

Although expreſſe mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelfe att Weſtmynſter, the fourteenth day of May.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

* *De conceſſione ad vitam Abrahamo Vanderdoort.*

CHARLES by the grace of God, &c. To all whome, &c. greeting.

Whereas wee have appointed our ſervaunt Abraham Vanderdoort eſquire to overſee and take care of all our pictures which are at Whitehall and other our houſes of reſort, to prevent and keepe them (ſo much as in him lyeth) from being ſpoiled or defaced, to order, marke and number them, and to keepe a regiſter of them, to receive and deliver them, and likewiſe to take order for the makeing and coppying of pictures as wee or the lord chamberlaine of our houſhold ſhall directe; and to this end are pleaſed that hee ſhall have acceſſe at convenient times into our galleries, chambers and other roomes where our pictures are;

Knowe yee that wee, in conſideration of the good and acceptable ſervice done and to be done unto us by our ſaid ſervaunt Abraham Vanderdoort in manner as aforeſaid, of our eſpeciall grace, certeyne knowledge, and meere motion, have given and graunted, and by theis preſents for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunt unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort the office or place of overſeer of all the pictures of us, our heires and ſucceſſors; and him the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort wee doe by theſe preſents, for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, conſtitute, ordayne, and appointe to be the overſeer of all the pictures of us our heires and ſucceſſors, to have, hold, occupy and

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 100. See vol. iii. p. 184 of this work.

enjoy

enjoy the ſaid office or place unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort and his aſſignes, for and dureing the naturall life of him the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort.

And further, of our eſpeciall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and by theis preſents for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, doe give and graunt unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort, for the exerciſeing of the ſaid office or place, the yearlie fee or allowance of fortie pounds of lawfull money of England by the yeare, to have, hold, receive and enjoy the ſaid fee and allowance of fortie pounds by the yeare unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort and his aſſignes, for and dureing the naturall life of the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoort, out of the treaſure of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, out of the receipte of the exchequer of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, by the hands of the treaſorer and chamberlaynes of us, our heires and ſucceſſors there for the tyme being, at the fower uſuall feaſts of the yeare, that is to ſaye, at the feaſtes of the nativitye of Sainte John Baptiſte, Sainte Michaell the Archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annunciation of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, by even portions to be payde; the firſte paymente to begin at the feaſt of the nativitie of St. John Baptiſte nexte comeing after the date hereof:

Wherefore our will and pleaſure is, and wee doe by theis preſents for us, our heires and ſucceſſors, commaunde and authorize the ſaid treaſorer, chauncellor, undertreaſorer and barons of the ſaid exchequer for the tyme being, that they and everie of them, to whome it doeth or ſhall apperteyne, doe not only uppon ſight of theis our lettres patents, or the inrollment of them, from tyme to tyme, paye and deliver, or cauſe to be payde and delivered unto the ſaid Abraham Vanderdoorte and his aſſignes the ſaid yerely fee and allowance of fortie poundes, as the ſame ſhall growe due, but doe alſoe give full allowance thereof according to the true intent and meaning of theis preſents; and theis our lettres patents, or the inrollment thereof, ſhal be yerely and from tyme to tyme, aſwell to the ſaid treaſorer and chamberlaynes of our ſaid exchequer, as to all other the officers and miniſters of us, our heires and ſucceſſors, to whome it ſhall or may apperteyne, a ſufficient warrant and diſcharge in this behalfe;

Although expreſſe mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelf at Weſtmynſter the thirtith day of May.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

De

De warranto ſpeciali pro Georgio Duci Buckingham et aliis *.

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To our right truſty and right entirely beloved coſen and councellor

George duke of Buckingham our high admirall of England,

To our right truſty and right welbeloved coſen and councellor
Henry earle of Holland,

To our right truſty and right welbeloved councellor
Edward lord Conwey one of our principall ſecretaries of ſtate,

And to our truſty and right welbeloved
Spencer lord Compton,

And
To our truſty and welbeloved ſervants
Sir Henry Mildmay knight, maſter of our jewell-houſe,

And
Endymion Porter one of the groomes of our bedchamber, and to all other our officers, miniſters and loveing ſubjects whom ytt may any way concerne, greetinge.

Whereas wee have lately ymployed the ſaid duke of Buckingham and earle of Holland as our ambaſſadors extraordinary to the States of the United Provinces, and for our ſpeciall ſervice have commaunded the ſaid lord Compton to deliver into the hands of the ſaid lord Conwey the ſeverall jewells, hereafter particularly mentioned, being att that tyme in his cuſtody (that is to ſay)

A great riche jewell of goulde, called The Mirror of Greate Brittaine, haveing twoe faire table dyamonds, twoe other large dyamonds cutt lozen wiſe, garniſhed with ſmall dyamonds and a pendant of a faire dyamond cutt in faucetts without foyle:

A faire jewell in faſhion like a fether of goulde, having in the middeſt one greate dyamond and thirty other dyamonds of ſeverall bignes, and five ſmall dyamonds in a croſſe:

A faire flower of goulde with three greate ballaſſes in the middeſt, a greate

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 236.

poynted

poynted dyamond and three great pearles fixte with a faire pearle pendant, called The Brethren:

A greate poynted dyamond with the collett taken from a coller of goulde, wherein yet remaines eighte greate rocke rubies and twenty greate pearles ſett in twoes, with a long pearle pendant:

A broken coller of goulde of thirty peeces, whereof fifteen are roſes and fifteen crowned cyphers of the late kinge and queens names, wherein are nowe remaining eleaven poynted dyamonds and nyne table dyamonds:

A jewell of goulde of the letter *I**, haveing one longe fayre table dyamond and twoe leſſer ſquare table triangled dyamonds, and a roſe dyamond, and a greate ovall pearle pendant:

The greate coller of ballaſt rubies, conteyninge twenty peeces of gould, whereof ten are ſett with greate ballas rubies, and tenne with ſixteene round pearles in eiche peece:

One greate ſaphire cutt in foſſetts, one pendant ſaphire cutt in foſſetts, one ballaſt ruby with a longe pearle pendant, one ballaſt ruby without foyle in a collett of goulde enamelled:

A greate amatiſt in a collett of goulde:

All which jewells the ſaide lord Compton according to our commaundment did deliver unto the ſaide lord Conwey and the ſaide lord Conwey by our commaundment did deliver them uppon or neare aboute the eighte day of November nowe laſt paſt unto the ſaid Endymion Porter to be carried beyond the ſeas into Holland, and there to bee delivered unto the ſaide duke of Buckingham and earle of Holland by them twoe to be diſpoſed of as wee have ſpecially directed them for our ſervice.

And whereas the ſaide ſir Henry Mildmay the maſter of our jewell houſe, by our like eſpeciall commaundment uppon or aboute the ſixe and twentieth day of October nowe laſt paſt, did deliver out of his cuſtody and charge unto the ſaide duke and earle, or theire ſervaunts for them, theis ſeverall parcells of riche plate and jewells hereafter particulerly mentioned in theis preſents,

That is to ſaie,

* Probably for K. James.

Inprimis,

Inprimis, one baſon of goulde; in the bottome there are ſett two fayre dyamonds, twoe fayre rubies, twoe emeraulds, and ſeaventeene faire pearles, and the brymme of the ſame garniſhed with fower faire dyamonds, fower faire rubies, fower faire emeraulds, and forty eighte cluſters of pearles, there beinge fower faire pearles in every cluſter; of the waighte of one hundred and thirteen ounces.

Item, one very faire layer of mother of perle, being a ſhell crazed in ſundry places and ſimited againe, garniſhed with goulde, the foot thereof cutt eighte ſquare, in the lower parte whereof is one dyamond without a foyle, fower rocke rubies, twoe fayre emraulds, and one ſaphire, and uppon the upper parte of the ſame ſquare is one very faire dyamond without foyle, one faire rocke ruby, and twoe faire emraulds, the ſhanke thereof garniſhed with twoe very faire rubies, two very faire emraulds, and three very faire pearles pendant, the body thereof garniſhed with twoe very faire rubies, two faire emraulds, two faire dyamonds and ſix pearles, the handle being an antique man of goulde garniſhed with ſixe rubies, one emerauld, one ſaphire, and one pearle pendant, layinge his one hand uppon a goodly ballace, and the other hand uppon a goodly ruby, and from the body to the ſame ſhell, garniſhed with twoe dyamonds, fower rubies and twoe very faire rubies, with twoe pearles pendant in twoe womens hands, houldinge betweene the other twoe hands a goodly ballace like a harte, the garniture of the ſame ſhell above the brymme and ſpoute downwards to the body with five dyamonds, two of them being greate, ſeaven rubies, fower emraulds, one emrauld pendant, one blewe ſaphire, and three pearles pendant, with two ſeverall pearles ſett, and a longe pearle ſett in the topp over the ſaide harte of ballace—weighinge one hundred and threeſcore ounces:

Item, one baſon and layer of goulde, the baſon enamelled about the buſhell and brymme, and the layer ſutable, haveing forty eighte ſmall dyamonds in the baſon, and thirtie three ſmall dyamonds, thirtie rubies, and twelve greate ſaphires in the layer—weighing two hundred and twoe ounces:

Item, a baſon and ewer of goulde, ſett with dyamonds rubies and emraulds, and one greate ballace ruby in the middeſt of the ewer, the armes of Denmarke in the baſon with Anna Regina—weighing one hundred threeſcore five ounces and a halfe:

Item, a faire boll of goulde, with a cover garniſhed with dyamonds rubies

and emraulds, in the topp a wilde man with a ruby pendent in his hand, and Anna Regina within the cover, weighing fifty one ounces and halfe a quarter:

Item, a ſtanding cupp of gould, with a cover garniſhed with dyamonds rubies and emraulds all perfecte, having the armes of Denmarke within the cover, weighing fiftie ounces ſcante:

Item, one cupp of goulde, with a cover graven on the body, with an alter and an inſcription over itt (nil niſi vota), and the ſimilitude of a temple graven with a peramides on the topp of the cover, and a harniſed man on the topp thereof holding an antique ſhield in his left hand; weighing two hundred ounces and a halfe:

Item, one baſon and layer of goulde plaine, weighing one hundred fower-ſcore and ſixteene ounces:

Item, a paire of faire bolls and covers of goulde raiſed with talbotts on the ſides, weighing one hundred and twentie ounces:

Item, a faire ſtanding cupp of gould, garniſhed about the cover with eleaven dyamonds, and two poynted dyamonds about the cupp, ſeaventeene table dyamonds and one perle pendent uppon the cupp, with theis words *bound to obey and ſerve*, and *H.* and *I.* knitt togeather; in the topp of the cover the queens armes, and queene Janes armes houlden by twoe boyes under a crowne imperiall; weighing threeſcore and five ounces and a halfe:

Item, a cupp of goulde with a cover garniſhed with redd roſes and full ſett, and garniſhed with courſe ballaces or rubies and ſaphires, and one and twentie troches of perles, three pearles in every troche, weighing fiftie ſixe ounces ſcante:

Item, a highe ſalt of gould in the forme of a ſhippe, with a ſtrikeing clocke in the cover garniſhed with dyamonds, rubies, ſaphires, emraulds, jacints, amatiſts, ballaces and perles; weighing one hundred threeſcore twoe ounces and a halfe:

Item, one ſalte of goulde, called *the Morris Daunce*, haveing the foote garniſhed with ſixe greate ſaphires and fifteene courſe dyamonds, thirtie ſeaven courſe rubies, fortie twoe ſmall garniſhing perles, haveing uppon the ſhanke three great courſe ſaphires and three great courſe perles, uppon the border about the ſhanke twelve courſe dyamonds, eighteene courſe rubies, and fiftie twoe

garniſhing perles, and ſtandinge about that five morris dauncers and a taberer, haveing amongeſt the morris dauncers and taberer thirteene ſmall garniſhinge perles and one ruby, the lady houlding the ſalte haveing uppon her garment from her foote to her face fiftye garniſhing perles and eighteene courſe rubies, the foote of the ſame ſalte haveing fower courſe rubies and fower courſe dyamonds, the border about the middle of the ſame ſalte haveing fower courſe dyamonds, ſeaven rubies and eighte perles, and uppon the top of the ſaid ſaulte fower dyamonds, fower rubies and three greate perles, haveing uppon the tyre of her head tenn courſe rubies, twelve courſe dyamonds and twentie nyne courſe garniſhinge perles; weighing one hundred fifty one ounces and a halfe and halfe a quarter:

Item, one cupp of goulde called *the Dreame of Paris*, haveing uppon the cover thereof the image of Paris, Jupiter, Venus, Pallas and Juno, and Paris horſe uppon the cover, garniſhed with eighteene dyamonds greate and ſmall, and in the five borders of the ſame cover thirtie twoe greate rubies, Jupiter garniſhed with tenn ſmall rubies, and Paris helmett garniſhed with twoe ſmall rubies, Venus and Pallas, either of them haveing one ſmall rubie uppon their breſt, Juno wanting her chaplett, the horſe of Paris haveing eighte ſmall rubies, alſoe uppon the five borders of the ſame fortie one great perles, Jupiter haveing his garment garniſhed with thirtie two ſmall perles, Paris haveing one ſmall perle uppon the topp of his cap, Venus having twoe perles hanging downe from her chaplett, Juno haveing uppon her chaplett hanging downe twoe ſmall perles, and uppon her buttocks twoe ſmall perles, the horſe garniſhed with twenty ſeaven perles great and ſmall, the cupp haveing upon the foote and ſhanke twentie ſixe rubies greate and ſmall, tenne dyamonds of divers ſorts, fower ſaphires, and thirty eighte perles greate and ſmall; weighing one hundred twenty and one ounces:

Item, a trencher ſalte of goulde in forme of a caſtle, garniſhed with dyamonds, rubies, emraulds and perles; weighing one and twentye ounces and a quarter:

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing thirtie ounces:

Item, one cupp of goulde the cover and foote enamelled with eighte courſe dyamonds, fower on the cover, and fower leſſer on the foote, and in the topp of

of the cover a faire pointed emraulde and another knobb of goulde enamel'd like the emraulde ; weighing twentie eighte ounces and a quarter :

Item, one high ſalte of goulde with a cover of goulde, in the cover twelve ballace rubies, nine ſaphires, three dyamonds, and on the topp a woman haveing a roſe dyamond in one hand, and in the other an arrowe with a dyamond at the end garniſhed with perles fixed and pendant, wanting ſixe perles, nynteene ſmall dyamonds in the coronett, the cover weighing threeſcore ounces ; the ſalte ſett with forty five ballace rubies, thirtie ſixe ſaphires, ſeaven ſmall dyamonds, and garniſhed with perles fixed and pendant, wanting divers perles, weighing twoe hundred thirtie fower ounces ſcante ; weighing in toto twoe hundred fowerſcore ſixe ounces and a quarter :

Item, one cupp of goulde, the cover and foote enamelled with eighte courſe dyamonds, fower on the cover, and fower leſſer on the foote, and in the topp of the cover a faire pointed emrauld, and another knobb of gould enamelled like an emrauld ; weighing twentie eight ounces and a quarter :

Item, one cupp, the boll thereof aggett ovall faſhion, called *the Conſtables Cupp*, with an aggett in the foote, all garniſhed with gould enamelled, ſett with rubies and dyamonds, with a cover of goulde likewiſe enamelled and garniſhed with rubies and dyamonds, ſet about with fower antique heads of aggetts, in the inſide one aggett cutt with twoe faces garniſhed with dyamonds ; weighing fiftie ſeaven ounces three quarters :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde with dropps and a branch of flowers in the topp enamelled like dayſeys, weighing thirtie ſixe ounces :

Item, one layer of goulde chaſed with longe dropps, the ſpoute betweene a ſerpente garniſhed with rubies, perles and flowers enamelled with white and redd, wanting a ruby in the topp of the cover ; weighing fortie ounces ſcante :

Item, eighte great diſhes of goulde with armes, weighing one hundred fowerſcore fower ounces and a quarter :

Item, ſixe trencher plates of goulde with armes, weighing threeſcore and fowerteene ounces one quarter and halfe a quarter :

Item, twelve fruite diſhes of gould with the armes of Denmarke, weighing one hundred and fowerſcore five ounces and a quarter.

Item, a poſnett of goulde with a cover, weighing twentie ounces and a quarter ſcante :

Item, a boll and cover of goulde with roſes and crownes, and a crowne with a croſſe on the topp of the cover, weighing threeſcore nyne ounces and halfe a quarter :

Item, one paire of goulde cupps with covers, haveinge blewe ſnake rings in the topp of theire covers, weighing thirtie ounces and a halfe :

Item, twoe trencher plates of goulde ſtandinge uppon pillers, weighing one hundred and tenne ounces one quarter and a halfe :

Item, one porringer and cover of goulde, weighing twenty ſeaven ounces three quarters and a halfe :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing thirtie one ounces and halfe a quarter :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing twentie five ounces one quarter and a halfe :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing twentie three ounces three quarters and a halfe :

Item, a coller of goulde, conteining ſeaventeene roſes and ſeaventeene knotts, weighing twenty nyne ounces and three quarters :

Item, a baſon and ewer of goulde oxall faſhion, weighing threeſcore eleaven ounces and a halfe :

Item, a gridiron of goulde, weighing twentie twoe ounces a quarter and a halfe :

Item, a cupp of aggott, with a cover garniſhed with gould and full of emraulds, turqueſſes, dyamonds, roſes of dyamonds, rubies and perles, with a ſaphire on the topp, with a boy houldinge a ſpeare ; weighinge fiftie three ounces and halfe a quarter :

Item, a lookinge glaſſe ſett in goulde, garniſhed on the one ſide with twoe ſaphires, fower rubies and one emraulde, and on the other ſide with fower ſaphires and fower rubies, the ſteele of aggott, twoe little boyes, one of them houldinge

houldinge a perle and five perles hanginge: on the other parte of the body is a man on horſebacke, the body beinge a clocke within a chriſtall garniſhed with fower dyamonds and fiftie five rubies, with fower antique boyes enammelled white, twoe of them bearinge in either hand a perle; and the other twoe, the one haveinge twoe perles and the other hath one perle in theire handes, wantinge fower perles in the ſaide antique boys; the baſe or foote ſtandinge uppon fower rounde chriſtalls garniſhed with tenne rubies, and fower naked women of goulde ſtanding att every corner one, and a man in the topp, beinge naked; weighing fowerſcore and ſeaventeene ounces three quarters and a halfe:

Item, one plate of goulde, graven on the one ſide with aſtronomy, and on the other ſide with a ſhippe, called the *Tryumphe*, with a caſe of murrey velvet, weighinge threeſcore and thirteen ounces:

Item, one layer, the foote body and handle of aggott, the body craſed, garniſhed with gould and ſett with dyamonds, rubies and amathiſts, one emraulde and one ſaphire, the foote having a border of ſmall rubies rounde aboute itt; weighing twentie eighte ounces and halfe a quarter:

Item, a cupp of aggott with a cover of goulde like a tent, haveinge a morris daunce in the cover, ſett with twentie ſaphires, nine ſmall dyamonds, and ſeaventeene ballace rubies, garniſhed with perles fixed, and perles and beads of gould pendant; weighinge threeſcore and eighte ounces:

All which jewells and plate have beene received by the ſaid duke and erle, to be diſpoſed of by them for our eſpeciall ſervice according as wee have given unto them private directions:

Nowe foraſmuch as the ſaide jewells and plate are of greate value, and many of them have longe contynued as itt were in a continuall diſcent for many years togeather with the crowne of England, and therefore it may not bee ſafe for the ſaide lord Compton, lord Conwey, ſir Henry Mildmay and Endymion Porter, or any of them, to deliver them out of their ſeverall charges, nor for the ſaid duke and erle to receive the ſame and tranſporte the ſame beyonde the ſeas, and there to diſpoſe them without ſpeciall warrant from us for the doeinge thereof, which in tyme to come mighte bee perrillous unto them, unleſs wee ſhoulde by ſome publique inſtrument declare that all this was done by our eſpeciall commaundment and for our eſpeciall ſervice:

Knowe

Knowe all men therefore that wee, for many weighty and important reaſons and cauſes, much concerning us our honour and ſtate, have authoriſed and commaunded the ſaide lord Compton, lord Conwey and ſir Henry Mildmay and Endymion Porter, to deliver theis ſeverall jewells and plate, before ſeverally mentioned, in manner as aforeſaide, unto the ſaide duke and erle or ſuch of their ſervants as they ſhoulde appointe to keepe the ſame;

And that wee did likewiſe authoriſe and commaunde the ſaid duke and erle to order and diſpoſe of the ſaid jewells and plate to ſuch purpoſes, and in ſuch manner as wee our ſelfe have in private to them particulerly directed; and wee doe by theis preſents declare and avowe the ſame, and that nothinge therein is done but by our owne ymmediate commaunde and for our owne ymmediate ſervice; and our will and pleaſure is, and wee doe by theis preſents, for us our heires and ſucceſſors, graunte that they the ſaide duke of Buckingham, erle of Holland, lord Conwey, lord Compton, ſir Henry Mildmay, and Endymion Porter, and every of them, theire heires, executors and adminiſtrators, and theire and everie of theire landes, goods and chattells, bee for ever freed as againſt us our heires and ſucceſſors for the doeinge and performeing of our will and pleaſure touchinge the premiſſes, and that they and every of them be onely accomptable to us in our owne perſon for the diſpoſeing of the ſaide jewells and plate, and to none other nor in any other manner;

And theis preſents, or the inrollment thereof, ſhal be unto them and every of them, and to all our officers and myniſters whom yt may any way concerne, a full and ſufficient warrant and diſcharge in that behalfe.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelfe att Hampton Courte the ſeaventh day of December.

Per ipſum Regem.

A Monſieur le Compte d'Hollande.

MONSEIGNEUR,

MONS. L'Abé de Scaglia m'a commendé de vous faire ceſte deſpeſche pour la neceſſité qu'il y a que les affaires ſoient advancées et pouſſées, comme il diſt,

diſt, dens le grand chemain. Il y a un mois que j'ay envoyé une deſpeſche a Monſ. le Duc pour rendre compte de ce qu'il m'avoiſt enchargé et de ce que Monſ. de Scaglia avoiſt a dire, la dicte deſpeſche eſtant arivée trois jours appres le deſpart de Monſeigneur le Duc; ſa Maj. a pleu la lire et m'honnorer de ces commends par une lettre que Monſ. de Montagu m'a apportée du ſecretaire Canvué. En ma precedente lettre j'ay faict recitt de ce que ce pouvoiſt apprendre iſſi des plus fraiches nouvelles de France, et de ce que Monſ. l'Abé de Scaglia avoit appris a Bruſſelles, eſtant le ſommaire d'une tres remarquable diſpoſition qu' avoiſt l'Infante et le marquis Spignola a un accomodement, luy aiant demandé s'ils ſe pouvoient aſſeurer que l'Engleterre leur donneroiſt bien deux mois de temps, pour reçeveoir les ordres requis d'Eſpagne. Or eſt il qu'en ſuitte de la derniere lettre de Rubens, par la quelle il deſiroiſt un entreveue de luy et de moye en Hollande, ie luy procuray un paſſeport du prince d'Oranges. Il ce tranſporta de Bruſſelles a Breda, d'ou il meſcript qu'il avoiſt ordre de ces maiſtres de ne paſſer plus oultre que Zenenberghen, plaſſe neutre, et ou autrefois ceux qui firent les premieres ouvertures de la France ſentrevoioient, m'aſſeurant par ſa lettre qu'il me feroiſt veoir clairement que ceſte punctualité eſtoiſt fondée ſur des raiſons juſtes, equitables et tendantes a l'advancement de l'affaire: mais aiant en ſinguliere recommendation d'acompagner les ordres que Monſ. le Duc m'a données, avecq les ſircumſtanſſes requiſes a la reputation de ſa Maj. ie montray la lettre a Monſ. Carleton, et luy dis que ie neſtois nullement d'avis de bouger de la Haye ou des environs, et fis reſponſe au dict S^r. Rubens que ie luy avois envoyé un paſſeport a ſa requiſition, en vertu duquel il pouvoiſt ſans auqune difficulté ce tranſporter luy et ſes valets, en telle plaſſe de la Hollande qu'il luy plaiſait; que s'il faiſoit difficulté de venir a la Haye, ie lirois trouver a Delf, ou Rotterdam, comme appert par les copies des lettres iſſi encloſſes. Il me fiſt reſponſe, et ſçaveoir quil partoit promtement pour Bruſſelles pour reçeveoir aultres ordres, eſtant tres ſenſible de quelque ombrage que ie pourois prendre, comme appert par ceſt lettre incluſe quil eſcript a Monſ. l'Abé de Scaglia, proteſtant que ceſte reſolution avoiſt eſté priſe pour le bien de l'affaire, ce qu'il m'euſt tres particulierement faict entendre. Quelque jours appres il arriva a Delf, qui eſtoiſt le $\frac{11}{21}$ du mois de Juillet, où il m'a repreſenté que ſi Don Diego Meſſias, qui eſt encore a Paris, n'euſt tardé ſi long temps, il n'euſt pas deſiré de me veoir avant ſon arrivée; parce que l'Infante, attendant par luy tout ordre, ne ſçavoit que dire: mais craignant que l'Engleterre prinſt quelque ombrage de la longeur d'Eſpagne, elle lavoiſt envoyé pour m'aſſeurer de ſon integrité, de ſon

zelle, et ſincere intention. En un mot, pour faire cognoiſtre que les ordres euſſent eſtes pluſtoſt envoyés ſi l'Eſpagne n'euſt pris c'eſte reſolution d'envoyer Don Diego Meſſia, lequel, a ce quil diſt, a faict telle diligence qu'il eſt party le lendemain de ces fiançailles; le dict Don Diego aiant auſſi tardé plus long temps par les chemains pour raiſon d'une fievure tierce laquelle le tient encore a Paris. La ſeconde raiſon pourquoy ils avoyent envoyé le S^r. Rubens eſtoiſt, pour entendre ſi l'on avoiſt advancé pour procurer a la concurence des eſtats, et ſi l'on avoiſt meditté ſur les expedients neceſſaires, pour facilliter les affaires, ou les plus grandes difficultes et obſtacles ce rencontreroient en celles de Hollande. Que l'Eſpagne avoiſt eſcript en ces termes: Vous continuerez de traitter avec Gerbier juſques a ce que Don Diego vienne, non ſeulement d'un acomodement entre l'Eſpagne et l'Engleterre, mais auſſi pour l'Aleſmagne et l'Hollande. Que l'Empereur meſme avoiſt eſcript tres exactement a l'Infante, que, ſi auqun traitté paſſoit par ces mains, quil feroiſt tres contant que les affaires d'Aleſmagne s'acommodaſſent, et qu'il teſmoigneroiſt d'eſtre un prince Chreſtien. Le dict Rubens faiſant des grandes inſtances pour ſcaveoir a quel expediants l'on avoiſt penſez; je luy fis reſponſſe que par l'eſcript qu' avoiſt eſté envoyé le 9. de Mars, pour reſponſſe de ceux que j'avois apportée de la part de l'Infante, la balle (comme dire) eſtoiſt miſe a leur pietz, que c'eſtoiſt a eux de parler, que le temps ne permet pas puis que nous ne voions encore aultre certittude de leur part que parolles, de faire auqune ouverture; que bien eſtoiſt vray que Monſ. Carleton ſe devoiſt diſpoſer a faire tout debvoir, mais qu'il neſtoiſt poſſible d'avancer l'affaire ſans que de la part d'Eſpagne l'on ne viſt des teſmoignages eficatieux ſur quoy il me dict que la ſereniſſime Infante ſçavoit bien quil ne ſe pouvoiſt rien faire ſans les ordres requis et ſi long temps attendus; mais que ſon voiage, tendant a nous aſſeurer de la bonne intention, et nous leuer de toutte doubte, feroiſt acompagné de quelque advancement ſi, en attendant la venue de Don Diego Meſſias, il ce pouvoiſt trouver quelques expediants pour donner lumiere a l'acheminement du traitté, et quainſſi il retourneroit avecque quelque fruict. Je luy dis que pour coreſpondre aus aſſeurances qu'il apportoiſt de la bonne intention de l'Infante—que ie le pouvois aſſeurer de celle de ſa Maj. Et puis qu'il avoiſt maintenant licence de ce promener par les villes de Hollande, que j'avrois loiſir de veoir monſ. Carleton lequel pouroiſt dire ſon ſentiment ſur quelques expedians; de la part duquel ie luy ay dict a ſon deſpart, qu'il ſeſvertuera tant que ſera poſſible, a meditter ſur les expediants neceſſaires; et quen attendant qu'il avoiſt penſé a deux, eſtant toutesfois dict par maniere de diſcours,

ſçaveoir ſi pour l'Electorat il ſe pouvoiſt adjouſter uné voix davantage au colege, et que le ſurvivant des deux ſuccederoiſt; le ſecond, que dens lacommodement, affin d'intereſſer le prince, ſe rendaſſe la ville de Breda. Quand aux plus difficiles comme ſe qui regarde ce mot de p'ays libre, et leſtroitte confederation ratifiée il y a deux ans, qu'il eſperoiſt de trouver jour, eſtant ſon intention de la propoſer au roy a mon retour, lors que le dict S^r. Rubens feroiſt veoir ce que Don Diego Meſſias apporteroiſt. Il a promis qu'il feroiſt toutte diligence, et ſur ce ay eſté obligé d'attendre de ces premieres nouvelles, par advis de monſ. Carleton. J'ay faict entendre au dict Rub. la ligue que le roy de France pretend de faire avecq les princes catholiques d'Aleſmagne. L'argent quelle a promis de fournir aux eſtats ſur les premieres nouvelles quelle aura que l'armes des eſtats aura aſſiegée quelque plaſſe, de ſortte que monſ. Rubens avecq pluſieurs aultres diſcours qu'avons eu enſemble ſur la raiſon d'eſtaſt que le roy d'Eſpagne devroit pluſtoſt aveoir de ſouffeir un prince de la reliſion en Aleſmagne, ſen eſt allé avecq la puce a l'oreille, eſperant a la venue de Don Diego Meſſias, comme a un Meſſie. Les proteſtations qu'ils font, et la neceſſite qui les ſemble preſſer, donne de l'aparence, ſi ce neſt que l'Eſpagne trompe meſme l'Infante; ce que ce cognoiſtra bien toſt, car Rubens a promis que s'il s'apercevoit de telle choſe il en adverteroiſt promptement.

J'avois faict mention en ma premiere lettre, que l'on pouvoiſt aiſement remarquer que pluſieurs de ce pa'ys panchoient du coſté de la France, et que la plus grand part avoyent une tres grande aprehention de ceſte rupture entre la France et l'Engleterre. Je m'eſtois adviſe denploier mon temps a faire quelque recoevil des meſmoires que j'ay des affaires paſſées; et le communiquant avec monſ. l'abé de Scaglia, il a adioutté ce qu'il a creu eſtre convenable et utille, l'aiant reduit en uné faſſon de lunettes d'Hollande pour faire veoir la veritté et la forme des affaires. Je luy eſcript en langue Françoiſe pour la traduire appres en Flamang avecq intention de le deſtribuer par eſcript parmy ceux qui ont le plus de pouvoir et de ſentiment en ce pa'ys, ſi telle eſtoiſt la volonte de ſa Maj. c'eſt pourquoy ie l'envoye ici jointe, vous ſuppliant den dire voſtre ſentiment.

L'ambaſſ. de Savoye m'a dict que les deſputés des eſtats ont eſtes inviſtez et porttez eſcripre en France, touchant l'intereſt qu'ils ont de la mauvaiſe inteligence de ces deux couronnes. Que pourtant ils prient ſa Maj. doublier

les offences receves et de vouloir ſuſpendre les actes d'hoſtillité contre l'Engleterre, repreſentant particulierement que ce deſordre portte la ruinne de ceſt eſtats. Laquelle lettre a eſté faictte par l'artifice du cardinal de Richelieu pour la faire imprimer a Paris, affin que ceux de la reliſion de France voient que les actions d'Engleterre ſont meſmes odieuſes a ces amis, affin qu'ils croient qu'il y a meſme de la deſunion avecque ces eſtats, et faire paroiſtre qu'il a eu raiſon de portter le roy ſon maiſtre a des animoſites contre l'Engleterre, puis que les eſtrangers meſmes cognoiſſent que la France par elle a eſté offencée.

Nonobſtant ceſte ditte lettre que l'on croiſt eſtre ſolicittée par Artſen lequel s'eſt faict cognoiſtre du tout François en ceſte conjuncture; les eſtats cognoiſent bien que l'Engleterre ne peut pour ces interets, n'y pour ſa reputation permettre la pertte de la Rochelle, comme auſſi que la France aye grandes forces en mer, et deſtre pour les meſmes reſpects auſſi bien intereſſez que l'Engleterre, qui donne aſſez de ſubject de croire quil y a de la neceſſité de les pouſſer, n'y ayant pas de doutte, quils ſuivroit tout a faict l'Engleterre en ce quelle vouſdroit traitter d'une paix d'Eſpagne, eſtants hors de toutte ſortte deſpoir d'aſſiſtance de la France, et font bien veoir le ſentiment qu'ils en ont s'aiant la province d'Hollande eſvertuée de fournir deux millions de livres, plus que par le paſſé pour ſuppleter a ce que la France manque. Le Sr. Rubens a veu lettres eſcriptes de France a l'Infante et marquis Spignola leſquelles ſont dreſſées par le cardinal de Richelieu, diſant lors que monſ. de Montagu parloit au duc de Savoye touchant les affaires de la France, et l'Engleterre, que l'ambaſſadeur de France la reſident eſtoiſt caché derriere la tapiſſerie pour ovir tout ce que ce diſoit, ceſte fourbe eſtant controuvée pour faire croire que la France eſt recherchée par l'Engleterre et que meſmes la France eſt ſi eſloignée de vouloir acommodement que ces miniſtres ne veulent pas paroiſtre ou ſont ceux d'Engleterre, pour traitter avecques eux.

Le cardinal de Richelieu aiant ombrage du voiage de Meſſias, ſe diſant en France que c'eſt pour traitter avecq l'Engleterre, il a faict promptement eſcripre une lettre a Artſen, ſi toſt que l'armée des eſtats aſſiegeroient une plaſſe de l'ennemy que la France leur fera tenir cinq cents mille livres, eſperant par ce moien et par les $\frac{600}{m}$ livres qu'ils ont fourny au roy de Dennemarque d'apportter lenpeſchement a l'accommodement des affaires entre l'Eſpagne et l'Engleterre, ceſt un argument que la France ne faict rien de bon que par

crainte et quand elle eſt forcée. Le bien qu' a deſia aportté le bruict de quelque traitté avecque l'Eſpagne, maxime certain que l'entretien en eſt bon.

Les lettres de Paris du 25 font mention d'une ſoulevation qu'il y a eu dens Bourdeaux n'aiants voulu accepter les nouveux edits. Ceux de Bourdeaux n'ont auſſi voulu publier la desfence du commerce avecque l'Engleterre. Monſ. l'abé de Scaglia m'a induit deſcrire qu'il ſeroiſt d'avis en ceſte diſpoſition de leur faire ſçaveoir de les vouloir traitter en amis, a condition qu'ils ſoient obliger d'aſſiſter ce que le roy de la Grand Bretagne entreprendra a leur advantage. Monſieur de Rohan a faict reſponſſe au roy par ſon agent que le roy luy avoit envoyé pour tirer promeſſe de luy qu'il n'euſt pas a ce remùer. Il a reſpondu qu'il ſe fera recognoiſtre bon ſerviteur du roy pourveu que la Rochelle ſoit remiſe en toutte ſortte de libertté, ce que faict cognoiſtre au roy que la deliberation des armes que monſ. de Rohan prend, eſt avecque le conſentment des egliſes de France. Il a fait retirer madâme de Rohan de Geneve, et ſen va en Italie affin que perſonne ne ſoupſonne quelle ſollicette le roy pour ſon mary.

La Rochelle avoiſt faict pendre quelques uns qui avoient voulu perſuader le peuple de s'unir avecque le roy.

Monſ. de Guiſe eſt tres mal ſatisfaict pour le commendement donné a monſ. d'Angouleſme. Il eſtoiſt party vers Poittoù environ quattre ou cinq mille hommes et doibt eſtre la a la fin du mois de Juillet. Je ne puis obmetrre de faire recitt de la bonne repartie que monſ. l'abé de Scaglia a faict a l'embaſſadeur de France et celuy de Veniſe iſſi reſident, leſquelles preſſoient fort qu'il ce devoiſt entremettre en un accommodement, qu'il falloit procurer que la France vint a une ſuſpention d'armes, ſur quoy l'abe de Scaglia demende ſi la France avoiſt des piques longues de Calais a Douure, car pour d'aultres armes il n'en cognoiſſoit pas.

Jay repreſenté a monſ. de Scaglia ce que monſ. Canoué m'a commandé de de la part du roy, le dict Scaglia m'a faict veoir en meſme temps ce quil eſcrivoit a ſon Altetze touchant les affaires, pour le tenir touſiours diſpoſé au deſſain de ſa maj. et dy engager ces amis, ce qu'il avoit recommendé avecque toute l'ardeur que l'on pouvoiſt ſouhaiſter. Pour ce que regarde le voyage du baron de Puſeol, il attend reſponſſe d'un jour a aultre, de tout ce que l'on

peut deſirer de ſa negotiation, eſtant party d'icy avecque touttes les inſtructions et meſmoires neceſſaires, il ne doutte quil n'aye bien ſervy. Pour les affaires de Geneve il a dict a monſ. de Montagù en ma preſence comme il poura aſſeurer ſon Alteſſe de tout ce que le roy luy a ordonné, et de plus que ſa maj. eſt authourdhuy au point de rendre ſi grand ſerviſſe a ceux de ſon party en France qu'il luy donnera tant plus d'avantage et d'authorité parmy ceux de Geneve et ailleurs que l'on pouvoiſt attendre quelque bon ſucces. L'abe de Scaglia s'aſſeurant que ſon maiſtre le trouvera bon, monſieur de Montagu s'en va bien inſtruit de ce qu'il aura a faire avecq Soiſſons, particullierement ſur l'occaſion de la maladie du roy, laquelle enpirant pouroiſt bien changer beaucoup de choſes, aultrement s'il tombe en fievure cartte comme l'on dict deſia, cela fortifiera les mal contents de France, et donnera toutte ſorte d'advantage a ceux qui en ſçavront profitter, et quelque ſorte de minne qu'ils faſſent ils ſont a preſent bien enpeſchez, car indubitablement yl y aura beaucoup de brouilliers dens touttes le provinces de la France qui les rendront inutilles au roy pour le ſecours qu'il en pouvoiſt aveoir tiré, juſques a tant que l'on ſoit en eſtaſt de faire d'advantage, comme monſ. de Scaglia croit que ſera ſi les affaires de Savoye et de Genes ſachevent.

L'abe de Scaglia avroiſt deſiré de paſſer au pluſtoſt en Engleterre vers ſa maj. mais eſt en ce point qu'il attend quelque reſponſſe de madame de Soiſſons, il deſire de pouvoir conclure avecq monſ. de Candalle qui luy a promis de s'unir avecq monſ. le compte de Soiſſons, lequel n'attend qu'une reſponſſe pour eſtablir ceſte affaire la, mais il eſpere de partir dicy, au plus tard en quinſe jours, ou trois ſemaines, et deſire que le vaiſſeau revienne envers le dict temps.

L'ambaſſ. de France a fort deſiré de pouvoir eſcripre quelque choſe du retour de monſ. de Montagu, il s'eſt adreſſe a monſ. de Scaglia lequel luy a faict des reſponſes aſſez ridicules, en particulier luy a propoſé de demander a monſ. Carleton paſſeport pour aſſeurer les vaiſſeaux du roy de France qu'il voiſdroit bien faire partir de ces ports.

J'avois touché en m'a precedente lettre comme l'ambaſſ. de Venice et l'agent de Florence reſidant en Engleterre ſont perſonnes qui interprettent en mal tout ce qui ce faiſoit en Engleterre, donnent les advis aux ennemis de la couronne, et eſtoient perſonnes dangereuſes, en aiant ſouvent ouy des eſtranges

raports. Monſ. de Scaglia dict ſur cela, qu'il faut veoir de mettre l'affaire tout bellement en tel eſtaſt que l'on aye a parler ſens portter prejudice a l'ambaſſ. de Venice qui eſt en France parce que les principalles choſes que monſ. l'abé de Scaglia a ſcù, il les a de celuy de Paris, lequel eſt maintenant ſuſpect a celuy d'Engleterre.

Mais touchant ceſt agent de Florence qui eſt a Londres, le ſr. Vertſelin m'a ſouvent donné des advis pour les dire a monſ. le Duc, ne pouvant le dict Vertſelin ſouffrir les malices leſquelles il faiſoiſt paroiſtre. Et j'ay remarqué ſelon les paroles que le dict Vertſelin m'a dittes que ſens doubte ceſt agent de Florence a faict ce petit livret intittullé La cronique des favorits, et dedie a monſ. le duc de Buckingham, dens lequel ie trouve les meſmes termes que le Vertſelin m'a raconté. Monſ. de Scaglia m'a faict tenir le livret que japort-teray quand et moy, ſa maj. m'aiant faict l'honneur de me commander par le ſecretaire Canové d'en faire raport, a qui j'ay auſſi eſcript un peu plus briefvement et pour ne manquer a mon deveoir ie n'ay voullu faillir de vous en donner la cognoiſſance.

Authourdhuy ſont venues les lettres de France vielles de 10 jours. Le roy eſt encore a Villeroy fort mal, ſa fievure eſt double tierce, avecque laccident de la diſſanterie le rend en tres mauvais eſtaſt, les aſtrologues diſant ſa fin, toutes les affaires ceſſent et pluſieurs tant dehors que dedans ſont aux atentes; il fuſt dict au roy que le cardinal de Richelieu lavoit ſervy avecque beaucoup de paſſion, il dict ces mots, Il eſt vray ie le ſçay bien, mais le peuple ſe plaint fort.

Ils ont taché dacepter le gouvernement de Grandmont, mais il la refuſé. Monſ. D'Eſpernon c'eſt retiré a Bergerac, diſant puis qu'il ne peut empeſſcher la ſoulevation du peuple, qu'auſſi ne veuſt il eſtre preſent ſi quelque mal arivoit.

Monſieur d'Angouleſme a eſte commendé de s'areſter a Nior qui eſt a 10 lieves de la Rochelle, ils ont levé toutte les garniſons tant de Boulogne et quartiers circomvoiſins pour les envoyer a monſ. d'Angouleſme. Madame la conteſſe de Soiſſons a mandé que le mariage luy plaiſt; mais dict a monſ. de Scaglia quelle ne peut reſoudre que juſques a ce que ceſte maladie du roy prenne fin.

L'ambaſſadeur

L'ambaſſadeur de Savoye a eſcript par homme expres la neceſſite qu'il y a que monſ. le Compte ſe deſclare et prenne reſolution principallement durant la maladie du roy.

Don Diego Meſſias eſt fort malade a Paris d'une fievre tierce ; je crains fort un prolonguement aux affaires, par ceſte maladie.

Monſieur de Crecy aiant mande un courier pour faire ſçaveoir au roy de l'armement de monſ. de Savoye et l'ombrage que l'on devoit prendre de monſ. de Soiſſons, le roy a mande a monſ. de Crecy de ne bouger des frontierres et qu'il luy envoieroit le regiment du Prince de Phalſbourgh, le fils du cardinal de Guiſe qui fuſt tué a Blois, quil les reduiroit a trois mille, le regiment du cheu. de Sault a deux mille, et ſi cela ne ſuffit, quil luy donne ordre d'en faire encore cinq mille et cinq cents cheuaus.

Monſ. de Louvieres eſtant mis en priſon a la Baſtille en l'occaſion de Chalais a demande a parler au cardinal Richelieu, le meſme jour a eſte mené a la Conciergerie, où l'on faict ſon proces, ce dict qu'il doibt aveoir nomme pluſieurs perſonnes et en particulier monſ. le Grand Prieur et Vandome.

Monſ. del Beuff ſolicitte pour le gouvernement de la Picardie.

Le roy a eſte ſaigné quatre fois ; la fievre tierce redoublée, ne bouge pas du lict.

Le cardinal ce paigne de rage les cheveux et la barbe avecque les ongles, ne permet que perſonne aproche du roy, meſme la royne.

Ceſt iſſi le ſommaire de ce que les dernieres lettres diſent.

Jeſpere que Voſt. Exc. pardonnera a ma longue eſcripture partant du zelle

de, monſeigneur,

Voſtre tres humble tres obeiſant

et tres oblige ſerviteur

ce 6 d'Aouſt 1627, Haye. B. GERBIER.

De

* *De Conceſſione ad vitam Nicholao Laniere et aliis.*

CHARLES by the grace of God, &c. To the treaſurer and under-treaſurer of our exchequer nowe being, and that hereafter for the tyme ſhalbe, greeting,

Whereas wee have beene graciouſly pleaſed, in conſideration of ſervice done, and to be done unto us by ſundrie of our muſicians, to graunt unto them the ſeverall annuities and yearly penſions hereafter following, (that is to ſay) to Nicholas Laniere maſter of our muſick two hundred poundes yearly for his wages, to Thomas Foord foureſcore poundes yearly for his wages, that is, for the place which he formerly held, fortie poundes yearely, and for the place which John Ballard late deceaſed held, and now beſtowed upon him the ſaid Thomas Foord, fortie poundes yearly, to Robert Johnſon yearely for his wages fortie poundes and for ſtringes twentie poundes by the yeare, to Thomas Day yearely for his wages fortie poundes and for keeping a boy twenty fower poundes by the yeare, alſo to Alfonſo Feraboſco, Thomas Lupo, John Laurence, John Kelly, John Coggeſhall, Robert Taylor, Richard Deering, John Drewe, John Lanier, Edward Wormall, Angelo Notary and Jonas Wrench, to everie of them fortie poundes a peece yearely for their wages; and to Alfonſo Bales and Robert Marſhe, to each of them twentie poundes a peece yearely for their wages.

Theis are therefore to will and commaund you, out of our treaſure in the receipt of our exchequer, to cauſe payment to be made to our ſaid muſicians above mentioned, and to every of them ſeverally and reſpectively, the ſaid ſeverall annuities and allowances, as well preſently upon the ſight hereof for one whole year ended at the feaſt of the annunciation of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary, laſt paſt before the date hereof, as alſoe from the feaſt hitherto, and ſoe from tyme to tyme hereafter at the fower uſuall feaſtes or termes of the yeare, (that is to ſay) at the feaſt of the nativitie of St. John Baptiſt, St. Michaell the Archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annunciation of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, by even and equall portions, during their naturall lives, and the lives of everie of them reſpectively, together with all fees, profitts, commodities, allowances and advantages whatſoever to the ſaid places incident

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 728.

and

and belonging, in as large and ample manner as any our muſicians in the ſame places heretofore have had and enjoyed the ſame; and theis preſents, or the inrollment thereof, ſhal be your ſufficient warrant and diſchardge in this behalfe:

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelfe at Weſtminſter, the eleaventh day of July.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo, &c.

De Conceſſione Denizationis Franciſco Cleyne et Philippo de Maecht *.

REX omnibus ad quos, &c. ſalutem.

Sciatis quod nos, de gratia noſtra ſpeciali, ac ex certa ſcientia et mero motu noſtris, conceſſimus, ac per preſentes pro nobis, heredibus et ſucceſſoribus noſtris, concedimus Franciſco Cleyne et Philippo de Maecht in partibus tranſmarinis oriundis, ſeu quibus aliis nominibus vel cognominibus vocentur ſeu cenſeantur, vel quocunque alio nomine vel cognomine aut additione nominis vel cognominis eorum alter vocetur ſeu cenſeatur, quod ipſi poſthac durantibus vitis ſuis ſint indigene ac ligei noſtri, ac heredum et ſucceſſorum noſtrorum regni noſtri Angliæ, ac in omnibus teneantur reputentur tractentur habeantur et gubernentur, et eorum alter teneatur reputetur tractetur habeatur et gubernetur, tanquam fidelis ligeus noſter heredum et ſucceſſorum noſtrorum infra hoc regnum noſtrum Anglie oriundus, et non aliter nec alio modo;

Ac quod ipſi omnes et omnimodas actiones ſectas et querelas cujuſcunque ſint generis, in quibuſcunque curiis locis et juriſdictionibus noſtris heredum et ſucceſſorum noſtrorum habere exercere, eiſque uti et gaudere, ac eis et in eiſdem placitare et implacitare, reſpondere et reſponderi, defendere et defendi poſſint et valeant, et eorum alter poſſit et valeat, in omnibus et per omnia, ſicut aliquis fidelis ligeus noſter vel aliqui fideles ligei noſtri in dicto regno noſtro Anglie oriundi;

Et inſuper quod iidem Franciſcus Cleyne et Philippus de Maecht terras tene-

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 96.

menta

menta reverſiones et ſervitia, ac alia hereditamenta quecunque infra dictum regnum noſtrum Anglie et alia dominia noſtra perquirere recipere habere tenere emere et poſſidere, ac eis uti et gaudere, eaque dare vendere alienare et legare cuicunque perſone ſive quibuſcunque perſonis ſibi placuerit ad libitum ſuum poſſint et valeant, et eorum alter poſſit et valeat licite et impune, adeo plene quiete libere integre et pacifice ſicut aliquis ligeus noſter vel aliqui ligei noſtri infra dictum regnum noſtrum Anglie nati;

Ac etiam quod iidem Franciſcus Cleyne et Philippus de Maecht omnes et omnimodas libertates franchefias et privilegia hujus regni noſtri libere quiete et pacifice habere et poſſidere, eiſque uti et gaudere poſſint tanquam ligei noſtri, et eorum alter poſſit tanquam ligeus noſter, infra dictum regnum noſtrum Anglie oriundi, abſque perturbatione impedimento moleſtia vexatione calumpnia ſeu gravamine noſtri heredum et ſucceſſorum noſtrorum vel aliquorum aliorum quorumcunque; aliquo ſtatuto actu ordinatione ſeu proviſione in contrarium inde antehac editis factis ordinatis ſeu proviſis, aut aliqua alia re cauſa vel materia quacunque, in aliquo non obſtante:

Proviſo ſemper quod iidem Franciſcus Cleyne et Philippus de Maecht homagium ligeum nobis faciant, ac Lott et Scott, prout alii ligei noſtri faciunt et contribuunt, ſolvant et contribuant, et eorum alter ſolvat et contribuat ut eſt juſtum, ſolvantque iidem Franciſcus et Philippus nobis heredibus et ſucceſſoribus noſtris cuſtumas et ſubſidia pro bonis et marchandizis ſuis, prout alienigene ſolvant et ſolvere conſueverunt.

Proviſo etiam ſemper quod iidem Franciſcus et Philippus ad omnes et ſingulas ordinationes actus ſtatuta et proclamationes hujus regni noſtri, tam edita quam impoſterum edenda, teneantur et obedientes ſint, et eorum alter teneatur et obediens ſit, juxta formam ſtatuti in ea parte nuper editi et proviſi.

In cujus rei, &c.

Teſte rege apud Weſtmonaſterium viceſimo octavo die Maii.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

* *De Conceſſione ad Vitam Franciſco Cleyne.*

CHARLES by the grace of God, &c. To all, to whome theis preſents ſhall come, greeting:

Knowe yee that wee, for certeyne good cauſes and conſiderations us hereunto moving, of our eſpeciall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, have given and granted, and by theis preſents for us our heires and ſucceſſors doe give and graunte unto our truſtie and welbeloved Francis Cleyne, a certeine annuitie or penſion of one hundred poundes by the year, to have hold and enjoy the ſaid annuitie or penſion of one hundred poundes of lawfull money of England by the yeare, to the ſaid Francis Cleyne, from the feaſt of the bleſſed Virgin laſt paſt before the date hereof, for and during the terme of his naturall life, to be perceived and received by him the ſaid Francis Cleyne or his aſſignes, out of the treaſure of us our heires and ſucceſſors, at the receipt of the exchequer of us our heires and ſucceſſors, by the handes of the treaſurer, undertreaſurer and chamberlaynes of us our heires and ſucceſſors there from tyme to tyme being, at the fower uſual feaſtes or termes of the yeare, that is to ſay, at the feaſtes of the nativitie of St. John Baptiſt, St. Michaell the archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annunciation of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, by even and equall portions to be paied,

Although expreſſe mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our ſelfe at Weſtminſter, the fourth day of June.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

The following ſlight notices relating to artiſts who have worked for the Engliſh, but came not to England, or who are curſorily mentioned to have been here, are extracted from Deſcamps.

HUBERT JACOBS, of Delft, painted portraits of ſeveral Engliſh; and it is pretended that, to ſatisfy their natural impatience, he formed a haſty manner that prejudiced his works and reputation. Vol. ii. p. 36.

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 112.

John David de Heem, of Utrecht, a celebrated painter of flowers, had ſold a capital piece to Vander Meer, another painter, for 2000 florins. Vander Meer being plundered by ſome troops, had no reſource but in preſenting that curioſity to king William, having inſerted the monarch's head in the garland. The king brought it to England, having beſtowed a lucrative employment on the donor. Vol. ii. p. 39.

Henry Pot, of Harlem, drew the portraits of the king and queen of England, and of the principal nobility—at what time is not ſpecified—probably they were Charles II. and his mother, &c. during their exile. Vol. ii. p. 43.

John Lievens, born at Leyden in 1607, was an admired painter of portraits. The prince of Orange preſented to the Engliſh embaſſador (who gave it to the king) the picture of a ſtudent ſitting by the fire, which pleaſed ſo much that Lievens came to England on the credit of it, drew moſt of the royal family and moſt of the nobility, though then but 24 (it was in 1630), and ſtaid here three years. This is all the account I find of this painter in England, nor do I know any of his works here; yet the tradition is confirmed by a MS. catalogue of king Charles's pictures, in which are named, the ſtudent; portraits of the prince and princeſs; and a ſalutation of the virgin. Deſcamps, vol. ii. p. 117.

Palamedes Stevens, according to Deſcamps, is ſtill more our own, having been born at London in 1607, though he never practiſed here. His father, an eminent ſculptor of Delft, was celebrated for carving vaſes in porphyry, agate, jaſper, and other precious materials, and was invited to England by James I. where the ſon was born, ſoon after which he was carried by his father to Holland, and died at the age of 31. Deſcamps, vol. ii. p. 118.

Nicholas de Heltſtokade, of Nimeguen, painted the king of England. I ſuppoſe, Charles II. Ib. p. 112.

The directors of the Dutch Eaſt India-company gave 4000 florins for a picture of Gerard Dow, repreſenting a woman with an infant on her lap, playing with a little girl; they preſented it to Charles II. on his reſtoration; king William carried it back to Loo. Ib. 221.

Giles Schagen, of Alcmaer, was a great copyiſt, and painted portraits and ſea-pieces. He was born in 1616, and Deſcamps ſays he was in England. Ib. 253.

King William gave 900 florins for a picture by *Mary Van Ooſterwyck*.

John Henry Roos, born at Otterburg in the lower Palatinate in 1631, was a painter of landſcape and animals, and, according to Deſcamps, came into England; but probably ſtaid here very little time.

William Schellinks, according to the foregoing authority, was here too, but ſtaid as little. He painted in Holland the embarkation of Charles II. at the reſtoration, which was reckoned his capital work.

John de Baan, born at Harlem 1633, became ſo conſiderable a portrait-painter that, on his arrival in England, Lely, who, if Deſcamps were to be credited, was the moſt jealous of his profeſſion (which is a paſſion more likely to be felt by the worſt artiſts than by the beſt), was exceedingly glad that De Baan returned ſoon to the Hague. He frequently drew king William and queen Mary, and painted king James in his paſſage through Holland. John de Baan died in 1702.

That neat and curious painter *Vander Heyden* was probably in England, for Deſcamps (vol. iii. p. 49.) mentions a view of the Royal-exchange by him.

Franciſco Milè was here, but made no ſtay.

Robert du Val, who had been employed by king William at Loo, was ſent over to clean the cartoons, and place them in Hampton-court. See his life in Deſcamps, vol. iii. p. 172.

John Van Hugtenburch, of Harlem, was employed by prince Eugene to paint his battles, and had a ſhare in the deſigns for the triumphal tapeſtry at Blenheim.

Auguſtine Terweſten, of the Hague, born in 1649, viſited England in the courſe of his ſtudies.

John Vander Spriet, of Delft, painter of portraits, died at London. He is quite unknown. Vide Deſcamps, vol. iii. p. 261.

Simon Vander Does ſtaid here but a very ſhort time.

A LET-

A

LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE MISCELLANIES

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

A

LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE MISCELLANIES, &c.

SIR,

YOU have ſo clearly marked me out as the perſon whom T. Chatterton firſt addreſſed, in order to extricate himſelf from his irkſome ſituation; and you have accompanied that deſcription with ſo injurious a picture of my behaviour, that my appearing to the citation will certainly not ſubject me to the ſuſpicion of vanity. Perhaps I do not think that an anonymous editor, who, to ſatisfy an idle curioſity, calls on a private man for an account of a private tranſaction, is much entitled to an anſwer; ſtill leſs to a public anſwer: becauſe, were ſuch ſummons to be obeyed, the public would be troubled with ten thouſand impertinent diſcuſſions. But as you have gone much farther, and, founding yourſelf on a very unjuſt aſſertion (I hope on miſinformation), have called for the indignation of the public againſt me, it becomes neceſſary to my own character to clear it in as public a manner.

And though, ſir, you are the perſon to whom I ſhall addreſs my vindication, you will allow me to forget you for a moment, while I make an apology to your ſuperior and mine, that public you appeal to, for the liberty I take in troubling them with the cauſe of ſo inſignificant a perſon as I am. Your mention of me as the firſt to whom Chatterton applied, is not the firſt notice laid before the public of my having been involuntarily involved in his ſtory. Rumours, grafted on circumſtances not fathomed, have even repreſented me as the primary cauſe of his diſmal cataſtrophe; in ſome publications the expreſſions have been ſo little weighed and ſo unguarded, as almoſt to inſinuate this cruel and moſt unjuſt aſperſion. Some of my friends have been ſo kindly hurt at the miſrepreſentation, as to adviſe me to give an open account

of

of my conduct towards Chatterton, with which they were acquainted, and which they knew had been irreproachable. Conſcious of my perfect innocence on that head, I choſe to reſt upon it. My time of life, averſion to controverſy, and, above all, conviction that I am not of conſequence enough to intereſt the attention of the public, made me decline the ſolicitation of my friends. You ſay, ſir, that I am well known to the republic of letters: the deſcription, I doubt, is too magnificent. A trifling writer, whoſe celebrity is confined to a very narrow ſphere, ſcarce deſerves that predication. However, my having been an author was an additional reaſon why I choſe not to be ſo again, eſpecially in my own cauſe. To be an author, indicates reſpect for the public; it implies ambition of meriting their regard. To ceaſe to be an author, if one has not been totally an unſucceſsful one, is a ſtronger mark of reſpect. It implies apprehenſion of forfeiting their approbation, when declining years may have impaired our faculty of pleaſing. But there is a ſpacious difference between attempting to amuſe the public by one's writings, and preſuming to demand attention to one's ſelf. This latter arrogance I dreaded; and it preponderated to make me ſilent. All I yielded to, was, to ſet down a faithful account of my intercourſe with Chatterton, and to communicate it to ſome few perſons. With that narrative I ſhall now indulge you, ſir, as you expreſs a wiſh to ſee it. If I violate my own law of not intruding the intereſts of a private man on the awful examination of the public, you, not I, ſir, ought to be reſponſible. You, by your own confeſſion ignorant of the circumſtances of my tranſaction with Chatterton, have not only ſtigmatized it with the charge of having been contemptuous, but have moſt unwarrantably inſinuated that that my behaviour calls for the indignation of the public. I ſhall examine your reaſoning in ſupport of that anathema preſently—but, thus dragged out from a tranquil obſcurity in which I had ſought to paſs the remnant of life, thus traduced before the moſt reſpectable of all auditories, the judgment of my countrymen, I muſt ſtand acquitted in the firſt inſtance of not having voluntarily preſented myſelf before their tribunal. It would be wanting reſpect to what I ſhall ever reverence, the good opinion of mankind, if I declined ſubmitting not only my cauſe, but my defence, to their judgment. It would be wearing that arrogance to all, which you unjuſtly charge me with towards one, an ingenious young man, but ſtill more entitled to my reſpect as he was a poor and unhappy young man; though, as you will find, ſir, during my acquaintance with him he appeared to me in none of thoſe lights. You will find too, that, though I

was far from treating him either with contempt or neglect, he did not ſeem totally unworthy of both, as I could conſider him under no aſpect but that of a youth who endeavoured to impoſe upon me.

Having thus, ſir, with the deference I owe to them, accepted the jury you have choſen for me, not excepting even to you, however prejudiced againſt me, for (as I flatter myſelf you have rather endeavoured to provoke me to gratify your curioſity, than meant me any ill-will, which, as you are totally unknown to me, I hope I have not deſerved) I truſt I ſhall bring you over to join in my acquittal. I will forbear to conſider that I ſtand before my country, and will argue the caſe with you with the familiarity of equals; yet having the better of you by my being the perſon wronged, it ſhall be with that good humour which is the charity of innocence, and which, though prohibited from controverſial, and rarely admitted into literary, diſputes, is better ſuited to ſo ridiculous a ſubject as that which gave birth to this correſpondence between you and me: I mean the queſtion of the authenticity or forgery of the poems called Rowley's. Had that controverſy never been agitated, you and I, ſir, had probably remained unknown to each other. You ſeem more intereſted for the honour of Chatterton's abilities, than ſedulous to prove that he and Rowley, if ſuch a poet as the latter ever exiſted, were animated by ſo congenial a ſpirit, that the compoſitions of the one can hardly, very hardly, be diſcriminated from the other. You give us many ſpecimens of proſe and poetry which you maintain were indubitably Chatterton's. If they were, the wit of man can aſſign no reaſon why the reſt aſcribed to Rowley ſhould not have been coined in the ſame mint. The ſame ſoul animates all, and the limbs that would remain to Rowley would indeed be "disjecti membra poetæ." Rowley would not only have written with a ſpirit by many centuries poſterior to that of his age, but his mantle, eſcaping the hands of all his cotemporaries and ſucceſſors, muſt have been preſerved nothing the worſe for time, and reſerved to inveſt Chatterton from head to foot. I, who rather ſmile at the importance beſtowed on this fantaſtic controverſy, aſſure you, that, as I was originally an actor in this interlude without my conſent, ſo am I a ſpectator moſt indifferent how it ſhall terminate. It is of no conſequence in my eyes, whether Rowley, an unknown monk of the fifteenth century, wrote like poets of a poliſhed age, in the ſame metres and ſame numbers, though then neither uſed nor known, nor for many years afterwards; or whether Chatterton, an attorney's clerk at Briſtol, could in his very youth

counterfeit the language of the fifteenth century. That he could is plain, for he did: and it is indubitably eaſier to copy the ſtyle of thoſe who have gone before us, than to imitate that of thoſe who will not be born till many ages after we ſhall be dead. But it is not my buſineſs to enter into the general ſpirit of this grave controverſy, but to clear myſelf from having been the innocent cauſe of its remaining ſo embroiled. Still I am ſo much obliged to you for having owned that you know none of the circumſtances of my part in the affair, and there is ſuch honeſt ſimplicity in condemning a man firſt, and then deſiring him to tell you his ſtory, that it would be unpardonable to be angry with or to deceive you, and I give you my word I will be guilty of neither.

What relates to me is contained in the following paſſages of your preface: "One of his [Chatterton's] firſt efforts to emerge from a ſituation ſo irkſome * to him, was an application to a gentleman well known in the republic of letters; which, unfortunately for the public and himſelf, met with a very cold reception: and which the diſappointed author always ſpoke of with a high degree of acrimony, whenever it was mentioned to him." pp. xviii. xix.

Again, p. xxi. "Perhaps the reader may feel ſome indignation againſt the perſon to whom his firſt application was made, and by whom he was treated with neglect and contempt. It were to be wiſhed that the public was fully informed of all the circumſtances attending that unhappy application; the event of which deprived the world of works which might have contributed to the honour of the nation, as well as the comfort and happineſs of their unfortunate author."

In theſe paſſages, ſir, there are propoſitions of different kinds, which, amounting to a heavy charge on me, you will allow me to analyſe. I am firſt taxed with giving a very cold reception to Chatterton's addreſs. Within two pages, that coldneſs is grown to neglect and contempt: and within few words more, my contempt is ſwoln to the heavy accuſation of driving the unhappy youth to deſpair and ſuicide.—I ſhudder, ſir, and ſo ought you, not at the conſequence of his diſmal fate, the depriving the world of works that Chatterton

* He was bound apprentice to a lawyer, and "poſſeſſed," ſays the preface, "all the vices and irregularities of youth, and his profligacy was at leaſt as conſpicuous as his abilities. Although he was of a profeſſion which might be ſaid to accelerate his purſuits in antiquities, yet ſo averſe was he to that profeſſion that he could never overcome it." p. xviii.

might have written, and which you fondly imagine would have contributed to the honour of the nation; but I ſhudder at having that diſmal cataſtrophe imputed to my cruelty and arrogance—nor have you cauſe to exult at lightly calumniating an innocent perſon in ſo black a manner. I have reaſon to ſay, you calumniate me lightly; for, if you knew the circumſtances, would you be reduced to wiſh that the world were fully informed of them? Would you not lay them before the world? Or is it from tenderneſs to me that you ſuppreſs them? I entreat you to tell all you know—conceal nothing. I am going to give my narrative. Canvaſs it as rigorouſly as you have accuſed me. Detect the moſt minute grain of falſehood—ſurely you had better grounds than the partial relation of a diſappointed author, who you ſay never mentioned me without a high degree of acrimony!

To ſo ſerious an apoſtrophe as this I am almoſt aſhamed to join remarks on the ludicrous concluſion of your peroratio: but can I help ſmiling at your lamentation over imaginary abortions which my freezing breath nipped in their præ-exiſtent ſtate? Let me adminiſter other comfort to you than you have beſtowed on me. Recollect, ſir, that premature genius is ſeldom equally great in its meridian. Pſalmanaazar, the prototype of Chatterton, as you and I coincided in thinking, though he reformed his morals, and died a virtuous man, which we cannot be ſure would have been Chatterton's caſe, ſeemed, though always a very ſenſible man, to have exhauſted his inventive faculties in his creation of Formoſa. The thread of my argument will ſuggeſt other conſolations to you; but the pain you have given to my ſenſibility will not allow me to indulge longer mirth. It is very ſeriouſly that I muſt aſk you, whether it was the part of a wiſe man to credit the tales of an acrimonious and diſappointed youth, and whoſe profligacy you ſay was ſo conſpicuous? Was it the part of a juſt man (for that part you could not receive from Chatterton) to couple his firſt unſucceſsful application with his fatal exit, and load me with both? Does your enthuſiaſtic admiration of his abilities, or your regrets for the honour of England's poetry, warrant ſuch a concatenation of ideas? Was poor Chatterton ſo modeſt or ſo deſponding as to abandon his enterpriſes on their being damped by me? Did he not continue, purſue them? Is this country ſo deſtitute of patrons of genius, or do I move in ſo eminent and diſtinguiſhed a ſphere, that a repulſe from me is a dagger to talents? Did not Chatterton come to London after that miſcarriage? Did he relinquiſh his counterfeiting propenſity on its being loſt on me? Was he an inoffenſive

ingenuous youth, ſmit with the love of the Muſes, and ſoaring above a ſordid and ſervile profeſſion, whoſe early bloſſoms, being blighted by my inſolence, withered in mortified obſcurity, and, on ſeeing his hopes of fame blaſted, ſunk beneath the frowns of ignorant and inſolent wealth? Or did he, after launching into all the exceſſes you deſcribe, and vainly hoping to gratify his ambition by adulation to or ſatires on all ranks and parties of men, fall a victim to his own ungovernable ſpirit, and to the deplorable ſtraits to which he had reduced himſelf? The interval was ſhort, I own; but as every moment of ſo extraordinary a life was crowded with efforts of his enterpriſing genius, allow me to ſay with truth, that there was a large chaſm between his application to me and his miſerable concluſion. You know there was; and though my falling into his ſnare might have varied the area of his exploits, it is more likely that that ſucceſs would rather have encouraged than checked his enterpriſes. When he purſued his turn for fabricating ancient writings, in ſpite of the mortification he received from me; it is not probable that he would have been corrected by ſucceſs. Such is not the nature of ſucceſs, when it is the reward of artifice. I ſhould be more juſtly reproachable for having contributed to *cheriſh* an impoſtor, than I am for having accelerated his fate. I cannot repeat the words without emotions of indignation on my own account, and of compaſſion on his—but I have promiſed to argue calmly, and I will.

How will you be ſurpriſed, and, for your ſake I hope, concerned (or you muſt be as unfeeling as you repreſent me), when you find that my ſhare in Chatterton's fate is reduced ſimply to this? A lad at Briſtol, whom I never ſaw then, before, or ſince, ſends me two or three copies of verſes in old Engliſh, which he tells me had been found there, and were lent to him by another perſon; acquaints me that he is clerk to an attorney, but, having more inclination to poetry, wiſhes that I would procure him a place that would enable him to follow his propenſity: I ſuſpect the poetry to be modern; he is angry, redemands it; I return it—and two years after, the youth is found dead—and by the ſtrength of a warm imagination I am accuſed of blaſting this promiſing genius, and of depriving the world of the lord knows what Iliads and Loſt Paradiſes, which this youth might have procreated in his own or any other name—for in truth he was fonder of inventing great bards, than of being one.

Thus, ſir, am I become perhaps the firſt inſtance of a perſon conſigned to judgment

judgment for not having been made a fool of! But is it not hard that a man on whom a forgery has been tried unſucceſsfully, ſhould for that ſingle reaſon be held out to the world as the aſſaſſin of genius? If a banker to whom a forged note ſhould be preſented, ſhould refuſe to accept it, and the ingenious fabricator ſhould afterwards fall a victim to his own ſlight of hand, would you accuſe the poor banker to the public, and urge that his caution had deprived the world of ſome ſuppoſititious deed of ſettlement, that would have deceived the whole court of chancery, and deprived ſome great family of its eſtate?

With me why are you offended? You ſeem yourſelf to queſtion the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley. Are you angry that I was not more a dupe than you? If I ſuſpected his forgeries, how did they entitle him to my aſſiſtance? Are you ſure that I was acquainted with Chatterton's genius or diſtreſſes? Do you know certainly which of his productions were communicated to me? Is it candid to accuſe me of rejecting forgeries, when you give proofs of his having forged?—I do not mean to uſe the term *forged* in a harſh ſenſe: I ſpeak of Chatterton's mintage, as forgeries of poems in ancient language; and I am perſuaded that when you condemn me for not having encouraged the coiner, you only mean to inſinuate, that, if I had aſſiſted him, I might have ſaved him from the diſmal abyſs into which he plunged. It is fair to interpret your words in this candid ſenſe. What I complain of is, that you convert that poſſibility into poſitive deſpair in Chatterton, that you couple my rejection with his ſuicide, and by your innuendoes inſinuate that there was ſomething more in my repulſe than the world is appriſed of: and leſt it ſhould want a name, you have baptiſed it neglect and contempt.

I lament, ſir, as much as you, that I was not deceived, if my being a dupe would have converted him into an honeſt man. I lament that his own impetuous temper and indiſcretion prevented my ever ſeeing him; but when you have peruſed my narrative, I think you will no longer be of opinion that I was in the wrong to decline all correſpondence with him. He could appear to me in no light, but in that of a bold young man, who for his intereſt wanted to impoſe upon me, and who did not commence his intercourſe with me in a manner to dazzle my judgment, or give me a high opinion of his own—I allude to the article of his liſt of great painters at Briſtol. I ſaw he was, as he told me himſelf, a youth tied to a profeſſion he did not like, and born with a taſte for more ingenuous ſtudies.—Conſider, ſir, what would be the condition

dition of the world, what the ſatisfaction of parents, and what Peruvian mines muſt be poſſeſſed by the Mæcenases of the times, if every muſe-ſtruck lad who is bound to an attorney, every clerk

——born his father's ſoul to croſs,
And pen a ſtanza when he ſhould engroſs,

ſhould have nothing to do but to draw a bill or a couplet on the patron of learning in vogue, and have his fetters ſtruck off, and a poſt aſſigned to him under the government. The duties of office perhaps would not be too well executed by theſe ſecretaries of the Muſes; and though Apollo's kingdom would certainly come, king George's would not be too well ſerved. Mr. Pope, I know, laments the miſapplication of talents, enumerates the deſerters from Helicon, and tells us

How many Martials were in Pultney loſt;

but this was irony and compliment, and Pope himſelf would have been ſorry that his friend our great chief juſtice,

He with a thouſand arts refin'd *,

ſhould have quitted the bar, and been nothing but poet laureat.

There is another point, ſir, which you forget to meaſure, my abilities in the character of a Mæcenas. My fortune is private and moderate; my ſituation, more private; my intereſt, none. I was neither born to wealth, nor to accumulate it: I have indulged a taſte for expenſive baubles, with little attention to œconomy; it did not become me to give myſelf airs of protection; and, though it might not be generous, I have been leſs fond of the company of authors, than of their works. I have not the vanity to boaſt of virtues; but it is ſurely allowable to clear myſelf from ſuch odious qualities, as inſolence and cruelty, if I do not deſerve the imputation. It is ingenuous, it is becoming, to confeſs our defects; arrogant, preſumptuous, to vaunt our merits; for how can men conſcious, as moſt men are, of a larger proportion of the former than of the latter, hope that a few meritorious actions will leaven or obliterate the maſs of their faults? Indeed, what have we but our

* Vide Pope's Tranſlation of "Intermiſſa Venus diu."

faults

faults that we can call our own? Our talents are given to us by the Giver of all good—what virtues we have are the production of fear, prudence, experience, hypocriſy * and age. Some god-like natures there are, who love virtue for herſelf, and whom opulence and honours cannot corrupt; ſome whom trials and temptations exalt; and more, who in lowly ſpheres never deviate from the ſimplicity of truth and reaſon; but all theſe are preciſely ſuch as would not quarrel with my definition above, and are too modeſt not to be humble on their own conqueſt over themſelves. In ſhort, our frailties and weakneſſes are ſo numerous, at leaſt I am ſure mine have been ſo, that benevolence ought to forbid exaggeration of the account.

You may lament, ſir, as I do, that I was not better acquainted with the genius of Chatterton, but you will convince nobody that I deſerve the indignation of the public for that ignorance. Had I known him thoroughly, I do not believe that my admiration of his talents would have abſorbed all diſtruſt of his character. The public is too equitable to condemn any man for not countenancing a ſuſpicious ſubject, however ſhining his abilities. Omit the term *contempt*, which you have groundleſsly aſcribed to me, and tell me in what reſpect my behaviour to Chatterton deſerves reproach. Was it culpable in me to doubt at firſt what ſo many have ſince doubted? And doubting, did not common prudence require that I ſhould aſk for farther ſatiſfaction? Are unknown poets of ſo high an order, have they ſuch chartered immunities, as to be diſpenſed from bringing a character from their laſt place? Was my aſking for that ſatisfaction, contemptuous? Was my giving him advice, neglect? Was my returning his papers without a word of reproach on his arrogance, arrogant? You will not affirm it. Still leſs, ſir, was I gifted

* It may ſound like a paradox or a contradiction to aſſign hypocriſy, the counterfeit of virtue, as one of its ſources; but nothing more is meant than this, that it produces the effects of virtue, and ſometimes produces virtue itſelf. If falſe devotion affects charity, the poor are as much benefited as if the intention were ſincere. Hypocriſy ſometimes mellows to enthuſiaſm; as has been thought to have been the caſe of Cromwell, and more probably was ſo of Madame de Maintenon. Mad. de la Valiere was in love with the perſon of Louis, then young and handſome; but as he was on the verge of fifty when Mad. de Maintenon engaged him to marry her, ambition could be her only motive: and as ſhe could only effectuate her plan by inſpiring him with piety, her own muſt have been very problematic. Yet it became ſo habitual, that at laſt there can be little doubt of her ſincerity. Hypocriſy made her a king's wife; but as ſhe found ennui, not pleaſure, on a throne, nothing higher was left but heaven; and, having found that all was vanity, what had been cant became reflection; and thus hypocriſy in her was the parent of virtue.

with

with penetration enough, with ſuch intuition into the powers of one I never ſaw, as, from two or three brief letters and two or three equivocal copies of verſes, to conceive, to propheſy, that the writer would, if properly cheriſhed, *prove the firſt of Engliſh poets*. p. xx.—but when I am tried by hyperbole, I cannot wonder the ſentence ſhould be bombaſt.

Might I be allowed to plead my own diſcretion againſt Chatterton's inſpiration, which by the way he concealed from me, ſhrouding himſelf like a Pagan divinity under the mortal garb of an attorney's clerk, who had only borrowed ſome divine poems; I might urge in excuſe for my caution, that this was the ſecond time that I had been ſelected, I know not why, for communicating revelations of the Muſes to mankind; and not having my miſſion acknowledged in the firſt inſtance, I was *reſtive*, as even prophets have been, in accepting the commiſſion; eſpecially as I ſuſpected that the ſecond diſpenſation was but a copy of the firſt. In ſhort, ſir, I was one of the firſt intruſted with ſpecimens of Oſſian's fragments, which though I implicitly credited, I had not found univerſally received. I had not zeal enough to embark a ſecond time in a ſimilar cruſado. I have told you how indifferent I am to the controverſy about Rowley's poems. I confeſs as fairly that I ſee no reaſon for thinking they were not all Chatterton's. The only argument of any weight on the other ſide, is the greatneſs of the phænomenon. Men can ſcarce conceive how at his age and under his diſadvantages he could collect ſuch foundation for his forgeries; for there lies the ſtreſs of the argument, not in his genius. You, ſir, have proved that he had amaſſed ſuch materials, and had ſufficient genius to put them into ſhape. That ſome pieces produced by him as ancient or tranſlations from old writers, were of his own invention, you affirm; yet he gave them at firſt as tranſcripts of old originals, and under other names. Are the poems aſcribed to Rowley ſuperior in merit to the compoſitions now allowed to be Chatterton's own? Have they more of the ſpirit of the antique? Have they any thing antique in them but ſingle words? Is the phraſeology, or turn of thinking, that of the fifteenth century? Did his producing ſome as Rowley's, without ever acknowledging the fraud, deſerve any credit? Does an authority ſo proſtituted deſerve faith? Is there any other evidence, ancient or modern? Yes, it will be ſaid, the ancient parchments. But is there not reaſon to believe that he did, what was much eaſier to perform, copy ancient hands as well as ancient language—ancient ſtyle I deny that he ever imitated happily.

Upon the whole, ſir, I cannot agree with you, that Chatterton's premature fate has defrauded the world of any thing half ſo extraordinary as the miracles he wrought in almoſt his childhood. Had he lived longer, ample proofs of his forgeries, which proofs he deſtroyed in his rage, might have been preſerved; and inſtead of the poſthumous glory of puzzling the learned world, his name might now be only recorded as that of an arch-impoſtor. The learned perſons, who ſtill believe in Rowley, might be robbed of ſo great an ornament to a dark and monkiſh age. True antiquaries would not taſte a genius, if they thought it a cotemporary. The elegance of Waller, the fire of Dryden, want in ſome eyes the unintelligible jargon of a barbarous century to make them captivate. Exanceaſtre[1], Godred Crovan, Ceolwolf and Tatwallin, are dearer to moderno-Saxon eyes, than all the harmonious images in Ælla. They cannot bear to diveſt their Gothic repoſitories of ſuch precious gems. Controverſy too has its charms, and delights the learned world more than indiſputable diſcoveries—but, truſt me, ſir, your friends and mine, the bookſellers, have no cauſe to regret my not having been the dupe of Chatterton. He has made ten dupes for one, that he would have gained by impoſing upon me. Yet the cauſe of Rowley's poems would not laſt an hour in a court of law. If Chatterton had pretended to find a hoard of crown-pieces, but ſtamped with the face and titles of Edward IV. and if it were proved that he had coined half of them, would a jury doubt a moment but that he had coined the other half? The metres aſcribed to Rowley no more exiſted in the reign of Edward IV. than crown-pieces did.

There remains a charge inſinuated at leaſt, which I am ſtill more deſirous to repell, that of inſenſibility to Chatterton's diſtreſſes, and which will fall to the ground with the reſt, on attending to dates. Chatterton was neither indigent nor diſtreſſed at the time of his correſpondence with me. He was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my aſſiſtance were, diſguſt to his profeſſion, inclination to poetry, and communication of ſome ſuſpicious MSS. His diſtreſs was the conſequence of quitting his maſter, and of coming to London, and of his other extravagancies. He had depended on the impulſe of the talents he felt for making impreſſion and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already ſaid, that I ſhould

[1] Exanceaſtre, Exeter. Godred Crovan is the title of one of Chatterton's fictitious tranſlations; Ceolwolf is one of his heroes, and Tatwallin, one of his bards. See his Miſcellanies.

have been blameable to his mother, and ſociety, if I had ſeduced an apprentice from his maſter to marry him to the nine muſes: and I ſhould have encouraged a propenſity to forgery, which is not the talent moſt wanting culture in the preſent age. All of the houſe of forgery are relations; and though it is juſt to Chatterton's memory to ſay, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richeſt, or moſt enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting ſtyles, and, I believe, hands, might eaſily have led him to thoſe more facile imitations of proſe, promiſſory notes. Yet it does not appear to my knowledge that his honeſty in that reſpect was ever perverted. He made no ſcruple of extending the circulation of literary credit, and of bamboozling the miſers of Saxon riches; but he never attempted to defraud, cheat, rob, unpoetically. He preſerved dignity in deſpair; and indignant alone at the deluſions of his own genius, he tore to ſcraps the unſucceſsful monuments of his parts, and poiſoned himſelf on being refuſed a loaf of bread.

It is that fierce and untameable ſpirit, that conſciouſneſs of ſuperior abilities, that inattention to worldly diſcretion and its paths, that ſcorn of owing ſubſiſtence or reputation to any thing but the ebullitions of genius, that I regret not having known; that I lament not having contributed to reſcue from itſelf. Some faint efforts of advice you will find in my narrative I did attempt: nor were they delivered with contempt, arrogance, or cruelty. I ſhould be aſhamed with reaſon if I could charge myſelf with behaviour ſo unbecoming my own private ſituation, ſo unworthy of a man. But this part of my defence muſt be weak, as it muſt reſt on my own aſſeveration, having kept no copies of my letters. Perhaps it may find collateral ſupport from the ſilence of my accuſers. Will any man charge me with poſitive inſolence towards Chatterton? Did he accuſe me of it in his moſt acrimonious moments? Did he impute to me any thing but diſtruſt of his MSS.? To myſelf, he did impute arrogance—but on what grounds?—on my not having returned his papers on his firſt ſummons. The world muſt decide on the weight of that crime. I confeſs the charge: I tell it myſelf. To judge me fairly, every man muſt place himſelf in my ſituation. If I have related the exact truth, in what light was my behaviour ſupercilious or intemperate? Let all Chatterton's relations and friends tell all they know. Reſting on my own innocence, I never ſaw, I never applied to one of them to ſuppreſs a tittle of my conduct. They are open to inquiries; let them be canvaſſed. No man living has had cauſe to reſent my treatment of that unfortunate youth—except—thoſe, who

enamoured with the reſurrection of the imaginary Rowley, were by my accidental and inadvertent doubts not left in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of a world of novel antiquities, nor ſuffered quietly to become the dupes of an impoſtor of eighteen.

You, ſir, indeed, have hypothetically condemned my ſerving as a beacon (for I proteſt I have taken no pains to deſtroy the viſionary fabric invented by Chatterton, but by telling my own ſtory, which from the firſt moment I have related occaſionally and conſiſtently as I tell it now) to warn the learned world againſt ſuppoſititious ancients and fabricated antiquities. You caution all the literati not to make uſe of their ſenſes, leſt promiſing impoſtors ſhould be nipped in the bud, and mankind ſhould be deprived of new Rowleys, who, as Richardſon ſaid a little boldly of Milton, would literally be *ancients born ſome centuries after their time.*

I will detain you no longer from the peruſal of my narrative, but to ſatisfy you on its authenticity. It was ſent in May laſt to a gentleman who will atteſt the receipt of it. The relation at Bath to whom I applied for information about Chatterton, is a noble lady of virtue and character, who well remembers the circumſtances of my application to her. Several perſons of honour and veracity were preſent at the royal academy when I firſt heard of Chatterton's death, and will atteſt my ſurpriſe and concern, and bear witneſs to my having related the ſtory of my correſpondence with him exactly as in the ſubjoined narrative. Mr. Maſon was privy to the whole: others will confirm my having always given the ſame account, both before and after Chatterton's death.

Corroborated by theſe authorities, do I flatter myſelf too much, ſir, if I hope that you will not only retract your accuſation, but reſtore me to that ſhare of your good opinion which I loſt by your having received ſo unjuſt a ſtate of my behaviour to the poor youth in queſtion? The unprejudiced public, I truſt, will not think I merit their indignation. I ſincerely aſk their pardon for treſpaſſing ſo long on their patience—but the length of my addreſs is proof of my anxiety on being miſrepreſented to them: and they will be ſo gracious as to remember, that this memorial has been extorted from me, and not till I found that my innocence was not ſufficient protection. If my countrymen acquit me, I ſhall be happy. If you, ſir, join your voice to theirs, I ſhall not

think I have miſpent the time I have employed to undeceive you. Perhaps I never drew the attention of the public towards myſelf to ſo good purpoſe; for to have one's name known, is of little uſe; to wipe off the aſperſion of arrogance, is important; of inhumanity, very important indeed.

Here follows the promiſed Narrative.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. H. W. TO MR. W. B.

I AM far from determined to publiſh any thing about Chatterton. It would almoſt look like making myſelf a party. I do not love controverſy. If I print, my chief reaſon would be, that both in the account of the poems, and in Mr. Warton's laſt volume, my name has been brought in with ſo little circumſpection and accuracy, that it looks as if *my* rejection of Chatterton had driven him to deſpair; whereas I was the firſt perſon on whom he eſſayed his art and ambition, inſtead of being the laſt. I never ſaw him; there was an interval of near two years between his application to me, and his diſmal end; nor had he quitted his maſter, nor was neceſſitous, nor otherwiſe poor than attornies clerks are, nor had he come to London, nor launched into diſſipation, when his correſpondence with me ſtopped.

As faithfully as I can recollect the circumſtances, without dates, and without ſearching for what few memorandums I preſerved relative to him, I will recapitulate his hiſtory with me.

Bathoe, my bookſeller, brought me a pacquet left with him. It contained an ode, or little poem of two or three ſtanzas *in alternate rhyme*, on the death of Richard the IIſt, and I was told in very few lines that it had been found at Briſtol with many other old poems; and that the poſſeſſor could furniſh me with accounts of a ſeries of great painters that had flouriſhed at Briſtol.

Here I muſt pauſe, to mention my own reflections. At firſt I concluded that ſomebody, having met with my Anecdotes of Painting,

had a mind to laugh at me, I thought not very ingeniouſly, as I was not likely to ſwallow a ſucceſſion of great painters at Briſtol. The ode, or ſonnet, as I think it was called, was too pretty to be part of the plan; and, as is eaſy with all the other ſuppoſed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it very modern by changing the old words for new; though yet more difficult than with moſt of them—you ſee, I tell you fairly the caſe. I then imagined, and do ſtill, that the ſucceſs of Oſſian's poems had ſuggeſted the idea. Whether the tranſmitter hinted, or I ſuppoſed from the ſubject, that the diſcovered treaſure was of the age of Richard the Iſt, I cannot take upon me to aſſert —yet that impreſſion was ſo ſtrong on my mind, that two years after, when Dr. Goldſmith told me they were then allotted to the age of Henry IV. or V. I ſaid with ſurpriſe, "they have ſhifted the date extremely." This is no evidence—but there is one line in the printed poems of Rowley that makes me more firmly believe that the age of Richard the Iſt was the æra[1] fixed upon by Chatterton for his forgeries; for *that* line ſays,

Now is Cœur de Lion gone—

or ſome ſuch words, for I quote by memory, not having the book at hand. It is very improbable that Rowley, writing in the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV. as is now pretended, or in that of Henry IV. as was aſſigned by the credulous before they had digeſted their ſyſtem, ſhould incidentally in a poem on another ſubject, ſay, *now* is Richard dead. I am perſuaded that

[1] It is very remarkable that William of Wyrceſtre, an edition of whoſe work was printed laſt winter, and who was a native of Briſtol and often mentions Canninge, takes not the ſmalleſt notice of Rowley, though ſo bright an ornament of his native city, were the poems aſcribed to him genuine. Gower and Lidgate flouriſhed at the ſame time, and were well known—yet how barbarous, how inferior are their compoſitions, how diſſimilar their language, to the works aſcribed to Rowley! Is it credible that he ſhould not have been heard of, when very indifferent poets were famous? The indefatigable Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to the age of Rowley than we do, and who dug a thouſand bad authors out of obſcurity, never lighted upon ſo much as his name. The manner of the revival of Rowley was as ſuſpicious as poſſible; and not only reſts upon the faith of a youth convicted of many ſimilar forgeries, but was rendered more incredible by the dark conduct of the diſcoverer. Had a youth, enamoured of poetry, found a large quantity of old poems, what would he have done? Produced them cautiouſly and one by one, ſtudied them and copied their ſtyle, and exhibited ſometimes a genuine and ſometimes a fictitious piece? or blazed the diſcovery abroad, and called in every lover of poetry and antiquity to participation of the treaſure? The characters of impoſture are on every part of the ſtory; and were it true, it would ſtill remain one of thoſe improbable wonders, which we have no reaſon for believing.

Chatterton

Chatterton himſelf, before he had dived into Canning's hiſtory, had fixed on a much earlier period for the age of his forgeries.—Now I return to my narrative.

I wrote, according to the incloſed direction, for farther particulars. Chatterton, in anſwer, informed me that he was the ſon of a poor widow, who ſupported him with great difficulty; that he was clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taſte and turn for more elegant ſtudies; and hinted a wiſh that I would aſſiſt him with my intereſt in emerging out of ſo dull a profeſſion, by procuring him ſome place, in which he could purſue his natural bent. He affirmed that great treaſures of ancient poetry had been diſcovered in his native city, and were in the hands of a perſon, who had lent him thoſe he had tranſmitted to me; for he now ſent me others, amongſt which was an abſolute modern paſtoral in dialogue, thinly ſprinkled with old words. Pray obſerve, ſir, that he affirmed having received the poems from another perſon; whereas it is aſcertained that the gentleman at Briſtol who poſſeſſes the fund of Rowley's poems, received them from Chatterton.

I wrote to a relation of mine at Bath to enquire into the ſituation and character of Chatterton according to his own account of himſelf: nothing was returned about his character, but his own ſtory was verified.

In the mean time I communicated the poems to Mr. Gray and Mr. Maſon, who at once pronounced them forgeries, and declared there was no ſymptom in them of their being the productions of near ſo diſtant an age; the language and metres being totally unlike any thing ancient; for though I no doubt, to them, aſcribed them to the time of Richard I., Mr. Gray nor Mr. Maſon ſaw any thing in the poems that was not more recent than even the reign of Henry VIII.—And here let me remark how incredible it is that Rowley, a monk of a mere commercial town, which was all Briſtol[a] then was, ſhould have purified the language and introduced a diverſified metre more claſſic than was known to that poliſhed courtly poet, lord Surry; and this in the barbarous turbulent times of Henry VI. and that the whole nation ſhould have relapſed into the ſame barbariſm of ſtyle and verſification, till lord Surry, I might almoſt ſay, till Waller, aroſe. I leave to better ſcholars and better

[a] Rowley is made to call it a city, which it was not till afterwards.

antiquaries

antiquaries to ſettle how Rowley became ſo well verſed in the Greek tragedians. He was as well acquainted with Butler, or Butler with him, for a chaplain of the late biſhop of Exeter has found in Rowley a line of Hudibras.

Well, ſir, being ſatisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindneſs and tenderneſs as if I had been his guardian; for though I had no doubt of his impoſitions, ſuch a ſpirit of poetry breathed in his coinage, as intereſted me for him: nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged falſe notes of hand that were to paſs current only in the pariſh of Parnaſſus. I undeceived him about my being a perſon of any intereſt, and urged to him, that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had ſtraitened herſelf to breed him up to a profeſſion, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might abſolve his filial debt; and I told him, that when he ſhould have made a fortune, he might unbend himſelf with the ſtudies conſonant to his inclinations. I told him alſo, that I had communicated his tranſcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means ſatisfied with the authenticity of his ſuppoſed MSS. I mentioned their reaſons, particularly that there were no ſuch metres known in the age of Richard I.—and that might be a reaſon with Chatterton himſelf to ſhift the æra of his productions.

He wrote me rather a peeviſh anſwer[1], ſaid he could not conteſt with a perſon of my learning (a compliment by no means due to me, and which I certainly had not aſſumed, having mentioned my having conſulted abler judges), maintained the genuineneſs of the poems, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman. Remember this.

When I received this letter, I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his requeſt of the poems, or, perhaps not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return, which was to be in ſix weeks. I proteſt I do not remember which was the caſe; and yet, though in a cauſe of ſo little importance, I will not utter a ſyllable of which I am not poſitively certain; nor will charge my memory with a tittle beyond what it retains.

Soon after my return from France, I received another letter from Chatter-

[1] See the Firſt Letter from Chatterton, p. 236.

ton,

ton, the ſtyle of which was ſingularly impertinent [1]. He demanded his poems roughly; and added, that I ſhould not have *dared* to uſe him ſo ill, if he had not acquainted me with the narrowneſs of his circumſtances.

My heart did not accuſe me of inſolence to him. I wrote an anſwer [2], expoſtulating with him on his injuſtice, and renewing good advice—but upon ſecond thoughts, reflecting that ſo wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never ſeen, might be abſurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now ſorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more of him or them, till about a year and half after, when

Dining at the royal academy, Dr. Goldſmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treaſure of ancient poems lately diſcovered at Briſtol, and expreſſed enthuſiaſtic belief in them; for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnſon, who was preſent. I ſoon found this was the trouvaille of my friend Chatterton; and I told Dr. Goldſmith that this novelty was none to me, who might, if I had pleaſed, have had the honour of uſhering the great diſcovery to the learned world. You may imagine, ſir, we did not at all agree in the meaſure of our faith: but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was ſoon daſhed; for, on aſking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had deſtroyed himſelf. I heartily wiſhed then that I had been the dupe of all the poor young man had written to me; for who would not have his underſtanding impoſed on to ſave a fellow being from the utmoſt wretchedneſs, deſpair and ſuicide!—and a poor young man not eighteen—and of ſuch miraculous talents—for, dear ſir, if I wanted credulity on one hand, it is ample on the other. Yet heap all the improbabilities you pleaſe on the head of Chatterton, the impoſſibility on Rowley's ſide will remain. An amazing genius for poetry, which one of them poſſeſſed, might flaſh out in the darkeſt age—but could Rowley anticipate the phraſeology of the eighteenth century? His poetic fire might burſt through the obſtacles of the times; like Homer or other original bards, he might have formed a poetical ſtyle—but would it have been preciſely that of an age ſubſequent to him by ſome hundred years? Nobody can admire the poetry of the poems in queſtion more than I do—but except being better than moſt modern verſes,

[1] See the Third Letter from Chatterton, p. 237.
[2] See Mr. Walpole's Letter to Chatterton, p. 237.

in

in what do they differ in the conſtruction? The words are old, the conſtruction evidently of yeſterday; and by ſubſtituting modern words, aye, ſingle words, to the old, or to thoſe invented by Chatterton, in what do they differ? Try that method with any compoſition, even in proſe, of the reign of Henry VI. and ſee if the conſequence will be the ſame.—But I am getting into the controverſy, inſtead of concluding my narrative, which indeed is ended.

You ſeem to think Chatterton might have aſſiſtance—I don't know but he might; but one of the wonderful parts of his prodigious ſtory is, that he had formed diſciples—yes, at eighteen. Some of his youthful companions have continued to walk in his paths, and have produced Saxon and other poems of antique caſt; but not with the poetic ſpirit of their maſter: nor can it be diſcovered that Chatterton received inſtruction or aid from any man of learning or abilities. Dr. P. and Mr. L. have collected every thing relating to him that can be traced, and all tends to concentre the forgery of Rowley's poems in his ſingle perſon. They have numerous pieces of Chatterton's writing in various ways—nay, ſo verſatile, ſo extenſive, ſo commanding was his genius, that he forged architecture and heraldry; that is, could invent both in art and in folly—In ſhort, I do not believe that there ever exiſted ſo maſter a genius, except that of Piſalmanaazar, who before twenty-two could create a language, that all the learned of Europe, though they ſuſpected, could not detect.

Thus, ſir, with the moſt ſcrupulous veracity, I have told you my ſhare in that unhappy young man's ſtory. With more pains I could add a few dates, but the ſubſtance would be identically the ſame. Rowley would be a prophet, a foreſeer, if the poems were his; yet in any other light he would not be ſo extraordinary a phænomenon as Chatterton—whom, though he was a bad man, as is ſaid, I lament not having ſeen. He might at that time have been leſs corrupted, and my poor patronage might have ſaved him from the abyſs into which he plunged.—But, alas! how could I ſurmiſe that the well-being and exiſtence of a human creature depended on my ſwallowing a legend; and from an unknown perſon? Thank God! ſo far from having any thing to charge myſelf with on Chatterton's account, it is very hypothetical to ſuppoſe that I could have ſtood between him and ruin. It is one of thoſe poſſible events, which we ſhould be miſerable indeed if imputable to a conſcience that had not the ſmalleſt light to direct it! If I went to Bengal, I might perhaps interpoſe and ſave the life of ſome poor Indian devoted by the fury of a Britiſh

nabob; but amiable as ſuch Quixotiſm would be, we are not to ſacrifice every duty to the poſſibility of realizing one conſcientious viſion. I believe I have tired you; I am ſure I have wearied my own hand, which has written theſe ſeven pages without pauſing; but when any thing takes poſſeſſion of my mind, I forget my gouty fingers and my age—or perhaps betray the latter by my garrulity.—However, it will ſave me more trouble—I ſhall certainly never write a word more about Chatterton. You are my confeſſor; I have unburthened my ſoul to you, and I truſt you will not enjoin me a public penance.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Strawberry-hill,
May 23, 1778.

POSTSCRIPT.

I RECOLLECT another paſſage that I muſt add. A gentleman of rank, being ſtruck with the beauty of the poems, and believing their antique originality, purchaſed a copy of them, and ſhewed it to me. I expreſſed my doubts—Now, then, ſaid the perſon, I will convince you: here is a painter's bill that you cannot queſtion. What think you, now? This, I replied, I do believe genuine; and I will tell you why—and taking down the firſt volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, I ſhewed him the identic bill printed ſome years before. This, ſaid I, I know is ancient: Vertue tranſcribed it twenty years ago from ſome old [1] parchments in the church of St. Mary, Ratcliffe, at Briſtol.—*That* was the origin of Chatterton's liſt of great painters—and probably of his

[1] That amongſt thoſe old parchments there might be ſome old poetry, is very poſſible. All I contend for is, that moſt of what Chatterton produced for Rowley's, was fictitious; eſpecially *all* the pieces in modern metres, *all* that have nothing of antiquity but the ſimple words, as Ælla, The Battle of Haſtings, The Death of Sir Charles Baldwin, &c. Chatterton was too great a poet for the age he copied; his ſoaring genius beſtowed more elegance and harmony on Rowley than comported with the 15th century. Rowley muſt either have poliſhed the language ſo as to have made it adopted, or he would not have been underſtood. The idiom lent to him would have been more unintelligible to his cotemporaries, than the old words ſprinkled on the poems aſcribed to him are to the preſent generation. Neither can any man of ſenſe believe, that a maſter genius can write with amazing abilities in an age however barbarous, and yet never be heard of till ſome hundreds of years after his death. The more a man ſoars above his cotemporaries, the

his other inventions. Can it be ſuppoſed that Vertue ſhould have ſeen that old bill, and with his inquiſitive and diligent turn, eſpecially about painters, not have enquired whether there was nothing more? Vertue was even a verſifier, as I have many proofs in his MSS. and ſearched much after Chaucer and Lidgate, of whom he engraved portraits—yet all Rowley's remains, it ſeems, were reſerved for Chatterton, who, it cannot be denied, did forge poetry and proſe for others; and who, as indubitably, was born a great poet —yet not a line of tolerable poetry in Rowley's own hand can be produced. —Did Chatterton deſtroy the originals to authenticate their exiſtence? He certainly wrote his forgeries on the backs of old parchments, and there is both internal and external evidence againſt the antiquity of the poetry—but I will not take part in that diſpute. Error, like the ſea, is always gaining as much territory in one place as it loſes in another, and it is to little purpoſe to make it change poſſeſſions.

the more he ſtrikes, eſpecially in a rude age. The more an age is poliſhed, the more are men on a par, and the more difficult it is for genius to penetrate. The next are nearer to the firſt, than in thoſe early ages, when authors are rare. Rivals depreciate the former, and their partiſans conteſt the merit of their competitors. Homer on one hand, Shakeſpeare and Milton on the other, confirm this hypotheſis. The Grecian's glory has rolled down to Us with unabated luſtre; he did not lie unknown for centuries. Shakeſpeare was during his life obſcured by the mock pretenſions of Ben Jonſon; and Milton's Paradiſe Loſt was ſold for fifteen pounds.

APPENDIX.

NUMBER I.

SINCE I wrote the preceding pages, I have been told that a gentleman at Briſtol is in poſſeſſion of my original letters to Chatterton in my own hand-writing. Will he not be ſo candid as to produce them, when I declare he has my full conſent? They will acquit or condemn me better than my aſſeverations or reaſoning. If they are what I have repreſented them on recollection after nine years are paſt, nothing more is neceſſary to my defence. If the matter or ſtyle of them is contemptuous and arrogant, be the ſhame mine; I deſerve it. It is impoſſible for me to recall words written nine years ago, and which, when written, I moſt certainly did not expect would be publicly diſcuſſed; but I have repeated the tranſaction ſo often in that long period of time, and have ſuch perfect remembrance of my own feelings on that occaſion, that I have no fear of my ſentiments being produced.

Another reflection occurs to me, and probably will to my accuſers. I have complained of Chatterton's unwarrantable letter to me, on my not returning his MSS. Shall I not be told that I probably did not reſtore to him *that* letter? I believe I did not; I believe I preſerved it—but what has become of it in nine years, I cannot ſay. I have loſt, or miſlaid it. If I find it [1], it ſhall be ſubmitted to every poſſible ſcrutiny of the expert before I produce it as genuine—and though I hope to be believed that ſuch letter I did receive, and did mention to ſeveral perſons [2] long before I was charged with ill-treatment of Chat-

[1] This letter was found by lord Orford's executors among waſte papers, and is now ſubjoined to the other two letters which his lordſhip had left for publication.

[2] It ſhould be remembered that I gave this account while Chatterton was living, and he could have contradicted it, if falſe; for I gave it to any body that queſtioned me, the moment the MSS. began to be talked of, and I have no doubt but it came to Chatterton's knowledge.

terton, I deſire no imputation ſhould lie on his memory, beyond what his character and my unprovoked [1] aſſertions render probable. I could not feel regret on his re-demand of MSS. on which I had ſet no eſteem. I might have preſerved copies, both of the poems and of his letters, if I had been willing. No adequate reaſon can be given why I returned all promiſcuouſly, but his inſult and my own indifference. Every part of my narrative is conſiſtent, not only with truth, but with Chatterton's character and the circumſtances of his ſtory. I have not the vanity to think that, to palliate my own conduct, I could weave a tale, that I have the boldneſs to ſay will not be found falſe in a ſingle fact. Still leſs ſhould I have let the accuſation gather head, and increaſe to its preſent bulk, had I apprehended any detection. I have neither gone, written, or ſent to Briſtol. I have left Chatterton's fautors in undiſturbed poſſeſſion of all documents. I have not tried to ſuppreſs a ſingle circumſtance. On the contrary, I deſire the whole of my correſpondence with Chatterton may be aſcertained. I demand the publicity of my letters to him. Let them be either printed, or depoſited where every man may have recourſe to them. Till that is done, and till *they* contradict me, I will truſt to the candour of the public, that I ſhall not ſtand ill in their opinion for my conduct towards that unhappy youth. If my letters are ſuppreſſed, will it not induce a ſuſpicion that the adherents to the authenticity of Rowley's poems, in anger to me for having been the firſt to ſtagger belief in their great Diana, have converted my diſtruſt of their originality into pride and inhumanity?—But I am in no pain. The public have been called in as judges; and not being actuated by the prejudices of thoſe whoſe intereſt it may be to ſupport a fraud, or of thoſe whoſe literary bigotry has attached them to a legend, will be under no difficulty to pronounce ſentence. Nor is my cauſe ſo neceſſarily connected with Rowley's poems as to ſtand and fall together. If Rowley could riſe from the dead and acknowledge every line aſcribed to him, he could not prove that I uſed Chatterton ill. *I would take the ghoſt's word;* I am ſure it would be in my favour.

Having thus fulfilled what was due to the public and to myſelf, I declare I will never trouble myſelf any farther about Chatterton and his writings; much leſs reply to any anonymous perſons that ſhall chooſe to enter into the contro-

[1] I certainly had received no provocation from Chatterton, but his telling me I ſhould not have dared to retain his MSS. if he had not truſted me with his ſituation. If he gave me *that* provocation, it was true: if he did not, I had no reaſon to invent it.

verſy.

verſy. I do not think myſelf of conſequence enough to take up the time of the public; and I have probably too few years to live, to throw away one of the remaining hours on ſo ſilly a diſpute.

NUMBER II.

HAVING ſaid, p. 212. that Chatterton alternately flattered and ſatirized all ranks and parties, the following liſt of pieces written by him, but never printed, will confirm that aſſertion. I have ſeen thoſe pieces, copies of which are in the hands of a gentleman who favoured me with the liſt.

1. "Kew Gardens." This is a long ſatirical rhapſody of ſome hundred lines, in Churchill's manner, againſt perſons in power, and their friends at Briſtol.

2. "The Flight:" addreſſed to a great man; Ld. B—e. In 40 ſtanzas of ſix lines each. Thus endorſed. "Too long for the Political Regiſter—Curtailed in the digreſſions—Given to Mr. Mortimer."

3. "The Dowager, a tragedy."—Unfiniſhed—only two ſcenes.

4. "Verſes addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. Catcot, on his book on the Deluge:" ridiculing his ſyſtems and notions.

OTHER PIECES IN MS.

1. "To a great lady." A very ſcandalous addreſs; ſigned Decimus. On the back of this is written, "Jeremiah Dyſon, Eſq. by the Whiſperer. 10s. 6d. a column."

2. "To C. Jenkinſon, Eſq." An abuſive letter; ſigned Decimus: (or Probus, as it ſhould ſeem from the indorſement) beginning thus,

"Sir,

"As the nation has been long in the dark in conjecturing the miniſterial agent, &c."

3. "To Ld. Mansfield." A very abuſive letter; ſigned Decimus: (or Ænenenius, as it ſhould ſeem from the endorſement) beginning thus,

"My lord,

"I am not going to accuſe you of puſillanimity, &c."

N. B. In this piece many paragraphs are cancelled, with this remark in the margin. "[Proſecution will lye upon this.]"

4. "An introductory eſſay" to a political paper ſet up by him, called the Moderator, in favour of adminiſtration: thus beginning,

"To enter into a detail of the reaſons which induced me to take up the title of this paper, &c."

5. "To Lord North:" a letter ſigned the Moderator, and dated May 26th, 1770, beginning thus,

"My lord,

"It gives me a painful pleaſure, &c." This is an encomium on adminiſtration for rejecting the lord mayor Beckford's remonſtrance.

6. "A letter to the lord mayor Beckford," ſigned Probus; dated May 26, 1770. This is a violent abuſe of government for rejecting the remonſtrance, and begins thus,

"When the endeavours of a ſpirited people to free themſelves from an inſupportable ſlavery." On the back of this eſſay, which is directed to Cary, is this endorſement,

"Accepted by Bingley, ſet for and thrown out of the North-Briton, 21 June, on account of the lord mayor's death.

	£.	s.	d.
"Loſt by his death on this eſſay —	1	11	6
"Gained in elegies — —	2	2	0
in eſſays — —	3	3	0
"Am glad he is dead by — —	3	13	6

NUMBER III.

AS the warmeſt devotées to Chatterton cannot be more perſuaded than I am of the marvellous vigour of his genius at ſo very premature an age, I ſhall here ſubjoin the principal æras of his life, which when compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in ſome reſpects erroneous, ſpoke quick intuition, his humour, his vein of ſatire, and above all the amazing number of books he muſt have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almoſt inceſſant ſervice, and confined to Briſtol, except at moſt for the laſt five months of his life, the rapidity with which he ſeized all the topics of converſation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or faſhion; and when, added to all this maſs of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful paſſions were indulged to exceſs, faith in ſuch a prodigy may well be ſuſpended—and we ſhould look for ſome ſecret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man poſſeſſed of ſuch a vein of genuine poetry would have ſubmitted to lie concealed, while he actuated a puppet; or would have ſtooped to proſtitute his muſe to ſo many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be ſeparated from Chatterton. His nobleſt flights, his ſweeteſt ſtrains, his groſſeſt ribaldry, and his moſt common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the ſame ungovernable impulſe, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Oſſian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollet, or Junius—and if it failed moſt in what it moſt affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was becauſe it could not imitate what had not exiſted. I firmly believe that the firſt impreſſion made on ſo warm and fertile an imagination was the ſight of ſome old parchments at Briſtol; that meeting with Oſſian's poems, his ſoul, which was all poetry, felt it was a language in which his invention could expreſs itſelf; and having lighted on the names of Rowley and Canninge, he bent his reſearches towards the authors of their age; and as far as his means could reach, in ſo confined a ſphere, he aſſembled materials enough to deceive thoſe who have all their lives dealt in ſuch uncouth lore, and not in our claſſic authors, nor have perceived that taſte had not developed itſelf in the reign of Edward IV. It is the taſte in Rowley's ſuppoſed poems that will for ever exclude them from belonging to that period. Mr. Tyrrwhit

and

and Mr. Warton have convicted them of being ſpurious by technical criterions; and Rowley I doubt will remain in poſſeſſion of nothing that did not deſerve to be forgotten, even ſhould ſome fragments of old parchments and old verſes be aſcertained antique.

Thomas Chatterton, born 20th of November — — — 1752

Educated at the bluecoat ſchool at Briſtol, where reading and writing and accompts are only taught.

Put clerk to an attorney, July — — — — 1766

Firſt taken notice of for a paper put into Forby's Briſtol Journal, and ſaid to be from an old MS. October 1ſt — — 1768

Firſt inſerted a little poem of his own and an extract from an old MS. in the Town and Country Magazine, February — — 1769

Sent ſpecimens of ſeveral ancient poems to Mr. H. W. Said, there were many more, and offered to tranſcribe the whole, March — 1769

He was then aged 16 years and 4 months.

Went to London, April — — — — 1770

Died, Auguſt — — — — — 1770

ADVERTISEMENT

RELATIVE TO

The Papers left for Publication on the Subject of CHATTERTON.

WHEN I wrote and publiſhed the letter to the editor of Chatterton's miſcellanies, I could not find theſe few papers relative to Chatterton, which I had miſlaid, and did not find but by accident four or five years afterwards. They prove, that ſpeaking by memory I made two miſtakes, yet neither of any conſequence. I then thought the firſt ode ſent me by Chatterton was written on the death of Richard I.; but it was on his abſence, which however ſhows it was meant to paſs for written in that age, and is only a ſtill ſtronger proof of that intention—for, had it ſpoken of him as dead, it might have been written by a later poet; but ſpeaking of him as *now* gone to war, it implied a cotemporary poet.

My other miſtake by forgetfulneſs, was in ſaying I had burnt the laſt letter I was going to ſend to Chatterton—I did think ſo; but found it, though unfiniſhed, with his *two letters*. Thoſe two here preſerved, and which conſequently are curious, and ought to be kept, prove *under his own hand* the truth of what I have aſſerted, of having given him good advice. They contain alſo an early idea of his, of deſtroying, as he did at laſt, all his uſeleſs lumber of literature [*i. e.* probably his forged poetry], becauſe it had not immediately enriched him, as he expected.

HORACE WALPOLE.

AN

An ODE modernized from CHATTERTON.

HEART of lion, ſhake thy ſword;
Bare thy ſlaughter-ſtained hand:
Chaſe whole armies with thy word,
Work thy will in holy land.

Barons here, with courſers prancing,
Boldly breaſt the pagan hoſt:
See, thy thund'ring arms advancing,
See, they quail! their city's loſt!

Heart of lion, ſound the trumpet!
Sound the charge to farmoſt lands!
Fear flies ſporting o'er the combat;
In thy banner terror ſtands.

Theſe lines were modernized from thoſe firſt ſent to me by Chatterton, and which I returned without taking a copy. I had miſlaid this paper, and did not find it till long afterwards. I had thought it ſpoke of Richard I. as dead; but it was addreſſed to him, and is a ſtronger proof that Chatterton at firſt had intended to give the poems as of the age of Richard I.; and the ſtanzas being in metre when deſigned for that age, is another evidence of the forgery. H. W.

Three Original Letters from CHATTERTON *to Mr.* WALPOLE.

SIR,

I AM not able to diſpute with a perſon of your literary character. I have tranſcribed Rowley's poems, &c. &c. from a tranſcript in the poſſeſſion of a gentleman who is aſſured of their authenticity. St. Auſtin's minſter was in Briſtol. In ſpeaking of painters in Briſtol, I mean glaſs-ſtainers. The MSS. have long been in the hands of the preſent poſſeſſor, which is all I know of them.—Though I am but ſixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to ſee that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, ſir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by deſtroying all my uſeleſs lumber of literature, and never uſing my pen again but in the law.

I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Briſtol,
April 8, 1769.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

SIR,

BEING fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I ſhould be obliged to you to return the copy I ſent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, a very able antiquary, who is now writing The hiſtory of Briſtol, has deſired it of me; and I ſhould be ſorry to deprive him, or the world indeed, of a valuable curioſity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity.

Your very humble ſervant,

Briſtol, Corn-ſtreet,
April 14, 1769.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

P. S. If you will publiſh them yourſelf, they are at your ſervice.

SIR,

I CANNOT reconcile your behaviour to me, with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myſelf injured, ſir; and, did not you know my circumſtances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have ſent twice for a copy of the MS.[1]:—No anſwer from you. An explanation or excuſe for your ſilence would oblige

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

July 24th.

[1] The MSS. were ſent back the 4th of Auguſt.

Mr. WALPOLE'*s Letter to* CHATTERTON, *on his re-demanding his Manuſcripts.*

(Not ſent.)

SIR,

I DO not ſee, I muſt own, how thoſe precious MSS. of which you have ſent me a few extracts, ſhould be loſt to the world by my detaining your letters. Do the originals not exiſt, from whence you ſay you copied your extracts, and from which you offered me more extracts? In truth, by your firſt letter, I underſtood that the originals themſelves were in your poſſeſſion by the free and voluntary offer you made me of them, and which you know I did not chuſe to accept. If Mr. Barrett (who, give me leave to ſay, cannot know much of antiquity if he believes in the authenticity of thoſe papers) intends to make uſe of them, would he not do better to have recourſe to the originals, than to the ſlight fragments you have ſent me? You ſay, ſir, you know them to be genuine; pray let me aſk again, of what age are they? and how have they been tranſmitted? In what book of any age is there mention made either of Rowley or of the poetical monk, his ancient predeceſſor in ſuch pure poetry? poetry, ſo reſembling both Spenſer and the moderns, and written in metre invented long ſince Rowley, and longer ſince the monk

wrote. I doubt Mr. Barrett himſelf will find it difficult to ſolve theſe doubts.

For myſelf, I undoubtedly will never print thoſe extracts as genuine, which I am far from believing they are. If you want them, ſir, I will have them copied, and will ſend you the copy. But having a little ſuſpicion that your letters may have been deſigned to laugh at me, if I had fallen into the ſnare, you will allow me to preſerve your original letters, as an ingenious contrivance, however unſucceſsful. This ſeems the more probable, as any man would underſtand by your firſt letter, that you either was poſſeſſed of the original MSS. or had taken copies of them; whereas now you talk as if you had no copy but thoſe written at the bottom of the very letters I have received from you.

I own I ſhould be better diverted, if it proved that you have choſen to entertain yourſelf at my expence, than if you really thought theſe pieces ancient. The former would ſhow you had little opinion of my judgment; the latter, that you ought not to truſt too much to your own. I ſhould not at all take the former ill, as I am not vain of it; I ſhould be ſorry for the latter, as you ſay, ſir, that you are very young, and it would be pity an ingenious young man ſhould be too early prejudiced in his own favour.

N. B. The above letter I had begun to write to Chatterton on his redemanding his MSS. but not chuſing to enter into a controverſy with him, I did not finiſh it, and, only folding up his papers, returned them.

HOR. WALPOLE.

Lord

Lord ORFORD's *laſt Declaration reſpecting* CHATTERTON.

Berkeley-ſquare,
March 16, 1792.

A LETTER from me to Chatterton, dated March 28, 1769, appeared in The European Magazine for the paſt month of February [1]. I believe it is a genuine one, and the firſt which I wrote to him on his firſt application to me: though, not having ſeen the original now, nor ſince it was written, nor having kept any copy of it, I cannot at the diſtance of ſo many years ſay more than that I do believe it is genuine.

1 The letter printed in The European Magazine was as follows:

Arlington-ſtreet, March 28, 1769.

SIR,

I CANNOT but think myſelf ſingularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleaſure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thouſand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me, of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already ſent me is very valuable, and full of information; but inſtead of correcting you, ſir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happineſs of underſtanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes ſhould not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

As a ſecond edition of my Anecdotes was publiſhed but laſt year, I muſt not flatter myſelf that a third will be wanted ſoon; but I ſhall be happy to lay up any notices you will be ſo good as to extract for me, and ſend me at your leiſure; for, as it is uncertain when I may uſe them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

Give me leave to aſk you where Rowley's poems are to be found? I ſhould not be ſorry to print them; or, at leaſt, a ſpecimen of them, if they have never been printed.

The abbot John's verſes, that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and ſpirit, though there are ſome words I do not underſtand.

You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wiſh to know, as I ſuppoſe it was long before John Ab Eyck's diſcovery of oil-painting. If ſo, it confirms what I had gueſſed, and have hinted in my Anecdotes, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that diſcovery or revival.

I will not trouble you with more queſtions now, ſir; but flatter myſelf, from the humanity and politeneſs you have already ſhown me, that you will ſometimes give me leave to conſult you. I hope too you will forgive the ſimplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with no other.

I am, ſir,
Your much obliged and
Obedient humble ſervant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Be ſo good as to direct to Mr. Walpole in Arlington-ſtreet.

As

As I have ſeen the death of Chatterton's mother mentioned lately in the papers, I conclude the original letter was found in her cuſtody. Why it is now produced, I know not; but am glad it is. I have long defied my accuſers to publiſh my letters to that young man; and do urge the poſſeſſors, if they have more, to print them likewiſe, as they ought in juſtice to me to do.

The letter now printed, is agreeable to what I have conſtantly affirmed, with the ſtricteſt truth, that I did not treat that unhappy young man with arrogance. I do as poſitively affirm that I wrote a ſubſequent letter to him with kind and good advice; and that in not one of the few letters that I did write to him, was an arrogant word. To an impertinent one from him I ſent no anſwer, but returned his papers without a word of reply.

As the letter of mine now publiſhed criminates me with no arrogance, I take notice of it but with this view: If my letter of advice to him ſtill exiſts, it ought to be publiſhed while I am alive, both for my ſake and for that of the poſſeſſor, becauſe, if withheld, nobody will believe it genuine; or muſt conclude it maliciouſly ſuppreſſed, that I may not have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my ſteady veracity confirmed. Should a letter to arraign me be produced hereafter, nobody will ſuppoſe it was ſtifled out of tenderneſs to me, after ſo many *vain* attempts have been made to charge me with arrogance and cruelty towards Chatterton, of which I have cleared myſelf totally to the univerſal ſatisfaction of all who have given themſelves the trouble to read my defence.

Should a poſthumous letter hereafter appear, contradicting my aſſertions, when I ſhall not be alive to diſprove it, it will carry its own condemnation in its front, and muſt be deemed a forgery. The advocates of Chatterton having dared, till confuted, to aſcribe his death to me who never beheld him, would moſt aſſuredly not have ſtifled a letter that would have aſcertained their own aſſertions, and the falſehood of my denials.

HORACE Earl of Orford.

P. S. The letter now printed corroborates what I ſaid by memory in my defence, that from the antique air of the poems, and from the elegy on Richard the firſt, I had concluded them much antecedent to the date to which Chatterton

terton afterwards choſe to allot them. As no one circumſtance has come out to ſhake my veracity, but many to confirm it, and as no arrogance can be diſcovered in my firſt letter, is it probable that I ſhould treat the poor lad with inſolence afterwards without any provocation? True it is, that he did write to me in a manner that might have provoked me; and yet, ſo far from treating him arrogantly in return, I made not a word of reply, but returned his papers in ſilence. If *that* was the behaviour of arrogance, I am yet to learn the meaning of the term.

Remarks on a Letter ſigned SCRUTATOR, *which appeared in the* Cambridge Chronicle *of* June 16*th* 1792.

A LETTER in the Cambridge Chronicle, of June 16, 1792, ſigned Scrutator [1], and dated May 9th, ſwarms with blunders and falſe facts. A perſon totally

[1] The letter was as follows:

To the Printer of the CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

SIR, *June* 16, 1792.

A WRITER in The Gentleman's Magazine for laſt month having thought proper to call in queſtion the authenticity of a letter inſerted ſome time ago in your paper, from the hon. Horace Walpole to Thomas Chatterton of Briſtol, I think it incumbent upon me to tranſmit you an atteſted copy of the above letter, as the beſt anſwer to any doubts or denials which may be entertained about it. I have only to add, that beſides the notary-public's atteſtation, this letter agrees very exactly with other letters of Mr. Walpole's hand-writing—and that from its alluſions, both to the two letters from Chatterton, to which it is an anſwer, and from the text and notes accompanying them, it is utterly impoſſible but that it ſhould be genuine.

The fate of this curious controverſy has indeed been very hard. *Faſhion*, ſomehow or other, ſeems to have influenced it more than conviction—and the authority of a name or two of note in oppoſition to the authenticity of the poems, &c. has been ſubſtituted inſtead of fair enquiry and candid inveſtigation.

In the preſent inſtance it appears, that ſo far back as the year 1769, Thomas Chatterton applied to the hon. Horace Walpole for his protection and patronage of the very curious ſpecimens of ancient Engliſh poetry, &c. the whole of which he then tendered to him (Mr. W.) To theſe letters of application Mr. W. replied with many compliments, and in terms of much civility and deference, expreſſing his admiration of what Chatterton had already thought proper to communicate to him. Why, at any future period, this correſpondence was to be *diſavowed* on the part of Mr. W. is hard to conceive; but true it is, that in the year 1789, immediately after the death of Mr. Barrett, who, in his Hiſtory of Briſtol, had printed the two letters of Chatterton above alluded to, the following clauſe of a letter, or to the ſame purpoſe, from Mr. Walpole to a friend of his, was circulated with much

totally unknown to Mr. Horace Walpole, and ſigning a name of which he had never heard, diſputed the authenticity of a letter, publiſhed as the firſt written by that gentleman to Thomas Chatterton, and which, though Mr. W. had kept no copy of it, he believes is genuine, as it perfectly agrees with the account he had given of it. Doctor Farmer has ſhown the abſurdity of ſuppoſing that Mr. W. ſhould for no poſſible reaſon deny a letter, of which he himſelf had given the firſt account by memory, and which is one of the many proofs of his veracity in his relation of his correſpondence with Chatterton.

Scrutator, with officious and trifling pomp, took the uſeleſs pains to verify by a notary-public the authenticity of the letter, and of Mr. W.'s handwriting. It would be more worth while (though perhaps no very grateful office to Scrutator) to get ſight of Mr. W.'s friendly letter of advice to Chatterton, and authenticate the writing of that too, of which Mr. W. has demanded the publication, and of the ſuppreſſion of which he ſo juſtly complains.

Mr. W. was glad of ſeeing his firſt letter printed, and hoped it would be followed by the other. Scrutator exults in Mr. W. having been a momentary dupe of Chatterton—has not he ſaid as much himſelf? He did not indeed remain ſo, like Scrutator, who, to ſupport his own obdurate blindneſs, imputes the total expoſure of the forgery of Rowley's poems to the authority of a name or two of note, and laments that thoſe forgeries have not undergone fair enquiry and candid inveſtigation. Can a falſer aſſertion be advanced? Pamphlets upon pamphlets, volumes upon volumes, were written on that enquiry. Was the laborious Mr. Tyrrwhit, who firſt defended and then gave

much induſtry about the Univerſity of Cambridge:

"Mr. Walpole gives all his friends full au-
"thority to ſay, that he never before ſaw thoſe
"letters publiſhed by Mr. Barrett in his Hiſ-
"tory of Briſtol, as letters ſent to him by Tho-
"mas Chatterton; and he wiſhes this to be ge-
"nerally known, leſt, after his death, ſome pre-
"tended anſwers to them ſhould be produced,
"as having been written by him."

I ſhall make no other obſervation, than that the letter, which you lately publiſhed, is moſt undoubtedly genuine; that it has been compared, as I have ſaid above, with the hand-writing of Mr. Walpole upon many other occaſions, with which it exactly agrees; and as ſuch, being now given to the world before Mr. Walpole's death, that gentleman can have no reaſon to complain of his being deprived of the power of properly explaining this tranſaction himſelf.

SCRUTATOR.

Cambridge, May 9th.

them up, not a candid enquirer? Is the very learned, upright, and moderate Mr. Bryant not a fair inveſtigator? Was the archæologiſt Dr. Milles biaſſed by a name or two of note? If ever controverſy was amply and candidly diſcuſſed, and utterly abandoned upon the fulleſt examination, the Chattertonian conteſt had that fate—the paſſionate dullneſs of Scrutator remains almoſt alone impenetrable by illumination from reſearches; and it is queſtionable, whether ſuch a head could be purged of its Chattertonimania by the ableſt and moſt ancient phyſician in the Univerſity of Cambridge.

Scrutator does avow himſelf hard of conception, as he certainly is, and cannot comprehend why Mr. W. ſhould diſavow his correſpondence with Chatterton, after having given a clear and full account of it. It would be marvellous indeed, as has been ſaid, if he ſhould diſallow his own aſſertions when verified—but Scrutator's ſtatement is an entire blunder, if not a wilful miſrepreſentation. Here is the exact truth.

In poor Barrett's Hiſtory of Briſtol, he gave two new letters, which he ſaid had been found among Chatterton's papers, and were the very originals pretended to have been ſent to H. W. eſq. They were ſo original, that no copy of them had ever been ſent to Mr. W.; at leaſt he never received them—and the probability is, that though Chatterton had deſigned to ſend them, yet finding Mr. W.'s diſtruſt of Rowley's poems, he did not venture to ſend two pieces teeming with ſtill groſſer forgeries, and ſtill more liable to detection. For inſtance, the lad, ſo very ſuperficially tinctured with antique lore, in thoſe letters aſcribed the introduction of heraldry to Hengiſt, and of painted glaſs to one Afflem, who lived in the reign of K. Edmund.

On the publication of the two new letters, Mr. W. wrote to the late Dr. Lort, to deſire he would deny Mr. W.'s having ever received them. That requeſt was probably circulated by Dr. Lort at Cambridge; and out of a diſavowal of two letters that Mr. W. *never* received, has ſprung up his pretended denial of a letter that he actually did write himſelf, and has in print declared he did.

Is it blundering, or wilfully miſrepreſenting, when Scrutator ſtates Mr. W.'s diſavowal of having received the two new letters, as a corroboration of his denying his own letter? Was it poſſible to confound two circumſtances ſo

diſſonant, but by a head that confeſſes it does not conceive how Mr. W. could fall into ſo prepoſterous contradiction, and ſo deſtructive of his own unimpeached veracity in the narrative he has given of his correſpondence with Chatterton?

But as Scrutator has beſtowed ſuch pains on authenticating Mr. W.'s firſt letter, he is called upon to be as juſt in verifying the friendly letter, and producing it while Mr. W. is living. If it exiſts, there can be no reaſon for withholding it—if it is not replete with as kind and wholeſome advice as Mr. W. has aſſerted, let it be brought forth. Scrutator, ſo ready to load Mr. W. with contradictions, has probably not tenderneſs enough to ſpare him a more cruel detection; and when there is ſo much alacrity in charging him falſely, the preſumption is, that a letter that would do honour to his ſenſibility is ſuppreſſed from malevolence. Should at any future period a letter of harſher complexion appear, than Mr. W. has affirmed he ever wrote to Chatterton, no notary-public, no ſimilitude of hand-writing, which it is but too well known can be forged, will ever gain credit, when the poſſeſſor or fautors of the accuſations above quoted are dared and defied to produce it at preſent. With ſo much induſtrious malice has Mr. W. been purſued, that no man living will believe that if he had treated Chatterton with harſhneſs or arrogance, ſuch a letter would have been ſuppreſſed. Mr. W.'s falſe accuſers wanted even a ſhadow of truth to juſtify their aſſertions—would they have ſtifled a vindication of their charges, and left him to triumph in a detection of all their calumnies? So far from being able to fix a ſtain on him for his treatment of Chatterton, the bungler Scrutator is reduced to ſuppoſe, that he firſt notified and then denied his own letter, though to his credit; and then transfers Mr. W.'s denial of two letters which he never did receive, to a diſavowal of a letter that he wrote, and declared he had written.

If Scrutator can believe that Mr. W. ever did deny his own letter, no wonder he ſtill adheres to the authenticity of Rowley's poems. Incapable of reaſoning himſelf, his head muſt be equally impervious to the arguments of others; and in proportion as he aſſerts falſe facts, he may have a propenſity to believing them, eſpecially if of his own coinage, as ſome men are more partial to their ſpurious iſſue than to their legitimate children.

If this is the caſe of Scrutator, he is heartily welcome to ſuppoſe, that his confounding

confounding Mr. W.'s denial of the receipt of Chatterton's two embryo letters was a denial of his own actual letter, and that the verification of that letter by a notary-public is a corroboration of Mr. W.'s disavowal of it, though he never did disavow it, and does firmly believe it is his own genuine letter, and should be sorry not to have it thought so. He laughs at the ridiculous pains Scrutator has taken to identify it, and thinks, as others do think, that Scrutator himself wrote or procured the letter in the Magazine, which asserted that Mr. W. denied having ever written to Chatterton, though Mr. W. had in print declared, that he had wrote to that young man more than once:—So that, in fact, Scrutator may have only asserted and confuted himself, like a man that plays at cards alone, right hand against left—and to that merry pastime he is willingly abandoned.

A

NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED RELATIVE TO

THE QUARREL OF

Mr. DAVID HUME AND JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

AS FAR AS Mr. HORACE WALPOLE WAS CONCERNED IN IT.

A

NARRATIVE, &c.

I WENT to Paris in September 1765. Mr. Hume was there, ſecretary to the Engliſh ambaſſador, the earl of Hertford. About that time the curate of Motiers in Switzerland had excited the mob againſt Rouſſeau, and it was no longer ſafe for him to ſtay in that country. He petitioned the magiſtrates of the place to impriſon him, affirming that he was troubled with a rupture, and in ſo bad a ſtate of health that it was impoſſible for him to travel. There was no law in Switzerland againſt ruptures, and the magiſtrates could not comply with his requeſt. Mr. Hume was deſired by ſome friends of Rouſſeau to procure him a retreat in England, and undertook it zealouſly. He ſpoke to me, and ſaid, he had thoughts of obtaining permiſſion for him to live in Richmond new park. I ſaid, an old groom, that had been ſervant of my father, was one of the keepers there, had a comfortable little lodge in a retired part of that park, and I could anſwer for procuring a lodging there. We afterwards recollected that lord Bute was ranger of the park, and might not care to have a man who had given much offence by his writings to pious perſons, appear to be particularly under his protection; on which we dropped that idea. Sir Gilbert Elliot was then at Paris, and going to England: to him Mr. Hume applied to look out for ſome ſolitary habitation for Rouſſeau, as the latter had deſired.

The king of Pruſſia, hearing that Rouſſeau could not remain in Swiſſerland, had offered him a retreat in his dominions, which Rouſſeau declined. It happened that I was one evening at madame Geoffrin's in a mixed company, where the converſation turned on this refuſal, and many inſtances were quoted of Rouſſeau's affected ſingularities, and of his projects to make himſelf celebrated by courting perſecution. I dropped two or three things, that diverted the company, of whom monſieur Helvetius was one. When I went home, I reduced thoſe thoughts into a little letter from the king of Pruſſia to Rouſſeau[1], and dining the next day with M. Helvetius, I ſhowed it to him. He was much diverted with it, and pointed out one or two faults in the French, which I am far from pretending to write correctly. A day or two afterwards I ſhowed it to two or three perſons at madame de Rochfort's, who were all pleaſed with it, among whom the duc de Nivernois propoſed the alteration of one verb. I ſhowed the letter too to madame du Deffand, and ſhe deſired to communicate it to the preſident Henault, and he changed the conſtruction of the laſt phraſe, though the thought remained exactly the ſame. Madame de Jonſac, the preſident's niece, ſaid, if I had a mind it ſhould appear, ſhe would diſperſe it without letting the author be known. I replied, No, it had never been intended for the public, was a private piece of pleaſantry, and I had no mind it ſhould be talked of. One night at madame du Deffand's, the latter deſired me to read it to madame la marechale de Mirepoix, who liked it ſo much, that ſhe inſiſted upon having a copy; and this, as far as I can remember, was the firſt occaſion of the diſperſion.

I have recounted circumſtantially the trifling incidents of the corrections of

[1] The letter was as follows:

"Le Roi de Prusse à Monſ. Rousseau.

"MON CHERE JEAN JACQUES,

"Vous avez renoncé à Geneve votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chaſſer de la Suiſſe, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a decreté.

"Venez donc chez moi: j'admire vos talents; je m'amuſe de vos reveries, qui (ſoit dit en paſſant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être ſage et heureux. Vous avez fait aſſez parler de vous par des ſingularités peu convenables à un veritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le ſens commun: cela les fachera, ſans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paiſible; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, ſi vous le trouvez bon. Mais ſi vous vous obſtiniez à rejetter mon ſecours, attendez vous que je ne le dirai à perſonne. Si vous perſiſtez à vous creuſer l'eſprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choiſiſſez les tels que vous voudrez. Je ſuis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos ſouhaits: et ce qui ſurement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je ceſſerai de vous perſecuter quand vous ceſſerez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

"Votre bon ami,

"FREDERIC."

the

the letter, becauſe they were afterwards moſt unjuſtly the occaſion of the letter being imputed to one who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare in it, and who was aſperſed from private pique. As ſoon as the letter made a noiſe, I was ſo afraid of affecting to write French better than I could, that I mentioned every where, and particularly to M. Diderot at baron Holbach's, that the letter had been corrected, though I did not tell by whom, for fear of involving others in a diſpute; but I never, as M. D'Alembert has falſely aſſerted, avowed that I had had any aſſiſtance in the compoſition, which would have been an untruth. This attention of not committing others, has ſince moſt abſurdly been complained of by D'Alembert. Has he ſet his name to every thing he has written? Do his principles lead him to betray every thing that has paſſed in confidence between him and others? But I ſhall unmaſk his motives, and detect his ſpleen. He had formerly been a great friend of madame du Deffand. She had brought to Paris a poor young gentlewoman, a mademoiſelle de L'Eſpinaſſe, who lived with her as a companion. They had quarrelled (I neither know nor care about what) ſome time before I came to Paris, and had parted. Mademoiſelle de L'Eſpinaſſe had talents, drew company and authors about her, and of the latter, D'Alembert was the moſt aſſiduous; and a total coolneſs enſued between him and madame du Deffand. The latter ſoon after my arrival had ſhown me great diſtinctions and kindneſs. Mr. Hume propoſed to carry me to mademoiſelle de L'Eſpinaſſe, where I might be ſure of ſeeing D'Alembert. I ſaid, I had not the honour of knowing mademoiſelle de L'Eſpinaſſe; that madame du Deffand had been remarkably good to me, and as I underſtood they did not love one another, I did not care to diſoblige madame du Deffand, nor to be involved in a quarrel with which I had nothing to do; and for monſieur D'Alembert, I was mighty indifferent about ſeeing him; that it was not my cuſtom to ſeek authors, who are a conceited troubleſome ſet of people, and that I was not come to Paris to pay homage to their vanity. This was by no means levelled particularly at D'Alembert, of whom I knew nothing, but ſo much my way of thinking, that in ſeven months and a half that I was at Paris, I would viſit but two authors, whom I infinitely preferred to all the reſt, which were the younger Crebillon and monſieur Buffon, the latter of whom is one of the moſt amiable, modeſt, humane men I ever knew. This neglect of D'Alembert and his friend, and my attachment to madame du Deffand, was not to be forgiven; and I am glad he did not forgive it, as it drew him to expoſe his peeviſh ſpite.

Mr. Hume remained ſome time longer at Paris; and though he lodged in the ſame hotel with me, I declare, and Mr. Crawfurd is my witneſs, that I never ſhowed or mentioned the king of Pruſſia's letter to him.

In the mean time, a paſſport had been obtained for Rouſſeau; and notwithſtanding he was incapable of travelling, he came to Paris in his Armenian habit, which he had worn ſome time, as he ſaid, to conceal his rupture. He was lodged by the prince of Conti in the Temple; ſeveral perſons obtained his permiſſion to viſit him, though he made it a great favour, and yet he was ſo good as to indulge the curioſity of the multitude, by often walking in the public walks, where the ſingularity of his dreſs prevented his eſcaping their eyes. He ſtaid a fortnight, till the parliament who had paſſed a decree againſt him began to complain of his reſidence in their juriſdiction. On their murmurs, the miniſters alleged that the paſſport had been granted merely to facilitate his journey to England, and was not underſtood to extend beyond two or three days. The ducheſs of Choiſeul told me, that the duke her huſband was very angry that his indulgence had been abuſed, and at Rouſſeau's public exhibition of himſelf. I ſaid, I hoped the duke would excuſe Rouſſeau's delay, as I knew he had ſtaid in complaiſance to Mr. Hume, who had not been ready to depart. She replied, "Then he paid more deference to friendſhip than to obedience." Mr. Hume and Rouſſeau ſet out for England. They had not been there many days before accounts were written from thence to Paris of Rouſſeau's vanity and extravagant folly; as of his complaining to Mr. Hume one afternoon that few perſons had been to ſee him that day; and of his refuſing to ſettle in a gentleman's family, becauſe the latter would not admit Rouſſeau's houſekeeper to dine with his wife. I pitied Mr. Hume, and thought, as I had done before, that he would be heartily ſick of his charge; but Mr. Hume was beyond meaſure attached to him, and thought he could not do too much to pleaſe him and compenſate for his paſt misfortunes.

Some few days before I left Paris, I went to madame Geoffrin; ſhe was writing in her cloſet: in the cabinet I found two perſons, one of whom was talking with much warmth, and in the ſtyle in faſhion, on religion. By the turn of his converſation, and by what I had heard of his perſon, I concluded this was D'Alembert. It was. I walked about the room, till madame Geoffrin came to us. D'Alembert went away, and this was the only time I ſaw him.

The

The very day before I ſet out, I was ſhowed in an Engliſh newſpaper, Rouſſeau's ridiculous letter to the printer, in which he complains with ſo much bitterneſs of the letter of the king of Pruſſia. Before I went to bed, I wrote a letter to Rouſſeau, under the name of his own Emile, to laugh at his folly; but on reflection I ſuppreſſed this, as I had done a ſecond letter in the name of the king of Pruſſia, in which I foretold the variety of events which would happen in England to interfere with the noiſe which Rouſſeau hoped to make there, which would occaſion his being forgotten and neglected, and which conſequently would ſoon make him diſguſted with our country. Theſe events were, politics, Mr. Pitt's return to power, horſe-races, elections, &c. all eaſily foreſeen, and which did happen of courſe, and which did contribute to make Rouſſeau weary of the ſolitude which he pretended to ſeek, which he had found, and which he could not bear.

After I came to England, Mr. Hume told me he had ſolicited Mr. Conway, one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, to obtain for Rouſſeau from the king a penſion of an hundred pounds a year. Mr. Conway aſked, and the king conſented to it; but in conſideration of Rouſſeau's obnoxious writings, his majeſty deſired the penſion ſhould be a ſecret. Rouſſeau wiſhed to have it public, and had not yielded then to receive it in a private manner. Afterwards followed Rouſſeau's extravagant quarrel with Mr. Hume, in the courſe of which Mr. Hume begged me to preſs Mr. Conway to obtain the penſion in the way which would pleaſe Rouſſeau moſt. I willingly undertook it, urged Mr. Conway to purſue it, which he promiſed me to do; but I told Mr. Hume that he muſt by no means let Rouſſeau know that I had any ſhare in it, as he probably would not care to owe it to me.

Then arrived Rouſſeau's long abſurd letter to Mr. Hume, which moſt people in England, and I amongſt the reſt, thought was ſuch an anſwer to itſelf, that Mr. Hume had no occaſion to vindicate himſelf from the imputations contained in it. The gens de lettres at Paris, who aim at being an *order*, and who in default of parts raiſe a duſt by their ſquabbles, were of a different opinion, and preſſed Mr. Hume to publiſh on the occaſion. Mr. Hume however declared he was convinced by the arguments of his friends in England, and would not engage in a controverſy. Lord Mansfield told me, he was glad to hear I was of his opinion, and had diſſuaded Mr. Hume from publiſhing. Indeed I was convinced he did not intend it: and when he came to

me one morning, and desired I would give him a letter under my hand to shew to his friends, disculpating him from having been privy to the king of Prussia's letter, I willingly consented, and wrote one, which I gave him, and the beginning of which proved how strong my opinion was against his publishing.

I am sorry to say, that on this occasion Mr. Hume did not act quite fairly by me. In the beginning of my letter, I laughed at his *learned* friends, who wished him to publish, which, as I told him, was only to gratify their own spleen to Rousseau. I had no spleen to him, I had laughed at his affectation, but had tried to serve him; and above all things, I despised the childish quarrels of pedants and pretended philosophers. This commencement of my letter was therefore a dissuasive against printing. Could I imagine that Mr. Hume would make use of part of my letter, and suffer it to be printed—and even without asking my consent? I had told him he might do what he pleased with it: but when he had desired it only to shew, and when it advised him not to publish, could my words imply a permission to print my letter? Much less could they imply permission to curtail my letter, and give it to the public as if I approved his printing. And I repeat it again, Was he at liberty to do this without asking and obtaining my consent? It is very true, I heartily despised Rousseau's ingratitude to Mr. Hume; but had I thought my letter would have been published, I should not have expressed my feeling in such harsh terms as *a thorough contempt*—at least I should have particularized the cause of that contempt, because the superiority and excellence of Rousseau's genius ought not to be confounded with his defects. Nor should I have treated him with the same indifference as I should treat the present gens de lettres at Paris, the mushrooms of the moment. But Mr. Hume was penetrated with respect for them, and not to wound their vain and sensitive ears, suppressed the commencement of my letter, and in that mangled form suffered them to publish it. When it was published, he made an apology to me: his letters and my answers I shall annex to this narrative.

In consequence however of my contempt of controversy, with a proper scorn of D'Alembert's womanish motives, and in tenderness to Mr. Hume, I forbore to expose D'Alembert as he deserved. The little insects produced by this quarrel kept it up for some time in print, and Freron, who exists on such sour nutriment, attacked me in one of his journals, which to this hour I never saw; nor

so

ſo much as heard of, till I was informed from Paris, that the ducheſs of Choiſeul obliged him to make a public retractation, and, as well as the duke, was much incenſed againſt D'Alembert, madame du Deffand being the ducheſs's particular friend. I immediately wrote to Paris to beg the ducheſs would ſuffer Freron and D'Alembert, or any of the tribe, to write what they pleaſed, and get what money they could by abuſing me.

Rouſſeau remained for ſome months longer in Derbyſhire, in a cottage near Mr. Davenport—but in the ſpring, Rouſſeau and his houſekeeper ſuddenly departed. The poſt-maſter where he hired horſes told him, Mr. Davenport would be much concerned at being quitted ſo abruptly. Rouſſeau replied, he took that method not to ſhock Mr. Davenport by his complaints.—However, he left a letter behind him for this laſt benefactor, not much inferior in reproaches to the one he had addreſſed to Mr. Hume. The chief cauſe of his diſcontent had been a long quarrel between his houſekeeper and Mr. Davenport's cook-maid, who, as Rouſſeau affirmed, had always dreſſed their dinner very ill, and at laſt had ſprinkled aſhes on their victuals.

Rouſſeau, quitting his Armenian maſquerade, croſſed the country with his gouvernante, and arrived at Boſton in Lincolnſhire. There a gentleman who admired his writings waited on him, offered him aſſiſtance in money, and called him *the great Rouſſeau.* He replied with warmth, "No, ſir, no, I am not *the great Rouſſeau*, I am the poor neglected Rouſſeau, of whom nobody takes any notice." Thus broke forth the true ſource of all his unhappineſs. The brighteſt parts, the moſt eſtabliſhed fame, could not ſatisfy him, unleſs he was the perpetual object of admiration and diſcourſe; and to keep up this attention, he deſcended to all the little tricks of a mountebank.

From Boſton he wrote to the lord chancellor Camden, to deſire his lordſhip would ſend him a guard to conduct him to Dover. A guard! and in England! where he or any body may travel in the moſt perfect ſecurity! and where there was no ſentence of law or decree of parliament againſt him!—And for what? To conduct him to France, where he was proſcribed and liable to be apprehended by the firſt guard that ſhould meet him. The chancellor ſmiled at his folly, and deſired Mr. Fitzherbert to acquaint him, that he had no occaſion for a guard, and might go with the utmoſt ſafety to Dover—and ſo he did.

From

From Dover he wrote to Mr. Conway the moſt extravagant of all his letters, and which indeed amounted to madneſs. In it he entreated Mr. Conway in the moſt earneſt and pathetic terms to ſuffer him to quit England (from whence he would be ſailed long before Mr. Conway could receive his letter); he intimated a violent apprehenſion that he was to be aſſaſſinated at ſea; he promiſed, if he was permitted to depart, that he never would write a ſyllable againſt England, or the Engliſh; offered to depoſit all his unprinted writings there, and, to prove his ſincerity, demanded his penſion (an odd requeſt for a man going to periſh), the acceptance of which, he ſaid, would conſtitute him the greateſt of villains, if he ſhould ever afterwards abuſe England: and he concluded his ſolicitation of leave to depart, with a promiſe of acquainting Mr. Conway how to direct to him, as ſoon as he ſhould be landed at Calais.

Mr. Conway ſhowed me this letter. I begged him, as ſoon as he ſhould receive the direction, to acquaint Rouſſeau, that he was at full liberty to write what he pleaſed; that nobody wiſhed to prevent his writing any thing he had a mind to ſay; and I begged Mr. Conway to obtain the penſion, which he did, and which was granted.

Still wiſhing to compenſate for any uneaſineſs I had given Rouſſeau by the king of Pruſſia's letter, and now really thinking him diſtracted enough to thruſt himſelf on actual calamities, I wrote to the ducheſs of Choiſeul to repreſent his caſe, to beg her protection for him, and to entreat that ſhe would ſave him, if the parliament of Paris or the government ſhould be diſpoſed to exerciſe their reſentment on him.

He arrived ſafely at Paris, was received by his old friend the prince of Conti, was for ſome time lodged near Meudon; and when I returned to Paris in Auguſt 1767, he lived very privately at a little diſtance from that capital on an eſtate belonging to the ſame prince, where I ſhall leave him, and conclude this idle hiſtory.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Paris,
Sept. 13, 1767.

LET-

LETTERS

Which paſſed between DAVID HUME, Eſq. and the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE, relative to ROUSSEAU.

LETTER I.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I came home laſt night, I found on my table a very long letter from D'Alembert, who tells me, that, on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rouſſeau, he ſummoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimouſly of the ſame opinion with himſelf, and of a contrary opinion to me, with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I perſiſt ſtill more cloſely in my firſt opinion, eſpecially after receiving the laſt mad letter. D'Alembert tells me, that it is of great importance for me to juſtify myſelf from having any hand in the letter from the king of Pruſſia: I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not ſhow it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very ſenſible. Pray recollect, if it was ſo. Though I do not intend to publiſh, I am collecting all the original pieces, and ſhall connect them by a conciſe narrative. It is neceſſary for me to have that letter and Rouſſeau's anſwer. Pray aſſiſt me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

I am, dear ſir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

DAVID HUME.

Saturday Forenoon.

LETTER II.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Arlington-ſtreet,
July 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR ſet of literary friends are what a ſet of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly abſurd. They hold a conſiſtory to conſult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very neceſſary for your character to give them the pleaſure of ſeeing Rouſſeau expoſed, not becauſe he has provoked you, but them. If Rouſſeau prints, you muſt; but I certainly would not till he does.

I cannot be preciſe as to the time of my writing the king of Pruſſia's letter, but I do aſſure you with the utmoſt truth that it was ſeveral days before you left Paris, and before Rouſſeau's arrival there, of which I can give you a ſtrong proof; for I not only ſuppreſſed the letter while you ſtaid there, out of delicacy to you; but it was the reaſon why, out of delicacy to myſelf, I did not go to ſee him, as you often propoſed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial viſit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear ſir, to make uſe of what I ſay in your juſtification, either to Rouſſeau or any body elſe. I ſhould be very ſorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rouſſeau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their poſſeſſor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and moſt ungrateful heart, as Rouſſeau has ſhown in your caſe, into the bargain, he will have my ſcorn likewiſe, as he will of all good and ſenſible men. You may truſt your ſentence to ſuch, who are as reſpectable judges as any that have pored over ten thouſand more volumes.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as ſoon as I go to Strawberry-hill.

LETTER III.

To the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

A FEW posts ago I had a letter from M. D'Alembert, by which I learn, that he and my other friends at Paris had determined to publish an account of my rupture with Rousseau, in consequence of a general discretionary power which I had given them. The narrative they publish is the same with that which I left with lord Hertford, and which I believe you have seen. It consists chiefly of original papers, connected by a short recital of facts. I made a few alterations, and M. D'Alembert tells me he has made a few more, with my permission and at my desire. Among the papers published is your letter to me, justifying my innocence with regard to the king of Prussia's letter. You permitted me to make what use of it I pleased for my own apology; and as I knew that you could have no reason for concealing it, I inserted it without scruple in the narrative. My Parisian friends are to accompany the whole with a preface, giving an account of my reluctance to this publication, but of the necessity which they found of extorting my consent. It appears particularly, that my antagonist had wrote letters of defiance against me all over Europe, and said, that the letter he wrote me was so confounding to me, that I would not dare to show it to any one without falsifying it. These letters were likely to make impression, and my silence might be construed into a proof of guilt. I am sure that my friends have judged impartially in this affair, and without being actuated by any prejudice or passion of their own; for almost all of them were at first as averse as I was to the publication, and only proceeded to it upon the apparent necessity which they discovered. I have not seen the preface; but the book will probably be soon in London, and I hope you will find that the reasons assigned by my friends are satisfactory. They have taken upon them the blame, if any appears to lie in this measure. I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh,
30th of Oct. 1766.

LETTER IV.

To DAVID HUME, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 6, 1766.

YOU have, I own, ſurpriſed me by ſuffering your quarrel with Rouſſeau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and againſt the advice of all your beſt friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to deſpiſe literary ſquabbles, the jeſt and ſcorn of all men of ſenſe. Indeed I am ſorry you have let yourſelf be over-perſuaded, and ſo are all that I have ſeen who wiſh you well: I ought rather to uſe your own word *extorted*. You ſay your Pariſian friends *extorted* your conſent to this publication. I believe ſo. Your good ſenſe could not approve what your good heart could not refuſe. You add, that they told you *Rouſſeau had ſent letters of defiance againſt you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear ſir, could you pay any regard to ſuch fuſtian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into theſe idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its backſide. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the fifth and Francis the firſt. What are become of all the controverſies ſince the days of Scaliger and Scioppius of Billingſgate memory? Why, they ſleep in oblivion, till ſome Bayle drags them out of their duſt, and takes mighty pains to aſcertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more conſequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country ſquire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuſe paſſes between them as if they could quote all the Philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I ſhould have expected if you *would* print, with ſenſe, temper, and decency, and, what is ſtill more uncommon, with your uſual modeſty. I cannot ſay ſo much for your editors. But editors and commentators are ſeldom modeſt. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the reſtoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the ſenſe which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiſer, and holds theſe magnificent pretenſions in proper contempt.

What I have ſaid is to explain why I am ſorry my letter makes a part of this controverſy. When I ſent it to you, it was for your juſtification; and had

had it been neceſſary, I could have added much more, having been witneſs to your anxious and boundleſs friendſhip for Rouſſeau. I told you, you might make what uſe of it you pleaſed. Indeed at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you ſeeming ſo averſe to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I muſt confeſs that I am more concerned that you have ſuffered my letter to be curtailed; nor ſhould I have conſented to that if you had aſked me. I gueſſed that your friends conſulted your intereſt leſs than their own inclination to expoſe Rouſſeau; and I think their omiſſion of what I ſaid on that ſubject, proves I was not miſtaken in my gueſs. My letter hinted too my contempt of learned men and their miſerable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I ſhould not have been ſorry that that opinion ſhould have appeared at the ſame time. In truth, there is nothing I hold ſo cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought, that young men ought to be made ſcholars, leſt they ſhould grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more fooliſh books than other folks, which, as there are a thouſand nonſenſical books for one good one, muſt be the caſe of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who I ſuppoſe has read a vaſt deal, is, it ſeems, offended with my letter to Rouſſeau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rouſſeau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: eſpecially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rouſſeau's aſcribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing ſo vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the ſame claſs. I ſhould be ſorry to have his eloges and tranſlations of ſcraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him any thing, provided he never tranſlates me. Adieu! my dear ſir; I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuſe me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely; I ſhall not laugh the leſs, and I promiſe you I will never enter into a controverſy with them.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER V.

To the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY I received by the poſt a copy of the edition, printed at Paris, of my narrative of this ridiculous affair between Rouſſeau and me. There is an introduction in the name of my friends, giving an account of the neceſſity under which they found themſelves to publiſh this narrative; and an appendix in D'Alembert's name, proteſting his innocence with regard to all the imputations thrown on him by Rouſſeau. I have no objection with regard to the firſt, but the ſecond contains a clauſe which diſpleaſes me very much, but which you will probably only laugh at: it is that where he blames the king of Pruſſia's letter as cruel. What could engage D'Alembert to uſe this freedom, I cannot imagine. Is it poſſible that a man of his ſuperior parts can bear you ill will becauſe you are the friend of his enemy, madame du Deffand? What makes me ſuſpect that there may be ſomething true of this ſuſpicion, is, that ſeveral paſſages in my narrative, in which I mention you and that letter, are all altered in the tranſlation, and rendered much leſs obliging than I wrote them: for my narrative ſent to Paris was an exact copy of that left in lord Hertford's hands. I would give any thing to prevent a publication in London (for ſurely the whole affair will appear perfectly ridiculous); but I am afraid that a book printed at Paris will be tranſlated in London, if there be hopes of ſelling a hundred copies of it. For this reaſon, I fancy it will be better for me to take care that a proper edition be publiſhed, in which caſe I ſhall give orders that all the paſſages altered in my narrative ſhall be reſtored.

Since I came here I have been told that you have had a ſevere fit of ſickneſs, but that you are now recovered: I hope you are perfectly ſo. I am anxious to hear of your welfare; being with great ſincerity,

Dear ſir,

Your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh,
4th of Nov. 1766.

LETTER VI.

To DAVID HUME, Esq.

INDEED, dear ſir, it was not neceſſary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to ſay what he pleaſes of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it ſignifies a ſtraw to me what he ſays. But how can you be ſurpriſed at his printing a thing that he ſent you ſo long ago? All *my* ſurpriſe conſiſts in your ſuffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be ſure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only ſhows his equity, but is the ſtrongeſt preſumption that he was conſcious I gueſſed right, when I ſuppoſed he urged you to publiſh, from his own private pique to Rouſſeau.

What you ſurmiſe of his cenſuring my letter becauſe I am a friend of madame du Deffand, is aſtoniſhing indeed, and not to be credited, unleſs you had ſuggeſted it. Having never thought him any thing like a *ſuperior genius* as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rouſſeau's aſcribing my letter to him; but to carry reſentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, ſo far, as to hate a friend of hers qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal, is ſtrangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philoſopher, and that philoſophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wiſdom, and were above the little paſſions and foibles of humanity. I thought they aſſumed that proud title as an earneſt to the world that they intended to be ſomething more than mortal; that they engaged themſelves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no deciſion, but what they believed the quinteſſence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and reſpect of perſons. Indeed we know that the ancient philoſophers were a ridiculous compoſition of arrogance, diſputation, and contradictions; that ſome of them acted againſt all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own ſenſes; that ſome, for venting unintelligible nonſenſe, pretended to think themſelves ſuperior to kings; that they gave themſelves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not ſee—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a ſingle hypotheſis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that ſome were even ſo abſurd, and impious, as to diſplace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to diſparage ſuch wiſe men, for we are

really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonſenſe, through which we might poſſibly have paſſed, if they had not prevented us. But when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I ſaw the term *philoſophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we ſhould be bleſſed with only the cream of ſapience; and one had more reaſon ſtill to expect this from any *ſuperior genius*. But, alas! my dear ſir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Ariſtophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making ſport with a great man in diſtreſs, but becauſe Plato hated ſome blind old woman with whom Ariſtophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjuſt, as I never heard madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the ſeven months that I paſſed at Paris, and never, though ſhe does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the firſt time I ever heard her mention his name, I ſaid I had been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now). She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and ſaid he was extremely amuſing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but ſeldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them ſufficiently paid if their books ſell, and of courſe leave them to their colleges and obſcurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they ſpoil us; but that was no buſineſs of mine. I who am an author muſt own this conduct very ſenſible; for in truth we are a moſt uſeleſs tribe.

That D'Alembert ſhould have omitted paſſages in which you was ſo good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peeviſhneſs, not with his philoſophy. However, for God's ſake, do not reinſtate the paſſages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my conſent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may reſt there. I am much more diverted with the philoſopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I ſhould have been pleaſed with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling buſineſs

ſineſs for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rouſſeau certainly never did offend me. I believed from many ſymptoms in his writings, and from what I had heard of him, that his love of ſingularity made him chooſe to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philoſophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *ſuperior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The ſage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book publiſhed to expoſe Rouſſeau, and which confirms by ſerious proofs what I had hinted at in jeſt. What! does a philoſopher condemn me, and in the very ſame breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will ſay, Rouſſeau had offended D'Alembert by aſcribing the king of Pruſſia's letter to him. Worſe and worſe: if Rouſſeau is unhappy, a philoſopher ſhould have pardoned. Revenge is ſo unbecoming the rex regum, the man who is præcipuè ſanus—niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt. If Rouſſeau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature?—In ſhort, my dear ſir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philoſophers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

Arlington-ſtreet,
Nov. 11th, 1766.

P. S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehenſive of my being indiſcreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your ſuſpicions of him on madame du Deffand's account; but you may be perfectly eaſy on that head. Though I like ſuch an advantage over him, and ſhould be glad he ſaw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I ſhall certainly not make an ill uſe of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent ſçavant, but reſpect learning when joined to ſuch goodneſs as yours, and never confound oſtentation and modeſty.

I wrote to you laſt Thurſday; and, by lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine-Wells: I hope you will receive it.

LETTER VII.

To the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.

I READILY agree with you, my dear ſir, that it is a great misfortune to be reduced to the neceſſity of conſenting to this publication; but it had certainly become neceſſary. Even thoſe who at firſt joined me in rejecting all idea of it, wrote to me and repreſented, that this ſtrange man's defiances had made ſuch impreſſion, that I ſhould paſs univerſally for the guilty perſon, if I ſuppreſſed the ſtory. Some of his greateſt admirers and partiſans, who had read my manuſcript, concurred in the ſame ſentiments with the reſt. I never conſented to any thing with greater reluctance in my life. Had I found one man of my opinion, I ſhould have perſevered in my refuſal. One reaſon of my reluctance was, that I ſaw this publication, if neceſſary at Paris, was yet ſuperfluous, not to ſay worſe, at London. But I hope it will be conſidered that the publication is not, properly ſpeaking, my deed, but that of my friends, in conſequence of a diſcretionary power which I gave them, and which it was natural for me to give them, as I was at too great a diſtance to form a judgment in the caſe.

I am as ſenſible as you are of the ridicule to which men of letters have expoſed themſelves, by running every moment to the public with all their private ſquabbles and altercations; but ſurely there has been ſomething very unexpected and peculiar in this affair. My antagoniſt, by his genius, his ſingularities, his quackery, his misfortunes, and his adventures, had become more the ſubject of general converſation in Europe (for I venture again on the word) than any perſon in it. I do not even except Voltaire, much leſs the king of Pruſſia and Mr. Pitt. How elſe could it have happened, that a clauſe of a private letter, which I wrote ſomewhat thoughtleſsly to a private gentleman at Paris, ſhould in three days time have been the only ſubject of converſation in that capital, and ſhould thence have propagated itſelf every where as faſt as the poſt could carry it? You know, that at firſt I was ſo little inclined to make a noiſe about this ſtory, that I had entertained thoughts of giving no reply at all to the inſult, which was really ſo ridiculous: but you very properly diſſuaded me from this reſolution; and by your advice I wrote that letter, which certainly nobody will find fault with.

Having made this apology for myſelf (where, however, I expect to be abſolved as much by your compaſſion as your judgment), I proceed to ſay ſomething in favour of my friends. Allow me then to inform you, that it was not D'Alembert who ſuppreſſed that clauſe of your letter, but me, who did not tranſcribe it in the copy I ſent to Paris. I was afraid of engaging you needleſsly in a quarrel with theſe literati; and as that clauſe had no reference to the buſineſs in hand, I thought I might fairly ſecrete it. I wiſh I could excuſe him as well on another head. He ſent me above two months ago ſomething like that declaration, and deſired me to convey it to Rouſſeau; which I refuſed to do, and gave him ſome reaſons of my refuſal: but he replied to me, that he was ſure my true ſecret reaſon was my regard to you. He ought thence to have known, that it would be diſagreeable to me to ſee ſuch a piece annexed to mine. I have remarked alſo the omiſſion of a phraſe in the tranſlation; and this omiſſion could not be altogether by accident: it was where I mention your ſuppreſſing the king of Pruſſia's letter, while we lived together at Paris. I ſaid it was *agreeable to your uſual politeneſs and humanity*. I have wrote to Becket the bookſeller to reſtore this paſſage, which is ſo conformable to my real ſentiments: but whether my orders have come in time, I do not know as yet. Before I ſaw the Paris edition, I had deſired Becket to follow it wherever it departed from my original. The difference, I find, was in other reſpects but inconſiderable.

It is only by conjecture I imagine, that D'Alembert's malevolence to you (if he has any malevolence) proceeds from your friendſhip with madame du Deffand; becauſe I can find no other ground for it. I ſee alſo, that in his declaration there is a ſtroke obliquely levelled at her, which perhaps you do not underſtand, but I do; becauſe he wrote me that he heard ſhe was your corrector. I found theſe two perſons in great and intimate friendſhip when I arrived at Paris: but it is ſtrange how intemperate they are both become in their animoſity; though perhaps it is more excuſable in her, on account of her age, ſex, and bodily infirmities. I am very ſenſible of your diſcretion in not citing me on this occaſion; I might otherwiſe have a new quarrel on my hands.

With regard to D'Alembert, I believe I ſaid he was a man of *ſuperior parts*, not a *ſuperior genius*; which are words, if I miſtake not, of a very different import. He is ſurely entitled to the former character, from the works which

you and I have read: I do not mean his tranſlation of Tacitus, but his other pieces. But I believe he is more entitled to it from the works which I ſuppoſe neither you nor I have read, his Geometry and Algebra. I agree with you, that in ſome reſpects Rouſſeau may more properly be called a ſuperior genius; yet is he ſo full of extravagance, that I am inclined to deny even him that appellation. I fancy D'Alembert's talents and Rouſſeau's united might fully merit ſuch a eulogy.

In other reſpects, D'Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refuſing great offers from the Czarina and the king of Pruſſia, he has ſhewn himſelf above intereſt and vain ambition. He lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, ſuitable to a man of letters. He has five penſions: one from the king of Pruſſia, one from the French king, one as member of the academy of ſciences, one as member of the French academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of theſe is not 6000 livres a year; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I ſcarce know a man, who, with ſome few exceptions (for there muſt always be ſome exceptions), is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philoſophical* character.

You ſee I venture ſtill to join theſe two epithets as inſeparable and almoſt ſynonymous; though you ſeem inclined to regard them almoſt as incompatible. And here I have a ſtrong inclination to ſay a few words in vindication both of myſelf and of my friends, venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepoſſeſſion has ſeized you to beat in ſo outrageous a manner your nurſes of mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude againſt ſcience and literature? For my part, I can ſcarce acknowledge any other ground of diſtinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progreſs in learning and the arts. I do not ſay between one man and another; becauſe the qualities of the heart and temper and natural underſtanding are the moſt eſſential to the perſonal character; but being, I ſuppoſe, almoſt equal among nations and ages, do not ſerve to throw a peculiar luſtre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of genius; and there may no doubt be, in particular inſtances, a great ridicule in theſe affectations: but the ſentiment in general was equally conſpicuous in ancient Greece, in Rome during its flouriſhing period, in modern Italy, and even perhaps in England about the beginning of this century.

If the caſe be now otherwiſe, it is what we are to lament and be aſhamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once at beſt but half civilized, and is now relapſing faſt into barbariſm, ignorance, and ſuperſtition. I beg you alſo to conſider the great difference in point of morals between uncultivated and civilized ages.—But I find I am launching out inſenſibly into an immenſe ocean of common-place; I cut the matter therefore ſhort, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and had every day cooked your dinner of horſefleſh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the ſhoulder of your horſe, you had certainly been an obliging, good-natured, friendly man; but at the ſame time, that reading, converſation, and travel have detracted nothing from thoſe virtues, and have made a conſiderable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient ſincerity, which was only roguery and hypocriſy, but very ſincerely, dear ſir,

Your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh,
20th of Nov. 1766.

P. S. The French tranſlation of this ſtrange piece of mine (for I muſt certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction.

REMINISCENCES,

WRITTEN IN 1788,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF

MISS MARY AND MISS AGNES B——Y.

Il ne faut point d'eſprit pour s'occuper des vieux evenemens.

VOLTAIRE, vol. lv. lett. lvi. p. 114.

REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

YOU were both ſo entertained with the old ſtories I told you one evening lately, of what I recollected to have ſeen and heard from my childhood of the courts of king George the firſt, and of his ſon the prince of Wales (afterwards George the ſecond) and of the latter's princeſs, ſince queen Caroline; and you expreſſed ſuch wiſhes that I would commit thoſe paſſages (for they are ſcarce worthy of the title even of anecdotes) to writing, that, having no greater pleaſure than to pleaſe you both, nor any more important or laudable occupation, I will begin to ſatisfy the repetition of your curioſity.—But obſerve, I promiſe no more than to *begin*; for I not only cannot anſwer that I ſhall have patience to continue, but my memory is ſtill ſo freſh, or rather ſo retentive of trifles which firſt made impreſſion on it, that it is very poſſible my life (turned of ſeventy-one) may be exhauſted before my ſtock of remembrances; eſpecially as I am ſenſible of the garrulity of old age, and of its eagerneſs of relating whatever it recollects, whether of moment or not. Thus, while I fancy I am complying with you, I may only be indulging myſelf, and conſequently may wander into many digreſſions for which you will not care a ſtraw, and which may intercept the completion of my deſign. Patience, therefore, young ladies; and if you coin an old gentleman into narratives, you muſt expect a good deal of alloy. I engage for no method, no regularity, no poliſh. My narrative will probably reſemble ſiege-pieces, which are ſtruck of any promiſcuous metals; and, though they bear the impreſs of ſome ſovereign's name, only ſerve to quiet the garriſon for the moment, and afterwards are merely hoarded by collectors and virtuoſos, who think their ſeries not complete, unleſs they have even the coins of baſe metal of every reign.

As I date from my nonage, I muſt have laid up no ſtate-ſecrets. Moſt of the facts I am going to tell you, though new to you and to moſt of the preſent age, were known perhaps at the time to my nurſe and my tutors. Thus my ſtories will have nothing to do with hiſtory.

Luckily there have appeared within theſe three months two publications, that will ſerve as precedents for whatever I am going to ſay: I mean, *Les fragmens* of the correſpondence of the ducheſs of Orleans, and thoſe of the Memoires of the duc de St. Simon. Nothing more *decouſu* than both. They tell you what they pleaſe—or rather what their editors have pleaſed to let them tell.

In one reſpect I ſhall be leſs ſatisfactory. They knew and were well acquainted, or thought they were, with the characters of their perſonages. I did not at ten years old penetrate characters; and as George I. died at the period where my reminiſcence begins, and was rather a good ſort of man than a ſhining king; and as the ducheſs of Kendal was no genius, I heard very little of either when he and her power were no more. In fact, the reign of George I. was little more than the proem to the hiſtory of England under the houſe of Brunſwic. That family was eſtabliſhed here by ſurmounting a rebellion; to which ſettlement perhaps the phrenſy of the South Sea ſcheme contributed, by diverting the national attention from the game of faction to the delirium of ſtock-jobbing; and even faction was ſplit into fractions by the quarrel between the king and the heir apparent—another interlude which authoriſes me to call the reign of George I. a proem to the hiſtory of the reigning houſe of Brunſwic, ſo ſucceſſively agitated by parallel feuds.

Commençons.

As my firſt hero was going off the ſtage before I ought to have come upon it, it will be neceſſary to tell you, why the ſaid two perſonages happened to meet juſt two nights before they were to part for ever; a rencounter that barely enables me to give you a general idea of the former's perſon and of his miſtreſs's —or, as has been ſuppoſed, his wife's.

As I was the youngeſt by eleven years of ſir Robert Walpole's children by his firſt wife, and was extremely weak and delicate, as you ſee me ſtill, though with no conſtitutional complaint till I had the gout after forty, and as my two ſiſters

ſiſters [1] were conſumptive and died of conſumptions, the ſuppoſed neceſſary care of me (and I have overheard perſons ſaying, "That child cannot poſſibly live") ſo engroſſed the attention of my mother, that compaſſion and tenderneſs ſoon became extreme fondneſs: and as the infinite good nature of my father never thwarted any of his children, he ſuffered me to be too much indulged, and permitted her to gratify the firſt vehement inclination that ever I expreſſed, and which, as I have never ſince felt any enthuſiaſm for royal perſons, I muſt ſuppoſe that the female attendants in the family muſt have put into my head, *to long to ſee the king*. This childiſh caprice was ſo ſtrong, that my mother ſolicited the ducheſs of Kendal to obtain for me the honour of kiſſing his majeſty's hand before he ſet out for Hanover.—A favour ſo unuſual to be aſked for a boy of ten years old, was ſtill too ſlight to be refuſed to the wife of the firſt miniſter for her darling child: yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was ſettled to be in private and at night.

Accordingly, the night but one before the king began his laſt journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartment of the counteſs of Walſingham [2], on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt the ducheſs of Kendal: apartments occupied by George II. after his queen's death, and by his ſucceſſive miſtreſſes, the counteſſes of Suffolk and Yarmouth.

Notice being given that the king was come down to ſupper, lady Walſingham took me alone into the ducheſs's anti-room, where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down, and kiſſed his hand. He ſaid a few words to me, and my conductreſs led me back to my mother.

The perſon of the king is as perfect in my memory as if I ſaw him but yeſterday. It was that of an elderly man rather pale, and exactly like to his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aſpect rather good than auguſt, with a dark tye wig, a plain coat, waiſtcoat and breeches of ſnuff-coloured cloth, with ſtockings of the ſame colour, and a blue ribband over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the ducheſs; but as I could not

[1] Katherine Walpole, and Mary viſcounteſs Malpas.

[2] Meluſina Schulemberg, niece of the ducheſs of Kendal, created counteſs of Walſingham, and afterwards married to the famous Philip Stanhope earl of Cheſterfield.

avoid ſeeing her on entering the room, I remember that juſt beyond his majeſty ſtood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady; but I did not retain the leaſt idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dreſs was.

My childiſh loyalty, and the condeſcenſion in gratifying it, were, I ſuppoſe, cauſes that contributed very ſoon afterwards to make me ſhed a flood of tears for that ſovereign's death, when with the other ſcholars at Eton college I walked in proceſſion to the proclamation of the ſucceſſor, and which (though I think they partly fell becauſe I imagined it became the ſon of a prime-miniſter to be more concerned than other boys) were no doubt imputed by any of the ſpectators who were politicians, to my fears of my father's moſt probable fall, but of which I had not the ſmalleſt conception; nor ſhould have met with any more concern than I did when it really arrived in the year 1742, by which time I had loſt all taſte for courts and princes and power, as was natural to one who never felt an ambitious thought for himſelf.

It muſt not be inferred from her obtaining this grace for me, that the duchеſs of Kendal was a friend to my father. On the contrary, at that moment ſhe had been labouring to diſplace him, and introduce lord Bolinbroke [1] into the adminiſtration; on which I ſhall ſay more hereafter.

It was an inſtance of ſir Robert's ſingular fortune, or evidence of his talents, that he not only preſerved his power under two ſucceſſive monarchs, but in ſpite of the efforts of both their miſtreſſes [2] to remove him. It was perhaps ſtill more remarkable, and an inſtance unparalleled, that ſir Robert governed George the firſt in Latin, the king not ſpeaking Engliſh [3], and his miniſter no German, nor even French. It was much talked of, that ſir Robert, detecting one of the Hanoverian miniſters in ſome trick or falſehood before the king's face, had the firmneſs to ſay to the German, "Mentiris, impudentiſſime!"—The

[1] The well-known Henry St. John, viſcount Bolinbroke, ſecretary of ſtate to queen Anne, on whoſe death he fled and was attainted.

[2] The duchеſs of Kendal and lady Suffolk.

[3] Prince William (afterwards duke of Cumberland), then a child, being carried to his grandfather on his birth-day, the king aſked him at what hour he roſe. The prince replied, "when the chimney-ſweepers went about." "Vat is de chimney-ſweeper?" ſaid the king. "Have you been ſo long in England," ſaid the boy, "and don't know what a chimney-ſweeper is? Why, they are like that man there"—pointing to lord Finch, afterwards earl of Winchelſea and Nottingham, of a family uncommonly ſwarthy and dark,

——"the black funereal Finches—"

Sir Ch. Williams's Ode to a Number of Great Men, 1742.

good-

good-humoured monarch only laughed, as he often did when ſir Robert complained to him of his Hanoverians ſelling places, nor would be perſuaded that it was not the practice of the Engliſh court; and which an incident muſt have planted in his mind with no favourable impreſſion of Engliſh diſintereſtedneſs. "This is a ſtrange country!" ſaid his majeſty: "the firſt morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and ſaw a park with walks, a canal, &c. which they told me were mine. The next day lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, ſent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I muſt give five guineas to lord Chetwynd's ſervant for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park!"

I have ſaid that the ducheſs of Kendal was no friend of ſir Robert, and wiſhed to make lord Bolinbroke miniſter in his room. I was too young to know any thing of that reign, nor was acquainted with the political cabals of the court, which however I might have learnt from my father in the three years after his retirement; but being too thoughtleſs at that time, nor having your laudable curioſity, I neglected to inform myſelf of many paſſages and circumſtances, of which I have often ſince regretted my faulty ignorance.

By what I can at preſent recollect, the ducheſs ſeems to have been jealous of ſir Robert's credit with the king, which he had acquired, not by paying court, but by his ſuperior abilities in the houſe of commons, and by his knowledge in finance, of which lord Sunderland and Craggs had betrayed their ignorance in countenancing the South Sea ſcheme; and who, though more agreeable to the king, had been forced to give way to Walpole, as the only man capable of repairing that miſchief. The ducheſs too might be alarmed at his attachment to the princeſs of Wales, from whom, in caſe of the king's death, her grace could expect no favour. Of her jealouſy I do know the following inſtance: Queen Anne had beſtowed the rangerſhip of Richmond new park on her relations the Hydes for three lives, one of which was expired. King George, fond of ſhooting, bought out the term of the laſt earl of Clarendon and of his ſon lord Cornbury, and frequently ſhot there, having appointed my eldeſt brother lord Walpole ranger nominally, but my father in reality, who wiſhed to hunt there once or twice a week. The park had run to great decay under the Hydes, nor was there any manſion [x] better than the common lodges of the keepers.

[x] The earl of Rocheſter, who ſucceeded to the title of Clarendon on the extinction of the elder branch, had a villa cloſe without the park; but it had been burnt down, and only one wing was

keepers. The king ordered a ſtone lodge, deſigned by Henry earl of Pembroke, to be erected for himſelf, but merely as a banqueting-houſe [1], with a large eating-room, kitchen and neceſſary offices, where he might dine after his ſport. Sir Robert began another of brick for himſelf and the under-ranger, which by degrees he much enlarged, uſually retiring thither from buſineſs, or rather, as he ſaid himſelf, to do more buſineſs than he could in town, on Saturdays and Sundays. On that edifice, on the thatched houſe, and other improvements, he laid out fourteen thouſand pounds of his own money. In the mean time, he hired a ſmall houſe for himſelf on the hill without the park; and in that ſmall tenement the king did him the honour of dining with him more than once after ſhooting. His majeſty, fond of private [2] joviality, was pleaſed with punch after dinner, and indulged in it freely. The ducheſs, alarmed at the advantage the miniſter might make of the openneſs of the king's heart in thoſe convivial unguarded hours, and at a criſis when ſhe was conſcious ſir Robert was appriſed of her inimical machinations in favour of Bolinbroke, enjoined the few Germans who accompanied the king at thoſe dinners, to prevent his majeſty from drinking too freely. Her ſpies obeyed too punctually, and without any addreſs. The king was offended, and ſilenced the tools by the coarſeſt epithets in the German language. He even before his departure ordered ſir Robert to have the ſtone-lodge finiſhed againſt his return.—No ſymptom of a falling miniſter, as has ſince been ſuppoſed ſir Robert then was, and that lord Bolinbroke was to have replaced him, had the king lived to come back. But my preſumption to the contrary is more ſtrongly corroborated by what had recently paſſed. The ducheſs had actually prevailed on the king to ſee Bolinbroke ſecretly in his cloſet. That intriguing Proteus, aware that he might not obtain an audience long enough to efface former prejudices and make ſufficient impreſſion on the king againſt ſir Robert, and in his own favour, went provided with a long memorial, which he left in the cloſet, and begged his majeſty to peruſe coolly at his leiſure. The king kept the paper—but no longer than till he ſaw ſir Robert, to whom he

was left. W. Stanhope earl of Harrington purchaſed the ruins and built the houſe, ſince bought by lord Camelford.

[1] It was afterwards enlarged by princeſs Amelia, to whom her father George II. had granted the reverſion of the rangerſhip after lord Walpole. Her royal highneſs ſold it to George III. for a penſion on Ireland of 1200l. a year, and his majeſty appointed lord Bute ranger for life.

[2] The king hated the parade of royalty. When he went to the opera, it was in no ſtate, nor did he ſit in the ſtage box, nor forwards, but behind the ducheſs of Kendal and lady Walſingham, in the ſecond box, now allotted to the maids of honour.

delivered

delivered the poiſoned remonſtrance.—If that communication prognoſticated the miniſter's fall, I am at a loſs to know what a mark of confidence is.

Nor was that diſcovery the firſt intimation that Walpole had received of the meaſure of Bolinbroke's gratitude. The miniſter, againſt the earneſt repreſentations of his family and moſt intimate friends, had conſented to the recall of that incendiary from baniſhment [1], excepting only his re-admiſſion into the houſe of lords, that every field of annoyance might not be open to his miſchievous turbulence. Bolinbroke, it ſeems, deemed an embargo laid on his tongue would warrant his hand to lanch every envenomed ſhaft againſt his benefactor, who by reſtricting had paid him the compliment of avowing that his eloquence was not totally inoffenſive. Craftſmen, pamphlets, libels, combinations, were ſhowered on or employed for years againſt the prime miniſter, without ſhaking his power or ruffling his temper: and Bolinbroke had the mortification of finding his rival had abilities to maintain his influence againſt the [2] miſtreſſes of two kings, with whom his antagoniſt had plotted in vain to overturn him.

[1] Bolinbroke at his return could not avoid waiting on ſir Robert to thank him, and was invited to dine with him at Chelſea; but whether tortured at witneſſing Walpole's ſerene frankneſs and felicity, or ſuffocated with indignation and confuſion at being forced to be obliged to one whom he hated and envied, the firſt morſel he put into his mouth was near choaking him, and he was reduced to riſe from table and leave the room for ſome minutes. I never heard of their meeting more.

[2] George II. parted with lady Suffolk, on princeſs Amelia informing queen Caroline from Bath that the miſtreſs had interviews there with lord Bolinbroke. Lady Suffolk, above twenty years after, proteſted to me that ſhe had not once ſeen his lordſhip there; and I ſhould believe ſhe did not, for ſhe was a woman of truth: but her great intimacy and connexion with Pope and Swift, the intimate friends of Bolinbroke, even before the death of George I. and her being the channel through whom that faction had flattered themſelves they ſhould gain the ear of the new king, can leave no doubt of lady Suffolk's ſupport of that party. Her deareſt friend to her death was William afterwards lord Chetwynd, the known and moſt truſted confident of lord Bolinbroke. Of thoſe political intrigues I ſhall ſay more in theſe Reminiſcences.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE the firſt, while electoral prince, had married his couſin the princeſs [1] Dorothea, only child of the duke of Zell; a match of convenience to reunite the dominions of the family. Though ſhe was very handſome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had ſeveral miſtreſſes; which provocation, and his abſence in the army of the Confederates, probably diſpoſed the princeſs to indulge ſome degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful count Koniſmark [2], the charms of whoſe perſon ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile aſſaſſination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princeſs, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his preſumption to make his addreſſes to her, not covertly; and ſhe, though believed not to have tranſgreſſed her duty, did receive them too indiſcreetly. The old elector flamed at the inſolence of ſo ſtigmatized a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. The princeſs, ſurrounded by women too cloſely connected with her huſband, and conſequently enemies of the lady they injured, was perſuaded by them to ſuffer the count to kiſs her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before ſhe roſe. From that moment he diſappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., on his ſon the new king's firſt journey to Hanover, ſome alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Koniſmark was diſcovered under the floor of the electoral princeſs's dreſſing-room—the count having probably been ſtrangled there the inſtant he left her, and his body ſecreted. The diſcovery was huſhed up; George II. entruſted the ſecret to his wife queen Caroline, who told it to my father: but the king was too tender of the honour of his mother to utter it to his miſtreſs; nor did lady Suffolk ever hear of it, till I informed her of it ſeveral years afterwards. The diſappearance of the count made his mur-

[1] Her names were Sophia Dorothea; but I call her by the latter to diſtinguiſh her from the princeſs Sophia, her mother-in-law, on whom the crown of Great Britain was ſettled.

[2] Koniſmark behaved with great intrepidity and was wounded at a bull-feaſt in Spain. See Letters from Spain of the comteſſe Danois, vol. ii. He was brother of the beautiful comteſſe de Koniſmark, miſtreſs of Auguſtus ſecond king of Poland.

der

der ſuſpected, and various reports of the diſcovery of his body have of late years been ſpread, but not with the authentic circumſtances.

The ſecond George loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and purpoſed, as was ſaid, had the former ſurvived, to have brought her over and declared her queen dowager [1]. Lady Suffolk has told me her ſurpriſe, on going to the new queen the morning after the news arrived of the death of George I. at ſeeing hung up in the queen's dreſſing-room a whole length of a lady in royal robes; and in the bedchamber a half length of the ſame perſon, neither of which lady Suffolk had ever ſeen before. The prince had kept them concealed, not daring to produce them during the life of his father. The whole length he probably ſent to Hanover [2]; the half length I have frequently and frequently ſeen in the library of princeſs Amelia, who told me it was the portrait of her grandmother. She bequeathed it with other pictures of her family to her nephew the landgrave of Heſſe.

Of the circumſtances that enſued on Koniſmark's diſappearance I am ignorant; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or ſeparation: nor do I know or ſuppoſe that deſpotiſm and pride allow the law to inſiſt on much formality when a ſovereign has reaſon or a mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty of untying the gordian knot of matrimony thrown in the way of an abſolute prince would be no kindneſs to the ladies, but might prompt him to uſe a ſharper weapon, like that butchering

[1] Lady Suffolk thought he rather would have made her regent of Hanover; and ſhe alſo told me, that George I. had offered to live again with his wife, but ſhe refuſed, unleſs her pardon were aſked publicly. She ſaid, what moſt affected her was the diſgrace that would be brought on her children; and if ſhe were only pardoned, that would not remove it. Lady Suffolk thought ſhe was then divorced, though the divorce was never publiſhed; and that the old elector conſented to his ſon's marrying the ducheſs of Kendal with the left hand—but it ſeems ſtrange that George I. ſhould offer to live again with his wife, and yet be divorced from her. Perhaps George II. to vindicate his mother, ſuppoſed that offer and her ſpirited refuſal.

[2] George II. was ſcrupulouſly exact in ſeparating and keeping in each country whatever belonged to England or Hanover. Lady Suffolk told me, that on his acceſſion he could not find a knife, fork and ſpoon of gold which had belonged to queen Anne, and which he remembered to have ſeen here at his firſt arrival. He found them at Hanover on his firſt journey thither after he came to the crown, and brought them back to England. He could not recollect much of greater value; for on queen Anne's death, and in the interval before the arrival of the new family, ſuch a clearance had been made of her majeſty's jewels, or the new king ſo inſtantly diſtributed what he found, amongſt his German favourites, that, as lady S. told me, queen Caroline never obtained of the late queen's jewels but one pearl-necklace.

huſband our Henry VIII. Sovereigns, who narrow or let out the law of God according to their prejudices and paſſions, mould their own laws no doubt to the ſtandard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany; and the code of Malta ſeems to have more force in the empire than the ten commandments. Thence was introduced that moſt abſurd evaſion of the indiſſolubility of marriage, eſpouſals with the left hand—as if the Almighty had reſtrained his ordinance to one half of a man's perſon, and allowed a greater latitude to his left ſide than to his right, or pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The conſciences both of princely and noble perſons in Germany are quieted if the more plebeian ſide is married to one who would degrade the more illuſtrious moiety—but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit.—Shocking conſequence of a ſenſeleſs equivocation, that only ſatisfies pride, not juſtice; and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the laſt tribunal.

Separated the princeſs Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always ſtyled ducheſs of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at leaſt to me; nor can I pronounce, as, though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George eſpouſed the ducheſs of Kendal with his left hand. As the princeſs Dorothea died only ſome months before him, that ridiculous ceremony was ſcarcely deferred till then; and the extreme outward devotion of the ducheſs, who every Sunday went ſeven times to Lutheran chapels, ſeemed to announce a legalized wife. As the genuine wife was always detained in her huſband's power, he ſeems not to have wholly diſſolved their union; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during queen Anne's reign, the ducheſs of Halle was ſent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did retain her for a whole year, and did implore, though in vain, that ſhe might continue to reſide with them. As her ſon too, George II. had thoughts of bringing her over and declaring her queen dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had paſſed, the exiſtence of which proceſs would have glared in the face of her royalty. But though German caſuiſtry might allow her huſband to take another wife with his left hand, becauſe his legal wife had ſuffered her right hand to be kiſſed in bed by a gallant, even Weſtphalian or Aulic counſellors could not have pronounced that ſuch a momentary

tary adieu conſtituted adultery; and therefore of a formal divorce I muſt doubt—and there I muſt leave that caſe of conſcience undecided, till future ſearch into the Hanoverian chancery ſhall clear up a point of little real importance.

I have ſaid that the diſgraced princeſs died but a ſhort time before the king. It is known that in queen Anne's time there was much noiſe about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from ſcripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George the firſt to take care of his wife, as he would not ſurvive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the duke and ducheſs of Zell, who might be apprehenſive leſt the ducheſs of Kendal ſhould be tempted to remove entirely the obſtacle to her conſcientious union with their ſon-in-law. Moſt Germans are ſuperſtitious, even ſuch as have few other impreſſions of religion. George gave ſuch credit to the denunciation, that on the eve of his laſt departure he took leave of his ſon and the princeſs of Wales with tears, telling them he ſhould never ſee them more. It was certainly his own approaching fate that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two perſons he hated. He did ſometimes ſo much juſtice to his ſon as to ſay, "Il eſt fougueux, mais il a de l'honneur."—For queen Caroline, to his confidents he termed her *cette diableſſe madame la princeſſe.*

I do not know whether it was about the ſame period, that in a tender mood he promiſed the ducheſs of Kendal, that if ſhe ſurvived him, and it were poſſible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a viſit. The ducheſs on his death ſo much expected the accompliſhment of that engagement, that a large raven, or ſome black fowl, flying into one of the windows of her villa at Iſleworth, ſhe was perſuaded it was the ſoul of her departed monarch ſo accoutred, and received and treated it with all the reſpect and tenderneſs of duty, till the royal bird or ſhe took their laſt flight.

George II. no more addicted than his father to too much religious credulity, had yet implicit faith in the German notion of vampires, and has more than once been angry with my father for ſpeaking irreverently of thoſe imaginary bloodſuckers.

The ducheſs of Kendal, of whom I have ſaid ſo much, was, when made-

moiſelle Schulemberg, maid of honour to the electreſs Sophia, mother of king George I., and deſtined by king William and the act of ſettlement to ſucceed queen Anne. George fell in love with mademoiſelle Schulemberg, though by no means an inviting object—ſo little, that one evening when ſhe was in waiting behind the electreſs's chair at a ball, the princeſs Sophia, who had made herſelf miſtreſs of the language of her future ſubjects, ſaid in Engliſh to Mrs. Howard (afterwards counteſs of Suffolk), then at her court, "Look at that mawkin, and think of her being my ſon's paſſion!" Mrs. Howard, who told me the ſtory, proteſted ſhe was terrified, forgetting that mademoiſelle Schulemberg did not underſtand Engliſh.

The younger mademoiſelle Schulemberg, who came over with her and was created counteſs of Walſingham, paſſed for her niece; but was ſo like to the king, that it is not very credible that the ducheſs, who had affected to paſs for cruel, had waited for the left-handed marriage.

The ducheſs, under whatever denomination, had attained and preſerved to the laſt her aſcendant over the king: but notwithſtanding that influence he was not more conſtant to her than he had been to his avowed wife; for another acknowledged miſtreſs, whom he alſo brought over, was madame Kilmanſegge, counteſs of Platen, who was created counteſs of Darlington, and by whom he was indiſputably father of Charlotte married to lord viſcount Howe, and mother of the preſent earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter; but princeſs Amelia treated her daughter Mrs. Howe [1] upon that foot, and one evening when I was preſent, gave her a ring with a ſmall portrait of George I. with a crown of diamonds.

Lady Darlington, whom I ſaw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample, as the ducheſs was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eye-brows, two acres of cheeks ſpread with crimſon, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not diſtinguiſhed from the lower part of her body, and no part reſtrained by ſtays—no wonder that a child dreaded ſuch an ogreſs, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of ſo uncommon a ſeraglio! They were food for

[1] Caroline, the eldeſt of lady Howe's children, had married a gentleman of her own name, John Howe, eſq. of Hanſlop in the county of Bucks.

all the venom of the Jacobites; and indeed nothing could be groſſer than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuſe, againſt the ſovereign and the new court, and chanted even in their hearing about the public ſtreets [1].

On the other hand, it was not till the laſt year or two of his reign that their foreign ſovereign paid the nation the compliment of taking openly an Engliſh miſtreſs. That perſonage was Anne Brett, eldeſt daughter by her ſecond huſband of the repudiated wife of the earl of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of Savage the poet. Miſs Brett was very handſome, but dark enough by her eyes, complexion, and hair, for a Spaniſh beauty. Abiſhag was lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bathſheba, who ſeemed to maintain her power, as other favourite ſultanas have done, by ſuffering partners in the ſovereign's affections. When his majeſty ſhould return to England, a counteſs's coronet was to have rewarded the young lady's compliance, and marked her ſecondary rank. She might, however, have proved a troubleſome rival, as ſhe ſeemed ſo confident of the power of her charms, that, whatever predominant aſcendant the ducheſs might retain, her own authority in the palace ſhe thought was to yield to no one elſe. George the firſt, when his ſon the prince of Wales and the princeſs had quitted St. James's on their quarrel with him, had kept back their three eldeſt daughters, who lived with him to his death, even after there had outwardly been a reconciliation between the king and prince. Miſs Brett, when the king ſet out, ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the royal garden. Anne, the eldeſt of the princeſſes, offended at that freedom, and not chooſing ſuch a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miſs Brett as imperiouſly reverſed that command. The king died ſuddenly, and the empire of the new miſtreſs and her promiſed coronet vaniſhed. She afterwards married ſir William Leman, and was forgotten before her reign had tranſpired beyond the confines of Weſtminſter!

[1] One of the German ladies being abuſed by the mob, was ſaid to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad Engliſh, "Good people, why you abuſe us? We come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye," anſwered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too." I mention this, becauſe, on the death of princeſs Amelia, the newſpapers revived the ſtory and told it of her, though I had heard it threeſcore years before of one of her grandfather's miſtreſſes.

CHAP-

CHAPTER III.

ONE of the moſt remarkable occurrences in the reign of George the firſt, was the open quarrel between him and his ſon the prince of Wales. Whence the diſſenſion originated; whether the prince's attachment to his mother embittered his mind againſt his father, or whether hatred of his father occaſioned his devotion to her, I do not pretend to know. I do ſuſpect from circumſtances, that the hereditary enmity in the houſe of Brunſwic between the parents and their eldeſt ſons dated earlier than the diviſions between the two firſt Georges. The princeſs Sophia was a woman of parts and great vivacity: in the earlier part of her life ſhe had profeſſed much zeal for the depoſed houſe of Stuart, as appeared by a letter of hers in print, addreſſed, I think, to the chevalier de St. George. It is natural enough for all princes, who have no proſpect of being benefited by the depoſition of a crowned head, to chooſe to think royalty an indelible character. The queen of Pruſſia, daughter of George the firſt, lived and died an avowed Jacobite. The princeſs Sophia, youngeſt child of the queen of Bohemia, was conſequently the moſt remote from any pretenſions to the Britiſh crown[1]—but no ſooner had king William procured a ſettlement of it after queen Anne on her electoral highneſs, than nobody became a ſtauncher whig than the princeſs Sophia, nor could be more impatient to mount the throne of the expelled Stuarts. It is certain that during the reign of Anne, the elector George was inclined to the tories; though after his mother's death and his own acceſſion he gave himſelf to the oppoſite party. But if he and his mother eſpouſed different factions, Sophia found a ready partiſan in her grandſon the electoral prince[2]; and it is true, that the demand made by the prince of his writ of ſummons to the houſe of lords as duke of Cambridge, which no wonder was ſo offenſive to

[1] It is remarkable, that either the weak propenſity of the Stuarts to popery, or the viſible connection between regal and eccleſiaſtic power, had ſuch operation on many of the branches of that family, who were at a diſtance from the crown of England, to wear which it is neceſſary to be a proteſtant, that two or three of the daughters of the king and queen of Bohemia, though their parents had loſt every thing in the ſtruggle between the two religions, turned Roman catholics; and ſo did one or more of the ſons of the princeſs Sophia, brothers of the proteſtant candidate, George the firſt.

[2] Afterwards George the ſecond.

queen Anne, was made in concert with his grandmother, without the privity of the elector his father. Were it certain, as was believed, that Bolinbroke and the Jacobites prevailed on the queen [1] to conſent to her brother coming ſecretly to England, and to ſeeing him in her cloſet, ſhe might have been induced to that ſtep, when provoked by an attempt to force a diſtant and foreign heir upon her while ſtill alive.

The queen and her heireſs being dead, the new king and his ſon came over in apparent harmony; and on his majeſty's firſt viſit to his electoral dominions, the prince of Wales was even left regent; but never being truſted afterwards with that dignity on like occaſions, it is probable that the ſon diſcovered too much fondneſs for acting the king, or that the father conceived a jealouſy of his having done ſo. Sure it is, that on the king's return great diviſions aroſe in the court, and the whigs were divided—ſome devoting themſelves to the wearer of the crown, and others to the expectant. I ſhall not enter into the detail of thoſe ſquabbles, of which I am but ſuperficially informed. The predominant miniſters were the earls of Sunderland and Stanhope. The brothers-in-law, the viſcount Townſhend and Mr. Robert Walpole, adhered to the prince. Lord Sunderland is ſaid to have too much reſembled as a politician the earl his father, who was ſo principal an actor in the reign of James the ſecond, and in bringing about the revolution. Between the earl in queſtion and the prince of Wales grew mortal antipathy; of which an anecdote told to me by my father himſelf will leave no doubt. When a reconciliation had been patched up between the two courts, and my father became firſt lord of the treaſury a ſecond time, lord Sunderland in a *tête-à-tête* with him ſaid, "Well, Mr. Walpole, we have ſettled matters for the preſent; but we muſt think whom we will have next" (meaning in caſe of the king's demiſe). Walpole replied, "Your lordſhip may think as you pleaſe, but my part is taken;" meaning to ſupport the eſtabliſhed ſettlement.

Earl Stanhope was a man of ſtrong and violent paſſions, and had dedicated himſelf to the army; and was ſo far from thinking of any other line, that

[1] I believe it was a fact, that the poor weak queen, being diſpoſed even to cede the crown to her brother, conſulted biſhop Wilkins, called the Prophet, to know what would be the conſequence of ſuch a ſtep. He replied, "Madam, you would be in the Tower in a month, and dead in three." This ſentence, dictated by common ſenſe, her majeſty took for inſpiration, and dropped all thoughts of reſigning the crown.

when

when Walpole, who firſt ſuggeſted the idea of appointing him ſecretary of ſtate, propoſed it to him, he flew into a furious rage, and was on the point of a downright quarrel, looking on himſelf as totally unqualified for the poſt, and ſuſpecting it for a plan of mocking him. He died in one of thoſe tempeſtuous fallies, being puſhed in the houſe of lords on the exploſion of the South Sea ſcheme. That iniquitous affair, which Walpole had early expoſed, and to remedy the miſchiefs of which he alone was deemed adequate, had replaced him at the head of affairs, and obliged Sunderland to ſubmit to be only a coadjutor of the adminiſtration. The younger Craggs [1], a ſhowy vapouring man, had been brought forward by the miniſters to oppoſe Walpole; but was ſoon reduced to beg his aſſiſtance on one [2] of their ways and means. Craggs caught his death by calling at the gate of lady March [3], who was ill of the ſmall-pox; and being told ſo by the porter, went home directly, fell ill of the ſame diſtemper, and died. His father, the elder Craggs, whoſe very good ſenſe ſir R. Walpole much admired, ſoon followed his ſon, and his ſudden death was imputed to grief; but having been deeply dipped in the iniquities of the South Sea, and wiſhing to prevent confiſcation and ſave his ill-acquired wealth for his daughters, there was no doubt of his having diſpatched himſelf. When his death was divulged, ſir Robert owned that the unhappy man had in an oblique manner hinted his reſolution to him.

The reconciliation of the royal family was ſo little cordial, that I queſtion whether the prince did not reſent ſir Robert Walpole's return to the king's ſervice. Yet had Walpole defeated a plan of Sunderland that would in futurity have exceedingly hampered the ſucceſſor, as it was calculated to do; nor do I affect to aſcribe ſir Robert's victory directly to zeal for the prince: perſonal and juſt views prompted his oppoſition, and the commoners of England were not leſs indebted to him than the prince. Sunderland had deviſed a bill to reſtrain the crown from ever adding above ſix peers to a number limited [4]. The actual peers were far from diſliking the meaſure; but Walpole, taking fire, inſtantly communicated his diſſatisfaction to all the great commoners, who might for ever be excluded from the peerage. He ſpoke, he

[1] James Craggs, jun. buried in Weſtminſter-abbey, with an epitaph by Pope.

[2] I think it was the ſixpenny tax on offices.

[3] Sarah Cadogan, afterwards ducheſs of Richmond.

[4] Queen Anne's creation of twelve peers at once, to obtain a majority in the houſe of lords, offered an oſtenſible plea for the reſtriction.

wrote,

wrote, he perſuaded, and the bill was rejected by the commons with diſdain, after it had paſſed the houſe of lords.

But the hatred of ſome of the junto at court had gone farther, horridly farther. On the death of George the firſt, queen Caroline found in his cabinet a propoſal of the earl of Berkeley [1], then, I think, firſt lord of the admiralty, to ſeize the prince of Wales, and convey him to America, whence he ſhould never be heard of more. This deteſtable project, copied probably from the earl of Falmouth's offer to Charles the ſecond with regard to his queen, was in the hand-writing of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of the earl of Harrington [2]; and ſo deep was the impreſſion deſervedly made on the mind of George the ſecond by that abominable paper, that all the favour of lord Harrington, when ſecretary of ſtate, could never obtain the ſmalleſt boon to his brother, though but the ſubordinate tranſcriber. George the firſt was too humane to liſten to ſuch an atrocious deed. It was not very kind to the conſpirators to leave ſuch an inſtrument behind him;—and if virtue and conſcience will not check bold bad men from paying court by deteſtable offers, the king's careleſſneſs or indifference in ſuch an inſtance ought to warn them of the little gratitude that ſuch machinations can inſpire or expect.

Among thoſe who had preferred the ſervice of the king to that of the heir apparent, was the duke of Newcaſtle [3]; who, having married his ſiſter to lord Townſhend, both his royal highneſs and the viſcount had expected would have adhered to that connection—and neither forgave his deſertion.——I am aware of the deſultory manner in which I have told my ſtory, having mentioned the reconciliation of the king and prince before I have given any account of their public rupture. The chain of my thoughts led me into the preceding details, and, if I do not flatter myſelf, will have let you into the motives of my dramatis perſonæ better than if I had more exactly obſerved chronology; and as I am not writing a regular tragedy, and profeſs but to relate facts as I recollect them; or (if you will allow me to imitate French writers of

[1] James Berkeley earl of Berkeley, knight of the garter, &c.

[2] William Stanhope, firſt earl of Harrington of that family.

[3] Thomas Holles Pelham duke of Newcaſtle, lord chamberlain, then ſecretary of ſtate, and laſtly firſt lord of the treaſury under George the ſecond; the ſame king to whom he had been ſo obnoxious in the preceding reign. He was obliged by George the third to reſign his poſt.

tragedy), may I not plead that I have unfolded my piece as they do, by introducing two courtiers to acquaint one another, and by bricole the audience, with what had paſſed in the penetralia before the tragedy commences?

The exordium thus duly prepared, you muſt ſuppoſe, ladies, that the ſecond act opens with a royal chriſtening. The princeſs of Wales had been delivered of a ſecond ſon. The prince had intended his uncle the duke of York biſhop of Oſnaburg ſhould with his majeſty be godfathers. Nothing could equal the indignation of his royal highneſs when the king named the duke of Newcaſtle for ſecond ſponſor, and would hear of no other. The chriſtening took place as uſual in the princeſs's bedchamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting as woman of the bedchamber, and of moſt accurate memory, painted the ſcene to me exactly. On one ſide of the bed ſtood the godfathers and godmother; on the other the prince, and the princeſs's ladies. No ſooner had the biſhop cloſed the ceremony, than the prince, croſſing the feet of the bed in a rage, ſtepped up to the duke of Newcaſtle, and, holding up his hand and forefinger in a menacing attitude, ſaid, "You are a raſcal, but I ſhall find you;" meaning in broken Engliſh, "I ſhall find a time to be revenged."—"What was my aſtoniſhment," continued lady Suffolk, "when, going to the princeſs's apartment the next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberds at my breaſt, and told me I muſt not paſs! I urged, that it was my duty to attend the princeſs. They ſaid, No matter; I muſt not paſs that way."

In one word, the king had been ſo provoked at the prince's outrage in his preſence, that it had been determined to inflict a ſtill greater inſult on his royal highneſs. His threat to the duke was pretended to be underſtood as a challenge; and to prevent a duel he had actually been put under arreſt—as if a prince of Wales could ſtoop to fight with a ſubject. The arreſt was ſoon taken off; but at night the prince and princeſs were ordered to leave the palace, and retired to the houſe of her chamberlain the earl of Grantham, in Albemarle-ſtreet.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

AS this trifling work is a miſcellany of detached recollections, I will, ere I quit the article of George the firſt, mention two ſubjects of very unequal import, which belong peculiarly to *his* reign. The firſt was the deprivation of Atterbury, biſhop of Rocheſter. Nothing more offenſive to men of prieſtly principles could eaſily have happened: yet, as in a country of which the conſtitution was founded on rational and liberal grounds, and where thinking men had ſo recently exerted themſelves to explode the prejudices attached to the perſons of kings and churchmen, it was impoſſible to defend the biſhop's treaſon, but by denying it; or to condemn his condemnation, but by ſuppoſing illegalities in the proceſs: both were vehemently urged by his faction, as his innocence was pleaded by himſelf. That puniſhment and expulſion from his country may ſtagger the virtue even of a good man, and exaſperate him againſt his country, is perhaps natural, and humanity ought to pity it. But whatever were the prepoſſeſſions of his friends in his favour, charity muſt now believe that Atterbury was always an ambitious, turbulent prieſt attached to the houſe of Stuart, and conſequently no friend to the civil and religious liberties of his country: or it muſt be acknowledged, that the diſappointment of his ambition by the queen's death, and the proſcription of his miniſterial aſſociates, had driven on attempts to reſtore the expelled family in hopes of realizing his aſpiring views. His letters publiſhed by Nichols breathe the impetuous ſpirit of his youth. His exclamation on the queen's death, when he offered to proclaim the pretender at Charing-croſs in pontificalibus, and ſwore, on not being ſupported, that there was the beſt cauſe in England loſt for want of ſpirit, is now believed alſo. His papers depoſited with king James's in the Scottiſh college at Paris, proclaimed in what ſentiments he died; and the fac-ſimiles of his letters publiſhed by ſir David Dalrymple leave no doubt of his having in his exile entered into the ſervice of the pretender. Culpable as he was, who but muſt lament that ſo claſſic a mind had only aſſumed ſo elegant and amiable a ſemblance as he adopted after the diſappointment of his proſpects and hopes? His letter in defence of the authenticity of lord Clarendon's hiſtory, is one of the moſt beautiful and touching ſpecimens of eloquence in our language.

It was not to load the character of the biſhop, nor to affect candour by applauding his talents, that I introduced mention of him; much leſs to impute to him any conſciouſneſs of the intended crime that I am going to relate. The perſon againſt whom the blow was ſuppoſed to be meditated, never in the moſt diſtant manner ſuſpected the biſhop of being privy to the plot—No: animoſity of parties, and malevolence to the champions of the houſe of Brunſwic, no doubt ſuggeſted to ſome blind zealots the perpetration of a crime, which would neceſſarily have injured the biſhop's cauſe, and could by no means have prevented his diſgrace.

Mr. Johnſtone, an ancient gentleman, who had been ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland, his country, in the reign of king William, was a zealous friend of my father, ſir Robert, and who, in that period of aſſaſſination plots, had imbibed ſuch a tincture of ſuſpicion, that he was continually notifying ſimilar machinations to my father, and warning him to be on his guard againſt them. Sir Robert, intrepid and unſuſpicious[1], uſed to rally his good monitor; and, when ſerious, told him, that his life was too conſtantly expoſed to his enemies to make it of any uſe to be watchful on any particular occaſion; nor, though Johnſtone often hurried to him with intelligence of ſuch deſigns, did he ever ſee reaſon, but once, to believe in the ſoundneſs of the information. That *once* arrived thus: A day or two before the bill of pains and penalties was to paſs the houſe of commons againſt the biſhop of Rocheſter, Mr. Johnſtone advertiſed ſir Robert to be circumſpect; for three or four perſons meditated to

[1] At the time of the Preſton rebellion, a Jacobite who ſometimes furniſhed ſir Robert with intelligence, ſitting alone with him one night, ſuddenly putting his hand into his boſom and riſing, ſaid, "Why do not I kill you now?" Walpole ſtarting up replied, "Becauſe I am a younger man and a ſtronger." They ſat down again and diſcuſſed the perſon's information. But ſir Robert afterwards had reaſons for thinking that the ſpy had no intention of aſſaſſination, but had hoped, by intimidating, to extort money from him. Yet if no real attempt was made on his life, it was not from want of ſuggeſtions to it. One of the weekly journals pointed out ſir Robert's frequent paſſing Putney-bridge late at night, attended but by one or two ſervants, on his way to New-park, as a proper place: and after ſir Robert's death, the ſecond earl of Egmont told me, that he was once at a conſultation of the oppoſition, in which it was propoſed to have ſir Robert murdered by a mob, of which the earl had declared his abhorrence. Such an attempt was actually made in 1733, at the time of the famous exciſe-bill. As the miniſter deſcended the ſtairs of the houſe of commons on the night he carried the bill, he was guarded on one ſide by his ſecond ſon Edward, and on the other by general Charles Churchill; but the crowd behind endeavoured to throw him down, as he was a bulky man, and trample him to death; and that not ſucceeding, they tried to ſtrangle him by pulling his red cloak tight—but fortunately the ſtrings broke by the violence of the tug.

aſſaſſinate him as he ſhould leave the houſe at night. Sir Robert laughed, and forgot the notice. The morning after the debate Johnſtone came to ſir Robert with a kind of good-natured inſult, telling him, that though he had ſcoffed his advice, he had for once followed it, and by ſo doing preſerved his life. Sir Robert underſtood not what he meant, and proteſted he had not given more credit than uſual to his warning. "Yes," ſaid Johnſtone, "but you did; for you did not come from the houſe laſt night in your own chariot." Walpole affirmed that he did. But his friend perſiſting in his aſſeveration, ſir Robert called one of his footmen, who replied, "I did call up your honour's carriage; but colonel Churchill being with you, and his chariot driving up firſt, your honour ſtepped into that, and your own came home empty." Johnſtone triumphing on his own veracity, and puſhing the examination farther, ſir Robert's coachman recollected, that as he left Palace-yard three men much muffled had looked into the empty chariot. The myſtery was never farther cleared up; and my father frequently ſaid, it was the only inſtance of the kind in which he had ever ſeen any appearance of a real deſign.

The ſecond ſubject that I promiſed to mention, and it ſhall be very briefly, was the revival of the order of the bath. It was the meaſure of ſir Robert Walpole, and was an artful bank of thirty-ſix ribbands to ſupply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant too to ſtave off the demands for garters, and intended that the red ſhould be a ſtep to the blue; and accordingly took one of the former himſelf. He offered the new order to old Sarah ducheſs of Marlborough, for her grandſon the duke, and for the duke of Bedford, who had married one of her grand-daughters[1]. She haughtily replied, they ſhould take nothing but the garter. "Madam," ſaid ſir Robert coolly, "they who take the bath will the ſooner have the garter." The next year he took the latter himſelf with the duke of Richmond, both having been previouſly inſtalled knights of the revived inſtitution.

Before I quit king George the firſt, I will relate a ſtory very expreſſive of his good-humoured preſence of mind.

On one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke. At a diſtance in view

[1] Wriotheſly duke of Bedford had married lady Anne Egerton, only daughter of Scroop duke of Bridgwater, by lady Elizabeth Churchill, daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

was

was a chateau of a conſiderable German nobleman. The king ſent to borrow aſſiſtance. The poſſeſſor came, conveyed the king to his houſe, and begged the honour of his majeſty's accepting a dinner, while his carriage was repairing; and, while the dinner was preparing, begged leave to amuſe his majeſty with a collection of pictures, which he had formed in ſeveral tours to Italy. But what did the king ſee in one of the rooms but an unknown portrait of a perſon in the robes and with the regalia of the ſovereigns of Great Britain! George aſked whom it repreſented. The nobleman replied with much diffident but decent reſpect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of ſending him that picture. "Upon my word," ſaid the king inſtantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impoſſible to remove the embarraſſment of the proprietor with more good breeding.

CHAPTER V.

THE unexpected death of George the firſt on his road to Hanover was inſtantly notified by lord Townſhend, ſecretary of ſtate, who attended his majeſty, to his brother ſir Robert Walpole, who as expeditiouſly was the firſt to carry the news to the ſucceſſor and hail him king. The next ſtep was, to aſk who his majeſty would pleaſe ſhould draw his ſpeech to the council—"Sir Spencer Compton," replied the new monarch.—The anſwer was deciſive—and implied ſir Robert's diſmiſſion. Sir Spencer Compton was ſpeaker of the houſe of commons, and treaſurer, I think, at that time to his royal highneſs, who by that firſt command implied his intention of making ſir Spencer his prime miniſter. He was a worthy man, of exceedingly grave formality, but of no parts—as his conduct immediately proved. The poor gentleman was ſo little qualified to accommodate himſelf to the grandeur of the moment, and to conceive how a new ſovereign ſhould addreſs himſelf to his miniſters, and he had alſo been ſo far from meditating to [1] ſupplant the premier,

[1] Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington, was ſo far from reſenting ſir Robert's ſuperior talents, that he remained ſtedfaſtly attached to him; and when the famous motion for

premier, that in his diſtreſs it was to ſir Robert himſelf he had recourſe, and whom he beſought to make the draught of the king's ſpeech for him. The new queen, a better judge than her huſband of the capacities of the two candidates, and who had ſilently watched for a moment proper for overturning the new deſignations, did not loſe a moment in obſerving to the king how prejudicial it would be to his affairs, to prefer to the miniſter in poſſeſſion a man in whoſe own judgment his predeceſſor was the fitteſt perſon to execute his office. From that moment there was no more queſtion of ſir Spencer Compton as prime miniſter. He was created an earl, ſoon received the garter, and became preſident of that council, at the head of which he was much fitter to ſit than to direct. Fourteen years afterwards he again was nominated by the ſame prince to replace ſir Robert as firſt lord of the treaſury, on the latter's forced reſignation; but not as prime miniſter, the conduct of affairs being ſoon raviſhed from him by that daſhing genius the earl of Granville, who reduced him to a cypher for the little year in which he ſurvived, and in which his incapacity had been obvious.

The queen, impatient to deſtroy all hopes of change, took the earlieſt opportunity of declaring her own ſentiments. The inſtance I ſhall cite will be a true picture of courtiers. Their majeſties had removed from Richmond to their temporary palace in Leiceſter-fields[1] on the very evening of their receiving notice of their acceſſion to the crown; and the next day all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiſs their hands: my mother amongſt the reſt, who, ſir Spencer Compton's deſignation, and not its evaporation, being known, could not make her way between the ſcornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than the third or fourth row:—but no ſooner was ſhe deſcried by her majeſty, than the queen ſaid aloud, "There I am ſure I ſee a friend!"—The torrent divided and ſhrunk to either ſide; "and as I came away," ſaid my mother, "I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleaſed."

for removing ſir Robert was made in both houſes, lord Wilmington, though confined to his bed, and with his head bliſtered, roſe and went to the houſe of lords, to vote againſt a meaſure that avowed its own injuſtice by being grounded only on popular clamour.

[1] It was the town reſidence of the Sidneys earls of Leiceſter, of whom it was hired, as it was afterwards by Frederic prince of Wales on a ſimilar quarrel with his father: he added to it Saville-houſe, belonging to ſir George Saville, for his children.

The

The pre-occupation of the queen in favour of Walpole muſt be explained. He had early diſcovered, that in whatever gallantries George prince of Wales indulged or affected, even the *perſon* of his princeſs was dearer to him than any charms in his miſtreſſes: and though Mrs. Howard (afterwards lady Suffolk) was openly his declared favourite, as avowedly as the ducheſs of Kendal was his father's, ſir Robert's ſagacity diſcerned that the power would be lodged with the wife, not with the miſtreſs; and he not only devoted himſelf to the princeſs, but totally abſtained from even viſiting Mrs. Howard; while the injudicious multitude concluded, that the common conſequences of an inconſtant huſband's paſſion for his concubine would follow; and accordingly warmer, if not public, vows were made to the ſuppoſed favourite than to the prince's conſort. They eſpecially who in the late reign had been out of favour at court, had, to pave their future path to favour, and to ſecure the fall of ſir Robert Walpole, ſedulouſly, and no doubt zealouſly, dedicated themſelves to the miſtreſs: Bolinbroke ſecretly, his friend Swift openly, and as ambitiouſly, cultivated Mrs. Howard: and the neighbourhood of Pope's villa to Richmond facilitated their intercourſe; though his religion forbad his entertaining views beyond thoſe of ſerving his friends. Lord Bathurſt, another of that connection, and lord Cheſterfield, too early for his intereſt, founded their hopes on Mrs. Howard's influence; but aſtoniſhed and diſappointed at finding Walpole not ſhaken from his ſeat, they determined on an experiment that ſhould be the touch-ſtone of Mrs. Howard's credit. They perſuaded her to demand of the new king an earl's coronet for lord Bathurſt—She did—the queen put in her veto—and Swift in deſpair returned to Ireland, to lament queen Anne and curſe queen Caroline, under the maſk of patriotiſm, in a country he abhorred and deſpiſed.

To Mrs. Howard Swift's ingratitude was baſe. *She* indubitably had not only exerted all her intereſt to ſecond his and his faction's intereſts, but loved queen Caroline and the miniſter as little as they did. Yet, when Swift died, he left behind him a character of Mrs. Howard by no means flattering, which was publiſhed in his poſthumous works. On its appearance, Mrs. Howard (become lady Suffolk) ſaid to me in her calm, diſpaſſionate manner, "All I can ſay is, that it is very different from one that he drew of me and ſent to me many years ago, and which I have, written by his own hand."

Lord Cheſterfield, rather more ingenuous, as his character of her, but under a feigned

a feigned name, was printed in his life, though in a paper of which he was not known to be the author, was not more conſiſtent. Eudoſia, deſcribed in the weekly journal called Common Senſe, for September 10, 1737, was meant for lady Suffolk—yet was it no fault of hers that he was proſcribed at court; nor did ſhe perhaps ever know, as he never did till the year before his death, when I acquainted him with it by his friend ſir John Irwin, why he had been put into the queen's Index expurgatorius. The queen had an obſcure window at St. James's that looked into a dark paſſage, lighted only by a ſingle lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Cheſterfield one twelfth-night at court had won ſo large a ſum of money, that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and depoſited it with the miſtreſs. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy; and thenceforwards lord Cheſterfield could obtain no favour from court; and, finding himſelf deſperate, went into oppoſition. My father himſelf long afterwards told me the ſtory, and had become the principal object of the peer's ſatiric wit, though he had not been the mover of his diſgrace. The weight of that anger fell more diſgracefully on the king, as I ſhall mention in the next chapter.

I will here interrupt the detail of what I have heard of the commencement of that reign, and farther anecdotes of the queen and the miſtreſs, till I have related the ſecond very memorable tranſaction of that æra; and which would come in awkwardly, if poſtponed till I have diſpatched many ſubſequent particulars.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the firſt council held by the new ſovereign, Dr. Wake, archbiſhop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the ſucceſſor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his majeſty put it into his pocket, and ſtalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the ſubject. The poor prelate was thunderſtruck, and had not the preſence of mind or the courage to demand the teſtament's being opened, or at leaſt to have it regiſtered. No man preſent choſe to be more

hardy than the perſon to whom the depoſit had been truſted—perhaps none of them immediately conceived the poſſible violation of ſo ſolemn an act ſo notoriouſly exiſtent. Still, as the king never mentioned the will more, whiſpers only by degrees informed the public, that the will was burnt, at leaſt that its injunctions were never fulfilled.

What the contents were was never aſcertained. Report ſaid, that forty thouſand pounds had been bequeathed to the ducheſs of Kendal; and more vague rumours ſpoke of a large legacy to the queen of Pruſſia, daughter of the late king. Of that bequeſt demands were afterwards ſaid to have been frequently and roughly made by her ſon the great king of Pruſſia, between whom and his uncle ſubſiſted much inveteracy.

The legacy to the ducheſs was ſome time after on the brink of coming to open and legal diſcuſſion. Lord Cheſterfield marrying her niece and heireſs the counteſs of Walſingham, and reſenting his own proſcription at court, was believed to have inſtituted, or at leaſt to have threatened, a ſuit for recovery of the legacy to the ducheſs, to which he was then become entitled: and it was as confidently believed that he was quieted by the payment of twenty thouſand pounds.

But if the archbiſhop had too timidly betrayed the truſt repoſed in him from weakneſs and want of ſpirit, there were two other men who had no ſuch plea of imbecility, and who, being independent and above being awed, baſely ſacrificed their honour and integrity for poſitive ſordid gain. George the firſt had depoſited duplicates of his will with two ſovereign German princes—I will not ſpecify them, becauſe at this diſtance of time I do not perfectly recollect their titles; but I was actually ſome years ago ſhown a copy of a letter from one of our ambaſſadors abroad to a ſecretary of ſtate at that period, in which the ambaſſador ſaid, one of the princes in queſtion would accept the proffered ſubſidy, and had delivered, or would deliver, the duplicate of the king's will. The other truſtee was no doubt as little conſcientious and as corrupt.—It is pity the late king of Pruſſia did not learn their infamous treachery!

Diſcourſing once with lady Suffolk on that ſuppreſſed teſtament, ſhe made the only plauſible ſhadow of an excuſe that could be made for George the ſecond

cond—She told me, that George the firſt had burnt two wills made in favour of his ſon. They were probably the wills of the duke and ducheſs of Zell; or one of them might be that of his mother the princeſs Sophia.

The crime of the firſt George could only palliate, not juſtify, the criminality of the ſecond; for the ſecond did not puniſh the guilty but the innocent. But bad precedents are always dangerous, and too likely to be copied.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL now reſume the ſtory of lady Suffolk, whoſe hiſtory, though ſhe had none of that influence on the tranſactions of the cabinet that was expected, will ſtill probably be more entertaining to two young ladies, than a magiſterial detail of political events, the traces of which at leaſt may be found in journals and brief chronicles of the times. The interior of courts and the leſſer features of hiſtory are preciſely thoſe with which we are leaſt acquainted, I mean of the age preceding our own. Such anecdotes are forgotten in the multiplicity of thoſe that enſue, or reſide only in the memory of idle old perſons, or have not yet emerged into publicity from the porte-feuilles of ſuch garrulous Brantômes as myſelf. Trifling I will not call myſelf; for, while I have ſuch charming diſciples as you two to inform; and though acute or plodding politicians, for whom they are not meant, may condemn theſe pages; which is preferable, the labour of an hiſtorian who toils for fame and for applauſe from he knows not whom; or my careleſs commiſſion to paper of perhaps inſignificant paſſages that I remember, but penned for the amuſement of a pair of ſuch ſenſible and cultivated minds as I never met at ſo early an age, and whoſe fine eyes I do know will read me with candour, and allow me that mite of fame to which I aſpire, their approbation of my endeavours to divert their evenings in the country? O Guicciardin! is poſthumous renown ſo valuable as the ſatisfaction of reading theſe court-tales to the lovely B—ys?

Henrietta Hobart was daughter of ſir Henry, and ſiſter of ſir John

Hobart, knight of the bath on the revival of the order, and afterwards by her intereſt made a baron; and ſince created earl of Buckinghamſhire.

She was firſt married to Mr. Howard, the younger brother of more than one earl of Suffolk; to which title he at laſt ſucceeded himſelf, and left a ſon by her, who was the laſt earl of that branch. She had but the ſlender fortune of an ancient baronet's daughter; and Mr. Howard's circumſtances were the reverſe of opulent. It was the cloſe of queen Anne's reign: the young couple ſaw no ſtep more prudent than to reſort to Hanover, and endeavour to ingratiate themſelves with the future ſovereigns of England. Still ſo narrow was their fortune, that, Mr. Howard finding it expedient to give a dinner to the Hanoverian miniſters, Mrs. Howard is ſaid to have ſacrificed her beautiful head of hair to pay for the expence. It muſt be recollected, that at that period were in faſhion thoſe enormous full-bottomed wigs which often coſt twenty and thirty guineas. Mrs. Howard was extremely acceptable to the intelligent princeſs Sophia—but did not at that time make farther impreſſion on the electoral prince, than on his father's ſucceſſion to the crown to be appointed one of the bedchamber-women to the new princeſs of Wales.

The elder whig politicians became miniſters to the king. The moſt promiſing of the young lords and gentlemen of that party, and the prettieſt and livelieſt of the young ladies, formed the new court of the prince and princeſs of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber-woman in waiting became the faſhionable evening rendezvous of the moſt diſtinguiſhed wits and beauties. Lord Cheſterfield, then lord Stanhope, lord Scarborough, Carr lord Hervey, elder brother of the more known John lord Hervey, and reckoned to have ſuperior parts, general (at that time only colonel) Charles Churchill, and others not neceſſary to rehearſe, were conſtant attendants: Miſs Lepelle, afterwards lady Hervey, my mother lady Walpole, Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and herſelf of much vivacity and pretty, Mrs. Howard, and above all for univerſal admiration, miſs Bellenden, one of the maids of honour. Her face and perſon were charming; lively ſhe was almoſt to etourderie; and ſo agreeable ſhe was, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her cotemporaries who did not prefer her as the moſt perfect creature they ever knew. The prince frequented the waiting-room, and ſoon felt a ſtronger inclination for her than he ever entertained but for his princeſs. Miſs Bellenden by no means felt a reciprocal paſſion. The prince's gallantry

was

was by no means delicate; and his avarice diſguſted her. One evening ſitting by her, he took out his purſe and counted his money. He repeated the numeration: the giddy Bellenden loſt her patience and cried out, "Sir, I cannot bear it! if you count your money any more I will go out of the room." The chink of the gold did not tempt her more than the perſon of his royal highneſs. In fact, her heart was engaged; and ſo the prince, finding his love fruitleſs, ſuſpected. He was even ſo generous as to promiſe her, that if ſhe would diſcover the object of her choice, and would engage not to marry without his privity, he would conſent to the match, and would be kind to her huſband. She gave him the promiſe he exacted, but without acknowledging the perſon; and then, leſt his highneſs ſhould throw any obſtacle in the way, married, without his knowledge, colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, and who long afterwards ſucceeded to the title of Argyle at the death of duke Archibald. The prince never forgave the breach of her word; and whenever ſhe went to the drawing-room, as from her huſband's ſituation ſhe was ſometimes obliged to do, though trembling at what ſhe knew ſhe was to undergo, the prince always ſtepped up to her, and whiſpered ſome very harſh reproach in her ear. Mrs. Howard was the intimate friend of miſs Bellenden, had been the confidante of the prince's paſſion, and, on Mrs. Campbell's eclipſe, ſucceeded to her friend's poſt of favourite—but not to her reſiſtance.

From the ſteady decorum of Mrs. Howard, I ſhould conclude that ſhe would have preferred the advantages of her ſituation to the oſtentatious eclat of it: but many obſtacles ſtood in the way of total concealment; nor do I ſuppoſe that love had any ſhare in the ſacrifice ſhe made of her virtue. She had felt poverty, and was far from diſliking power. Mr. Howard was probably as little agreeable to her as he proved worthleſs. The king, though very amorous, was certainly more attracted by a ſilly idea he had entertained of gallantry being becoming, than by a love of variety; and he added the more egregious folly of fancying that inconſtancy proved he was not governed: but ſo awkwardly did he manage that artifice, that it but demonſtrated more clearly the influence of the queen. With ſuch a diſpoſition, ſecrecy would by no means have anſwered his majeſty's views: yet the publicity of the intrigue was eſpecially owing to Mr. Howard, who, far from ceding his wife quietly, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's, and vociferouſly demanded her to be reſtored to him before the guards and other audience. Being thruſt out, he ſent a letter to her by the archbiſhop of Canterbury reclaiming her, and the

the archbiſhop by *his* inſtructions conſigned the ſummons to the queen, who had the malicious pleaſure of delivering the letter to her rival.

Such intemperate proceedings by no means invited the new miſtreſs to leave the aſylum of St. James's. She was ſafe while under the royal roof: even after the rupture between the king and prince (for the affair commenced in the reign of the firſt George), and though the prince, on quitting St. James's, reſided in a private houſe, it was too ſerious an enterpriſe to attempt to take his wife by force out of the palace of the prince of Wales. The caſe was altered, when, on the arrival of ſummer, their royal highneſſes were to remove to Richmond. Being only woman of the bedchamber, etiquette did not allow Mrs. Howard the entrée of the coach with the princeſs. She apprehended that Mr. Howard might ſeize her on the road. To baffle ſuch an attempt, her friends John duke of Argyle, and his brother the earl of Ilay, called her in the coach of one of them by eight o'clock in the morning of the day, at noon of which the prince and princeſs were to remove, and lodged her ſafely in their houſe at Richmond. During the ſummer a negotiation was commenced with the obſtreperous huſband, and he ſold his own noiſy honour and the poſſeſſion of his wife for a penſion of twelve hundred a year.

Theſe now little-known anecdotes of Mr. Howard's behaviour I received between twenty and thirty years afterwards from the mouth of lady Suffolk herſelf. She had left the court about the year 1735, and paſſed her ſummers at her villa of Marble-hill at Twickenham, living very retired both there and in London. I purchaſed Strawberry-hill in 1747; and being much acquainted with the houſes of Dorſet, Vere, and others of lady Suffolk's intimates, was become known to her; though ſhe and my father had been at the head of two ſuch hoſtile factions at court. Becoming neighbours, and both, after her ſecond huſband's death, living ſingle and alone, our acquaintance turned to intimacy. She was extremely deaf, and conſequently had more ſatisfaction in narrating than in liſtening; her memory both of remote and of the moſt recent facts was correct beyond belief. I, like you, was indulgent to, and fond of old anecdotes. Each of us knew different parts of many court-ſtories, and each was eager to learn what either could relate more; and thus, by comparing notes, we ſometimes could make out diſcoveries of a [r] third

[r] The ſame thing has happened to me by books. A paſſage lately read has recalled ſome other formerly peruſed; and both together have opened to me or cleared up ſome third fact, which neither ſeparately would have expounded.

circumſtance,

circumſtance, before unknown to both. Thoſe evenings, and I had many of them in autumnal nights, were extremely agreeable; and if this chain of minutiæ proves ſo to you, you owe perhaps to thoſe converſations the fidelity of my memory, which thoſe repetitions recalled and ſtamped ſo laſtingly.

In this narrative will it be unwelcome to you, if I ſubjoin a faithful portrait of the heroine of this part? Lady Suffolk was of a juſt height, well made, extremely fair, with the fineſt light brown hair; was remarkably genteel, and always well dreſt with taſte and ſimplicity. Thoſe were her perſonal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful; and thoſe charms ſhe retained with little diminution to her death at the age of 79. Her mental qualifications were by no means ſhining; her eyes and countenance ſhowed her character, which was grave and mild. Her ſtrict love of truth and her accurate memory were always in uniſon, and made her too circumſtantial on trifles. She was diſcreet without being reſerved; and having no bad qualities, and being conſtant to her connections, ſhe preſerved uncommon reſpect to the end of her life; and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been queſtioned; her friends even affecting to ſuppoſe that her connection with the king had been confined to pure friendſhip.—Unfortunately, his majeſty's paſſions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love for a woman who was deaf [1]—ſentiments he had expreſſed in a letter to the queen, who, however jealous of lady Suffolk, had latterly dreaded the king's contracting a new attachment to a younger rival, and had prevented lady Suffolk from leaving the court as early as ſhe had wiſhed to do. "I don't know," ſaid his majeſty, "why you will not let me part with an old deaf woman of whom I am weary."

Her credit had always been extremely limited by the queen's ſuperior influence, and by the devotion of the miniſter to her majeſty. Except a barony, a red ribband, and a good place for her brother, lady Suffolk could ſucceed but

[1] Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafneſs. Cheſelden the ſurgeon, then in favour at court, perſuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafneſs by ſome operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it; and, if he ſucceeded, would practiſe the ſame cure on her ladyſhip. She obtained the man's pardon, who was couſin to Cheſelden, who had feigned that pretended diſcovery to ſave his relation—and no more was heard of the experiment. The man ſaved his ear too—but Cheſelden was diſgraced at court.

in very ſubordinate recommendations. Her own acquiſitions were ſo moderate, that, beſides Marble-hill which coſt the king ten or twelve thouſand pounds, her complaiſance had not been too dearly purchaſed. She left the court with an income ſo little to be envied, that, though an economiſt and not expenſive, by the lapſe of ſome annuities on lives not ſo prolonged as her own, ſhe found herſelf ſtraitened; and, beſides Marble-hill, did not at moſt leave twenty thouſand pounds to her family. On quitting court, ſhe married Mr. George Berkeley, and outlived him.

No eſtabliſhed miſtreſs of a ſovereign ever enjoyed leſs of the brilliancy of the ſituation than lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the queen, diſclaimed by the miniſter, ſhe owed to the dignity of her own behaviour, and to the contradiction of *their* enemies, the chief reſpect that was paid to her, and which but ill-compenſated for the ſlavery of her attendance, and the mortifications ſhe endured. *She* was elegant; her lover the reverſe, and moſt unentertaining, and void of confidence in her. His motions too were meaſured by etiquette and the clock. He viſited her every evening at nine; but with ſuch dull punctuality, that he frequently walked about his chamber for ten minutes with his watch in his hand, if the ſtated minute was not arrived.

But from the queen ſhe taſted more poſitive vexations. Till ſhe became counteſs of Suffolk, ſhe conſtantly dreſſed the queen's head, who delighted in ſubjecting her to ſuch ſervile offices, though always apologizing to *her good Howard*. Often her majeſty had more complete triumph. It happened more than once, that the king, coming into the room while the queen was dreſſing, has ſnatched off her handkerchief, and, turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, "Becauſe you have an ugly neck yourſelf, you hide the queen's."

It is certain that the king always preferred the queen's perſon to that of any other woman; nor ever deſcribed his idea of beauty, but he drew the picture of his wife.

Queen Caroline was ſaid to have been very handſome at her marriage, ſoon after which ſhe had the ſmall-pox; but was little marked by it, and retained a moſt pleaſing countenance. It was full of majeſty or mildneſs as ſhe pleaſed, and

and her penetrating eyes expreſſed whatever ſhe had a mind they ſhould. Her voice too was captivating, and her hands beautifully ſmall, plump and graceful. Her underſtanding was uncommonly ſtrong; and ſo was her reſolution. From their earlieſt connection ſhe had determined to govern the king, and deſerved to do ſo; for her ſubmiſſion to his will was unbounded, her ſenſe much ſuperior, and his honour and intereſt always took place of her own: ſo that her love of power, that was predominant, was dearly bought, and rarely ill-employed. She was ambitious too of fame; but, ſhackled by her devotion to the king, ſhe ſeldom could purſue that object. She wiſhed to be a patroneſs of learned men: but George had no reſpect for them or their works; and her majeſty's own taſte was not very exquiſite, nor did he allow her time to cultivate any ſtudies. Her generoſity would have diſplayed itſelf, for ſhe valued money but as the inſtrument of her good purpoſes: but he ſtinted her alike in almoſt all her paſſions; and though ſhe wiſhed for nothing more than to be liberal, ſhe bore the imputation of his avarice, as ſhe did of others of his faults. Often when ſhe had made prudent and proper promiſes of preferment, and could not perſuade the king to comply, ſhe ſuffered the breach of word to fall on her, rather than reflect on him. Though his affection and confidence in her were implicit, he lived in dread of being ſuppoſed to be governed by her; and that ſilly parade was extended even to the moſt private moments of buſineſs with my father: whenever he entered, the queen roſe, curtſied and retired, or offered to retire. Sometimes the king condeſcended to bid her ſtay—on both occaſions ſhe and ſir Robert had previouſly ſettled the buſineſs to be diſcuſſed. Sometimes the king would quaſh the propoſal in queſtion; and yield after re-talking it over with her—but then he boaſted to ſir Robert that he himſelf had better conſidered it.

One of the queen's delights was the improvement of the garden at Richmond; and the king believed ſhe paid for all with her own money—nor would he ever look at her intended plans, ſaying, he did not care how ſhe flung away her own revenue. He little ſuſpected the aids ſir Robert furniſhed to her from the treaſury. When ſhe died, ſhe was indebted twenty thouſand pounds to the king.

Her learning I have ſaid was ſuperficial; her knowledge of languages as little accurate. The king, with a bluff Weſtphalian accent, ſpoke Engliſh correctly. The queen's chief ſtudy was divinity; and ſhe had rather weakened

her faith than enlightened it. She was at leaſt not orthodox; and her confidante lady Sundon, an abſurd and pompous ſimpleton, ſwayed her countenance towards the leſs-believing clergy. The queen however was ſo ſincere at her death, that when archbiſhop Potter was to adminiſter the ſacrament to her, ſhe declined taking it, very few perſons being in the room. When the prelate retired, the courtiers in the anti-room crowded round him, crying, "My lord, has the queen received?" His grace artfully eluded the queſtion, only ſaying moſt devoutly, "her majeſty was in a heavenly diſpoſition"—and the truth eſcaped the public.

She ſuffered more unjuſtly by declining to ſee her ſon, the prince of Wales, to whom ſhe ſent her bleſſing and forgiveneſs—but conceiving the extreme diſtreſs it would lay on the king, ſhould he thus be forced to forgive ſo impenitent a ſon, or to baniſh him again if once recalled, ſhe heroically preferred a meritorious huſband to a worthleſs child.

The queen's greateſt error was too high an opinion of her own addreſs and art: ſhe imagined that all who did not dare to contradict her, were impoſed upon; and ſhe had the additional weakneſs of thinking that ſhe could play off many perſons without being diſcovered. That miſtaken humour, and at other times her hazarding very offenſive truths, made her many enemies: and her duplicity in fomenting jealouſies between the miniſters, that each might be more dependent on herſelf, was no ſound wiſdom. It was the queen who blew into a flame the ill-blood between ſir Robert Walpole and his brother-in-law lord Townſhend. Yet though ſhe diſliked ſome of the cabinet, ſhe never let her own prejudices diſturb the king's affairs, provided the obnoxious paid no court to the miſtreſs. Lord Ilay was the only man, who, by managing Scotland for ſir Robert Walpole, was maintained by him in ſpite of his attachment to lady Suffolk.

The queen's great ſecret was her own rupture, which till her laſt illneſs nobody knew but the king, her German nurſe Mrs. Mailborne, and one other perſon. To prevent all ſuſpicion, her majeſty would frequently [x] ſtand for ſome

[x] While the queen dreſſed, prayers uſed to be redde in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bed-chamber-woman in waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain Dr. Madox (afterwards biſhop of Worceſter) begin the ſervice. He ſaid archly, "And a very

ſome minutes in her ſhift talking to her ladies; and though labouring with ſo dangerous a complaint, ſhe made it ſo invariable a rule never to refuſe a deſire of the king, that every morning at Richmond ſhe walked ſeveral miles with him; and more than once when ſhe had the gout in her foot, ſhe dipped her whole leg in cold water to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exerciſe, threw her into ſuch fits of perſpiration as vented the gout—but thoſe exertions haſtened the criſis of her diſtemper. It was great ſhrewdneſs in ſir Robert Walpole, who, before her diſtemper broke out, diſcovered her ſecret. On my mother's death, who was of the queen's age, her majeſty aſked ſir Robert many phyſical queſtions—but he remarked, that ſhe oftenеſt reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illneſs of his wife. When he came home, he ſaid to me, "Now, Horace, I know by poſſeſſion of what ſecret lady Sundon has preſerved ſuch an aſcendant over the queen." He was in the right. How lady Sundon had wormed herſelf into that myſtery was never known. As ſir Robert maintained his influence over the clergy by Gibſon biſhop of London, he often met with troubleſome obſtructions from lady Sundon, who eſpouſed, as I have ſaid, the heterodox clergy; and ſir Robert could never ſhake her credit.

Yet the queen was conſtant in her protection of ſir Robert, and the day before ſhe died gave a ſtrong mark of her conviction that he was the firmeſt ſupport the king had. As they two alone were ſtanding by the queen's bed, ſhe pathetically recommended, not the miniſter to the ſovereign, but the maſter to the ſervant. Sir Robert was alarmed, and feared the recommendation would leave a fatal impreſſion—but a ſhort time after the king reading with ſir Robert ſome intercepted letters from Germany, which ſaid that now the queen was gone ſir Robert would have no protection: "On the contrary," ſaid the king, "you know ſhe recommended *me* to you." This marked the notice he had taken of the expreſſion; and it was the only notice he ever took of it: nay, his majeſty's grief was ſo exceſſive and ſo ſincere, that his kindneſs to his miniſter ſeemed to increaſe for the queen's ſake.

The queen's dread of a rival was a feminine weakneſs: the behaviour of her eldeſt ſon was a real thorn. He early diſplayed his averſion to his mo-

very proper altar-piece is here, madam!" Queen Anne had the ſame cuſtom; and once ordering the door to be ſhut while ſhe ſhifted, the chaplain ſtopped. The queen ſent to aſk why he did not proceed? He replied, "he would not whiſtle the word of God through the key-hole."

ther, who perhaps aſſumed too much at firſt; yet it is certain that her good ſenſe and the intereſt of her family would have prevented if poſſible the mutual diſlike of the father and ſon, and their reciprocal contempt. As the oppoſition gave into all adulation towards the prince, his ill-poiſed head and vanity ſwallowed all their incenſe. He even early after his arrival had liſtened to a high act of diſobedience. Money he ſoon wanted: old Sarah, ducheſs of Marlborough[1], ever proud and ever malignant, was perſuaded to offer her favourite grand-daughter lady Diana Spencer, afterwards ducheſs of Bedford, to the prince of Wales, with a fortune of an hundred thouſand pounds. He accepted the propoſal, and the day was fixed for their being ſecretly married at the ducheſs's lodge in the great park at Windſor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the ſecret was buried in ſilence.

Youth, folly, and indiſcretion, the beauty of the young lady, and a large ſum of ready money, might have offered ſomething like a plea for ſo raſh a marriage, had it taken place: but what could excuſe, what indeed could provoke, the ſenſeleſs and barbarous inſult offered to the king and queen by Frederic's taking his wife out of the palace of Hampton-court in the middle of the night when ſhe was in actual labour, and carrying her, at the imminent riſk of the lives of her and the child, to the unaired palace and bed at St. James's?

[1] That woman, who had riſen to greatneſs and independent wealth by the weakneſs of another queen, forgot, like the duc D'Epernon, her own unmerited exaltation, and affected to brave ſucceſſive courts, though ſprung from the dregs of one. When the prince of Orange came over to marry the princeſs royal Anne, a boarded gallery with a pent-houſe roof was erected for the proceſſion from the windows of the great drawing-room at St. James's croſs the garden to the Lutheran chapel in the friary. The prince being indiſpoſed and going to Bath, the marriage was deferred for ſome weeks, and the boarded gallery remained, darkening the windows of Marlborough-houſe. The ducheſs cried, "I wonder when my neighbour George will take away his orange cheſt!"—which it did reſemble. She did not want that ſort of wit [2], which ill-temper, long knowledge of the world, and inſolence can ſharpen—and envying the favour which ſhe no longer poſſeſſed, ſir R. Walpole was often the object of her ſatire. Yet her great friend lord Godolphin, the treaſurer, had enjoined her to preſerve very different ſentiments. The ducheſs and my father and mother were ſtanding by the earl's bed at St. Albans as he was dying. Taking ſir Robert by the hand, lord Godolphin turned to the ducheſs and ſaid, "Madam, ſhould you ever deſert this young man, and there ſhould be a poſſibility of returning from the grave, I ſhall certainly appear to you."—Her grace did not believe in ſpirits.

[2] Baron Gleicken, miniſter from Denmark in France, being at Paris ſoon after the king his maſter had been there, and a French lady being ſo ill-bred as to begin cenſuring the king to him, ſaying, "Ah! monſieur, c'eſt une tete!"—"Couronnée," replied he inſtantly, ſtopping her by ſo genteel a hint.

Had

Had he no way of affronting his parents but by venturing to kill his wife and the heir of the crown? A baby that wounds itſelf to vex its nurſe is not more void of reflection. The ſcene which commenced by unfeeling idiotiſm cloſed with paltry hypocriſy. The queen, on the firſt notice of her ſon's exploit, ſet out for St. James's to viſit the princeſs by ſeven in the morning. The gracious prince, ſo far from attempting an apology, ſpoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the ſtreet to her coach —ſtill dumb!—but a crowd being aſſembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kiſſed her majeſty's hand.—Her indignation muſt have ſhrunk into contempt!

After the death of the queen, lady Yarmouth came over, who had been the king's miſtreſs at Hanover during his latter journeys—and with the queen's privity, for he always made her the confidante of his amours; which made Mrs. Selwyn once tell him, he ſhould be the laſt man with whom ſhe would have an intrigue, for ſhe knew he would tell the queen. In his letters to the latter from Hanover, he ſaid, "You muſt love the Walmoden, for ſhe loves *me*." She was created a counteſs, and had much weight with him, but never employed her credit but to aſſiſt his miniſters, or to convert ſome honours and favours to her own advantage. She had two ſons, who both bore her huſband's name; but the younger, though never acknowledged, was ſuppoſed the king's, and conſequently did not miſs additional homage from the courtiers. That incenſe being one of the recommendations to the countenance of lady Yarmouth drew lord Cheſterfield into a ridiculous diſtreſs. On his being made ſecretary of ſtate, he found a fair young lad in the anti-chamber at St. James's, who ſeeming much at home, the earl, concluding it was the miſtreſs's ſon, was profuſe of attentions to the boy, and more prodigal ſtill of his prodigious regard for his mamma. The ſhrewd boy received all his lordſhip's vows with indulgence, and without betraying himſelf:—at laſt he ſaid, "I ſuppoſe your lordſhip takes me for maſter Louis; but I am only ſir William Ruſſel, one of the pages."

The king's laſt years paſſed as regularly as clock-work. At nine at night he had cards in the apartment of his daughters the princeſſes Amelia and Caroline, with lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the moſt favoured officers of his own houſhold. Every Saturday in ſummer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at

Richmond: they went in coaches and ſix in the middle of the day, with the heavy horſe-guards kicking up the duſt before them, dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the ſame duſty parade; and his majeſty fancied himſelf the moſt gallant and lively prince in Europe.

His laſt year was glorious and triumphant beyond example; and his death was moſt felicitous to himſelf, being without a pang, without taſting a reverſe, and when his ſight and hearing were ſo nearly extinguiſhed, that any prolongation could but have ſwelled to calamities.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM tempted to drain my memory of all its rubbiſh, and will ſet down a few more of my recollections, but with leſs method than I have uſed even in the foregoing pages.

I have ſaid little or nothing of the king's two unmarried daughters. Though they lived in the palace with him, he never admitted them to any ſhare in his politics; and if any of the miniſters paid them the compliment of ſeeming attachment, it was more for the air than for the reality. The princeſs royal Anne, married in Holland, was of a moſt imperious and ambitious nature, and on her mother's death, hoping to ſucceed to her credit, came from Holland on pretence of ill health: but the king, aware of her plan, was ſo offended, that he ſent her to Bath as ſoon as ſhe arrived, and as peremptorily back to Holland—I think, without ſuffering her to paſs two nights in London.

Princeſs Amelia, as well-diſpoſed to meddle, was confined to receiving court from the duke of Newcaſtle, who affected to be in love with her, and from the duke of Grafton, in whoſe connection with her there was more reality.

Princeſs Caroline, one of the moſt excellent of women, was devoted to the queen, who, as well as the king, had ſuch confidence in her veracity, that on

any diſagreement amongſt their children, they ſaid, "Stay, ſend for Caroline, and then we ſhall know the truth."

The memorable lord Hervey had dedicated himſelf to the queen, and certainly towards her death had gained great aſcendance with her. She had made him privy ſeal; and as he took care to keep as well with ſir Robert Walpole, no man ſtood in a more proſperous light. But lord Hervey, who handled all the weapons [1] of a court, had alſo made a deep impreſſion on the heart of the virtuous princeſs Caroline; and as there was a mortal antipathy between the duke of Grafton and lord Hervey, the court was often on the point of being diſturbed by the enmity of the favourites of the two princeſſes. The death of the queen deeply affected her daughter Caroline; and the change of the miniſtry four years after diſlodged lord Hervey, whom for the queen's ſake the king would have ſaved, and who very ungratefully ſatiriſed the king in a ballad as if he had ſacrificed him voluntarily. Diſappointment, rage, and a diſtempered conſtitution carried lord Hervey off, and overwhelmed his princeſs: ſhe never appeared in public after the queen's death; and, being dreadfully afflicted with the rheumatiſm, never ſtirred out of her apartment, and rejoiced at her own diſſolution ſome years before her father.

Her ſiſter Amelia leagued herſelf with the Bedford faction during the latter part of her father's life. When he died, ſhe eſtabliſhed herſelf reſpectably; but enjoying no favour with her nephew, and hating the princeſs dowager, ſhe made a plea of her deafneſs, and ſoon totally abſtained from St. James's.

The duke of Cumberland never or very rarely interfered in politics. Power he would have liked, but never ſeemed to court it. His paſſion would have been to command the army; and he would, I doubt, have been too ready to aggrandize the crown by it. But ſucceſſive diſguſts weaned his mind from all purſuits; and the grandeur of his ſenſe [2] and philoſophy made him indifferent

[1] He had broken with Frederic prince of Wales on having ſhared the favours of his miſtreſs, miſs Vane, one of the queen's maids of honour. When ſhe fell in labour at St. James's and was delivered of a ſon, which ſhe aſcribed to the prince, lord Hervey and lord Harrington each told ſir Robert Walpole that he believed himſelf father of the child.

[2] The duke in his very childhood gave a mark of his ſenſe and firmneſs. He had diſpleaſed the queen, and ſhe ſent him up to his chamber. When he appeared again, he was ſullen. "William,"

different to a world that had diſappointed all his views. The unpopularity which the Scotch and Jacobites ſpread againſt him for his merit in ſuppreſſing the rebellion, his brother's jealouſy, and the contempt he himſelf felt for the prince, his own ill-ſucceſs in his battles abroad, and his father's treacherous ſacrifice of him on the convention of Cloſter-ſeven, the dereliction of his two political friends lord Holland and lord Sandwich, and the rebuffing ſpite of the princeſs dowager; all thoſe mortifications centering on a conſtitution evidently tending to diſſolution, made him totally neglect himſelf, and ready to ſhake off being, as an incumbrance not worth the attention of a ſuperior underſtanding.

From the time the duke firſt appeared on the ſtage of the public, all his father's miniſters had been blind to his royal highneſs's capacity, or were afraid of it. Lord Granville, too giddy himſelf to ſound a young prince, had treated him arrogantly, when the king and the earl had projected a match for him with the princeſs of Denmark. The duke, accuſtomed by the queen and his governor Mr. Poyntz to venerate the wiſdom of ſir Robert Walpole, then on his death-bed, ſent Mr. Poyntz the day but one before ſir Robert expired to conſult him how to avoid the match. Sir Robert adviſed his royal highneſs to ſtipulate for an ample ſettlement. The duke took the ſage council—and heard no more of his intended bride.

The low ambition of lord Hardwicke, the childiſh paſſion for power of the duke of Newcaſtle, and the peeviſh jealouſy of Mr. Pelham, combined on the death of the prince of Wales to exclude the duke of Cumberland from the regency (in caſe of a minority), and to make them flatter themſelves that they ſhould gain the favour of the princeſs dowager by cheating her with the ſemblance of power. The duke reſented the ſlight, but ſcorned to make any claim. The princeſs never forgave the inſidious homage, and, in concurrence with lord Bute, totally eſtranged the affection of the young king from his uncle, nor allowed him a ſhadow of influence.

liam," ſaid the queen, "what have you been doing?" "Reading."——"Reading what?" "The bible."——"And what did you read there?" "About Jeſus and Mary."——"And what about them?" "Why, that Jeſus ſaid to Mary, Woman! what haſt thou to do with *me?*"

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE done with royal perſonages. Shall I add a codicil on ſome remarkable characters that I remember? As I am writing for young ladies, I have chiefly dwelt on heroines of your own ſex. They too ſhall compoſe my laſt chapter. Enter the ducheſſes of Marlborough and Buckingham.

Thoſe two women were conſiderable perſonages in their day. The firſt, her own beauty, the ſuperior talents of her huſband in war, and the caprice of a feeble princeſs, raiſed to the higheſt pitch of power; and the prodigious wealth bequeathed to her by her lord, and accumulated in concert with her, gave her weight in a free country. The other, proud of royal though illegitimate birth, was from the vanity of that birth ſo zealouſly attached to her expelled brother the pretender, that ſhe never ceaſed labouring to effect his reſtoration: and as the oppoſition to the houſe of Brunſwic was compoſed partly of principled jacobites, of tories, who either knew not what their own principles were, or diſſembled them to themſelves; and of whigs, who from hatred of the miniſter both acted in concert with the jacobites, and rejoiced in their aſſiſtance; two women of ſuch wealth, rank, and enmity to the court, were ſure of great attention from all the diſcontented.

The beauty of the ducheſs of Marlborough had always been of the ſcornful and imperious kind, and her features and air announced nothing that her temper did not confirm. Both together, her beauty and temper, enſlaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him, ſhe cut off thoſe commanding treſſes and flung them in his face. Nor did her inſolence ſtop there; nor ſtop till it had totally eſtranged and worn out the patience of the poor queen, her miſtreſs. The ducheſs was often ſeen to give her majeſty her fan and gloves and turn away her own head, as if the queen had offenſive ſmells.

Incapable of due reſpect to ſuperiors, it was no wonder ſhe treated her children and inferiors with ſupercilious contempt. Her eldeſt daughter and ſhe were long at variance, and never reconciled. When the younger ducheſs ex-

poſed herſelf by placing a monument and ſilly epitaph, of her own compoſition and bad ſpelling, to Congreve in Weſtminſter-abbey, her mother, quoting the words, ſaid, "I know not what *pleaſure* ſhe might have in his company, but I am ſure it was no *honour*." With her youngeſt daughter the ducheſs of Montagu old Sarah agreed as ill.—"I wonder," ſaid the duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are ſo alike!" Of her grand-daughter the ducheſs of Mancheſter, daughter of the ducheſs of Montagu, ſhe affected to be fond. One day ſhe ſaid to her, "Ducheſs of Mancheſter, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily—but you *have* a mother!" "And ſhe has a mother!" anſwered the Mancheſter, who was all ſpirit, juſtice and honour, and could not ſuppreſs ſudden truth.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications ſprung from a grand-daughter. The moſt beautiful of her four charming daughters, lady Sunderland [1], left two [2] ſons, the ſecond duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became her heir, and Anne lady Bateman, and lady Diana Spencer whom I have mentioned, and who became ducheſs of Bedford. The duke and his brother, to humour their grandmother, were in oppoſition, though the eldeſt ſhe never loved. He had good ſenſe, infinite generoſity, and not more œconomy than was to be expected from a young man of warm paſſions and ſuch vaſt expectations. He was modeſt and diffident too, but could not digeſt total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His ſiſter lady Bateman had the intriguing ſpirit of her father and grandfather earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox the firſt lord Holland, and both had great influence over the duke of Marlborough. What an object would it be to Fox to convert to the court ſo great a ſubject as the duke! Nor was it much leſs important to his ſiſter to give him a wife, who, with no reaſons for expectation of ſuch ſhining fortune, ſhould owe the obligation to her! Lady Bateman ſtruck the firſt ſtroke, and perſuaded her brother to marry a

[1] Lady Sunderland was a great politician; and having like her mother a moſt beautiful head of hair, uſed while combing it at her toilet to receive men whoſe votes or intereſt ſhe wiſhed to influence.

[2] She had an elder ſon who died young, while only earl of Sunderland. He had parts, and all the ambition of his parents and of his family (which his younger brothers had not); but George II. had conceived ſuch an averſion to his father that he would not employ him. The young earl at laſt aſked ſir Robert Walpole for an enſigncy in the guards. The miniſter, aſtoniſhed at ſo humble a requeſt from a man of ſuch conſequence, expreſſed his ſurpriſe—"I aſk it," ſaid the young lord, "to aſcertain whether it is determined that I ſhall never have any thing." He died ſoon after at Paris.

handſome young lady, who unluckily was daughter of lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather the victorious duke. The grandam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of lady Bateman, ſhe blackened the face, and wrote on it, "Now her outſide is as black as her inſide." The duke ſhe turned out of the little lodge in Windſor park; and then pretending that the new ducheſs and her female couſins, eight Trevors, had ſtripped the houſe and garden, ſhe had a puppet-ſhow made with waxen figures repreſenting the Trevors tearing up the ſhrubs, and the ducheſs carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm.

Her fury did but increaſe when Mr. Fox prevailed on the duke to go over to the court. With her coarſe intemperate humour ſhe ſaid, "That was the Fox that had ſtolen her gooſe." Repeated injuries at laſt drove the duke to go to law with her. Fearing that even no lawyer would come up to the Billingſgate with which ſhe was animated herſelf, ſhe appeared in the court of juſtice, and with ſome wit and infinite abuſe treated the laughing public with the ſpectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire metamorphoſed into the widow Blackacre. Her grandſon in his ſuit demanded a ſword ſet with diamonds given to his grandſire by the emperor. "I retained it," ſaid the beldame, "leſt he ſhould pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

I will repeat but one more inſtance of her inſolent aſperity, which produced an admirable reply of the famous lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lady Sundon had received a pair of diamond ear-rings as a bribe for procuring a conſiderable poſt in queen Caroline's family for a certain peer; and, decked with thoſe jewels, paid a viſit to the old ducheſs; who, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, ſaid, "What an impudent creature, to come hither with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied lady Mary Wortley, who was preſent, "how ſhould people know where wine is ſold, unleſs a buſh is hung out?"

The ducheſs of Buckingham was as much elated by owing her birth to James II. as the Marlborough was by the favour of his daughter. Lady Dorcheſter[1], the mother of the former, endeavoured to curb that pride, and, one ſhould

[1] Lady Dorcheſter is well-known for her wit, and for ſaying that ſhe wondered for what James choſe his miſtreſſes: "We are none of us handſome," ſaid ſhe; "and if we have wit, he has not enough to find it out."—But I do not know whether it is as public, that her ſtyle was groſs and

ſhould have thought, took an effectual method, though one few mothers would have practiſed: "You need not be ſo vain," ſaid the old profligate, "for you are not the king's daughter, but colonel Graham's." Graham was a faſhionable man of thoſe days, and noted for dry humour. His legitimate daughter the counteſs of Berkſhire was extremely like to the ducheſs of Buckingham: "Well! well!" ſaid Graham, "kings are all-powerful, and one muſt not complain; but certainly the ſame man begot thoſe two women." To diſcredit the wit of both parents, the ducheſs never ceaſed labouring to reſtore the houſe of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it. Frequent were her journeys to the continent for that purpoſe. She always ſtopped at Paris, viſited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Benedictine of the convent, obſerving her filial piety, took notice to her grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become thread-bare—and ſo it remained!

Finding all her efforts fruitleſs, and perhaps aware that her plots were not undiſcovered by ſir Robert Walpole, who was remarkable for his intelligence, ſhe made an artful double, and reſolved to try what might be done through him himſelf. I forget how ſhe contracted an acquaintance with him.—I do remember that more than once he received letters from the pretender himſelf, which probably were tranſmitted through her. Sir Robert always carried them to George II. who endorſed and returned them. That negotiation not ſucceeding, the ducheſs made a more home puſh. Learning his extreme fondneſs for his daughter (afterwards lady Mary Churchill), ſhe ſent for ſir Robert, and aſked him if he recollected what had not been thought too great a reward to lord Clarendon for reſtoring the royal family? He affected not to underſtand her—"Was not he allowed," urged the zealous ducheſs, "to match his daughter to the duke of York?" Sir Robert ſmiled, and left her.

Sir Robert being forced from court, the ducheſs thought the [r] moment favourable,

and ſhameleſs. Meeting the ducheſs of Portſmouth and lady Orkney, the favourite of king William, at the drawing-room of George the firſt, "God!" ſaid ſhe, "who would have thought that we three whores ſhould have met here?" Having after the king's abdication married ſir David Collyer, by whom ſhe had two ſons, ſhe ſaid to them, "If any body ſhould call you ſons of a whore, you muſt bear it; for you are ſo: but if they call you baſtards, fight till you die; for you are an honeſt man's ſons."

Suſan lady Bellaſis, another of king James's miſtreſſes, had wit too and no beauty. Mrs. Godfrey had neither. Grammont has recorded why ſhe was choſen.

[r] I am not quite certain that, writing by memory

favourable, and took a new journey to Rome; but conſcious of the danger ſhe might run of diſcovery, ſhe made over her eſtate to the famous Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath), and left the deed in his cuſtody. What was her aſtoniſhment, when on her return ſhe re-demanded the inſtrument—It was miſlaid—He could not find it—He never could find it! The ducheſs grew clamorous. At laſt his friend lord Mansfield told him plainly, he could never ſhow his face unleſs he ſatisfied the ducheſs. Lord Bath did then ſign a releaſe to her of her eſtate. The tranſaction was recorded in print by ſir Charles Hanbury Williams in a pamphlet that had great vogue, called A congratulatory letter, with many other anecdotes of the ſame perſonage, and was not leſs acute than ſir Charles's Odes on the ſame hero. The ducheſs dying not long after ſir Robert's entrance into the houſe of lords, lord Oxford, one of her executors, told him there, that the ducheſs had ſtruck lord Bath out of her will, and made him, ſir Robert, one of her truſtees in his room. "Then," ſaid ſir Robert laughing, "I ſee, my lord, that I have got lord Bath's place before he has got mine." Sir Robert had artfully prevented the laſt. Before he quitted the king, he perſuaded his majeſty to inſiſt as a preliminary to the change, that Mr. Pulteney ſhould go into the houſe of peers, his great credit lying in the other houſe; and I remember my father's action when he returned from court and told me what he had done—"I have turned the key of the cloſet on him"—making that motion with his hand. Pulteney had jumped at the proffered earldom, but ſaw his error when too late; and was ſo enraged at his own overſight, that, when he went to take the oaths in the houſe of lords, he daſhed his patent on the floor and vowed he would never take it up——But he had kiſſed the king's hand for it, and it was too late to recede.

But though madam of Buckingham could not effect a coronation to her will, ſhe indulged her pompous mind with ſuch puppet-ſhows as were appropriate to her rank. She had made a funeral for her huſband as ſplendid as that of the great Marlborough: ſhe renewed that pageant for her only ſon, a weak lad who died under age; and for herſelf; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him and of herſelf to be exhibited in glaſs-caſes in Weſtminſter-abbey. It was for the proceſſion at her ſon's burial that ſhe wrote to old Sarah of

mory at the diſtance of fifty years, I place that journey exactly at the right period, nor whether it did not take place before ſir Robert's fall. Nothing material depends on the preciſe period.

Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had tranſported the corpſe of the duke. "It carried my lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and ſhall never be uſed for any body elſe." "I have conſulted the undertaker," replied the Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds."

One of the laſt acts of Buckingham's life was marrying a grandſon ſhe had to a daughter of lord Hervey. That intriguing man, ſore, as I have ſaid, at his diſgrace, caſt his eyes every where to revenge or exalt himſelf. Profeſſions or recantations of any principles coſt him nothing: at leaſt the conſecrated day which was appointed for his firſt interview with the ducheſs made it preſumed, that to obtain her wealth, with her grandſon for his daughter, he muſt have ſworn fealty to the houſe of Stuart. It was on the martyrdom of her grandfather: ſhe received him in the great drawing-room of Buckingham-houſe ſeated in a chair of ſtate in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr.

It will be a proper cloſe to the hiſtory of thoſe curious ladies to mention the anecdote of Pope relative to them. Having drawn his famous character of Atoſſa, he communicated it to each ducheſs, pretending it was levelled at the other. The Buckingham believed him: the Marlborough had more ſenſe, and knew herſelf—and gave him a thouſand pounds to ſuppreſs it——And yet he left the copy behind him!

Biſhop Burnet, from abſence of mind, had drawn as ſtrong a picture of herſelf to the ducheſs of Marlborough, as Pope did under covert of another lady. Dining with the ducheſs after the duke's diſgrace, Burnet was comparing him to Beliſarius—"But how," ſaid ſhe, "could ſo great a general be ſo abandoned?"—"Oh! madam," ſaid the biſhop, "do not you know what a brimſtone of a wife he had?"

Perhaps you know this anecdote, and perhaps ſeveral others that I have been relating——No matter—they will go under the article of my dotage—and very properly—I began with tales of my nurſery, and prove that I have been writing in my ſecond childhood.

January 13th, 1789.

HIEROGLYPHIC TALES.

Schah Baham ne comprenoit jamais bien que les choſes abſurdes & hors de toute vraiſemblance.

LE SOPHA, p. 5.

PREFACE.

AS the invaluable preſent I am making to the world may not pleaſe all taſtes, from the gravity of the matter, the ſolidity of the reaſoning, and the deep learning contained in the enſuing ſheets, it is neceſſary to make ſome apology for producing this work in ſo trifling an age, when nothing will go down but temporary politics, perſonal ſatire, and idle romances. The true reaſon then for my ſurmounting all theſe objections was ſingly this: I was apprehenſive leſt the work ſhould be loſt to poſterity; and though it may be condemned at preſent, I can have no doubt but it will be treated with due reverence ſome hundred ages hence, when wiſdom and learning ſhall have gained their proper aſcendant over mankind, and when men ſhall only read for inſtruction and improvement of their minds. As I ſhall print an hundred thouſand copies, ſome, it may be hoped, will eſcape the havoc that is made of moral works, and then this jewel will ſhine forth in its genuine luſtre. I was in the greater hurry to conſign this work to the preſs, as I foreſee that the art of printing will ere long be totally loſt, like other uſeful diſcoveries well known to the ancients. Such were the art of diſſolving rocks with hot vinegar, of teaching elephants to dance on the ſlack rope, of making malleable glaſs, of writing epic poems that any body would read after they had been publiſhed a month, and the ſtupendous invention of new religions, a ſecret of which illiterate Mahomet was the laſt perſon poſſeſſed.

Notwithſtanding this my zeal for good letters, and the ardour of my univerſal citizenſhip (for I declare I deſign this preſent for all nations), there are

ſome ſmall difficulties in the way, that prevent my conferring this my great benefaction on the world completely and all at once. I am obliged to produce it in ſmall portions, and therefore beg the prayers of all good and wiſe men that my life may be prolonged to me, till I ſhall be able to publiſh the whole work, no man elſe being capable of executing the charge ſo well as myſelf, for reaſons that my modeſty will not permit me to ſpecify. In the mean time, as it is the duty of an editor to acquaint the world with what relates to himſelf as well as his author, I think it right to mention the cauſes that compel me to publiſh this work in numbers. The common reaſon of ſuch proceeding is to make a book dearer for the eaſe of the purchaſers, it being ſuppoſed that moſt people had rather give twenty ſhillings by ſixpence a fortnight, than pay ten ſhillings once for all. Public-ſpirited as this proceeding is, I muſt confeſs my reaſons are more and merely perſonal. As my circumſtances are very moderate, and barely ſufficient to maintain decently a gentleman of my abilities and learning, I cannot afford to print at once an hundred thouſand copies of two volumes in folio, for that will be the whole maſs of Hieroglyphic Tales when the work is perfected. In the next place, being very aſthmatic, and requiring a free communication of air, I lodge in the uppermoſt ſtory of a houſe in an alley not far from St. Mary Axe; and as a great deal of good company lodges in the ſame manſion, it was by a conſiderable favour that I could obtain a ſingle chamber to myſelf; which chamber is by no means large enough to contain the whole impreſſion, for I deſign to vend the copies myſelf, and, according to the practice of other great men, ſhall ſign the firſt ſheet myſelf with my own hand.

Deſirous as I am of acquainting the world with many more circumſtances relative to myſelf, ſome private conſiderations prevent my indulging their curioſity any farther at preſent; but I ſhall take care to leave ſo minute an account of myſelf to ſome public library, that the future commentators and editors of this work ſhall not be deprived of all neceſſary lights. In the mean time I beg the reader to accept the temporary compenſation of an account of the author whoſe work I am publiſhing.

The Hieroglyphic Tales were undoubtedly written a little before the creation of the world, and have ever ſince been preſerved, by oral tradition, in the mountains of Crampcraggiri, an uninhabited iſland, not yet diſcovered. Of theſe few facts we could have the moſt authentic atteſtations of ſeveral clergy-

men, who remember to have heard them repeated by old men long before they, the ſaid clergymen, were born. We do not trouble the reader with theſe atteſtations, as we are ſure every body will believe them as much as if they had ſeen them. It is more difficult to aſcertain the true author. We might aſcribe them with great probability to Kemanrlegorpikos, ſon of Quat; but beſides that we are not certain that any ſuch perſon ever exiſted, it is not clear that he ever wrote any thing but a book of cookery, and that in heroic verſe. Others give them to Quat's nurſe, and a few to Hermes Triſmegiſtus, though there is a paſſage in the latter's treatiſe on the harpſichord which directly contradicts the account of the firſt volcano in the 114th of the Hieroglyphic Tales. As Triſmegiſtus's work is loſt, it is impoſſible to decide now, whether the diſcordance mentioned is ſo poſitive as has been aſſerted by many learned men, who only gueſs at the opinion of Hermes from other paſſages in his writings, and who indeed are not ſure whether he was ſpeaking of volcanos or cheeſecakes; for he drew ſo ill, that his hieroglyphics may often be taken for the moſt oppoſite things in nature; and as there is no ſubject which he has not treated, it is not preciſely known what he was diſcuſſing in any one of them.

This is the neareſt we can come to any certainty with regard to the author. But whether he wrote the Tales ſix thouſand years ago, as we believe, or whether they were written for him within theſe ten years, they are inconteſtably the moſt ancient work in the world; and though there is little imagination, and ſtill leſs invention in them, yet there are ſo many paſſages in them exactly reſembling Homer, that any man living would conclude they were imitated from that great poet, if it was not certain that Homer borrowed from them, which I ſhall prove two ways: firſt, by giving Homer's parallel paſſages at the bottom of the page; and ſecondly, by tranſlating Homer himſelf into proſe, which ſhall make him ſo unlike himſelf, that nobody will think he could be an original writer: and when he is become totally lifeleſs and inſipid, it will be impoſſible but theſe Tales ſhould be preferred to the Iliad; eſpecially as I deſign to put them into a kind of ſtyle that ſhall be neither verſe nor proſe; a diction lately much uſed in tragedies and heroic poems, the former of which are really heroic poems from want of probability, as an antico-moderno epic poem is in fact a mere tragedy, having little or no change of ſcene, no incidents but a ghoſt and a ſtorm, and no events but the deaths of the principal actors.

I will not detain the reader longer from the peruſal of this invaluable work; but I muſt beſeech the public to be expeditious in taking off the whole impreſſion, as faſt as I can get it printed; becauſe I muſt inform them that I have a more precious work in contemplation; namely, a new Roman hiſtory, in which I mean to ridicule, detect and expoſe all ancient virtue and patriotiſm, and ſhow from original papers which I am going to write, and which I ſhall afterwards bury in the ruins of Carthage and then dig up, that it appears by the letters of Hanno the Punic embaſſador at Rome, that Scipio was in the pay of Hannibal, and that the dilatorineſs of Fabius proceeded from his being a penſioner of the ſame general. I own this diſcovery will pierce my heart; but as morality is beſt taught by ſhowing how little effect it had on the beſt of men, I will ſacrifice the moſt virtuous names for the inſtruction of the preſent wicked generation; and I cannot doubt but when once they have learnt to deteſt the favourite heroes of antiquity, they will become good ſubjects of the moſt pious king that ever lived ſince David, who expelled the eſtabliſhed royal family, and then ſung pſalms to the memory of Jonathan, to whoſe prejudice he had ſucceeded to the throne.

HIEROGLYPHIC TALES.

TALE I.

A new Arabian Night's Entertainment.

AT the foot of the great mountain Hirgonqúu was anciently ſituated the kingdom of Larbidel. Geographers, who are not apt to make ſuch juſt compariſons, ſaid it reſembled a football juſt going to be kicked away: and ſo it happened; for the mountain kicked the kingdom into the ocean, and it has never been heard of ſince.

One day a young princeſs had climbed up to the top of the mountain to gather goat's eggs, the whites of which are excellent for taking off freckles.—Goat's eggs!—Yes—naturaliſts hold that all beings are conceived in an egg. The goats of Hirgonqúu might be oviparous, and lay their eggs to be hatched by the ſun. This is my ſuppoſition; no matter whether I believe it myſelf or not. I will write againſt and abuſe any man that oppoſes my hypotheſis. It would be fine indeed if learned men were obliged to believe what they aſſert.

The other ſide of the mountain was inhabited by a nation of whom the Larbidellians knew no more than the French nobility do of Great Britain,

which they think is an iſland that ſome how or other may be approached by land. The princeſs had ſtrayed into the confines of Cucurucu, when ſhe ſuddenly found herſelf ſeized by the guards of the prince that reigned in that country. They told her in few words that ſhe muſt be conveyed to the capital, and married to the giant their lord and emperor. The giant, it ſeems, was fond of having a new wife every night, who was to tell him a ſtory that would laſt till morning, and then have her head cut off—Such odd ways have ſome folks of paſſing their wedding-nights! The princeſs modeſtly aſked, why their maſter loved ſuch long ſtories? The captain of the guard replied, his majeſty did not ſleep well.—Well! ſaid ſhe, and if he does not?—Not but I believe I can tell as long ſtories as any princeſs in Aſia. Nay, I can repeat Leonidas by heart; and your emperor muſt be wakeful indeed if he can hold out againſt that.

By this time they were arrived at the palace. To the great ſurpriſe of the princeſs, the emperor, ſo far from being a giant, was but five feet one inch in height; but being two inches taller than any of his predeceſſors, the flattery of his courtiers had beſtowed the name of *giant* on him; and he affected to look down upon any man above his own ſtature. The princeſs was immediately undreſſed and put to bed, his majeſty being impatient to hear a new ſtory.

Light of my eyes, ſaid the emperor, what is your name? I call myſelf the princeſs Gronovia, replied ſhe; but my real appellation is the frow Gronow. And what is the uſe of a name, ſaid his majeſty, but to be called by it? And why do you pretend to be a princeſs, if you are not? My turn is romantic, anſwered ſhe, and I have ever had an ambition of being the heroine of a novel. Now there are but two conditions that entitle one to that rank; one muſt be a ſhepherdeſs or a princeſs. Well, content yourſelf, ſaid the giant; you will die an empreſs, without being either the one or the other! But what ſublime reaſon had you for lengthening your name ſo unaccountably? It is a cuſtom in my family, ſaid ſhe: all my anceſtors were learned men, who wrote about the Romans. It ſounded more claſſic, and gave a higher opinion of their literature, to put a Latin termination to their names. All this is Japoneſe to me, ſaid the emperor; but your anceſtors ſeem to have been a parcel of mountebanks. Does one underſtand any thing the better for corrupting one's name? Oh, ſaid the princeſs, but it ſhowed taſte too. There was a time

when

when in Italy the learned carried this ſtill farther; and a man with a large forehead, who was born on the fifth of January, called himſelf Quintus Januarius Fronto. More and more abſurd, ſaid the emperor. You ſeem to have a great deal of impertinent knowledge about a great many impertinent people; but proceed in your ſtory: whence came you? Mynheer, ſaid ſhe, I was born in Holland—The deuce you was? ſaid the emperor, and where is that? It was no where, replied the princeſs ſpritelily, till my countrymen gained it from the ſea.—Indeed, moppet! ſaid his majeſty; and pray who were your countrymen, before you had any country? Your majeſty aſks a very ſhrewd queſtion, ſaid ſhe, which I cannot reſolve on a ſudden; but I will ſtep home to my library, and conſult five or ſix thouſand volumes of modern hiſtory, an hundred or two dictionaries, and an abridgement of geography in forty volumes in folio, and be back in an inſtant. Not ſo faſt, my life, ſaid the emperor, you muſt not riſe till you go to execution: it is now one in the morning, and you have not begun your ſtory.

My great grandfather, continued the princeſs, was a Dutch merchant, who paſſed many years in Japan—On what account? ſaid the emperor. He went thither to abjure his religion, ſaid ſhe, that he might get money enough to return and defend it againſt Philip II. You are a pleaſant family, ſaid the emperor; but though I love fables, I hate genealogies. I know in all families, by their own account, there never was any thing but good and great men from father to ſon; a ſort of fiction that does not at all amuſe me. In my dominions there is no nobility but flattery. Whoever flatters me beſt is created a great lord, and the titles I confer are ſynonymous to their merits. There is Kiſs-my-breech-Can, my favourite; Adulation-Can, lord treaſurer; Prerogative-Can, head of the law; and Blaſphemy-Can, high-prieſt. Whoever ſpeaks truth corrupts his blood, and is ipſo facto degraded. In Europe you allow a man to be noble becauſe one of his anceſtors was a flatterer. But every thing degenerates, the farther it is removed from its ſource. I will not hear a word of any of your race before your father: what was he?

It was in the height of the conteſts about the bull Unigenitus—I tell you, interrupted the emperor, I will not be plagued with any more of thoſe people with Latin names: they were a parcel of coxcombs, and ſeem to have infected you with their folly. I am ſorry, replied Gronovia, that your ſublime highneſs is ſo little acquainted with the ſtate of Europe, as to take a papal ordinance

dinance for a perſon. Unigenitus is Latin for the Jeſuits—And who the devil are the Jeſuits? ſaid the giant. You explain one nonſenſical term by another, and wonder I am never the wiſer. Sir, ſaid the princeſs, if you will permit me to give you a ſhort account of the troubles that have agitated Europe for theſe laſt two hundred years, on the doctrines of grace, free-will, predeſtination, reprobation, juſtification, &c. you will be more entertained, and will believe leſs, than if I told your majeſty a long ſtory of fairies and goblins. You are an eternal prater, ſaid the emperor, and very ſelf-ſufficient; but talk your fill, and upon what ſubject you like, till to-morrow morning: but I ſwear by the ſoul of the holy Jirigi, who rode to heaven on the tail of a magpie, as ſoon as the clock ſtrikes eight, you are a dead woman. Well, who was the Jeſuit Unigenitus?

The novel doctrines that had ſprung up in Germany, ſaid Gronovia, made it neceſſary for the church to look about her. The diſciples of Loyola—Of whom? ſaid the emperor, yawning—Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jeſuits, replied Gronovia, was—A writer of Roman hiſtory, I ſuppoſe, interrupted the emperor: what the devil were the Romans to you, that you trouble your head ſo much about them? The empire of Rome and the church of Rome are two diſtinct things, ſaid the princeſs; and yet, as one may ſay, the one depends upon the other, as the new teſtament does on the old. One deſtroyed the other, and yet pretends a right to its inheritance. The temporalities of the church—What's o'clock, ſaid the emperor to the chief eunuch? It cannot ſure be far from eight—This woman has goſſiped at leaſt ſeven hours. Do you hear, my to-morrow night's wife ſhall be dumb—Cut her tongue out before you bring her to our bed. Madam, ſaid the eunuch, his ſublime highneſs, whoſe erudition paſſes the ſands of the ſea, is too well acquainted with all human ſciences to require information. It is therefore that his exalted wiſdom prefers accounts of what never happened, to any relation either in hiſtory or divinity—You lie, ſaid the emperor; when I exclude truth, I certainly do not mean to forbid divinity—How many divinities have you in Europe, woman? The council of Trent, replied Gronovia, has decided—The emperor began to ſnore—I mean, continued Gronovia, that notwithſtanding all father Paul has aſſerted, cardinal Palavicini affirms that in the three firſt ſeſſions of that council—The emperor was now faſt aſleep; which the princeſs and the chief eunuch perceiving, clapped ſeveral pillows upon his face, and held them there till he expired. As ſoon as they were convinced he was dead, the princeſs, putting on

on every mark of deſpair and concern, iſſued to the divan, where ſhe was immediately proclaimed empreſs. The emperor, it was given out, had died of an hemorrhoidal colic; but to ſhow her regard for his memory, her imperial majeſty declared ſhe would ſtrictly adhere to the maxims by which he had governed. Accordingly ſhe eſpouſed a new huſband every night, but diſpenſed with their telling her ſtories, and was graciouſly pleaſed alſo, upon their good behaviour, to remit the ſubſequent execution. She ſent preſents to all the learned men in Aſia; and they in return did not fail to cry her up as a pattern of clemency, wiſdom, and virtue: and though the panegyrics of the learned are generally as clumſy as they are fulſome, they ventured to aſſure her that their writings would be as durable as braſs, and that the memory of her glorious reign would reach to the lateſt poſterity.

TALE II.

The King and his three Daughters.

THERE was formerly a king, who had three daughters—that is, he would have had three, if he had had one more—but ſome how or other the eldeſt never was born. She was extremely handſome, had a great deal of wit, and ſpoke French in perfection, as all the authors of that age affirm, and yet none of them pretend that ſhe ever exiſted. It is very certain that the two other princeſſes were far from beauties; the ſecond had a ſtrong Yorkſhire dialect, and the youngeſt had bad teeth and but one leg, which occaſioned her dancing very ill.

As it was not probable that his majeſty would have any more children, being eighty-ſeven years two months and thirteen days old when his queen died, the ſtates of the kingdom were very anxious to have the princeſſes married. But there was one great obſtacle to this ſettlement, though ſo important to the peace of the kingdom. The king inſiſted that his eldeſt daughter ſhould be married firſt; and as there was no ſuch perſon, it was very difficult to fix upon a proper huſband for her. The courtiers all approved his majeſty's reſolution; but, as under the beſt princes there will always be a number of diſcontented, the nation was torn into different factions, the grumblers or patriots inſiſting that the ſecond princeſs was the eldeſt, and ought to be declared heireſs apparent to the crown. Many pamphlets were written pro and con; but the miniſterial party pretended that the chancellor's argument was unanſwerable, who affirmed, that the ſecond princeſs could not be the eldeſt, as no princeſs-royal ever had a Yorkſhire accent. A few perſons who were attached to the youngeſt princeſs took advantage of this plea for whiſpering that *her* royal highneſs's pretenſions to the crown were the beſt of all; for, as there was no eldeſt princeſs, and as the ſecond muſt be the firſt if there was no firſt, and as ſhe could not be the ſecond if ſhe was the firſt, and as the chancellor

cellor had proved that ſhe could not be the firſt, it followed plainly by every idea of law that ſhe could be nobody at all; and then the conſequence followed of courſe, that the youngeſt muſt be the eldeſt, if ſhe had no elder ſiſter.

It is inconceivable what animoſities and miſchiefs aroſe from theſe different titles; and each faction endeavoured to ſtrengthen itſelf by foreign alliances. The court party, having no real object for their attachment, were the moſt attached of all, and made up by warmth for the want of foundation in their principles. The clergy in general were devoted to this, which was ſtyled *the firſt party*. The phyſicians embraced the ſecond; and the lawyers declared for the third, or the faction of the youngeſt princeſs, becauſe it ſeemed beſt calculated to admit of doubts and endleſs litigation.

While the nation was in this diſtracted ſituation, there arrived the prince of Quifferiquimini, who would have been the moſt accompliſhed hero of the age, if he had not been dead, and had ſpoken any language but the Egyptian, and had not had three legs. Notwithſtanding theſe blemiſhes, the eyes of the whole nation were immediately turned upon him, and each party wiſhed to ſee him married to the princeſs whoſe cauſe they eſpouſed.

The old king received him with the moſt diſtinguiſhed honours; the ſenate made the moſt fulſome addreſſes to him; the princeſſes were ſo taken with him, that they grew more bitter enemies than ever; and the court ladies and petit-maîtres invented a thouſand new faſhions upon his account—Every thing was to be à la Quifferiquimini. Both men and women of faſhion left off rouge, to look the more cadaverous; their clothes were embroidered with hieroglyphics, and all the ugly characters they could gather from Egyptian antiquities, with which they were forced to be contented, it being impoſſible to learn a language that is loſt; and all tables, chairs, ſtools, cabinets and couches were made with only three legs: the laſt, however, ſoon went out of faſhion, as being very inconvenient.

The prince, who, ever ſince his death, had had but a weakly conſtitution, was a little fatigued with this exceſs of attentions, and would often wiſh himſelf at home in his coffin. But his greateſt difficulty of all was to get rid of the youngeſt princeſs, who kept hopping after him wherever he went, and

was ſo full of admiration of his three legs, and ſo modeſt about having but one herſelf, and ſo inquiſitive to know how his three legs were ſet on, that, being the beſt-natured man in the world, it went to his heart whenever in a fit of peeviſhneſs he happened to drop an impatient word, which never failed to throw her into an agony of tears; and then ſhe looked ſo ugly that it was impoſſible for him to be tolerably civil to her. He was not much more inclined to the ſecond princeſs—In truth, it was the eldeſt who made the conqueſt of his affections: and ſo violently did his paſſion increaſe one Tueſday morning, that, breaking through all prudential conſiderations (for there were many reaſons which ought to have determined his choice in favour of either of the other ſiſters), he hurried to the old king, acquainted him with his love, and demanded the eldeſt princeſs in marriage. Nothing could equal the joy of the good old monarch, who wiſhed for nothing but to live to ſee the conſummation of this match. Throwing his arms about the prince ſkeleton's neck, and watering his hollow cheeks with warm tears, he granted his requeſt, and added, that he would immediately reſign his crown to him and his favourite daughter.

I am forced for want of room to paſs over many circumſtances that would add greatly to the beauty of this hiſtory, and am ſorry I muſt daſh the reader's impatience by acquainting him, that notwithſtanding the eagerneſs of the old king and youthful ardour of the prince, the nuptials were obliged to be poſtponed; the archbiſhop declaring that it was eſſentially neceſſary to have a diſpenſation from the pope, the parties being related within the forbidden degrees; a woman that never was, and a man that had been, being deemed firſt couſins in the eye of the canon law.

Hence aroſe a new difficulty. The religion of the Quifferiquiminians was totally oppoſite to that of the papiſts. The former believed in nothing but grace; and they had a high-prieſt of their own, who pretended that he was maſter of the whole fee-ſimple of grace, and by that poſſeſſion could cauſe every thing to have been that never had been, and could prevent every thing that had been from ever having been. "We have nothing to do," ſaid the prince to the king, "but to ſend a ſolemn embaſſy to the high-prieſt of grace, with a preſent of a hundred thouſand million of ingots, and he will cauſe your charming no-daughter to have been, and will prevent my having died, and then there will be no occaſion for a diſpenſation from your old fool at Rome."

How!

—How! thou impious, atheiſtical bag of drybones, cried the old king; doſt thou profane our holy religion? Thou ſhalt have no daughter of mine, thou three-legged ſkeleton—Go and be buried and be damned, as thou muſt be; for, as thou art dead, thou art paſt repentance: I would ſooner give my child to a baboon, who has one leg more than thou haſt, than beſtow her on ſuch a reprobate corpſe.—You had better give your one-legged infanta to the baboon, ſaid the prince; they are fitter for one another. As much a corpſe as I am, I am preferable to nobody; and who the devil would have married your no-daughter, but a dead body? For my religion, I lived and died in it, and it is not in my power to change it now if I would.—But for your part—A great ſhout interrupted this dialogue; and the captain of the guard, ruſhing into the royal cloſet, acquainted his majeſty, that the ſecond princeſs, in revenge of the prince's neglect, had given her hand to a dryſalter, who was a common-councilman; and that the city, in conſideration of the match, had proclaimed them king and queen, allowing his majeſty to retain the title for his life, which they had fixed for the term of ſix months; and ordering, in reſpect of his royal birth, that the prince ſhould immediately lie in ſtate and have a pompous funeral.

This revolution was ſo ſudden and ſo univerſal, that all parties approved, or were forced to ſeem to approve it. The old king died the next day, as the courtiers ſaid, for joy; the prince of Quiffériquimini was buried in ſpite of his appeal to the law of nations; and the youngeſt princeſs went diſtracted, and was ſhut up in a madhouſe, calling out day and night for a huſband with three legs.

TALE

TALE III.

The Dice Box: A Fairy Tale.

Tranſlated from the French Tranſlation of the Counteſs DAUNOIS, for the Entertainment of Miſs CAROLINE CAMPBELL[1].

THERE was a merchant of Damaſcus named Aboulcaſem, who had an only daughter called Piſſimiſſi, which ſignifies *the waters of Jordan*; becauſe a fairy foretold at her birth that ſhe would be one of Solomon's concubines. Azaziel, the angel of death, having tranſported Aboulcaſem to the regions of bliſs, he had no fortune to bequeath to his beloved child but the ſhell of a piſtachia-nut drawn by an elephant and a ladybird. Piſſimiſſi, who was but nine years old, and who had been kept in great confinement, was impatient to ſee the world; and no ſooner was the breath out of her father's body, than ſhe got into the car, and, whipping her elephant and ladybird, drove out of the yard as faſt as poſſible, without knowing whither ſhe was going. Her courſers never ſtopped till they came to the foot of a brazen tower, that had neither doors nor windows, in which lived an old enchantreſs, who had locked herſelf up there with ſeventeen thouſand huſbands. It had but one ſingle vent for air, which was a ſmall chimney grated over, through which it was ſcarce poſſible to put one's hand. Piſſimiſſi, who was very impatient, ordered her courſers to fly with her up to the top of the chimney; which, as they were the moſt docile creatures in the world, they immediately did: but unluckily the fore paw of the elephant lighting on the top of the chimney, broke down the grate by its weight, but at the ſame time ſtopped up the paſſage ſo entirely, that all the enchantreſs's huſbands were ſtifled for want of air. As it was a collection ſhe had made with great care and coſt, it is eaſy to imagine her vexation and rage. She raiſed a ſtorm of thunder and lightning

[1] Eldeſt daughter of lord William Campbell. She lived with her aunt the counteſs of Aileſbury.

that laſted eight hundred and four years; and having conjured up an army of two thouſand devils, ſhe ordered them to flay the elephant alive, and dreſs it for her ſupper with anchovy ſauce. Nothing could have ſaved the poor beaſt, if, ſtruggling to get looſe from the chimney, he had not happily broken wind, which it ſeems is a great preſervative againſt devils. They all flew a thouſand ways, and in their hurry carried away half the brazen tower; by which means the elephant, the car, the ladybird, and Piſſimiſſi got looſe; but in their fall tumbled through the roof of an apothecary's ſhop, and broke all his bottles of phyſic. The elephant, who was very dry with his fatigue, and who had not much taſte, immediately ſucked up all the medicines with his proboſcis; which occaſioned ſuch a variety of effects in his bowels, that it was well he had ſuch a ſtrong conſtitution, or he muſt have died of it. His evacuations were ſo plentiful, that he not only drowned the tower of Babel, near which the apothecary's ſhop ſtood, but the current ran fourſcore leagues till it came to the ſea, and there poiſoned ſo many whales and leviathans, that a peſtilence enſued, and laſted three years nine months and ſixteen days. As the elephant was extremely weakened by what had happened, it was impoſſible for him to draw the car for eighteen months; which was a cruel delay to Piſſimiſſi's impatience, who during all that time could not travel above a hundred miles a day; for, as ſhe carried the ſick animal in her lap, the poor ladybird could not make longer ſtages with no aſſiſtance. Beſides, Piſſimiſſi bought every thing ſhe ſaw wherever ſhe came; and all was crowded into the car, and ſtuffed into the ſeat. She had purchaſed ninety-two dolls, ſeventeen baby-houſes, ſix cart-loads of ſugar-plums, a thouſand ells of gingerbread, eight dancing dogs, a bear and a monkey, four toyſhops with all their contents, and ſeven dozen of bibs and aprons of the neweſt faſhion. They were jogging on with all this cargo over mount Caucaſus, when an immenſe humming-bird, who had been ſtruck with the beauty of the ladybird's wings, that I had forgot to ſay were of ruby ſpotted with black pearls, ſouſing down at once upon her prey, ſwallowed ladybird, Piſſimiſſi, the elephant, and all their commodities. It happened that the humming-bird belonged to Solomon; he let it out of its cage every morning after breakfaſt, and it conſtantly came home by the time the council broke up. Nothing could equal the ſurpriſe of his majeſty and the courtiers, when the dear little creature arrived, with the elephant's proboſcis hanging out of its divine little bill. However, after the firſt aſtoniſhment was over, his majeſty, who to be ſure was wiſdom itſelf, and who underſtood natural philoſophy that it was a charm to hear him diſcourſe

of

of thoſe matters, and who was actually making a collection of dried beaſts and birds in twelve thouſand volumes of the beſt fool's-cap paper, immediately perceived what had happened; and taking out of the ſide-pocket of his breeches a diamond toothpick-caſe of his own turning, with the toothpick made of the only unicorn's horn he ever ſaw, he ſtuck it into the elephant's ſnout, and began to draw it out: but all his philoſophy was confounded, when jammed between the elephant's legs he perceived the head of a beautiful girl, and between her legs a baby-houſe, which with the wings extended thirty feet, out of the windows of which rained a torrent of ſugar-plums, that had been placed there to make room. Then followed the bear, who had been preſſed to the bales of gingerbread and was covered all over with it, and looked but uncouthly; and the monkey with a doll in every paw, and his pouches ſo crammed with ſugar-plums that they hung on each ſide of him, and trailed on the ground behind like the ducheſs of ********'s beautiful breaſts. Solomon, however, gave ſmall attention to this proceſſion, being caught with the charms of the lovely Piſſimiſſi: he immediately began the ſong of ſongs extempore; and what he had ſeen—I mean, all that came out of the humming-bird's throat—had made ſuch a jumble in his ideas, that there was nothing ſo unlike to which he did not compare all Piſſimiſſi's beauties. As he ſung his canticles too to no tune, and God knows had but a bad voice, they were far from comforting Piſſimiſſi: the elephant had torn her beſt bib and apron, and ſhe cried and roared, and kept ſuch a ſqualling, that, though Solomon carried her in his arms and ſhowed her all the fine things in the temple, there was no pacifying her. The queen of Sheba, who was playing at backgammon with the high-prieſt, and who came every October to converſe with Solomon, though ſhe did not underſtand a word of Hebrew, hearing the noiſe, came running out of her dreſſing-room; and ſeeing the king with a ſqualling child in his arms, aſked him peeviſhly, if it became his reputed wiſdom to expoſe himſelf with his baſtards to all the court? Solomon, inſtead of replying, began ſinging; which ſo provoked the Sheban princeſs, that, happening to have one of the dice-boxes in her hand, ſhe without any ceremony threw it at his head. The enchantreſs, whom I mentioned before, and who, though inviſible, had followed Piſſimiſſi, and drawn her into her train of misfortunes, turned the dice-box aſide, and directed it to Piſſimiſſi's noſe; which being ſomething flat, like madame de ********'s, it ſtuck there, and being of ivory, Solomon ever after compared his beloved's noſe to the tower that leads to Damaſcus. The queen, though aſhamed of her behaviour, was not in her heart ſorry for the accident;

dent; but when ſhe found that it only increaſed the monarch's paſſion, her contempt redoubled; and calling him a thouſand old fools to herſelf, ſhe ordered her poſtchaiſe and drove away in a fury, without leaving ſixpence for the ſervants; and nobody knows what became of her or her kingdom, which has never been heard of ſince.

TALE IV.

The Peach in Brandy. A Mileſian Tale.

FITZ Scanlan Mac Giolla l'ha druig [1], king of Kilkenny, the thouſand and fifty-ſeventh deſcendant in a direct line from Mileſius king of Spain, had an only daughter called Great A, and by corruption Grata; who being arrived at years of diſcretion, and perfectly initiated by her royal parents in the arts of government, the fond monarch determined to reſign his crown to her: having accordingly aſſembled the ſenate, he declared his reſolution to them, and having delivered his ſceptre into the princeſs's hand, he obliged her to aſcend the throne; and, to ſet the example, was the firſt to kiſs her hand, and vow eternal obedience to her. The ſenators were ready to ſtifle the new queen with panegyrics and addreſſes; the people, though they adored the old king, were tranſported with having a new ſovereign; and the univerſity, according to cuſtom immemorial, preſented her majeſty, three months after every body had forgotten the event, with teſtimonials of the exceſſive ſorrow and exceſſive joy they felt on loſing one monarch and getting another.

Her majeſty was now in the fifth year of her age, and a prodigy of ſenſe and goodneſs. In her firſt ſpeech to the ſenate, which ſhe liſped with inimitable grace, ſhe aſſured them that her [2] heart was entirely Iriſh, and that ſhe did not intend any longer to go in leading-ſtrings; as a proof of which ſhe immediately declared her nurſe prime-miniſter. The ſenate applauded this ſage choice with even greater encomiums than the laſt, and voted a free gift to the queen of a million of ſugar-plums, and to the favourite of twenty thouſand bottles of uſquebaugh. Her majeſty then jumping from her throne, declared it was her royal pleaſure to play at blindman's-buff; but ſuch a hub-bub aroſe from the ſenators' puſhing, and preſſing, and ſqueezing, and punching one another, to endeavour to be the firſt blinded, that in the ſcuffle her majeſty

was

was thrown down, and got a bump on her forehead as big as a pigeon's egg, which ſet her a-ſqualling, that you might have heard her to Tipperary. The old king flew into a rage, and ſnatching up the mace knocked out the chancellor's brains, who at that time happened not to have any; and the queen-mother, who ſat in a tribune above to ſee the ceremony, fell into a fit and miſcarried of twins, who were killed by her majeſty's fright; but the earl of Bullaboo, great butler of the crown, happening to ſtand next to the queen, catched up one of the dead children, and, perceiving it was a boy, ran down to the king and wiſhed him joy of the birth of a ſon and heir. The king, who had now recovered his ſweet temper, called him a fool and blunderer; upon which Mr. Phelim O'Torture, a zealous courtier, ſtarted up with great preſence of mind and accuſed the earl of Bullaboo of high treaſon, for having aſſerted that his late majeſty had had any other heir than their preſent moſt lawful and moſt religious ſovereign queen Grata. An impeachment was voted by a large majority, though not without warm oppoſition, particularly from a celebrated Kilkennian orator, whoſe name is unfortunately not come down to us, it being eraſed out of the journals afterwards, as the Iriſh author whom I copy ſays, when he became firſt lord of the treaſury, as he was during the whole reign of queen Grata's ſucceſſor. The argument of this Mr. Killmorackill, ſays my author, whoſe name is loſt, was, that her majeſty the queen-mother having conceived a ſon before the king's reſignation, that ſon was indubitably heir to the crown, and conſequently the reſignation void, it not ſignifying an iota whether the child was born alive or dead: it was alive, ſaid he, when it was conceived—Here he was called to order by Dr. O'Flaharty, the queen-mother's man-midwife and member for the borough of Corbelly, who entered into a learned diſſertation on embryos; but he was interrupted by the young queen's crying for her ſupper, the previous queſtion for which was carried without a negative; and then the houſe being reſumed, the debate was cut ſhort by the impatience of the majority to go and drink her majeſty's health. This ſeeming violence gave occaſion to a very long proteſt, drawn up by ſir Archee Mac Sarcaſm, in which he contrived to ſtate the claim of the departed fœtus ſo artfully, that it produced a civil war, and gave riſe to thoſe bloody ravages and maſſacres which ſo long laid waſte the ancient kingdom of Kilkenny, and which were at laſt terminated by a lucky accident, well known, ſays my author, to every body, but which he thinks it his duty to relate for the ſake of thoſe who never may have heard it. Theſe are his words:

It happened that the archbiſhop of Tuum (anciently called Meum by the Roman catholic clergy), the great wit of thoſe times, was in the queen-mother's cloſet, who had the young queen in her lap [1]. His grace was ſuddenly ſeized with a violent fit of the cholic, which made him make ſuch wry faces, that the queen-mother thought he was going to die, and ran out of the room to ſend for a phyſician, for ſhe was a pattern of goodneſs, and void of pride. While ſhe was ſtepped into the ſervants' hall to call ſomebody, according to the ſimplicity of thoſe times, the archbiſhop's pains increaſed, when perceiving ſomething on the mantle-piece, which he took for a peach in brandy, he gulped it all down at once without ſaying grace, God forgive him! and found great comfort from it. He had not done licking his lips before the queen-mother returned, when queen Grata cried out, "Mama, mama, the gentleman has eat my little brother!" This fortunate event put an end to the conteſt, the male line entirely failing in the perſon of the devoured prince. The archbiſhop, however, who became pope by the name of Innocent the third, having afterwards a ſon by his ſiſter, named the child Fitzpatrick, as having ſome of the royal blood in its veins; and from him are deſcended all the younger branches of the Fitzpatricks of our time. Now the reſt of the acts of Grata, and all that ſhe did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Kilkenny?

NOTES

NOTES ON TALE IV.

[1] Vide Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, in the Family of Fitzpatrick.

[2] Queen Anne in her firſt ſpeech to the parliament ſaid, her heart was entirely Engliſh.

[3] Some commentators have ignorantly ſuppoſed that the Iriſh author is guilty of a great anachroniſm in this paſſage; for having ſaid that the conteſted ſucceſſion occaſioned long wars, he yet ſpeaks of queen Grata, at the concluſion of them, as ſtill ſitting in her mother's lap as a child. Now I can confute them from their own ſtate of the queſtion. *Like a child*, does not import that ſhe actually was a child: ſhe only ſat *like a child*; and ſo ſhe might though thirty years old. Civilians have declared at what period of his life a king may be of age before he is: but neither Grotius nor Puffendorffe, nor any of the tribe, have determined how long a king or queen may remain infants after they are paſt their infancy.

TALE V.

MI LI. *A Chineſe Fairy Tale.*

MI LI, prince of China, was brought up by his godmother the fairy Hih, who was famous for telling fortunes with a tea-cup. From that unerring oracle ſhe aſſured him, that he would be the moſt unhappy man alive unleſs he married a princeſs whoſe name was the ſame with her father's dominions. As in all probability there could not be above one perſon in the world to whom that accident had happened, the prince thought there would be nothing ſo eaſy as to learn who his deſtined bride was. He had been too well educated to put the queſtion to his godmother, for he knew when ſhe uttered an oracle, that it was with intention to perplex, not to inform; which has made people ſo fond of conſulting all thoſe who do not give an explicit anſwer, ſuch as prophets, lawyers, and any body you meet on the road, who, if you aſk the way, reply by deſiring to know whence you came. Mi Li was no ſooner returned to his palace than he ſent for his governor, who was deaf and dumb, qualities for which the fairy had ſelected him, that he might not inſtil any bad principles into his pupil; however, in recompence, he could talk upon his fingers like an angel. Mi Li aſked him directly who the princeſs was whoſe name was the ſame with her father's kingdom? This was a little exaggeration in the prince, but nobody ever repeats any thing juſt as they heard it: beſides, it was excuſable in the heir of a great monarchy, who of all things had not been taught to ſpeak truth, and perhaps had never heard what it was. Still it was not the miſtake of *kingdom* for *dominions* that puzzled the governor. It never helped him to underſtand any thing the better for its being rightly ſtated. However, as he had great preſence of mind, which conſiſted in never giving a direct anſwer, and in looking as if he could, he replied, it was a queſtion of too great importance to be reſolved on a ſudden. How came you to know that? ſaid the prince.—This youthful impetuoſity told the governor that there was ſomething more in the queſtion than

he had apprehended; and though he could be very ſolemn about nothing, he was ten times more ſo when there was ſomething he did not comprehend. Yet that unknown ſomething occaſioning a conflict between his cunning and his ignorance, and the latter being the greater, always betrayed itſelf, for nothing looks ſo ſilly as a fool acting wiſdom. The prince repeated his queſtion; the governor demanded why he aſked—the prince had not patience to ſpell the queſtion over again on his fingers, but bawled it as loud as he could, to no purpoſe. The courtiers ran in, and catching up the prince's words, and repeating them imperfectly, it ſoon flew all over Pekin, and thence into the provinces, and thence into Tartary, and thence to Muſcovy, and ſo on, that the prince wanted to know who the princeſs was, whoſe name was the ſame as her father's. As the Chineſe have not the bleſſing (for aught I know) of having family ſurnames as we have, and as what would be their chriſtian-names, if they were ſo happy as to be chriſtians, are quite different for men and women, the Chineſe, who think that muſt be a rule all over the world becauſe it is theirs, decided that there could not exiſt upon the ſquare face of the earth a woman whoſe name was the ſame as her father's. They repeated this ſo often, and with ſo much deference and ſo much obſtinacy, that the prince, totally forgetting the original oracle, believed that he wanted to know who the woman was who had the ſame name as her father. However, remembering there was ſomething in the queſtion that he had taken for royal, he always ſaid *the king her father*. The prime miniſter conſulted the red book or court-calendar, which was *his* oracle, and could find no ſuch princeſs. All the miniſters at foreign courts were inſtructed to inform themſelves if there was any ſuch lady; but as it took up a great deal of time to put theſe inſtructions into cypher, the prince's impatience could not wait for the couriers ſetting out, but he determined to go himſelf in ſearch of the princeſs. The old king, who, *as is uſual*, had left the whole management of affairs to his ſon the moment he was fourteen, was charmed with the prince's reſolution of ſeeing the world, which he thought could be done in a few days, the facility of which makes ſo many monarchs never ſtir out of their own palaces till it is too late; and his majeſty declared, that he ſhould approve of his ſon's choice, be the lady who ſhe would, provided ſhe anſwered to the divine deſignation of having the ſame name as her father.

The prince rode poſt to Canton, intending to embark there on board an Engliſh man of war. With what infinite tranſport did he hear the evening before

fore he was to embark, that a ſailor knew the identic lady in queſtion. The prince ſcalded his mouth with the tea he was drinking, broke the old china cup it was in, and which the queen his mother had given him at his departure from Pekin, and which had been given to her great great great great grandmother queen Fi by Confucius himſelf, and ran down to the veſſel and aſked for the man who knew his bride. It was honeſt Tom O'Bull, an Iriſh ſailor, who by his interpreter Mr. James Hall, the ſupercargo, informed his highneſs that Mr. Bob Oliver of Sligo had a daughter chriſtened of both his names, the fair miſs Bob Oliver [1]. The prince by the plenitude of his power declared Tom a mandarin of the firſt claſs, and at Tom's deſire promiſed to ſpeak to his brother the king of Great Ireland, France and Britain, to have him made a peer in his own country, Tom ſaying he ſhould be aſhamed to appear there without being a lord as well as all his acquaintance.

The prince's paſſion, which was greatly inflamed by Tom's deſcription of her highneſs Bob's charms, would not let him ſtay for a proper ſet of ladies from Pekin to carry to wait on his bride, ſo he took a dozen of the wives of the firſt merchants in Canton, and two dozen virgins as maids of honour, who however were diſqualified for their employments before his highneſs got to St. Helena. Tom himſelf married one of them, but was ſo great a favourite with the prince, that ſhe ſtill was appointed maid of honour, and with Tom's conſent was afterwards married to an Engliſh duke.

Nothing can paint the agonies of our royal lover, when on his landing at Dublin he was informed that princeſs Bob had quitted Ireland, and was married to nobody knew whom. It was well for Tom that he was on Iriſh ground. He would have been chopped as ſmall as rice, for it is death in China to miſlead the heir of the crown through ignorance. To do it knowingly is no crime, any more than in other countries.

As a prince of China cannot marry a woman that has been married before, it was neceſſary for Mi Li to ſearch the world for another lady equally qualified with miſs Bob, whom he forgot the moment he was told he muſt marry ſomebody elſe, and fell equally in love with ſomebody elſe, though he knew not with whom. In this ſuſpence he dreamt, "*that he would find his deſtined ſpouſe, whoſe father had loſt the dominions which never had been his dominions, in a place where there was a bridge over no water, a tomb where nobody ever was buried nor ever would be buried, ruins that were*

more than they had ever been, a ſubterraneous paſſage in which there were dogs with eyes of rubies and emeralds, and a more beautiful menagerie of Chineſe pheaſants than any in his father's extenſive gardens." This oracle ſeemed ſo impoſſible to be accompliſhed, that he believed it more than he had done the firſt; which ſhewed his great piety. He determined to begin his ſecond ſearch, and being told by the lord lieutenant that there was in England a Mr. Banks, who was going all over the world in ſearch of he did not know what, his highneſs thought he could not have a better conductor, and ſailed for England. There he learnt that the ſage Banks was at Oxford, hunting in the Bodleian library for a MS. voyage of a man who had been in the moon, which Mr. Banks thought muſt have been in the weſtern ocean, where the moon ſets, and which planet if he could diſcover once more, he would take poſſeſſion of in his majeſty's name, upon condition that it ſhould never be taxed, and ſo be loſt again to this country like the reſt of his majeſty's dominions in that part of the world.

Mi Li took a hired poſt-chaiſe for Oxford, but as it was a little rotten it broke on the new road down to Henley. A beggar adviſed him to walk into general Conway's, who was the moſt courteous perſon alive, and would certainly lend him his own chaiſe. The prince travelled incog. He took the beggar's advice, but going up to the houſe was told the family were in the grounds, but he ſhould be conducted to them. He was led through a venerable wood of beeches, to a menagerie [2] commanding a more glorious proſpect than any in his father's dominions, and full of Chineſe pheaſants. The prince cried out in ecſtacy, Oh! potent Hih! my dream begins to be accompliſhed. The gardener, who knew no Chineſe but the names of a few plants, was ſtruck with the ſimilitude of the ſounds, but diſcreetly ſaid not a word. Not finding his lady there, as he expected, he turned back, and plunging ſuddenly into the thickeſt gloom of the wood, he deſcended into a cavern totally dark, the intrepid prince following him boldly. After advancing a great way into this ſubterraneous vault, at laſt they perceived light, when on a ſudden they were purſued by ſeveral ſmall ſpaniels, and turning to look at them, the prince perceived their eyes [3] ſhone like emeralds and rubies. Inſtead of being amazed, as Fo-Hi, the founder of his race, would have been, the prince renewed his exclamations, and cried, I advance! I advance! I ſhall find my bride! Great Hih! though art infallible! Emerging into light, the imperturbed gardener conducted his highneſs to a heap of artificial [4] ruins, beneath

neath which they found a ſpacious gallery or arcade, where his highneſs was aſked if he would not repoſe himſelf; but, inſtead of anſwering, he capered like one frantic, crying out, I advance! I advance! Great Hih! I advance!—The gardener was amazed, and doubted whether he was not conducting a madman to his maſter and lady, and heſitated whether he ſhould proceed;—but as he underſtood nothing the prince ſaid, and perceiving he muſt be a foreigner, he concluded he was a Frenchman by his dancing. As the ſtranger too was ſo nimble and not at all tired with his walk, the ſage gardener proceeded down a ſloping valley, between two mountains clothed to their ſummits with cedars, firs, and pines, which he took care to tell the prince were all of his honour the general's own planting: but though the prince had learnt more Engliſh in three days in Ireland, than all the French in the world ever learnt in three years, he took no notice of the information, to the great offence of the gardener, but kept running on, and increaſed his gambols and exclamations when he perceived the vale was terminated by a ſtupendous bridge, that ſeemed compoſed of the rocks which the giants threw at Jupiter's head, and had not a drop of water beneath [5] it.—Where is my bride, my bride? cried Mi Li—I muſt be near her. The prince's ſhouts and cries drew a matron from a cottage that ſtood on a pr cipice near the bridge, and hung over the river.—My lady is down at Ford-houſe, [6] cried the good woman, who was a little deaf, concluding they had called to her to know. The gardener knew it was in vain to explain his diſtreſs to her, and thought that if the poor gentleman was really mad, his maſter the general would be the propereſt perſon to know how to manage him. Accordingly, turning to the left, he led the prince along the banks of the river, which glittered through the opening ſallows, while on the other hand a wilderneſs of ſhrubs climbed up the pendant cliffs of chalk, and contraſted with the verdant meads and fields of corn beyond the ſtream. The prince, inſenſible to ſuch enchanting ſcenes, galloped wildly along, keeping the poor gardener on a round trot, till they were ſtopped by a lonely [7] tomb, ſurrounded by cypreſs, yews, and willows, that ſeemed the monument of ſome adventurous youth who had been loſt in tempting the current, and might have ſuited the gallant and daring Leander. Here Mi Li firſt had preſence of mind to recollect the little Engliſh he knew, and eagerly aſked the gardener whoſe tomb he beheld before him? It is nobody's—Before he could proceed, the prince interrupted him: And will it never be any body's?—Oh! thought the gardener, now there is no longer any doubt of his phrenſy—and perceiving his maſter and the family approaching towards them, he endeavoured to get the ſtart: but the prince, much younger, and borne too on the wings of love,

love, ſet out full ſpeed the moment he ſaw the company, and particularly a young damſel with them. Running almoſt breathleſs up to lady Aileſbury, and ſeizing miſs Campbell's hand—he cried, *Who ſhe? who ſhe?* Lady Aileſbury ſcreamed, the young maiden ſqualled, the general, cool but offended, ruſhed between them, and, if a prince could be collared, would have collared him—Mi Li kept faſt hold with one arm, but pointing to his prize with the other, and with the moſt eager and ſupplicating looks entreating for an anſwer, continued to exclaim, *Who ſhe? who ſhe?* The general, perceiving by his accent and manner that he was a foreigner, and rather tempted to laugh than be angry, replied with civil ſcorn, Why, *ſhe* is miſs Caroline Campbell, daughter of lord William Campbell, his majeſty's late governor of Carolina—Oh, Hih! I now recollect thy words! cried Mi Li—And ſo ſhe became princeſs of China.

NOTES ON TALE V.

[1] THERE really was ſuch a perſon.

[2] Lady Aileſbury's.

[3] At Park-place there is ſuch a paſſage cut through a chalk-hill: when dogs are in the middle, the light from the mouth makes their eyes appear in the manner here deſcribed.

[4] Conſequently they ſeem to have been larger.

[5] The ruſtic bridge at Park-place was built by general Conway, to carry the road from Henley, and to leave the communication free between his grounds on each ſide of the road. Vide Anecdotes of Painting.

[6] The old woman who kept the cottage built by general Conway to command a glorious proſpect. Ford-houſe is a farm-houſe at the termination of the grounds.

[7] A fictitious tomb in a beautiful ſpot by the river, built for a point of view: it has a ſmall pyramid on it.

TALE VI.

A true Love Story.

IN the height of the animoſities between the factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, a party of Venetians had made an inroad into the territories of the Viſcontis, ſovereigns of Milan, and had carried off the young Orondates, then at nurſe. His family were at that time under a cloud, though they could boaſt of being deſcended from Canis Scaliger, lord of Verona. The captors ſold the beautiful Orondates to a rich widow of the noble family of Grimaldi, who, having no children, brought him up with as much tenderneſs as if he had been her ſon. Her fondneſs increaſed with the growth of his ſtature and charms, and the violence of his paſſions were augmented by the ſignora Grimaldi's indulgence. Is it neceſſary to ſay that love reigned predominantly in the ſoul of Orondates? or that in a city like Venice a form like that of Orondates met with little reſiſtance?

The Cyprian Queen, not content with the numerous oblations of Orondates on her altars, was not ſatisfied while his heart remained unengaged. Acroſs the canal, over-againſt the palace of Grimaldi, ſtood a convent of Carmelite nuns, the abbeſs of which had a young African ſlave of the moſt exquiſite beauty, called Azora, a year younger than Orondates. Jet and japan were tawney and without luſtre, when compared to the hue of Azora. Afric never produced a female ſo perfect as Azora; as Europe could boaſt but of one Orondates.

The ſignora Grimaldi, though no bigot, was pretty regular at her devotions; but as lanſquenet was more to her taſte than praying, ſhe hurried over her maſſes as faſt as ſhe could, to allot more of her precious time to cards. This made her prefer the church of the Carmelites, ſeparated only by a ſmall bridge, though the abbeſs was of a contrary faction. However, as both

ladies were of equal quality, and had had no altercations that could countenance incivility, reciprocal curtſies always paſſed between them, the coldneſs of which each pretented to lay on their attention to their devotions, though the ſignora Grimaldi attended but little to the prieſt, and the abbeſs was chiefly employed in watching and criticiſing the inattention of the ſignora.

Not ſo Orondates and Azora. Both conſtantly accompanied their miſtreſſes to maſs, and the firſt moment they ſaw each other was deciſive in both breaſts. Venice ceaſed to have more than one fair in the eyes of Orondates, and Azora had not remarked till then that there could be more beautiful beings in the world than ſome of the Carmelite nuns.

The ſecluſion of the abbeſs, and the averſion between the two ladies, which was very cordial on the ſide of the holy one, cut off all hopes from the lovers. Azora grew grave, and penſive, and melancholy; Orondates ſurly and intractable. Even his attachment to his kind patroneſs relaxed. He attended her reluctantly but at the hours of prayer. Often did ſhe find him on the ſteps of the church ere the doors were opened. The ſignora Grimaldi was not apt to make obſervations. She was content with indulging her own paſſions, ſeldom reſtrained thoſe of others; and though good offices rarely preſented themſelves to her imagination, ſhe was ready to exert them when applied to, and always talked charitably of the unhappy at her cards, if it was not a very unlucky deal.

Still it is probable that ſhe never would have diſcovered the paſſion of Orondates, had not her woman, who was jealous of his favour, given her a hint; at the ſame time remarking, under affectation of good will, how well the circumſtances of the lovers were ſuited, and, that as her ladyſhip was in years, and would certainly not think of providing for a creature ſhe had bought in the public market, it would be charitable to marry the fond couple, and ſettle them on her farm in the country.

Fortunately madame Grimaldi always was open to good impreſſions, and rarely to bad. Without perceiving the malice of her woman, ſhe was ſtruck with the idea of a marriage. She loved the cauſe, and always promoted it when it was honeſtly in her power. She ſeldom made difficulties, and never apprehended them. Without even examining Orondates on the ſtate of his inclinations, without recollecting that madame Capello and ſhe were of dif-

ferent parties, without taking any precautions to guard againſt a refuſal, ſhe inſtantly wrote to the abbeſs to propoſe a marriage between Orondates and Azora.

The latter was in madame Capello's chamber when the note arrived. All the fury that authority loves to conſole itſelf with for being under reſtraint, all the aſperity of a bigot, all the acrimony of party, and all the fictitious rage that prudery adopts when the ſenſual enjoyments of others are concerned, burſt out on the helpleſs Azora, who was unable to divine how ſhe was concerned in the fatal letter. She was made to endure all the calumnies that the abbeſs would have been glad to have hurled at the head of madame Grimaldi, if her own character and the rank of that offender would have allowed it. Impotent menaces of revenge were repeated with emphaſis; and as nobody in the convent dared to contradict her, ſhe gratified her anger and love of prating with endleſs tautologies. In fine, Azora was ſtrictly locked up, and bread and water were ordered as ſovereign cures for love. Twenty replies to madame Grimaldi were written and torn, as not ſufficiently expreſſive of a reſentment that was rather vociferous than eloquent; and her confeſſor was at laſt forced to write one, in which he prevailed to have ſome holy cant inſerted, though forced to compound for a heap of irony that related to the antiquity of her family, and for many unintelligible alluſions to vulgar ſtories which the Ghibelline party had treaſured up againſt the Guelfs. The moſt lucid part of the epiſtle pronounced a ſentence of eternal chaſtity on Azora, not without ſome ſarcaſtic expreſſions againſt the promiſcuous amours of Orondates, which ought in common decorum to have baniſhed him long ago from the manſion of a widowed matron.

Juſt as this fulminatory mandate had been tranſcribed and ſigned by the lady abbeſs in full chapter, and had been conſigned to the confeſſor to deliver, the portreſs of the convent came running out of breath, and announced to the venerable aſſembly, that Azora, terrified by the abbeſs's blows and threats, had fallen in labour and miſcarried of four puppies: for be it known to all poſterity, that Orondates was an Italian greyhound, and Azora a black ſpaniel.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE foregoing Tales are given for no more than they are worth: they are mere whimſical trifles, written chiefly for private entertainment; and for private amuſement half a dozen copies only are printed. They deſerve at moſt to be conſidered as an attempt to vary the ſtale and beaten claſs of ſtories and novels, which, though works of invention, are almoſt always devoid of imagination. It would ſcarcely be credited, were it not evident from the Bibliotheque des Romans, which contains the fictitious adventures that have been written in all ages and all countries, that there ſhould have been ſo little fancy, ſo little variety, and ſo little novelty, in writings in which the imagination is fettered by no rules, and by no obligation of ſpeaking truth. There is infinitely more invention in hiſtory, which has no merit if devoid of truth, than in romances and novels, which pretend to none.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

PROSE.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN PROSE.

A PARODY OF LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

INTRODUCTION.

IT can never be ſufficiently lamented by philoſophers, that the late earl of Cheſterfield, who was ſo perfect a maſter of all the decorations of which the human mind or body is ſuſceptible, ſhould not have left us a ſyſtem of education for a daughter as well as for a ſon: or rather may we not regret that his lordſhip's amours were not crowned with a perfect exemplar of each ſex? No man, by his lordſhip's own account, was more intimately acquainted with the fairer part of the creation: and ſenſible as he ſeems to have been of their defects, who could have better chalked out a diſpenſatory of remedies? His whole ſtudy ſeems to have been to have impoſed upon mankind by ſpecious qualities—undoubtedly, for no reaſon, but becauſe he thought external qualifications were all that mankind could judge of, or that could procure their eſteem. As his appetite for fame and approbation was both intenſe and indefatigable, he would aſſuredly not have omitted all the virtues of the heart, had he not been convinced that virtue was never rewarded with public applauſe. He, who in forty years never uttered a word without ſtopping to ſearch for a

better, could not have been ſo indolent as not to cultivate the duties of humanity, had he diſcovered that they tended to recommend the poſſeſſor. When he enjoins his pupil to be *aimable*, and *d'avoir des attentions*, is it not evident he knew that generoſity, patriotiſm, charity, and friendſhip, were uſeleſs attributes? It is plain he thought ſo, for he has never mentioned them in the liſt of attractions. For friendſhip, he ſeems rather to have warned his diſciple againſt it—a caution imbibed from ambaſſadors, the profeſſion to which he dedicated his ſon, and who, being trained to be ſpies, are rather incompatible with friends. To hear and ſee, only to tell and betray, is not an intercourſe proper for Oreſtes or Pylades.

To ſupply this want of a female education, whither can we go ſo judiciouſly as to the ſame ſource? Having peruſed his lordſhip's tractate as often as Rapin read over Livy before he compoſed his Hiſtory of England (which is ſo unlike Livy), I am perſuaded that his lordſhip's ſyſtem will anſwer the purpoſe. Nay, I do not know whether it is not itſelf, mutatis mutandis, more properly a ſyſtem of female than male education, and may not with ſome ſlight alterations ſerve as well to bring up a fine lady as a fine gentleman. *The Graces, the Graces!* on them alone is founded his lordſhip's whole plan. Are not the Graces as eſſential to a maid of honour or a ducheſs (I do not mean a pun) as to an ambaſſador or a ſenator? To write French letters, to ſpeak languages, to be acquainted with ribbands, ſtars, orders of knighthood, religious orders, the ceremonies of the Romiſh church, to dance well, come into a room well, carve well, would ſit as well on a woman of quality as on ſir Joſeph Y—— or ſir Joſeph M——. To tell fibs, to pick the noſe or ears, to eructate, to be abſent in company, to be as unhandy as lord Lyttelton, to write bad grammar or ſpell meſſage-cards ill, would as little become the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting as the firſt miniſter. For a woman of faſhion to intrigue with her footman is as diſgraceful and as dangerous as a lad's frequenting common women. Drams and champagne diſorder both ſexes. Gallantry in both is genteel; and an affair with Mr. F——— may be as creditable as one with madame de Blot. When a daughter comes home from the boarding-ſchool, would not a tender mother be as much ſhocked at the young lady's burſting into the room without a curtſey, as lord Cheſterfield declared he ſhould be if Mr. Stanhope's *premier abord*, on his return from his travels, was not graceful? Would it not give the ſignora madre an equal fever?

Let

Let us run a parallel a little farther. Elocution and ſtyle his lordſhip pronounces the chief ingredients of eloquence. Every body's matter, he declares, is the ſame. If words, ſtyle and manner are all, and matter is nothing, who can deny but under the character of a complete orator his lordſhip has drawn the portrait of an empty, loquacious, but agreeable woman? No matter what ſhe ſays, if ſhe ſays it politely.

As his lordſhip unqueſtionably ſat for the picture he has drawn of a fine gentleman, may not his lordſhip's example be adopted into the ſyſtem with the higheſt propriety; and with equal propriety be recommended to fine ladies? Ought not a matron, on ſuch a precedent, to write to miſs her daughter all the ſcandal ſhe hears or invents? May ſhe not depend upon her daughter's diſcretion for its being ſpread? or to her daughter's huſband for its being publiſhed while the parties are living? Parental fondneſs and prudence will juſtify the propagation of any cruelty; as to furniſh one's child with any inſtance of ſucceſsful futility, will juſtify adviſing that child to copy the capital triflers of every age. No century can be barren in marſhal Richelieus of the female ſex.

This then is the plan I mean to purſue. Without deviating from the ſacred text, I ſhall paraphraſe every letter for the uſe of young ladies, making none but the neceſſary alterations—dilating the author's ſenſe when too compreſſed; but never preſuming to abridge the abundant repetitions, as it is impoſſible to beat the graces into a young head too often. If the verſion I have preſumed to give of the three firſt letters ſhould meet with ſucceſs, I ſhall continue with equal fidelity to adapt the reſt to the meaneſt capacities; and though the preſent age ſeems as it were by intuition to have educated itſelf on his lordſhip's plan, I ſhall ſtill have the ſatisfaction of tranſmitting to poſterity a faithful delineation of the ſyſtem of education neceſſary to form a complete *Macaroneſs*.

THE

THE

NEW WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN,

In a SERIES of LETTERS from a MOTHER to a DAUGHTER

BEING

A COUNTER-PART

TO

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S "Syſtem of Education."

LETTER I.

THEY tell me, miſs, that you are diſpoſed to travel, and that your firſt airing will be to Hammerſmith. Wherefore I think it my duty to wiſh you a good journey and fine weather. You will be ſo kind, I flatter myſelf, as to inform me of your arrival; and if you meet with any good buns or cheeſecakes, pray bring me ſome.

Hammerſmith is a ſmaller town than Brentford, but not ſo ugly or dirty. In its neighbourhood are other villages; as Ealing, Acton, Kew, and Turnham Green. The latter carries on a great commerce in pigeons. They are better eating than turtle-doves, which only laſt in ſeaſon during the honey-moon.

As Kew is governed by a king, there is generally in the lanes about Brentford a nation called gipſies, governed by a queen. They tell your fortune, and pick your pocket. Their faces are extremely brown, but their teeth are finer than thoſe of ladies who wear white.

You are going to have a great many holidays; ſo pray, play your bellyfull. When you come back, you muſt ſtick cloſer to your horn-book than ever.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR CHILD,

AS you will all in good time read Dryden's Virgil and Pope's Homer, it is good in the firſt place to have ſome tincture of poetry, and to know in general the fibs to which poets often make alluſion. You have heard the Bellman's verſes at Chriſtmas, and you have already peruſed Jack the Giant-killer and Mother Gooſe's Tales. You have heard of fairies, hobgoblins, ghoſts, gods and goddeſſes, and jack o'lanthorns, and I hope you remember them. Theſe are old ſtories, yet modern poets have never done with them; in particular, they always call upon Apollo and the Muſes, though they are ſure of never finding them at home, nor of having any notice taken of their viſit. It is for this reaſon I ſend you the hiſtory of Apollo and the nine Muſes; for, if you uſe yourſelf to leave your name for thoſe who never viſit you again, you will certainly never neglect thoſe who are well bred and punctilious in returning viſits. It is a charming thing to make viſits and verſes, and I hope you will have a talent for both. It is harder to make verſes than viſits; but the more difficult a thing is, the better: conſequently, if you could do any thing that is impoſſible, it would be ſtill more glorious.

Adieu.

LET-

LETTER III.

APOLLO was the ſon of Jupiter and Latona, a god and a woman, who, as the heathens thought, breed as eaſily together as animals of different ſpecies. Latona was delivered of him in the iſle of Delos without the aſſiſtance of a midwife; for a god's children always come into the world when people don't think of it. He is the god of day; and thence, when verſes have more tinſel than ſenſe, it is called phebus or clinquant. He had a famous temple at Delphi, which delivered oracles. An oracle is an ambiguous account of ſomething that is to happen, and conſequently has not happened, and therefore impoſſible to be known. A prophecy is more certain, becauſe it is generally made after the event.

The Muſes were the daughters of Jupiter and Memory; that is, he remembered he had daughters, but forgot by whom. They are the goddeſſes of poetry, hiſtory, muſic, and of all the arts and ſciences: of poetry, becauſe it has nothing to do with memory, but with invention; of hiſtory, becauſe they are ancient maidens, who always invent ſcandal or remember it; of muſic, becauſe poetry is akin to ſound; and of arts and ſciences, becauſe ladies who were invented, muſt have invented them likewiſe; for the ancients, who were wiſer than we, never gave a reaſon, that could be a reaſon, for any thing.

The Muſes have three mountains, two fountains, and one horſe, which compoſe a territory about as large as that of a German prince.

GENERAL

GENERAL CRITICISM

ON

DR. JOHNSON'S WRITINGS.

DR. Johnſon's works have obtained ſo much reputation, and the execution of them, from partiality to his abilities, has been rated ſo far above their merit, that, without detracting from his capacity or his learning, it may be uſeful to caution young authors againſt admiration of his *ſtyle* and *manner*; both of which are uncommonly vicious, and unworthy of imitation by any man who aims at excellence in writing his own language.

A marked *manner*, when it runs through all the compoſitions of any maſter, is a defect in itſelf, and indicates a deviation from nature. The writer betrays his having been ſtruck by ſome particular tint, and his having overlooked nature's variety. It is true that the greateſt maſters of compoſition are ſo far imperfect, as that they always leave ſome marks by which we may diſcover their *hand*. He approaches the neareſt to univerſality, whoſe works make it difficult for our quickneſs or ſagacity to obſerve certain characteriſtic touches which aſcertain the ſpecific author.

Dr. Johnſon's works are as eaſily diſtinguiſhed as thoſe of the moſt affected writer; for exuberance is a fault as much as quaintneſs. There is meaning in almoſt every thing Johnſon ſays; he is often profound, and a juſt reaſoner—I mean, when prejudice, bigotry, and arrogance do not cloud or debaſe his logic. He is benevolent in the application of his morality; dogmatically uncharitable in the diſpenſation of his cenſures; and equally ſo, when he differs with his antagoniſt on general truths or partial doctrines.

The firſt criterion that ſtamps Johnſon's works for his, is the loaded ſtyle. I will not call it verboſe, becauſe verboſity generally implies unmeaning verbiage; a cenſure he does not deſerve. I have allowed and do allow, that moſt

of his words have an adequate, and frequently an illuſtrating purport, the true uſe of epithets; but then his words are indiſcriminately ſelect, and too forceful for ordinary occaſions. They form a hardneſs of diction and a muſcular toughneſs that reſiſt all eaſe and graceful movement. Every ſentence is as high-coloured as any: no paragraph improves; the poſition is as robuſt as the demonſtration; and the weakeſt part of the ſentence (I mean, in the effect, not in the ſolution) is generally the concluſion: he illuſtrates till he fatigues, and continues to prove, after he has convinced. This fault is ſo uſual with him, he is ſo apt to charge with three different ſet of phraſes of the ſame calibre, that, if I did not condemn his laboured coinage of new words, I would call his threefold inundation of ſynonymous expreſſions, *triptology*.

He prefers learned words to the ſimple and common. He is never ſimple, elegant or light. He deſtroys more enemies with the weight of his ſhield than with the point of his ſpear, and had rather make three mortal wounds in the ſame part than one. This monotony, the grievous effect of pedantry and ſelf-conceit, prevents him from being eloquent. He excites no paſſions but indignation: his writings ſend the reader away more ſatiated than pleaſed. If he attempts humour, he makes your reaſon ſmile, without making you gay; becauſe the ſtudy that his learned mirth requires, deſtroys cheerfulneſs. It is the clumſy gambol of a lettered elephant. We wonder that ſo grave an animal ſhould have ſtrayed into the province of the ape; yet admire that practice ſhould have given the bulky quadruped ſo much agility.

Upon the whole, Johnſon's ſtyle appears to me ſo encumbered, ſo void of ear and harmony, that I know no modern writer whoſe works can be redde aloud with ſo little ſatisfaction. I queſtion whether one ſhould not read a page of equal length in any modern author, in a minute's time leſs than one of Johnſon's, all proper pauſes and accents being duly attended to in both.

His works are the antipodes of taſte, and he a ſchoolmaſter of truth, but never its parent; for his doctrines have no novelty, and are never inculcated with indulgence either to the froward child or to the dull one. He has ſet nothing in a new light, yet is as diffuſe as if we had every thing to learn. Modern writers have improved on the ancients only by conciſeneſs. Dr. Johnſon, like the chymiſts of Laputa, endeavours to carry back what has been digeſted, to its priſtine and crude principles. He is a ſtanding proof that the Muſes leave works unfiniſhed, if they are not embelliſhed by the Graces.

STRANGE OCCURRENCES:

BEING

A CONTINUATION OF BAKER'S CHRONICLE.

Dec. 28, 1782.

THERE are few men, who, if they live long, might not contribute ſomething to the hiſtory of mankind. I do not mean here collective wiſdom, or ſuch remarks as might tend to aſſiſt in the improvement of the mind or conduct. On the contrary, I allude to ſuch events as are foreign to the common march of cauſes and conſequences. I mean ſuch accidents as will probably always remain ſingular, and are rather deviations from, and exceptions to, the ordinary courſe of things, than the reſult of deſign and foreſight. They anſwer in the moral world to the luſus naturæ in the natural; and as the latter are depoſited in collections as curioſities, ſo the former are entitled to a place in an hiſtorical muſeum on the ſame foot.

That ſolemn recorder of prodigies and of celeſtial phenomena, which did, or were believed by devout credulity to happen, ſir Richard Baker, wound up the concluſion of every reign with a catalogue of the battles that had been fought in the air, and of heavenly meteors, which, though conſpicuous to half the globe, had no reference but to what had paſſed or was paſſing in England.

The extraordinary events I am going to relate, in imitation of ſir Richard, ſhall have no applicatory comment—not but perhaps they did announce, or regiſter, many of the wonderful revolutions that have happened in my time: but I think it is more generous, by not appropriating them, to leave every ſoothſayer or old gentlewoman to apply them as ſhall ſeem good to their religion, prejudices, or politics, the moſt infallible expounders of judgments.

Without farther preface, I ſhall mention ſome half-dozen or more of thoſe eccentric events that have fallen out within my own memory and obſervation. They are rather memorabilia than anecdotes, and, when once recorded, will probably ſink to their proper place, the liſt of remarkable occurrences at the end of an almanac.

1ſt. George the firſt could ſpeak no Engliſh; his prime miniſter, ſir Robert Walpole, neither German nor French; they always converſed in Latin. It implied ſome parts to govern a prince in a dead language which neither ſpoke well; and which was little flexible to modern uſages, and to a very intricate conſtitution, of which his majeſty could have little idea when he did not even underſtand its language. It muſt have increaſed the miniſter's difficulties, and kept his abilities on the full ſtretch, that the ducheſs of Kendal the miſtreſs, and the Hanoverian miniſters, were his conſtant enemies.

2d. The firſt duke of Chandos built the ſuperb palace of Canons at ſuch an enormous expence, and inhabited it with ſuch profuſe ſtate, that he waſted the prodigious fortune he had raiſed; and the pile itſelf, built for ages, was pulled down the moment he died, and the materials and ſcite were bought by Hallet the cabinet-maker, who built a houſe for himſelf on the ſpot.

3d. The deſcendants of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell [1] married in the fourth generation;

Charles I. — Oliver Cromwell
Charles II. — Lady Falconberg,
Lady Litchfield — Lady Ruſſel,
Earl of Litchfield — Sir Thomas Frankland,
Earl of Litchfield = Diana Frankland.

4th. The

[1] Though the extraordinary circumſtance I am going to mention did not happen in my time, but three or four years before my birth, it is worthy of entering into this liſt, and is as little likely to be paralleled in a ſimilar way as any event here recorded.

Richard Cromwell, ſecond protector, it is well known, was produced as a witneſs at the age of near ninety, in Weſtminſter-hall, in a civil ſuit. It is ſaid that the counſel of the oppoſite party reviled the good old man with his father's crimes, but was reproved by the judge, who ordered a chair to be brought for the venerable ancient; and that queen Anne, to her honour,

4th. The baron de Neuhoff, a German gentleman and adventurer, was elected king of Corſica, was driven out by the Genoeſe, became a priſoner for debt in England, and recovered his liberty by giving up his effects to his creditors according to the act of inſolvency; and all the effects he had to give up were his right to the kingdom of Corſica, which was regiſtered accordingly for the benefit of his creditors.

5th and 6th. Wilkes and the female chevalier D'Eon were phenomena too. Niccolò Rienzi, Maſſaniello and others attained greater elevation than the firſt; but their precipitate cataſtrophes were the natural conſequences of their folly, ignorance and intoxication. That Wilkes, after equal raſhneſs, without the ſemblance of diſguiſing a moſt profligate character, and after provoking and inſulting the whole Scottiſh nation, ſhould not only have eſcaped their various attempts to deſtroy him, but ſhould, after emerging from a priſon, have riſen, ſtill without any pretence to gravity and decorum, to all the ſteps of magiſtracy like the moſt ſober citizen, and then to the firſt dignity of the city, and afterwards to its moſt lucrative employment—ſuch a termination of ſuch an outſet baffles all reaſoning, and will for ever diſcriminate Wilkes from other meteors of his claſs.

D'Eon, by the confuſion of ſexes, and who is certainly an hermaphrodite of a new kind, as nothing but the gender in her is feminine, is ſtill more remarkable; nor can her hiſtory be complete, without taking in another extraordinary character, her maſter Louis Quinze. While ſhe was inſulting, and betraying, and expoſing his moſt confidential miniſters, the king kept up a private correſpondence with her, and appriſed her of all their plots for ſeizing her, and conſequently of recovering the ſecrets in her power, which were his own ſecrets; and his fear of her diſcloſing which, might have been ſuppoſed the cauſe of his management. Shall we ſay, that he had more pleaſure in diſappointing his miniſters than letting them ſerve him?

honour, commended the judge for his conduct. From Weſtminſter-hall, Richard had the curioſity to go into the houſe of lords; and ſtanding at the bar, and it being buzzed that ſo ſingular a perſonage was there, lord Bathurſt, then one of the twelve new created peers, went to the bar and converſed with Mr. Cromwell. Happening to aſk how long it was ſince Mr. Cromwell had been in that houſe—"Never, my lord," anſwered Richard, "ſince I ſat in that chair"—pointing to the throne.

The

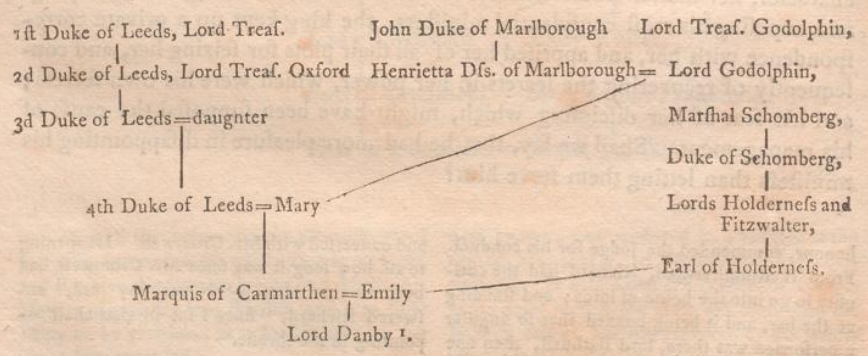
The impunity of Wilkes and D'Eon is a ſtriking contraſt to the ages in which poiſon and aſſaſſination revenged the ſlighteſt offences, and were called in aid to the furtherance of the moſt trifling politics.

7th. The duke of Riperda was a Dutchman, became prime miniſter of Spain, took refuge in England, learnt Engliſh in hopes of becoming prime miniſter here, went to Morocco, turned Mahometan, and died there in high credit.

8th and 9th. William Pitt, lord Chatham, was a ſecond ſon, and became prime miniſter of England. His rival and antagoniſt was Henry Fox lord Holland, a ſecond ſon likewiſe. Lord Holland's ſecond ſon Charles Fox, and lord Chatham's ſecond ſon William Pitt, are now rivals and antagoniſts: Fox has as great or greater parts than his father, with much better elocution, and equal power of reaſoning. Mr. Pitt has not the dazzling commanding eloquence of his father, but argues much better. Perhaps there is not on record an inſtance of two ſtateſmen who were rivals, being ſucceeded in equal rivalry by their ſons—certainly not with ſo many concurrent circumſtances.

10th. The two great houſes of Campbell and Hamilton were long hoſtile and rivals for power in Scotland. At laſt the ſame woman married the two heads of thoſe families, the dukes of Hamilton and Argyll, and has given an heir to each.

11th. This is the remarkable pedigree of lord Danby, eldeſt ſon of the preſent marquis of Carmarthen, only ſon of the preſent duke of Leeds:



[1] Now marquis of Carmarthen.

So

So that lord Danby will be the repreſentative of lord treaſurer Leeds, of lord treaſurer Godolphin, of the great duke of Marlborough, of marſhal Schomberg, and of the earls of Holderneſs, and deſcends from lord treaſurer Oxford too:—an extraordinary aſſemblage of deſcents from ſo many great men in a period of fourſcore years.

DETACHED

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

IT is ſaid that Congreve had too much wit in his comedies. It is a pity that no comic author has had the ſame fault.

A Gothic cathedral ſtrikes one like the enthuſiaſm of poetry; St. Paul's, like the good ſenſe of proſe.

I would never diſpute about any thing but at law; for there one has as much chance as another of getting the better without reaſon.

A dead language is the only one that lives long: and it is unlike the dead; for, by being dead, it avoids corruption.

In former ages, men were afraid of nothing but cowardice. Even riches, which now make men fond of life, and conſequently timid, then made men brave; for every body was forced to defend his own property, or the ſtronger would have invaded it.

Of all the virtues, gratitude has the ſhorteſt memory.

There are playthings for all ages: the plaything of old people is to talk of the playthings of their youth.

Man is an aurivorous animal.

Hiſtory is a romance that is believed; romance, a hiſtory that is not believed.

Montaigne

Montaigne pleaſed, becauſe he wrote what he thought—other authors think what they ſhall write.

This world is a comedy to thoſe who think, a tragedy to thoſe who feel.

Our paſſions and our underſtandings agree ſo ill, that they reſemble a Frenchman of quality and his wife, who, though they live in the ſame houſe together, have ſeparate apartments, ſeparate beds, go different ways, are ſeldom together, but are very civil to each other before company: and then the paſſions, like the lady, affect to have great deference for their huſband the underſtanding.

It is idle to attempt to *talk* a young woman in love out of her paſſion: love does not lie in the ear.

Whoever expects pity by complaining to his phyſician, is as fooliſh as they who, having loſt their money at cards, complain of their ill-luck to their companions the winners. If none were ill, or unfortunate, how would phyſicians or gameſters get money?

Beauty after five-and-thirty is like a forfeited peerage, the title of which is given by the courteſy of the well-bred to thoſe who have no legal claim to it.

Albano's boy-angels and cupids are all ſo alike, that they ſeem to have been the children of the Flemiſh counteſs who was ſaid to be delivered of three hundred and ſixty-five at a birth.

Perſons extremely reſerved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your ſeeing what o'clock it was.

Many new pieces pleaſe on firſt reading—if they have more novelty than merit. The ſecond time they do not pleaſe, for ſurpriſe has no ſecond part.

An author without originality is like a courtier who is always dreſſed in the faſhion: nobody minds the colour or make of his coat: if it is ill made, it is criticiſed; if not, what can be ſaid on it? hundreds are dreſſed as well. Bookſellers and ſaleſmen lay up the book or the coat, the moment the faſhion of it is paſſed, till they can ſell either into the country.

If a man's eyes, ears, or memory decay, he ought to conclude that his underſtanding decays alſo; for the weaker it grows the leſs likely he is to perceive it.

Envy deſerves pity more than anger, for it hurts nobody ſo much as itſelf. It is a diſtemper rather than a vice; for nobody would feel envy if he could help it. Whoever envies another, ſecretly allows that perſon's ſuperiority.

When flatterers compliment kings for virtues that are the very reverſe of their characters, they remind me of the ſtory of a little boy who was apt to tell people of any remarkable defect in their perſons. One day a gentleman who had an extraordinarily large noſe being to dine with the boy's parents, his mother charged him not to ſay any thing of the gentleman's large noſe. When he arrived, the child ſtared at him, and then, turning to his mother, ſaid, "Mamma, what a pretty little noſe that gentleman has!"

Experience becomes preſcience.

Nothing is more vain than for a woman to deny her age; for ſhe cannot deceive the only perſon that cares about it, herſelf. If a man diſlikes a woman becauſe he thinks her of the age ſhe is, he will only diſlike her the more for being told ſhe is younger than ſhe ſeems to be, and conſequently looks older than ſhe ought to do. The anno Domini of her face will weigh more than that of her regiſter.

Cenſorious old women betray three things: one, that they have been galant; the next, that they can be ſo no longer; and the third, that they are always wiſhing they could be.

No woman ever invented a new religion; yet no new religion would ever have been ſpread but for women. Cool heads invent ſyſtems, warm heads embrace them.

Poſterity always degenerates till it becomes our anceſtors.

It is unfortunate to have no maſter but our own errors. If we profit ever

ſo much under them, the unjuſt public always recollect the maſter, more than they take notice of the improvement of the ſcholar.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are ſent into the world with bills of credit, and ſeldom draw to their full extent.

Warburton, in his ridiculous edition of Pope's works, quotes a paſſage from Winwood's Memorial, in which archbiſhop Abbot mentions Grotius with great contempt, who, being ſent to England by the States, fatigued even that pedant king James with his pedantry and babbling diſſertations on Arminianiſm and other fooliſh theological queſtions. He was warned that he would tire the ſcholaſtic monarch; but to no purpoſe. Warburton laughs at the biſhop of Ely, *who wondered what a man he had there*, and ſeems aſtoniſhed that they were not charmed with ſuch profuſion of miſplaced literature. Oxenſtiern was ſo unlucky as to think like the biſhop of Ely: but Mr. Warburton thought it very ſenſible in an ambaſſador to ſhock a prince and miniſter with whom he was to treat, and of courſe with whom he ought to have ingratiated himſelf, by venting all he knew or imagined about grace, free-will, and predeſtination! Let us ſuppoſe that Warburton was archbiſhop of Canterbury, and commiſſioned to treat with the ambaſſador of the States on entering into a league for the reſtitution of the Palatinate: Grotius might then have written the following letter to his maſters:

High and mighty lords,

After having delivered my credentials, and been admitted to a private audience of the king, in which I complimented his majeſty on his profound knowledge of the queſtion of the irremiſſibility of ſuper-efficient grace working to the non-effectivity of original ſin, I received his majeſty's commands to treat with my lord's grace of Canterbury on the ſeveral points of my commiſſion. Accordingly, by appointment, I waited on his grace at Whitehall: and having ſlightly touched upon the diſpoſition of your high mightineſſes to concur under-hand with his majeſty of Great Britain for the reſtoration of his ſon-in-law, I laid aſide matters merely temporal; and, with all the ability I was maſter of, I began to ſift his grace, what might be his opinions with regard to the late proceedings of the ſynod againſt the followers of Arminius. I am confident I talked a good two hours and half on the ſingle point of

retro-active grace, and endeavoured to convince his grace, that St. Auſtin never underſtood that a ſaving faith was neceſſary *in ordine ad*, but only *in ordine ab;* a point which the Engliſh Separatiſts have always confounded. His grace heard me with ſingular pleaſure and good will; and in his anſwer and my replies we waſted four hours more, or ſomewhat better. His grace is a man of notable acuteneſs and irrefrangibility; and, 'bating certain light and wanton gallicisms in his expreſſions, is a very Chryſoſtom; and though he be reckoned a man of aſpiring towardneſs, he truly loves good literature, and readily paſſeth himſelf of ſuch diſcourſes as only tend to the ſettling of kingdoms, or diſpatching of the intricacies of ſtate-affairs. I can aſſure your high mightineſſes, that if no good end comes of my embaſſy, yet at leaſt the notions of grace and predeſtination will have been more amply diſcuſſed than they could have been even in a general council; and by the grace of God I truſt, in convenient time after my return, to preſent your high mightineſſes with the ſubject of our diſcourſes reduced into ſuch a method, as I may boaſt will tend to inſtruct and edify; the promulgation of good literature and abſtract divinity being the ſole end of all my labours, and the greateſt piece of ſervice which I think I can do my country.

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

HUGO GROTIUS.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

THEY are ſimply called verſes, becauſe their author pretends not to be a poet: and though rhymes that do not riſe to the merit of poetry want their chief recommendation, and conſequently are not worth being preſerved; thoſe given here are added only becauſe many of them have appeared in print, and that the author cannot now deny what he has once avowed; but means as much to ſubmit them to cenſure, as to receive any ſmall degree of approbation to what may appear to deſerve it. For any pieces that now appear for the firſt time, he judges them not himſelf; but gives them up to be condemned or tolerated as his readers ſhall think fit.

HOR. *WALPOLE.*



THE FUNERAL OF THE LIONESS:

A FABLE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

THE ſavage nation plung'd in crimes,
(As write the doctors of the times,
Who know exact what paſſions move
The breaſt ſupreme of angry Jove),
The Thund'rer dipp'd his lightnings keen
In vials of ſmall-pox and ſpleen,
And ſlew their gracious tawny queen.
The widow'd monarch much was griev'd,
Yet compliments in form receiv'd;
And to acquit at once his duty
To regal ſtate and his dead beauty,

A ſolemn pomp of fun'ral rites
He orders, and his peers invites,
By ſound of trump and heralds grave,
To meet at the cathedral-cave.

So, fond of pageantry and ſights,
As his hiſtoric grandſon writes,
Pruſſia's firſt monarch vented ſorrow
In ſighs to-day, in ſhows to-morrow.

Each ſhaggy baron with his dame
From diſtant wood and highland came;
And much they goſſip of the queen,
Of tickets, places, bombazeen;
And much they preſs and crowd, to ſhow
At once their dignity and woe.

Well—Of the foreſters alone
The ſtag was never heard to groan;
And he had reaſon, ſome folks ſay;
His wife and ſon had fall'n a prey
To her imperial highneſs' claws.
His wife and ſon!—Was that a cauſe
To ſtagger his allegiance? Then
Were royal appetite in vain;
And kings and queens of lion-blood
Might hunger for delicious food,
While ſubjects, calling life their own,
To graſs and herbs would ſtint the throne.

A flatterer (good Delawar,
Such one has heard in courts there are)
Dropp'd ſomewhere near the monarch's ears,
That few had ſeen the ſtag in tears;
Nay, that a ſmile, ill-ſtifled, own'd
He joy'd for what the public groan'd.

Boh! What, not ſorrow for the queen!
Was ever ſuch a traitor ſeen?

Call all my guards, my grenadiers,
Call my own regiment of bears!
He dies this hour, and, piece-meal torn,
Shall teach rebellion how to mourn.

The ſtag, who heard the thunder roll,
And death pronounc'd by royal growl,
With artful tale for grace implor'd:
Great ſir, he added, prince ador'd,
Vain is the mockery of woe,
Nor what to ſaints and queens we owe,
Who, far remov'd from earthly cares,
Or know not, or deride our tears.
'Twas thus to my enraptur'd ſight,
Her mane and whiſkers ſtreaming light,
Like ſainted Francis, late appear'd
Your gracious ſpouſe, our queen rever'd:
Her flapping tail and purr ſedate
Beſpoke her ſoul's Elyſian ſtate;
When thus ſhe ſaid: My friend, beware,
Leſt what the king's connubial care
Of pomp intends, betray thy eye
To drop the tear, or breaſt to ſigh;
While my ecſtatic ſoul, refin'd
From groſſer cares of mortal kind,
Nor meditates the Libyan chace,
Nor mourns to leave my orphan race;
But, where Elyſian waters glide,
With Clarke and Newton by my ſide,
Purrs o'er the metaphyſic page,
Or ponders the prophetic rage
Of Merlin, who myſterious ſings
Of men and lions, beaſts and kings.

The crowd with ſhouts the welkin rent;
The monarch lion growl'd content,
Stood on four tiptoes, graſp'd his ſword,
Strutted, prepar'd to be ador'd,

And gave the ſtag to kiſs, the paw
He fancied held the world in awe.

The moral of the fable ſaith,
Flatt'ry will pleaſe, where truth is death.



VERSES

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1750.

CELIA now had completed ſome fifty campaigns,
And for new generations was hammering chains;
When, whetting thoſe terrible weapons her eyes,
To Jenny her handmaid in anger ſhe cries,
Careleſs creature, did mortal e'er buy ſuch a glaſs?
To ſee one in this, who would gueſs what I was?
Lord, madam, ſays Jane, you're ſo hard to be pleas'd!
Ev'ry glaſs-man in town I am ſure I have teas'd;
I've rummag'd each ſhop from Pall-mall to Cheapſide,
Both miſs Carpenter's[1] man and miſs Banks's[2] I've tried.
Don't tell me of thoſe girls—All I know, to my coſt,
Is, the looking-glaſs-art muſt be certainly loſt!
One us'd to have glaſſes ſo ſmooth and ſo bright,
They did one's eyes juſtice, they heighten'd one's white,
And freſh roſes diffus'd o'er one's bloom: but, alas!
In the mirrors made now, one ſcarce knows one's own face;
They pucker one's cheeks up, and furrow one's brow,
And one's ſkin looks as yellow as that of miſs ——.

[1] Afterwards counteſs of Egremont.
[2] Afterwards married to the hon. Henry Grenville, brother to earl Temple.

THE

THE PARISH REGISTER OF TWICKENHAM.

WRITTEN ABOUT 1758.

WHERE ſilver Thames round Twit'nam meads
His winding current ſweetly leads;
Twit'nam, the Muſes' fav'rite ſeat,
Twit'nam, the Graces' lov'd retreat;
There poliſh'd Eſſex [1] wont to ſport,
The pride and victim of a court!
There Bacon [2] tun'd the grateful lyre
To ſoothe Eliza's haughty ire;
—Ah! happy had no meaner ſtrain
Than friendſhip's daſh'd his mighty vein!
Twit'nam, where Hyde [3], majeſtic ſage,
Retir'd from folly's frantic ſtage,
While his vaſt ſoul was hung on tenters
To mend the world, and vex diſſenters:
Twit'nam, where frolic Wharton [4] revel'd,
Where Montague [5] with locks diſhevel'd
(Conflict of dirt and warmth divine)
Invok'd——and ſcandaliz'd the Nine;
Where Pope in moral muſic ſpoke
To th' anguiſh'd ſoul of Bolingbroke,
And whiſper'd, how true genius errs,
Preferring joys that pow'r confers;
Bliſs, never to great minds ariſing
From ruling worlds, but from deſpiſing:
Where Fielding [6] met his bunter muſe,
And, as they quaff'd the fiery juice,

[1] Robert Devereux, earl of Eſſex.
[2] Sir Francis Bacon.
[3] Lord Clarendon.
[4] The duke of Wharton.
[5] Lady Mary Wortley Montague.
[6] Henry Fielding, author of Tom Jones, &c. &c. &c.

Droll

Droll Nature ſtamp'd each lucky hit
With inimaginable wit:
Where Suffolk [1] ſought the peaceful ſcene,
Reſigning Richmond to the queen,
And all the glory, all the teaſing,
Of pleaſing one not worth the pleaſing:
Where Fanny [2], ever-blooming fair,
Ejaculates the graceful pray'r,
And, 'ſcap'd from ſenſe, with nonſenſe ſmit,
For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's [3] wit:
Amid this choir of ſounding names
Of ſtateſmen, bards, and beauteous dames,
Shall the laſt trifler of the throng
Enroll his own ſuch names among?
—Oh! no—Enough if I conſign
To laſting types their notes divine:
Enough, if Strawberry's humble hill
The title-page of fame ſhall fill.

POSTSCRIPT,

ADDED I 1784.

HERE Genius in a later hour
Selected its ſequeſter'd bow'r,
And threw around the verdant room
The bluſhing lilac's chill perfume.
So looſe is flung each bold feſtoon,
Each bough ſo breathes the touch of noon;
The happy pencil [4] ſo deceives,
That Flora, doubly jealous, cries,
"The work's not mine—yet truſt theſe eyes,
"'Tis my own Zephyr waves the leaves."

[1] Henrietta Hobart, counteſs of Suffolk.
[2] Lady Fanny Shirley.
[3] Philip Stanhope, earl of Cheſterfield.
[4] Of lady Diana Beauclerc.

Counteſs

Counteſs TEMPLE appointed POET LAUREATE to the KING of the FAIRIES.

Written at the deſire of Lady SUFFOLK, January 3, 1763.

BY theſe preſents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and ſprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairy-land,
King of moonſhine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's ſtreams,
Baron of the dimpled iſles
That lie in pretty maidens' ſmiles,
Arch-treaſurer of all the graces
Diſpers'd through fifty lovely faces;
Sovereign of the ſlipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the ſylphic faith;
Declare——and thus your monarch ſaith:

Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals counteſs Temple[1] name,
To whom ourſelf did erſt impart
The choiceſt ſecrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, ſcorning art and veiling ſenſe,
Achieves that conqueſt o'er the heart
Senſe ſeldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant ſeat ſhould fill;

[1] Anna Chamber, counteſs Temple, a collection of whoſe poems were printed at Strawberry-hill.

A chaplet

A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brows, and guard her lays;
Of nectar-ſack, an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And, as each quarter feaſt comes round,
A ſilver-penny ſhall be found
Within the compaſs of her ſhoe—
And ſo we bid you all adieu.

Given at our palace of Cowſlip-caſtle, the ſhorteſt night of the year.

OBERON.

PORTRAIT DE MADAME LA MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

1766.

WHERE do Wit and Memory dwell?
Where is Fancy's favourite cell?
Where does Judgment hold her court,
And dictate laws to Mirth and Sport?
Where does Reaſon—not the dame
Who arrogates the ſage's name,
And, proud of ſelf-conferr'd degree,
Eſteems herſelf Philoſophy!
But the Reaſon that I mean,
Slave of Truth, and Paſſion's queen,
Who doubts, not dictates, ſeeks the beſt,
And to Preſumption leaves the reſt:
With whom reſides the winning Fair?
With Rouſſeau?—No; nor with Voltaire;
Nor where leaf-gold of eloquence,
Adorning leſs than veiling ſenſe,

Dazzles the paſſions it can heat,
And makes them party to the cheat.
Where does Patience (tell who know)
Bear irremediable woe;
And, though of life's beſt joy bereft,
Smile on the little portion left?

Laſtly, tell where boundleſs flows
The richeſt ſtream that Friendſhip knows?
That neither laves the ſhores of Love,
Nor bathes the feet of Pride above;
But, rolling 'twixt diſparted coaſts,
Impartial glides through rival hoſts;
And, like St. Charity, divides
To Gaul and Albion equal tides?

Together all theſe virtues dwell:
St. Joſeph's convent [1] is their cell:
Their ſanctuary, Du Deffand's mind——
Cenſure, be dumb! ſhe's old [2] and blind.

[1] The convent at Paris, within whoſe precincts the marquiſe du Deffand had apartments.

[2] In the year 1766 ſhe was 65 years old. She died at the age of 83.

To

To Lady ——, when about Five Years old, with a Preſent of Shells. 1772.

O NYMPH, compar'd with whoſe young bloom
Hebe's herſelf an ancient fright;
May theſe gay ſhells find grace and room
Both in your baby-houſe and ſight!
Shells! What are ſhells? you aſk, admiring
With ſtare half pleaſure half ſurpriſe;
And ſly with nature's art, enquiring
In dear mamma's all-ſpeaking eyes.
Shells, faireſt Anne, are playthings, made
By a brave god call'd Father Ocean,
Whoſe frown from pole to pole's obey'd,
Commands the waves, and ſtills their motion.
From that old ſire a daughter came,
As like mamma, as blue to blue;
And, like mamma, the ſea-born dame
An urchin bore, not unlike you.
For him fond grand-papa compels
The floods to furniſh ſuch a ſtate
Of corals and of cockleſhells,
Would turn a little lady's pate.
The chit has tons of bawbles more;
His nurs'ry's ſtuff'd with doves and ſparrows;
And litter'd is its azure floor
With painted quivers, bows, and arrows.
Spread, ſpread your frock; you muſt be friends;
His toys ſhall fill your lap and breaſt:
To-day the boy this ſample ſends,
—And ſome years hence he'll ſend the reſt.

THE THREE VERNONS[1].

HENRIETTA's ſerious charms
Awe the breaſt her beauty warms.
See, ſhe bluſhes; Love preſumes—
See, ſhe frowns; he drops his plumes.
Dancing, lighter o'er the ocean
Was not Cytherea's motion:
Speaking, Art repines to ſee
The triumph of Simplicity.

Lips that ſmile a thouſand meanings,
Humid with Hyblean gleanings;
Eyes that glitter into wit;
Wanton mirth with fancy ſmit;
Arch naïveté, that wanders
In each dimpling cheek's meanders,
Shedding roſes, ſhifting graces
Through a face that's twenty faces;
Sweet aſſemblage! all combine
In pretty playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
Modeſt as the cloiſter'd fair;
Patient till new ſprings diſcloſe
The bud of promis'd beauty's roſe;
Waving praiſe's perfum'd breath
Enſures it young Elizabeth.

Lovely three! whoſe future reign
Shall ſing ſome younger, ſweeter ſwain;

[1] Daughters of Richard Vernon, eſq. by lady Evelyn Leveſon, widow of John Fitzpatrick firſt earl of Upper Oſſory.

For me ſuffice, in Ampthill's [1] groves,
Cradle of Graces and of Loves,
I firſt announc'd in artleſs page
The glories of a riſing age,
And promis'd, where my Anna [2] ſhone,
Three Oſſorys as bright as one.

EPITAPH

ON TWO PIPING-BULLFINCHES OF LADY OSSORY'S, BURIED UNDER A ROSE-BUSH IN HER GARDEN.

ALL fleſh is graſs, and ſo are feathers too:
Finches muſt die, as well as I and you.
Beneath a damaſk roſe, in good old age,
Here lies the tenant of a noble cage.
For forty moons he charm'd his lady's ear,
And pip'd obedient oft as ſhe drew near,
Though now ſtretch'd out upon a clay-cold bier.
But when the laſt ſhrill flageolet ſhall ſound,
And raiſe all dickybirds from holy ground,
His little corpſe again its wings ſhall plume,
And ſing eternally the ſelf-ſame tune,
From everlaſting night to everlaſting noon.

[1] Ampthill-park in Bedfordſhire, the ſeat of the earls of Oſſory. At this time, beſides the Vernons, were there, lady Anne Fitzpatrick, the earl's only child, and lord William Ruſſel (youngeſt brother of the duke of Bedford), each about five years old. H. W.

[2] Anne Liddel counteſs of Oſſory, wife of John the ſecond earl.

ON

ON THE OTHER BULLFINCH, BURIED IN THE SAME PLACE.

BENEATH the ſame buſh reſts his brother—
What ſerves for one will ſerve for t'other[1].

[1] In caſe this little jeu d'eſprit ſhould ſubject the author to miſrepreſentation, as touching with unbecoming levity upon ſerious ſubjects, an extract of a letter from Mr. Walpole to Mr. Maſon, who it ſeems had thus miſconceived his meaning, is here ſubjoined. It not only completely vindicates the innocent playfulneſs of his muſe, but is a ſerious profeſſion of ſerious opinions, which, it is preſumed, all his readers will ſee with pleaſure. E.

To Mr. MASON.

Nov. 1783.

——You amaze me by even ſuppoſing that the epitaph I ſent you could allude to the immortality of the ſoul. Believe me, I think it as ſerious a ſubject as you do; nor, I am ſure, did you ever hear me drop a hint of doubting it. The three laſt lines, which reaſonably offended you, if you ſo interpreted them, were intended to laugh at that abſurd idea of the beatified ſitting on golden thrones, and chanting eternal hallelujahs to golden harps. When men aſcribe their own puerile conceptions to the Almighty Author of every thing, what do they, but prove that their ſyſtem is of human invention?—What can be more ridiculous, than to ſuppoſe that Omnipotent Goodneſs and Wiſdom created and ſelected the moſt virtuous of its creatures to ſing his praiſes to all eternity? It is an idea that I ſhould think could never have entered but into the head of a king, who might delight to hear them chant birth-day odes for ever.

Pray be aſſured that I never trifle on ſo ſolemn and dear an intereſt as the immortality of the ſoul, though I do not ſubſcribe to every childiſh or fantaſtic employment that ſilly people have chalked out for it. There is no word in any language expreſſive enough of the adoration and gratitude we owe to the Author of all Good. An eternity of praiſes and thanks is due to him—but thence are we to infer, that that is the ſole tribute in which he will delight, and the ſole occupation he deſtines for beings on whom he has beſtowed thought and reaſon?

The epitaph did not deſerve half a line to be ſaid on it; but your criticiſm, indeed miſconception of it, will excuſe my ſaying ſo much in my own juſtification.——

A CARD

A CARD TO LADY BLANDFORD.

WHERE ſilver Thame from Twitnam's emerald-meads
To Teddington his winding current leads;
Where at an obeliſk three highways meet,
There ſtands an ancient ivy-mantled ſeat,
Yet ſtill leſs ancient than its ancient lord
(If Raftor true and Catherine Clive record).
With ſtoried windows is the manſion dight,
That half enrich and half exclude the light:
Shields, ſabres, ſpears of Saxons, Goths and Gauls,
Trophies of better days, adorn the walls;
With many a portrait ſav'd from time and flames,
Of ſages, warriors, and their beauteous dames;
Fair dames, who govern'd thoſe who govern'd all.
Within this caſtle's antiquated hall,
On Monday next, when Phœbus ſinks beneath
The weſtern boundary of Hounſlow-heath,
Will meet five matrons of unſpotted fame,
Of gentle blood, and lovers of the game
Of cribbage. Firſt, of hapleſs Monmouth's race,
Jane, aunt and daughter of Buccleugh his grace;
Next, Margaret, Northampton's high-born daughter:
Three victims then to hymeneal ſlaughter,
By proſe-men widows hight: of theſe, the firſt,
In Ireland wedded, though in England nurſt,
To Strafford's noble blood aſſerts her claim,
And drew from royal Anne her chriſtian name.
The fourth, twice clad in Hymen's ſaffron gown,
Whom men once Farmor call'd, and now call Browne.

The

The laſt, not leaſt, but of the caſtle niece,
And pleas'd her uncle and his gueſts to pleaſe,
Would feel her joys in number ſix complete,
If lady Blandford would theſe ladies meet[1].

Strawberry-hill,
Aug. 15, 1778.

[1] This was written for the diverſion of Maria Catherina de Jonghe, widow of the marquis of Blandford, only ſon of Henrietta ducheſs of Marlborough. The marchioneſs was then 84. The other ladies were, lady Jane Scott, lady Margaret Compton, lady Anne Conolly, eldeſt daughter of Thomas Wentworth earl of Strafford and widow of William Conolly, eſq. Heſter Edwards, widow of George Cholmondeley viſcount Malpas, eldeſt ſon of George earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary daughter of ſir Robert Walpole; and Frances Sheldon, firſt married to Mr. Farmor and afterwards to ſir George Browne. Mrs. Clive and Mr. Raftor, comedians, lived in a houſe belonging to Mr. Walpole, near Strawberry-hill, and came thither the year after him, and were witneſſes to his buildings in the Gothic ſtyle there. H. W.

THE

THE ADVICE:

A SONG.

I.

THE buſineſs of woman, dear Chloe, is pleaſure;
And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes ſhould meaſure.
Oh! for love we're all ready, you cry—Very true;
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
Unleſs in the ſentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous tranſport his dart,
'Tis tumult, diſorder, 'tis loathing and hate,
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True paſſion inſenſibly leads to the joy,
And grateful eſteem bids its pleaſures ne'er cloy.
Yet here you ſhould ſtop—but your whimſical ſex
Such romantic ideas to paſſion annex,
That poor men, by your viſions and jealouſy worried,
To nymphs leſs ecſtatic, but kinder, are hurried.
In your heart, I conſent, let your wiſhes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

SONG.

I.

WHAT a rout do you make for a ſingle poor kiſs!
I ſeiz'd it, 'tis true, and I ne'er ſhall repent it:
May he ne'er enjoy one, who ſhall think 'twas amiſs!
But for me, I thank dear Cytherea, who ſent it.

II.

You may pout, and look prettily croſs; but I pray,
What buſineſs ſo near to my lips had your cheek?
If you will put temptation ſo pat in one's way,
Saints, reſiſt if ye can; but for me, I'm too weak.

III.

But come, my ſweet Fanny, our quarrel let's end;
Nor will I by force what you gave not, retain:
By allowing the kiſs, I'm for ever your friend—
If you ſay that I ſtole it, why take it again.

TO LOVE.

The Idea ſuggeſted by the ſecond Sonnet of PETRARCH.

I.

OH! 'tis no triumph to ſubdue
A heart ſo apt to yield as mine:
And mighty conquerors like you
Should higher feats, O Love! deſign.

II.

No nymph, if moderately fair,
But ſets my glowing breaſt on flame:
An eye can fill me with deſpair;
A neck—with what I dare not name.

III.

Then why before my raviſh'd ſight
Preſent Clorinda's angel-form?
Oh! ſteel my boſom for the fight,
Or the cold maid with paſſion warm.

IV.

A vanquiſh'd wretch can fall no lower;
Defenceleſs foes no hero braves:
In arms Clorinda dares your power;
Subdue her—and make both your ſlaves.

TO LADY C——. 1778.

WITH eyes black as ſloes, and a beautiful noſe,
And with lips that would make folly charming,
Shall Chloe be taught by the bright god of thought
To make all thoſe arrows more harming?

Shall the Muſes combine to aid her to ſhine
Againſt time half her beauties effaces?
No: we ne'er can be free, ſlaves for life we ſhall be
If the Muſes ſucceed to the Graces.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.

FROM no French model breathes the muſe to-night;
The ſcene ſhe draws is horrid, not polite.
She dips her pen in terror. Will ye ſhrink?
Shall foreign critics teach you how to think?
Had Shakeſpeare's magic dignified the ſtage,
If timid laws had ſchool'd th' inſipid age?
Had Hamlet's ſpectre trod the midnight round?
Or Banquo's iſſue been in viſion crown'd?
Free as your country, Britons, be your ſcene!
Be Nature now, and now Invention, queen!
Be Vice alone corrected and reſtrain'd.
Can crimes be puniſh'd by a bard enchain'd?
Shall the bold cenſor back be ſent to ſchool,
And told, This is not nice; That is not rule?
The French no crimes of magnitude admit;
They ſeldom ſtartle, juſt alarm the pit.
At moſt, when dire neceſſity ordains
That death ſhould ſluice ſome king's or lover's veins,
A tedious confident appears, to tell
What diſmal woes behind the ſcenes befell.

Chill'd with the drowſy tale, his audience fret,
While the ſtarv'd piece concludes like a gazette.

The tragic Greeks with nobler licence wrote;
Nor veil'd the eye, but pluck'd away the mote.
Whatever paſſion prompted, was their game;
Not delicate, while chaſtiſement their aim.
Electra now a parent's blood demands;
Now parricide diſtains the Theban's hands,
And love inceſtuous knots his nuptial bands.
Such is our ſcene; from real life it roſe;
Tremendous picture of domeſtic woes.
If terror ſhake you, or ſoft pity move,
If dreadful pangs o'ertake unbridled love;
Excuſe the bard, who from your feelings draws
All the reward he aims at, your applauſe.

EPILOGUE, to be ſpoken by Mrs. Clive.

OUR bard, whoſe head is fill'd with Gothic fancies,
And teems with ghoſts and giants and romances,
Intended to have kept your paſſions up,
And ſent you crying out your eyes, to ſup.
Would you believe it—though *mine* all the vogue,
He meant his nun ſhould ſpeak the epilogue.
His nun! ſo pious, pliant and demure—
Lord! you have had enough of her, I'm ſure!
I ſtorm'd—for, when my honour is at ſtake,
I make the pillars of the green-room ſhake.
Heroes half-dreſt, and goddeſſes half-lac'd,
Avoid my wrath, and from my thunders haſte.
I vow'd by all the gods of Rome and Greece,
'Twas I would finiſh his too doleful piece.

I, fluſh'd

I, flufh'd with comic roguery—faid I,
Will make 'em laugh, more than you make 'em cry.
Blefs me! faid he—among the Greeks, dear Kat'rine,
Of fmutty epilogues I know no pattern.
Smutty! faid I—and then I ftamp'd the ftage
With all a turkey-cock's majeftic rage—
When did you know in public—or in private,
Doubles entendres my ftrict virtue drive at?
Your mufes, fir, are not more free from ill
On mount Parnaffus—or on Strawb'rry-hill.
And though with her repentance you may hum one,
I would not play your counteſs—to become one.
So *very* guilty, and fo *very* good,
An angel, with fuch errant fleſh and blood!
Such finning, praying, preaching—I'll be kift,
If I don't think fhe was a methodift!

Saints are the produce of a vicious age:
Crimes muft abound, ere fectaries can rage.
His maſk no canting confeſſor aſſumes;
With acted zeal no flaming bigot fumes;
Till the rich harveſt nods with fwelling grain,
And the fharp ſickle can aſſure his gain.
But ſoon ſhall hypocrites their ſlights deplore,
Nor grim enthuſiaſts vex Britannia more.
Virtue ſhall guard her daughters from their arts,
Shine in their eyes, and bloſſom in their hearts.
They need no lectures in fanatic tone:
Their leſſon lives before them—on the throne.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE, on her quitting the Stage,
April 24, 1769.

WITH glory ſatiate, from the buſtling ſtage,
Still in his prime—and much about my age—
Imperial Charles (if Robertſon ſays true)
Retiring, bad the jarring world adieu!

Thus I, long honour'd with your partial praiſe,
A debt my ſwelling heart with tears repays,
—Scarce can I ſpeak—forgive the grateful pauſe—
Reſign the nobleſt triumph, your applauſe.
Content with humble means, yet proud to own
I owe my pittance to your ſmiles alone;
To private ſhades I bear the glorious prize,
The meed of favour in a nation's eyes;
A nation brave, and ſenſible, and free—
Poor Charles! how little, when compar'd to me!
His mad ambition had diſturb'd the globe,
And ſanguine, which he quitted, was the robe.

Too bleſt, could he have dar'd to tell mankind,
When Pow'r's full goblet he forbore to quaff,
That, conſcious of benevolence of mind,
For thirty years he had but made them laugh.

Ill was that mind with ſweet retirement pleas'd:
The very cloiſter that he ſought, he teas'd;

And

And ſick at once both of himſelf and peace,
He died a martyr to unwelcome eaſe.

Here ends the parallel—My generous friends,
My exit no ſuch tragic fate attends;
I will not die—let no vain panic ſeize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and pleaſe you.

INSCRIPTION under a VASE erected in the Garden of the Villa of Mrs. CATHERINE CLIVE, near Twickenham.

YE Smiles and Jeſts, ſtill hover round!
This is Mirth's conſecrated ground.
Here liv'd the laughter-loving dame,
A matchleſs actreſs, Clive her name.
The Comic Muſe with her retir'd,
And ſhed a tear when ſhe expir'd.

EPILOGUE to BRAGANZA, written in February 1775.

IS it permitted, in this age ſevere,
For female ſoftneſs to demand a tear?
Is it allowed, in ſuch cenſorious days,
For female virtue to ſolicit praiſe?
Dares manly ſenſe, beneath a tender form,
Preſume to dictate, and aſpire to warm?

May

May ſo unnatural a being venture
As a true heroine on the ſtage to enter?
No, ſays a wit [1], made up of French grimaces,
Yet ſelf-ordain'd the high-prieſt of the Graces:
Women are playthings for our idle hours,
Their ſouls unfiniſh'd, and confin'd their pow'rs;
Loquacious, vain, by ſlight attentions won,
By flattery gain'd, and by untruths undone.
Or ſhould ſome grave great plan engage their minds,
The firſt caprice can give it to the winds;
And the chief ſtateſwoman of all the ſex
Grows nervous, if a fop or pimple vex.

Injurious ſlanders!—In Louiſa's air
Behold th' exemplar of a perfect fair;
Juſt, though aſpiring; merciful, though brave;
Sincere, though politic; though fond, no ſlave;
In danger calm, and ſmiling in ſucceſs,
But as ſecuring ampler means to bleſs.

Nor think, as Zeuxis, for a faultleſs piece,
Cull'd various charms from various nymphs of Greece,
Our bard has centred in one beauteous whole
The rays that gleam through many a ſeparate ſoul.
On Britain's and Ierne's ſhores he ſaw
The models of the fair he dar'd to draw:
True virtue in theſe iſles has fix'd her throne,
And many a bright Louiſa is our own.

[1] Lord Chefterfield.

EPILOGUE to The TIMES, a Comedy, by Mrs. GRIFFITH, October 1779.

A WIFE ſo very bad—and yet ſo chaſte!
So eaſily reform'd—though drunk with taſte!
Her ſpouſe ſo faſhionable—yet ſo tender
That he had rather ſtarve himſelf, than mend her!
An old rich knight, as upright as a ſteeple,
Yet melting for the woes of younger people!
—Strange times, good folks!—and whence our author drew,
I'll take my oath I know no more—than you.

It could not be from this dear town, where vice
If with one virtue ſtain'd will bear no price.
Looſe as the buxom air, the youth from College
Comes fraught with all Newmarket's ſolid knowledge;
Pants to have loſt th' eſtate—not yet his own—
And, ere his beard is grown, be quite undone.
Then when to foreign climes he ſpreads the ſail,
'Tis not t' enlarge his mind, but 'ſcape a jail.

Our ſex—but ſhall I load the weaker kind?
Or can ſhe fail to ſtray, whoſe guide is blind?
Let men reform themſelves; let holy truth
And orient honour ſtamp each glowing youth:
Let ſage œconomy reſtrain his waſte,
Diſcretion rule his pleaſures, ſenſe his taſte:
Let him the gameſter like the coward ſhun,
Nor hug a Jew, though to avoid a dun:
Be he to England's cauſe and freedom's true,
Nor, faſhion-led, with like indifference view
The venal many, and the virtuous few.

Then will ſoft woman, eaſy mould, receive
Each juſt impreſſion he ſhall deign to give;

Will

Will aim by correſpondent arts to gain
The virtuous heart in which ſhe ſighs to reign;
And, taught by no domeſtic faults to roam,
Shall find, and fix, enjoyment all at home.

EPIGRAMS.

On the new Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY. March 1758.

THE bench hath oft 'poſed us, and ſet us a-ſcoffing,
By ſigning Will. London, John Sarum, John Roſſen.;
But *this* head of the church no expounder will want,
For his grace ſigns his own proper name, Thomas *Cant.*

Left on the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY's Toilet, the Author finding her from Home.

TO many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Retains it for an age.

A LOOKING-GLASS.

I COUNTERFEIT all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies give ſhadows, ſhadows give me one.
Lov'd for another's ſake, that perſon yet
Is my chief enemy whene'er we meet;
Thinks me too old, though bleſt with endleſs youth;
And, like a monarch, hates my ſpeaking truth.

A SUN-DIAL.

THOUGH made by art, 'tis nature gives me voice.
I anſwer all, yet never ſpeak by choice.
One only language I can talk, yet ſhould
In every country be underſtood.
Unleſs peculiarly inſpir'd—I'm dumb,
Yet know not what is paſt, or what's to come.
What I ſaid yeſterday, to-day is new,
And will be ſo to-morrow, yet be true.

On the TRANSLATION of ANACREON.

ON gay Anacreon's joy-inſpiring line
Pour'd all his juice the glowing god of wine.
But in the poet's bowl his tame tranſlator
Has mix'd ſuch ſuffocating draughts of water,
That yawn to yawn and nod to nod ſucceeds,
And Drunkenneſs grows ſober as ſhe reads.

WHEN Theſeus from the fair he ruin'd fled,
The nymph accepted Bacchus in his ſtead.
The allegory, to my humble thinking,
Means, that deſerted ladies take to drinking.

RIDDLES.

TO-DAY.

BEFORE my birth I had a name,
But ſoon as born I chang'd the ſame;
And when I'm laid within the tomb,
I ſhall my father's name aſſume.
I change my name three days together,
Yet live but one in any weather.

A LOOKING-GLASS.

I COUNTERFEIT all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies give ſhadows, ſhadows give me one.
Lov'd for another's ſake, that perſon yet
Is my chief enemy whene'er we meet;
Thinks me too old, though bleſt with endleſs youth;
And, like a monarch, hates my ſpeaking truth.

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Unleſs peculiarly inſpir'd—I'm dumb,
Yet know not what is paſt, or what's to come.
What I ſaid yeſterday, to-day is new,
And will be ſo to-morrow, yet be true.

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to Miſs MARY and Miſs AGNES ——. 1788.

TO Mary's lips has ancient Rome
Her pureſt language taught;
And from the modern city home
Agnes its pencil brought.

Rome's ancient Horace ſweetly chants
Such maids with lyric fire;
Albion's old Horace ſings nor paints—
He only can—admire.

Still would his preſs their fame record,
So amiable the pair is!
But, ah! how vain to think *his* word
Can add a ſtraw to B———!

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to his Royal Highneſs WILLIAM DUKE of CLARENCE. 1790.

SIR,

WHEN you condeſcend to grace
An ancient printer's dwelling,
He ſuch a moment muſt embrace
Your virtues to be ſpelling.

Your naval talents, ſpirit, zeal
  Shall other types record:
He but one ſentiment can feel,
  —And Gratitude's the word.

Condemn not, ſir, the truths he ſpeaks,
  Though homely his addreſs:
A prince of Brunſwic never checks
  The freedom of the preſs.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS. 1792.

AN eſtate and an earldom at ſeventy-four!
  Had I ſought them or wiſh'd them, 'twould add one fear more,
That of making a counteſs when almoſt four-ſcore.
But Fortune, who ſcatters her gifts out of ſeaſon,
Though unkind to my limbs, has ſtill left me my reaſon;
And whether ſhe lowers or lifts me, I'll try
In the plain ſimple ſtyle I have liv'd in, to die;
For ambition too humble, for meanneſs too high.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

FROM THE YEAR 1735 TO THE YEAR 1742:

WITH

SOME LETTERS IN ANSWER

FROM MR. WEST.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

AND

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

From the Year 1735 to the Year 1742.

LETTER I.

DEAR WEST [1],

YOU expect a long letter from me, and have ſaid in verſe all that I intended to have ſaid in far inferior proſe. I intended filling three or four ſides with exclamations againſt an univerſity life, but you have ſhowed me how ſtrongly they may be expreſſed in three or four lines. I can't build without ſtraw; nor have I the ingenuity of the ſpider to ſpin fine lines out of dirt: a maſter of a college would make but a miſerable figure as a hero of a poem, and Cambridge ſophs are too low to introduce into a letter that aims not at punning:

Haud equidem invideo vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.

But why mayn't we hold a claſſical correſpondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have paſſed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow ſtale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns o'er-run with ruſticity and mathematics. The creatures are ſo uſed to a circle, that they plod on in the ſame eternal round, with their whole view confined to a punctum, cujus nulla eſt pars:

Their time a moment, and a point their ſpace.

[1] Richard Weſt was the only ſon of the right honourable Richard Weſt, lord chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Burnet biſhop of Saliſbury. When this correſpondence commences, Mr. Weſt was nineteen years old, and Mr. Walpole one year younger. E.

Orabunt cauſas melius, cœlique meatus
Deſcribent radio, et ſurgentia ſidera dicent:
Tu coluiſſe novem muſas, Romane, memento;
Hæ tibi erunt artes.——

We have not the leaſt poetry ſtirring here; for I can't call verſes on the 5th of November and 30th of January by that name, more than four lines on a chapter in the New Teſtament is an epigram. Tydeus [1] roſe and ſet at Eton: he is only known here to be a ſcholar of King's. Oroſmades and Almanzor are juſt the ſame; that is, I am almoſt the only perſon they are acquainted with, and conſequently the only perſon acquainted with their excellencies. Plato improves every day: ſo does my friendſhip with him. Theſe three divide my whole time—though I believe you will gueſs there is no quadruple alliance [2]: that was a happineſs which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton. A ſhort account of the Eton people at Oxford would much oblige,

My dear Weſt,

Your faithful friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

King's College,
Nov. 9, 1735.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

POETRY, I take it, is as univerſally contagious as the ſmall-pox; every one catches it once in their life at leaſt, and the ſooner the better; for methinks an old rhymeſter makes as ridiculous a figure as Socrates dancing at fourſcore. But I can never agree with you that moſt of us ſucceed alike; at leaſt I'm ſure few do like you: I mean not to flatter, for I deſpiſe it heartily; and I think I know you to be as much above flattery, as the uſe of it is beneath every honeſt, every ſincere man. Flattery to men of power is analogous with hypocriſy to God, and both are alike mean and contemptible; nor is the one more an inſtance of reſpect, than the other is a proof of devotion.

[1] Tydeus, Oroſmades, Almanzor and Plato, were names which had been given by them to ſome of their Eton ſchool-fellows. E.

[2] Thus as boys they had called the intimacy formed at Eton between Walpole, Gray, Weſt, and Aſheton. E.

votion. I perceive I am growing ſerious, and that is the firſt ſtep to dulneſs: but I believe you won't think that in the leaſt extraordinary, to find me dull in a letter, ſince you have known me ſo often dull out of a letter.

As for poetry, I own, my ſentiments of it are very different from the vulgar taſte. There is hardly any where to be found (ſays Shafteſbury) a more inſipid race of mortals, than thoſe whom the moderns are contented to call poets—but methinks the true legitimate poet is as rare to be found as Tully's orator, qualis adhuc nemo fortaſſe fuerit. Truly, I am extremely to blame to talk to you at this rate of what you know much better than myſelf: but your letter gave me the hint, and I hope you will excuſe my impertinence in purſuing it. It is a difficult matter to account why, but certain it is that all people, from the duke's coronet to the threſher's flail, are deſirous to be poets: Penelope herſelf had not more ſuitors, though every man is not Ulyſſes enough to bend the bow. The poetical world, like the terraqueous, has its ſeveral degrees of heat from the line to the pole—only differing in this, that whereas the temperate zone is moſt eſteemed in the terraqueous, in the poetical it is the moſt deſpiſed. Parnaſſus is diviſible in the ſame manner as the mountain Chimæra.

———mediis in partibus hircum,
Pectus & ora leæ, caudam ſerpentis habebat.

The medium between the rampant lion and the creeping ſerpent is the filthy goat—the juſteſt picture of a middling poet, who is generally very bawdy and laſcivious, and, like the goat, is mighty ambitious of climbing up the mountains, where he does nothing but browſe upon weeds. Such creatures as theſe are beneath our notice. But whenever ſome wondrous ſublime genius ariſes, ſuch as Homer or Milton, then it is that different ages and countries all join in an univerſal admiration. Poetry (I think I have read ſomewhere or other) is an imitation of Nature: the poet conſiders all her works in a ſuperior light to other mortals; he diſcerns every ſecret trait of the great mother, and paints it in its due beauty and proportion. The moral and the phyſical world all open fairer to his enthuſiaſtic imagination: like ſome clear-flowing ſtream, he reflects the beauteous proſpect all around, and, like the priſm-glaſs, he ſeparates and diſpoſes nature's colours in their juſteſt and moſt delightful appearances. This ſure is not the talent of every dauber: art, genius, learning, taſte, muſt all conſpire to anſwer the full idea I have of a poet; a character

character which ſeldom agrees with any of our modern miſcellany-mongers—But

Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quæ mentem inſania mutat?

I am got into enchanted ground, and can hardly get out again time enough to finiſh my letter in a decent and laudable manner. Dear ſir, excuſe and pardon all this rambling criticiſm—I writ it out of pure idleneſs; and I can aſſure you, I wiſh you idle enough to read it through.

I am, my dear Walpole,

Yours moſt ſincerely,

R. WEST.

I wiſh you a happy new year.

Chriſtchurch,
Jan. 12, 1736-7.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR WALPOLE,

IT ſeems ſo long to me ſince I heard from Cambridge, that I have been reflecting with myſelf what I could have done to loſe any of my friends there. The uncertainty of my ſilly health might have made me the duller companion, as you know very well; for which reaſon Fate took care to remove me out of your way: but my letters, I am ſure, at leaſt carry ſincerity enough in them to recommend me to any one that has a curioſity to know ſomething concerning me and my amuſements. As for Aſheton, he has thought fit to forget me entirely; and for Gray, if you correſpond with him as little as I do (wherever he be, for I know not), your correſpondence is not very great.——Full in the midſt of theſe reflections came your agreeable letter. I read it, and wiſhed myſelf among you. You can promiſe me no diverſion, but the novelty of the place, you ſay, and a renewal of intimacies. Novelty, you muſt know, I am ſick of; I am ſurrounded with it, I ſee nothing elſe. I could tell you ſtrange things, my dear Walpole, of anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders. I have ſeen Learning dreſt in

old frippery, ſuch as was in faſhion in Duns Scotus' days: I have ſeen Taſte in changeable, feeding like the chamelion on air: I have ſeen Stupidity in the habit of Senſe, like a footman in the maſter's clothes: I have ſeen the phantom mentioned in The Dunciad, with a brain of feathers and a heart of lead: it walks here, and is called Wit. Your other inducement you ſuggeſted had all its influence with me; and I had before indulged the thought of viſiting you all at Cambridge this next ſpring——But Fata obſtant—I am unwillingly obliged to follow much leſs agreeable engagements. In the mean time I ſhall peſter you with quires of correſpondence, ſuch as it is: but remember, you were two letters in my debt—though indeed your laſt letter may fully cancel the obligation. You may recollect my laſt was a ſort of a criticiſm upon poetry; and this will preſent you with a ſort of poetry [1] which nobody ever dreamt of but myſelf.

I am, dear ſir,

Yours very ſincerely,

R. WEST.

Chriſtchurch,
February 27, 1736-7.

LETTER IV.

DEAR WEST, Aug. 1736.

GRAY is at Burnham, and, what is ſurpriſing, has not been at Eton. Could you live ſo near it without ſeeing it? That dear ſcene of our quadruple alliance would furniſh me with the moſt agreeable recollections. 'Tis the head of our genealogical table, that is ſince ſprouted out into the two branches of Oxford and Cambridge. You ſeem to be the eldeſt ſon, by having got a whole inheritance to yourſelf; while the manor of Granta is to be divided between your three younger brothers, Thomas of Lancaſhire [2], Thomas of London [3], and Horace. We don't wiſh you dead to enjoy your ſeat,

[1] This poetry does not appear.

[2] Thomas Aſheton. He was afterwards fellow of Eton-college, rector of St. Botolph, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, and preacher to the Society of Lincoln's-inn. It is to him Mr. Walpole addreſſed a poetical epiſtle from Florence, firſt publiſhed in Dodſley's collection of poems. E.

[3] Thomas Gray, the poet.

but

but your ſeat dead to enjoy you. I hope you are a mere elder brother, and live upon what your father left you, and in the way you were brought up in, poetry: but we are ſuppoſed to betake ourſelves to ſome trade, as logic, philoſophy, or mathematics. If I ſhould prove a mere younger brother, and not turn to any profeſſion, would you receive me, and ſupply me out of your ſtock, where you have ſuch plenty? I have been ſo uſed to the delicate food of Parnaſſus, that I can never condeſcend to apply to the groſſer ſtudies of alma mater. Sober cloth of ſyilogiſm colour ſuits me ill; or, what's worſe, I hate clothes that one muſt prove to be of no colour at all. If the Muſes cœlique vias & ſidera monſtrent, and quâ vi maria alta tumeſcant; why accipiant: but 'tis thraſhing, to ſtudy philoſophy in the abſtruſe authors. I am not againſt cultivating theſe ſtudies, as they are certainly uſeful; but then They quite neglect all polite literature, all knowledge of this world. Indeed ſuch people have not much occaſion for this latter; for they ſhut themſelves up from it, and ſtudy till they know leſs than any one. Great mathematicians have been of great uſe: but the generality of them are quite unconverſible; they frequent the ſtars, ſub pedibuſque vident nubes, but they can't ſee through them. I tell you what I ſee: that by living amongſt them, I write of nothing elſe; my letters are all parallelograms, two ſides equal to two ſides; and every paragraph an axiom, that tells you nothing but what every mortal almoſt knows. By the way, your letters come under this deſcription; for they contain nothing but what almoſt every mortal knows too, that knows you—that is, they are extremely agreeable, which they know you are capable of making them:—no one is better acquainted with it than

Your ſincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

King's College,
Auguſt 17, 1736.

LETTER V.

MY DEAREST WALPOLE, Aug. 1736.

YESTERDAY I received your lively—agreeable—gilt—epiſtolary—parallelogram, and to-day I am preparing to ſend you in return as exact a one as my little *compaſs* can afford you. And ſo far, ſir, I am ſure we and our letters bear

ſome

ſome reſemblance to parallel lines, that, like them, one of our chief properties is, ſeldom or never to meet. Indeed, lately my good fortune made ſome *inclination* from your univerſity to mine; but whether I can reciprocate or no, I leave you to judge, from hence—

I ſent Aſheton word that I ſhould more than probably make an expedition to Cambridge this Auguſt; but Prinſep, who was to have been my fellow-traveller, and would have gone with me to Cambridge, though not to King's, is unhappily diſappointed; and therefore my meaſures are broke, and I am very much in the ſpleen—elſe by this time I had flown to you with all the wings of impatience,

Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor *Euro*.

But now, alas! as Horace ſaid on purpoſe for me to apply it,

Sextilem totum mendax deſideror——

This melancholy reflection would certainly infect all the reſt of my letter, if I were not revived by the ſal volatile of your moſt entertaining letter. I am afraid the younger brother will make much the better gentleman, and ſo far verify the proverb: and indeed all my brothers are ſo very forward, that, like the firſt and heavieſt element, I ſhall have nothing but mere dirt for my ſhare:—and really ſuch is the caſe of moſt of your landed elder brothers, while the younger run away with the more fine and delicate elements. As for my patrimony of poetry, my deareſt Horace, ut ſemper eris deriſor! what little I have I borrowed from my friends, and, like the poor ambitious jay in the trite fable, I live merely on the charity of my abounding acquaintance. Many a feather in my ſtock was ſtolen from your treaſures; but at preſent I find all my poetical plumes moulting apace, and in a ſmall time I ſhall be nothing further than, what nobody can be more, or more ſincerely,

Your humble ſervant and obliged friend,

R. WEST.

Gray at Burnham, and not ſee Eton? I am Aſheton's ever, and intend him an anſwer ſoon. I beg pardon for what's over leaf; but as I am moulting my poetry, it is very natural to ſend it you, from whom and my other friends it originally came. I tranſlated, and now I have ventured to imitate the divine lyric poet.

ODE. To MARY MAGDALENE.

SAINT of this learned awful grove,
While ſlow along thy walks I rove,
The pleaſing ſcene, which all that ſee
Admire, is loſt to me.

The thought, which ſtill my breaſt invades,
Nigh yonder ſprings, nigh yonder ſhades,
Still, as I paſs, the memory brings
Of ſweeter ſhades and ſprings.

Loſt and inwrapt in thought profound,
Abſent I tread Etonian ground;
Then ſtarting from the dear miſtake,
As diſenchanted, wake.

What though from ſorrow free, at beſt
I'm thus but negatively bleſt:
Yet ſtill, I find, true joy I miſs;
True joy's a ſocial bliſs.

Oh! how I long again with thoſe,
Whom firſt my boyiſh heart had choſe,
Together through the friendly ſhade
To ſtray, as once I ſtray'd!

Their preſence would the ſcene endear,
Like paradiſe would all appear,
More ſweet around the flowers would blow,
More ſoft the waters flow.

Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER VI.

DEAR WEST,

YOU figure us in a ſet of pleaſures, which, believe me, we do not find [1]: cards and eating are ſo univerſal, that they abſorb all variation of pleaſures. The operas indeed are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating maigre: their muſic reſembles a gooſeberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouſe; ſcarce any one goes there. Their beſt amuſement, and which in ſome parts beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the faſhionable nights, and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Moliere's nights, whoſe pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the Avare to-night: I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Laſt night I was in the place de Louis le grand (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houſes handſome, though not ſo large as Golden-ſquare), to ſee what they reckoned one of the fineſt burials that ever was in France. It was the duke de Treſmes, governor of Paris and marſhal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his pariſh-church, and from thence in coaches to the oppoſite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of the Celeſtins, where is his family vault. About a week ago we happened to ſee the grave digging, as we went to ſee the church, which is old and ſmall, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any except St. Denis, which we ſaw on the road, and excels Weſtminſter; for the windows are all painted in moſaic, and the tombs as freſh and well preſerved as if they were of yeſterday. In the Celeſtins' church is a votive column to Francis II. which ſays, that it is one aſſurance of his being immortalized, to have had the martyr Mary Stuart for his wife. After this long digreſſion I return to the burial, which was a moſt vile thing. A long proceſſion of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horſes, ſcutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but

——————————friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This goodly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finiſh till three this

[1] Mr. Walpole left Cambridge towards the end of the year 1738, and in March 1739 began his travels, by going to Paris, accompanied by Mr. Gray. E.

morning; for, each church they paſſed, they ſtopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, ſome of theſe choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in ſtate, fell aſleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceaſed before it wakened them. The French love ſhow; but there is a meanneſs reigns through it all. At the houſe where I ſtood to ſee this proceſſion, the room was hung with crimſon damaſk and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courſes; but a third of the diſhes is patched up with ſallads, butter, puff-paſte, or ſome ſuch miſcarriage of a diſh. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Pſyche. You would laugh extremely at their ſigns: ſome live at the Y grec, ſome at Venus's toilette, and ſome at the ſucking cat. You would not eaſily gueſs their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very diſhonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's ſervice as they call it, and it is no diſhonour to keep public gaming-houſes: there are at leaſt an hundred and fifty people of the firſt quality in Paris who live by it [1]. You may go into their houſes at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the duke de Geſvres' pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princeſſes of the blood are dirty enough to have ſhares in the banks kept at their houſes. We have ſeen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all uſe it extravagantly.

The weather is ſtill ſo bad, that we have not made any excurſions to ſee Verſailles and the environs, not even walked in the Thuilleries; but we have ſeen almoſt every thing elſe that is worth ſeeing in Paris, though that is very conſiderable. They beat us vaſtly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarine at the Sorbonne and the College de quatre nations are wonderfully fine, eſpecially the former. We have ſeen very little of the people themſelves, who are not inclined to be propitious to ſtrangers, eſpecially if they do not play, and ſpeak the language readily. There are many Engliſh here: lord Holderneſs, Conway and Clinton, and

[1] It is to be lamented that this diſgraceful circumſtance is no longer peculiar to France.

lord

lord George Bentinck; Mr. Brand, Offley, Frederic, Frampton, Bonfoy, &c. Sir John Cotton's ſon and a Mr. Vernon of Cambridge paſſed through Paris laſt week. We ſhall ſtay here about a fortnight longer, and then go to Rheims with Mr. Conway for two or three months. When you have nothing elſe to do, we ſhall be glad to hear from you; and any news. If we did not remember there was ſuch a place as England, we ſhould know nothing of it: the French never mention it, unleſs it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Paris,
April 21, N. S. 1739.

H. W.

To-morrow we go to the Cid. They have no farces, but petites pieces like our Devil to Pay.

LETTER VII.

DEAR WEST,

From Paris, 1739.

I SHOULD think myſelf to blame not to try to divert you, when you tell me I can. From the air of your letter you ſeem to want amuſement, that is, you want ſpirits. I would recommend to you certain little employments that I know of, and that belong to you, but that I imagine bodily exerciſe is more ſuitable to your complaint. If you would promiſe me to read them in the Temple garden, I would ſend you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to diſpatch to Dick's the firſt opportunity. —Stand by, clear the way, make room for the pompous appearance of Verſailles le grand!——But no: it fell ſo ſhort of my idea of it, mine, that I have reſigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it. They ſay I am to like it better next Sunday; when the ſun is to ſhine, the king is to be fine, the water-works are to play, and the new knights of the Holy Ghoſt are to be inſtalled! Ever ſince Wedneſday, the day we were there, we have done nothing but diſpute about it. They ſay, we did not ſee it to advantage, that we ran through the apartments, ſaw the garden en paſſant, and ſlubbered over Trianon. I ſay, we ſaw nothing. However, we had time to ſee that the great front is a lumber of littleneſſes, compoſed of black brick, ſtuck full of bad old buſts, and fringed with gold rails. The rooms are all ſmall, except the great

gallery, which is noble, but totally wainſcoted with looking-glaſs. The garden is littered with ſtatues and fountains, each of which has its tutelary deity. In particular, the elementary god of fire ſolaces himſelf in one. In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed with many waters. There are avenues of water-pots, who diſport themſelves much in ſquirting up caſcadelins. In ſhort, 'tis a garden for a great child. Such was Louis quatorze, who is here ſeen in his proper colours, where he commanded in perſon, unaſſiſted by his armies and generals, and left to the purſuit of his own puerile ideas of glory.

We ſaw laſt week a place of another kind, and which has more the air of what it would be, than any thing I have yet met with: it was the convent of the Chartreux. All the conveniencies, or rather (if there was ſuch a word) all the *adaptments* are aſſembled here, that melancholy, meditation, ſelfiſh devotion, and deſpair would require. But yet 'tis pleaſing. Soften the terms, and mellow the uncouth horror that reigns here, but a little, and 'tis a charming ſolitude. It ſtands on a large ſpace of ground, is old and irregular. The chapel is gloomy: behind it, through ſome dark paſſages, you paſs into a large obſcure hall, which looks like a combination-chamber for ſome helliſh council. The large cloiſter ſurrounds their burying-ground. The cloiſters are very narrow, and very long, and let into the cells, which are built like little huts detached from each other. We were carried into one, where lived a middle-aged man not long initiated into the order. He was extremely civil, and called himſelf Dom Victor. We have promiſed to viſit him often. Their habit is all white: but beſides this, he was infinitely clean in his perſon; and his apartment and garden, which he keeps and cultivates without any aſſiſtance, was neat to a degree. He has four little rooms, furniſhed in the prettieſt manner, and hung with good prints. One of them is a library, and another a gallery. He has ſeveral canary-birds diſpoſed in a pretty manner in breeding-cages. In his garden was a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers and fruit-trees, and all neatly kept. They are permitted at certain hours to talk to ſtrangers, but never to one another, or to go out of their convent. But what we chiefly went to ſee was the ſmall cloiſter, with the hiſtory of St. Bruno, their founder, painted by Le Sœur. It conſiſts of twenty-two pictures, the figures a good deal leſs than life. But ſure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome [1], but theſe pictures excel all I have

[1] Lord Orford always continued to think that in theſe pictures Le Sœur had rivalled, if not excelled, Raphael. E.

ſeen in Paris and England. The figure of the dead man who ſpoke at his burial, contains all the ſtrongeſt and horrideſt ideas, of ghaſtlineſs, hypocriſy diſcovered, and the height of damnation; pain and curſing. A Benedictine monk, who was there at the ſame time, ſaid to me of this picture: C'eſt une fable, mais on la croyoit autrefois. Another, who ſhowed me relics in one of their churches, expreſſed as much ridicule for them. The pictures I have been ſpeaking of are ill preſerved, and ſome of the fineſt heads defaced, which was done at firſt by a rival of Le Sœur's.——Adieu! dear Weſt, take care of your health; and ſome time or other we will talk over all theſe things with more pleaſure than I have had in ſeeing them.

Yours ever.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR WEST, Rheims[1], June 18, 1739, N. S.

HOW I am to fill up this letter is not eaſy to divine. I have conſented that Gray ſhall give you an account of our ſituation and proceedings; and have left myſelf at the mercy of my own invention—a moſt terrible reſource, and which I ſhall avoid applying to, if I can poſſibly help it. I had prepared the ingredients for a deſcription of a ball, and was juſt ready to ſerve it up to you, but he has plucked it from me. However, I was reſolved to give you an account of a particular ſong and dance in it, and was determined to write the words and ſing the tune juſt as I folded up my letter: but as it would, ten to one, be opened before it gets to you, I am forced to lay aſide this thought, though an admirable one. Well, but now I have put it into your head, I ſuppoſe you won't reſt without it. For that individual one, believe me, 'tis nothing without the tune and the dance; but to ſtay your ſtomach, I will ſend you one of their vaudevilles or ballads [2], which they ſing at the comedy after their petites pieces.

[1] Mr. Walpole was now removed to Rheims, where, with his couſin Henry Seymour Conway and Mr. Gray, he reſided three months, principally to acquire the French language. E.

[2] This ballad does not appear.

You

You muſt not wonder if all my letters reſemble dictionaries, with French on one ſide, and Engliſh on t'other; I deal in nothing elſe at preſent, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning till night. This has put my mouth a little out of tune at preſent; but I am trying to recover the uſe of it, by reading the news-papers aloud at breakfaſt, and by chewing the title-pages of all my Engliſh books. Beſides this, I have paraphraſed half the firſt act of your new Guſtavus, which was ſent us to Paris: a moſt dainty performance, and juſt what you ſay of it. Good night, I am ſure you muſt be tired: if you are not, I am.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

DEAR WALPOLE, Temple, June 21, 1739.

YOUR laſt letter puts me in mind of ſome good people, who, though they give you the beſt dinner in the world, are never ſatisfied with themſelves, but —wiſh they had known ſooner—quite aſhamed—a little unprepared—hope you'll excuſe, and ſo forth: for you tell me, you only ſend me this to ſtay my ſtomach againſt you are better furniſhed, and at the ſame time you treat me, *ut nunquam in vitâ melius.* Nor is it now alone I have room to ſay ſo, but 'tis always: and I know I had rather gather the crumbs that fall from under your table, than be a prime gueſt with moſt other people. Sincerely, ſir, nobody in Great Britain, nor, I believe, in France, keeps a more elegant table than yourſelf: miſtake me not, I mean a metaphorical one, for elſe I ſhould lie confoundedly; for you know you did not uſe to keep a very extraordinary one, at leaſt when I had the honour to dine with you:—boiled chickens and roaſt legs of mutton were your higheſt effort. But, with the metaphor, the caſe is quite altered: 'tis no longer chapon toujours bouilli: 'tis *varium & mutabile ſemper* enough, I am ſure: 'tis *Italo perfuſus aceto:* 'tis *tota merum ſal:* you ſee too, it has a particularity, which perhaps you did not know before, that it is of all genders, and is maſculine, feminine, or neuter, which you pleaſe. Your feaſts are like Plato's: one feeds upon them for two or three days together, *& è convivio ſapientiores reſurgimus quàm accubuimus.* So it is with me;

me; and I never receive any of your tables, or *tabulæ*, for you know 'tis the ſame thing, but I exclaim to myſelf,

Dî magni! ſalicippium diſertum!

If you don't underſtand this line, you muſt conſult with doctor Bentley's nephew, who thinks nobody can underſtand it without him; when after all it does not ſignify a braſs farthing whether you underſtand it or no. But, ſir, this is not all: you not only treat me with a whole buſhel of attic ſalt, and a gallon of Italian vinegar, but you give me ſome Engliſh-French muſic—a vaudeville in both languages!

Docte ſermones utriuſque linguæ——

But now I talk of muſic at a feaſt; I'll tell you of a feaſt and muſic too. About a fortnight ago, walking through Leiceſter-fields, I ran full-butt againſt ſomebody. Upon examination, who ſhould it be but Mr. A——? I mean the nephew of the lord of ———. So we ſaluted very amicably, and I engaged to ſup with him Thurſday next. To his lodgings I went on Thurſday, and there I found Plato, Puffendorf, and Prato (can't you gueſs who they be?) A very good ſupper we had, and Plato gave your health. I believe he is in love. Did you ever hear of Nanny Blundel? But I forget our muſic. We had, ſir, for an hour or two, an Ethiopian, belonging to the ducheſs of Athol, who played to us upon the French-horn. A—— made me laugh about him very much. I ſaid, I ſuppoſe you give this Ethiopian ſomething to drink? Upon which he ordered him half a crown. I ſaid, So *much?* Oh! he's only a Black, anſwered he. Puffendorf (who you know ſays good things ſometimes) ſaid, not amiſs, Oh, ſir, if he had been a White, he'd have given him a crown. I don't pretend to compare our ſupper with your partie de cabaret at Rheims; but at leaſt, ſir, our materials were more ſterling than yours. You had a goûté forſooth, compoſed of des fraiſes, de la crême, du vin, des gateaux, &c. We, ſir, we ſupped à l'Angloiſe. Imprimis, we had buttock of beef, and Yorkſhire ham; we had chickens too, and a gallon bowl of ſallad, and a gooſeberry pye as big as any thing. Now, ſir, notwithſtanding (Do you know what this notwithſtanding relates to? I'll mark the cue for you—'tis —notwithſtanding, I ſay, I am neither *ſolers citharæ, neque muſæ deditus ulli,*

as you are; yet, as I am very vain, and apt to have a high opinion of my own poetry, I have a mind to treat you as elegantly as you have treated me—as you remember a certain doctor at King's college did the duke of Devonſhire—and ſo have prepared you a little ſort of muſical accompagnamento for your entertainment. 'Tis true, I ſaid to myſelf very often——

An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, Te quoque verum eſt,
Tanto diſſimilem, & tanto certare minorem?

Then I reflected——

Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,
Et craſſum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna ſine illis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paulum ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.

Yet in ſpite of theſe two long quotations (which I made no other uſe of than what you ſee) I ſtill determined to ſcrape a little, and accordingly have ſent you, in lieu of your vaudeville, a miſerable elegy[z].

I dare ſay, you wiſh you could ſhake the pen out of my hand. But I don't know how it is; I am at preſent in a vein to make up for the dryneſs of moſt of my former letters, ſince you have been abroad; and I can't tell but I may fill up this ſheet, if not another, with more ſuch trumpery. I forget all this while to thank for the packet, which I have received, and which was more welcome to me than an Amiens-pye; for I can't help running on upon the metaphor I ſet out with; and you know I always was a heluo librorum. The firſt thing I pitched upon was Crebillon's love-letters, allured by the garniſhing, I fancy; that is, the red leaves and the blue ſilk kalendar. 'Tis an ingenious account of the progreſs of love in a very virtuous lady's heart, and how a fine gentleman may firſt gain her approbation, then her eſteem, then her heart, and then her——you know what. But don't you think it ends a little too tragically? For my part, I proteſt, I was very ſorry the laſt letter made me cry. But the paſſions are charmingly deſcribed all through, and the

[z] This elegy does not appear.

language is fine. After this I would have read the Amuſement Philoſophique; but Aſheton has run away with it—

Callidus, quicquid placuit jocoſo
Condere furto.

Very jocoſe indeed to rob a body! So I ha'n't ſeen it ſince. Guſtave is no bad thing, as far as I can judge. One may ſee the author was young when he wrote it, and it looks to me like a firſt play of an author. But the language is natural, and in many places poetical. The plot is very entertaining, only I don't like the concluſion. It ends abrupt, and Leonor comes in at laſt too much like an apparition. The reſt of the pieces I have not read; but from what I can diſcover by a tranſient view, I fancy they are better ſeen than read.

I am now at the eighth page: 'tis time to have done, and wiſh you adieu. I hear ſir Robert is very well. My lord Conway is reckoned one of the prettieſt perſons about town.

Yours ever,

R. WEST.

LETTER X.

Rheims, July 20, 1739.

GRAY ſays, Indeed you ought to write to Weſt. Lord, child, ſo I would, if I knew what to write about. If I were at London and he at Rheims, I would ſend him volumes about peace and war, Spaniards, camps and conventions; but d'ye think he cares ſixpence to know who is gone to Compiegne, and when they come back, or who won and loſt four livres at quadrille laſt night at Mr. Cockbert's?—No, but you may tell him what you have heard of Compiegne; that they have balls twice a week after the play, and that the count d'Eu gave the king a moſt flaring entertainment in the camp, where the Polygone was repreſented in flowering ſhrubs. Dear Weſt, theſe are the things I muſt tell you; I don't know how to make 'em look ſignificant, unleſs you will be a Rhemois for a little moment[1]. I wonder you can ſtay out of the

[1] The three following paragraphs are a literal tranſlation of French expreſſions to the ſame import. E.

city ſo long, when we are going to have all manner of diverſions. The comedians return hither from Compiegne in eight days, for example; and in a very little of time one attends the regiment of the king, three battalions, and an hundred of officers; all men of a certain faſhion, very amiable, and who know their world. Our women grow more gay, more lively from day to day in expecting them; mademoiſelle la Reine is brewing a waſh of a finer dye, and bruſhing up her eyes for their arrival. La Barone already counts upon fifteen of them; and madame Lelu, finding her linen robe conceals too many beauties, has beſpoke one of gauze.

I won't plague you any longer with people you don't know, I mean French ones; for you muſt abſolutely hear of an Engliſhman that lately appeared at Rheims. About two days ago, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after dinner; from all which you may conclude we dine at two o'clock, as we were picking our teeth round a littered table, and in a crumby room, Gray in an undreſs, Mr. Conway in a morning grey coat, and I in a trim white night-gown, and ſlippers, very much out of order, with a very little cold; a meſſage diſcompoſed us all of a ſudden, with a ſervice to Mr. Walpole from Mr. More, and that, if he pleaſed, he would wait on him. We ſcuttle up ſtairs in great confuſion, but with no other damage than the flinging down two or three glaſſes, and the dropping a ſlipper by the way. Having ordered the room to be cleaned out, and ſent a very civil reſponſe to Mr. More, we began to conſider who Mr. More ſhould be. Is it Mr. More of Paris? No. Oh, 'tis Mr. More, my lady Tenham's huſband? No, it can't be he. A Mr. More then that lives in the Halifax family? No. In ſhort, after thinking of ten thouſand more Mr. Mores, we concluded it could be never a one of 'em. By this time Mr. More arrives; but ſuch a Mr. More! a young gentleman out of the wilds of Ireland, who has never been in England, but has got all the ordinary language of that kingdom; has been two years at Paris, where he dined at an ordinary with the refugee Iriſh, and learnt fortifications, which he does not underſtand at all, and which yet is the only thing he knows. In ſhort, he is a young ſwain of very uncouth phraſe, inarticulate ſpeech, and no ideas. This hopeful child is riding poſt into Lorrain, or any where elſe, he is not certain; for if there is a war he ſhall go home again: for we muſt give the Spaniards another drubbing, you know; and if the Dutch do but join us, we ſhall blow up all the ports in Europe; for our ſhips are our baſtions, and our ravelines, and our hornworks; and there's a deviliſh wide

wide ditch for 'em to paſs, which they can't fill up with things——Here Mr. Conway helped him to faſcines. By this time I imagine you have laughed at him as much, and were as tired of him as we were: but he's gone. This is the day that Gray and I intended for the firſt of a ſouthern circuit; but as Mr. Selwyn and George Montagu deſign us a viſit here, we have put off our journey for ſome weeks. When we get a little farther, I hope our memoires will brighten: at preſent they are but dull, dull as

Your humble ſervant ever,

H. W.

P. S. I thank you ten thouſand times for your laſt letter: when I have as much wit and as much poetry in me, I'll ſend you as good an one. Good night, child!

LETTER XI.

From a Hamlet among the Mountains of Savoy, Sept. 28, 1739, N. S.

PRECIPICES, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Roſa——the pomp of our park and the meekneſs of our palace! Here we are, the lonely lords of glorious deſolate proſpects. I have kept a ſort of reſolution which I made, of not writing to you as long as I ſtaid in France: I am now a quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months ſince we heard from you. I begin this letter among the clouds; where I ſhall finiſh, my neighbour heaven probably knows: 'tis an odd wiſh in a mortal letter, to hope not to finiſh it on this ſide the atmoſphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the ſtars when you leaſt think of it; and that I ſhould write it too! Lord, how potent that ſounds! But I am to undergo many tranſmigrations before I come to "yours ever." Yeſterday I was a ſhepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine ſavage; to-morrow a Carthuſian monk; and Friday a Swiſs calviniſt. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all æthers; I brought it with me from your world, and am admired for it in this; 'tis my eſteem for you: this is a common

thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here; as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember thoſe you have loſt.

Aix in Savoy, Sept. 30th.

WE are this minute come in here, and here's an awkward abbé this minute come in to us. I aſked him if he would ſit down. Oui, oui, oui. He has ordered us a radiſh ſoupe for ſupper, and has brought a cheſs-board to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the act, and am ſet down to write to you. Did you ever ſee any thing like the proſpect we ſaw yeſterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to ſee the Grande Chartreuſe; expected bad roads, and the fineſt convent in the kingdom. We were diſappointed pro and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive ſimplicity: they entertained us in the neateſt manner, with eggs, pickled ſalmon, dried fiſh, conſerves, cheeſe, butter, grapes and figs, and preſſed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay-brother, who, unluckily having the charge of the meal and bran, ſhowed us little beſides. They deſired us to ſet down our names in the liſt of ſtrangers, where, among others, we found two mottos of our countrymen, for whoſe ſtupidity and brutality we bluſhed. The firſt was of ſir J —— D——, who had wrote down the firſt ſtanza of *Juſtum & tenacem*, altering the laſt line to *Mente quatit Carthuſiana*. The ſecond was of one D ——, *Cælum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ*; *& hìc ventri indico bellum*. The Goth!—But the road, Weſt, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and ſurrounded with others, all ſhagged with hanging woods, obſcured with pines or loſt in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of caſcades forcing their ſilver ſpeed down channelled precipices, and haſting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning croſs, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This ſounds too bombaſt and too romantic to one that has not ſeen it, too cold for one that has. If I could ſend you my letter poſt between two lovely tempeſts that echoed each other's wrath, you might have ſome idea of this noble roaring ſcene, as you were reading it. Almoſt on the ſummit, upon a fine verdure, but without any proſpect, ſtands the Chartreuſe. We ſtaid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wiſhed for a painter, wiſhed to be poets! Need I tell you we wiſhed for you?

Good night!

Geneva,

Geneva, Oct. 2.

By beginning a new date, I ſhould begin a new letter; but I have ſeen nothing yet, and the poſt is going out: 'tis a ſtrange tumbled dab, and dirty too, I am ſending you; but what can I do? There is no poſſibility of writing ſuch a long hiſtory over again. I find there are many Engliſh in the town; lord Brook, lord Manſel, lord Hervey's eldeſt ſon, and a ſon of——of Mars and Venus, or of Antony and Cleopatra, or in ſhort, of ————. This is the boy in the bow of whoſe hat Mr. Hedges pinned a pretty epigram: I don't know if you ever heard it: I'll ſuppoſe you never did, becauſe it will fill up my letter:

Give but Cupid's dart to me,
Another Cupid I ſhall be;
No more diſtinguiſh'd from the other,
Than Venus would be from my mother.

Scandal ſays, Hedges thought the two laſt very like; and it ſays too, that ſhe was not his enemy for thinking ſo.

Adieu! Gray and I return to Lyons in three days. Harry[1] ſtays here. Perhaps at our return we may find a letter from you: it ought to be very full of excuſes, for you have been a lazy creature; I hope you have, for I would not owe your ſilence to any other reaſon.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Turin, Nov. 11, 1739, N. S.

SO, as the ſong ſays, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for, on the very higheſt precipice of mount Cenis, the devil of diſcord in the ſimilitude of four wine had got amongſt our Alpine ſavages, and ſet them a-fighting,

[1] Mr. Conway.

with

with Gray and me in the chairs: they ruſhed him by me on a crag where there was ſcarce room for a cloven foot. The leaſt ſlip had tumbled us into ſuch a fog, and ſuch an eternity, as we ſhould never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons; the four laſt in croſſing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks and ſuch uncomely inhabitants! my dear Weſt, I hope I ſhall never ſee them again! At the foot of mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaiſe, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low arm-chairs on poles, ſwathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver ſtockings, muffs, and bear-ſkins. When we came to the top, behold the ſnows fallen! and ſuch quantities, and conducted by ſuch heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The deſcent is two leagues, but ſteep, and rough as O—— father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hob-nails in his ſhoes. But the dexterity and nimbleneſs of the mountaineers is inconceivable; they run with you down ſteeps and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could poſſibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our ſervants and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and ſo extraordinary an one, that it ſeems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black ſpaniel, of king Charles's breed; but the prettieſt, fatteſt, deareſt creature! I had let it out of the chaiſe for the air, and it was waddling along cloſe to the head of the horſes, on the top of one of the higheſt Alps, by the ſide of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, ſeized poor dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could poſſibly prevent it, ſprung up the ſide of the rock and carried him off. The poſtillion jumped off and ſtruck at him with his whip, but in vain. I ſaw it and ſcreamed, but in vain; for the road was ſo narrow, that the ſervants that were behind could not get by the chaiſe to ſhoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad ſun-ſhine. It was ſhocking to ſee any thing one loved run away with to ſo horrid a death.

Juſt coming out of Chamberri, which is a little naſty old hole, I copied an inſcription, ſet up at the end of a great road, which was practiſed through an immenſe ſolid rock by burſting it aſunder with gun-powder: the Latin is pretty enough, and ſo I ſend it you:

Carolus Emanuel II. Sab. dux, Pedem. princeps, Cypri rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, ſingulorum commodis intentus, breviorem ſecurioremque viam regiam,

giam, naturâ occluſam, Romanis intentatam, cæteris deſperatam, dejectis ſcopulorum repagulis, æquatâ montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus imminebant precipitia pedibus ſubſternens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit. A. D. 1670.

We paſſed the Pas de Suze, where is a ſtrong fortreſs on a rock, between two very neighbour mountains; and then, through a fine avenue of three leagues, we at laſt diſcovered Turin.

E l'un à l'altro moſtra, & in tanto oblia
La noia, e'l mal de la paſſata via.

'Tis really by far one of the prettieſt cities I have ſeen—not one of your large ſtraggling ones that can afford to have twenty dirty ſuburbs, but clean and compact, very new and very regular. The king's palace is not of the proudeſt without, but of the richeſt within; painted, gilt, looking-glaſſed, very coſtly, but very tawdry; in ſhort, a very popular palace. We were laſt night at the Italian comedy—The devil of a houſe, and the devil of actors! Beſides this, there is a ſort of an heroic tragedy, called *La repreſentatione dell' anima dannata*. A woman, a ſinner, comes in and makes a ſolemn prayer to the Trinity: enter Jeſus Chriſt and the Virgin: he ſcolds, and exit: ſhe tells the woman her ſon is very angry, but ſhe don't know, ſhe will ſee what ſhe can do. After the play, we were introduced to the aſſembly, which they call the Converſazione: there were many people playing at ombre, pharaoh, and a game called taroc, with cards ſo *high*[1], to the number of ſeventy-eight. There are three or four Engliſh here; lord Lincoln, with Spence, your profeſſor of poetry; a Mr. B——, and a Mr. C——, a man that never utters a ſyllable. We have tried all ſtratagems to make him ſpeak. Yeſterday he did at laſt open his mouth, and ſaid *Bec*. We all laughed ſo at the novelty of the thing, that he ſhut it again, and will never ſpeak more. I think you can't complain now of my not writing to you. What a volume of trifles! I wrote juſt the fellow to it from Geneva; had it you? Farewell!

Thine,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] In the manuſcript, the writing of this word is extraordinarily tall. E.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR WALPOLE,

BEC! for I have not ſpoke to-day, and therefore I am reſolved to ſpeak to you firſt. Aſheton is of opinion you have read Herodotus; but I imagine no ſuch thing, and verily believe the gentleman to be a Phœnician. I can't forgive Mont Cenis poor Tory's death! I can aſſure her I'll never ſing her panegyric, unleſs ſhe ſerves all her wolves as Edgar the Peaceable did. It did touch a little upon the traveller. What do you think it put me in mind of? Not a bit like, but it put me in mind of poor Mrs. Rider in Cleveland, where ſhe's tore to pieces by the ſavages. I can't ſay I much like your Alps by the deſcription you give; but ſtill I have a ſtrange ambition to be where Hannibal was: it muſt be a pretty thing to fetch a walk in the clouds, and to have the ſnow up to one's ears. But I am really ſurpriſed at your going two leagues in five hours: a'n't it prodigious quick, to go down ſuch a terrible deſcent? The inſcription you mention is very pretty Latin. I ſee already you like Italy better than France and all its works. When ſhall you be at Rome? Middleton, I think, ſays, you find there every thing you find every where elſe. I expect volume upon volume there. Do you never write folios as well as quartos? You know I am a heluo of every thing of that kind, and I am never ſo happy as when—verboſa & grandis epiſtola venit—— We have ſtrange news here in town, if it be but true: we hear of a ſea-fight between ſix of our men of war and ten Spaniſh; and that we ſunk one and took five. I ſhould not forget that Mr. Pelham has loſt two only children at a ſtroke: 'tis a terrible loſs: they died of a ſort of ſore-throat. To muſter up all ſort of news: Glover has put out on this occaſion a new poem, called London, or The progreſs of Commerce; wherein he very much extols a certain Dutch poet, called Janus Douza, and compares him to Sophocles: I ſuppoſe he does it to make intereſt upon 'Change. Plays we have none, or damned ones. Handel has had a concerto this winter. No opera, no nothing. All for war and admiral Haddock. Farewell and adieu!

Yours,

Temple,
Dec. 13, 1739.

R. WEST.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

From Bologna, 1739.

I DON'T know why I told Aſheton I would ſend you an account of what I ſaw; don't believe it, I don't intend it. Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues! And then one ſhould have that odious Curl get at one's letters, and publiſh them like Whitfield's Journal, or for a ſupplement to the Traveller's Pocket-companion. Dear Weſt, I proteſt againſt having ſeen any thing but what all the world has ſeen; nay, I have not ſeen half that, not ſome of the moſt common things; not ſo much as a miracle. Well, but you don't expect it, do you? Except pictures and ſtatues, we are not very fond of ſights; don't go a-ſtaring after crooked towers and conundrum ſtair-caſes. Don't you hate too a jingling epitaph of one Procul and one Proculus[1] that is here? Now and then we drop in at a proceſſion, or a high-maſs, hear the muſic, enjoy a ſtrange attire, and hate the foul monkhood. Laſt week was the feaſt of the Immaculate Conception. On the eve we went to the Franciſcans' church to hear the academical exerciſes. There were moult and moult clergy, about two dozen dames, that treated one another with *illuſtriſſima* and brown kiſſes, the vice-legate, the gonfalonier, and ſome ſenate. The vice-legate, whoſe conception was not quite ſo immaculate, is a young perſonable perſon, of about twenty, and had on a mighty pretty cardinal-kind of habit; 'twou'd make a delightful maſquerade dreſs. We aſked his name: Spinola. What, a nephew of the cardinal-legate? *Signor, no: ma credo che gli ſia qualche coſa.* He ſat on the right-hand with the gonfalonier in two purple fauteuils. Oppoſite was a throne of crimſon damaſk, with the device of the Academy, the Gelati; and trimmings of gold. Here ſat at a table, in black, the head of the academy, between the orator and the firſt poet. At two ſemicircular tables on either hand ſat three poets and three; ſilent among many candles. The chief made a little introduction, the orator a long Italian vile harangue. Then the chief, the poet, the poets, who were a Franciſcan, an Olivetan, an old abbé, and three lay, read their compoſitions; and to-day they are paſted up in all parts of the town. As we came out of the church, we found all the convent and neighbouring houſes lighted all over with lanthorns of red and yellow paper, and two bonfires. But you are ſick of this fooliſh ceremony;

[1] Si procul a Proculo Proculi campana fuiſſet,
Jam procul a Proculo Proculus ipſe foret.
A. D. 1392.
Epitaph on the outſide of the wall of the church of St. Proculo. E.

I'll carry you to no more: I will only mention, that we found the Dominicans' church here in mourning for the inquiſitor; 'twas all hung with black cloth, furbelowed and feſtooned with yellow gauze. We have ſeen a furniture here in a much prettier taſte; a gallery of count Caprara's: in the pannels between the windows are pendent trophies of various arms taken by one of his anceſtors from the Turks. They are whimſical, romantic, and have a pretty effect. I looked about, but could not perceive the portrait of the lady at whoſe feet they were indiſputably offered. In coming out of Genoa we were more lucky; found the very ſpot where Horatio and Lothario were to have fought, "*weſt of the town a mile among the rocks.*"

My dear Weſt, in return for your epigrams of Prior, I will tranſcribe ſome old verſes too, but which I fancy I can ſhow you in a ſort of a new light. They are no newer than Virgil, and, what is more odd, are in the ſecond Georgic. 'Tis, that I have obſerved that he not only excels when he is like himſelf, but even when he is very like inferior poets: you will ſay that they rather excel by being like him: but mind: they are all near one another:

Si non ingentem foribus domus alta ſuperbis
Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam:

And the four next lines; are they not juſt like Martial? In the following he is as much Claudian;

Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & inſidos agitans diſcordia fratres;
Aut conjurato deſcendens Dacus ab Iſtro.

Then who are theſe like?

——nec ferrea jura,
Inſanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruuntque
In ferrum, penetrant aulas & limina regum.
Hic petit excidiis urbem miſeroſque Penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, & Sarrano indormiat oſtro.

Don't they ſeem to be Juvenal's?—There are ſome more, which to me reſemble Horace; but perhaps I think ſo from his having ſome on a parallel ſubject. Tell me if I am miſtaken; theſe are they:

Interea

Interea dulces pendent circum oſcula nati:
Caſta pudicitiam ſervat domus——

inclusively to the end of theſe:

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini;
Hanc Remus & frater: ſic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma.

If the imagination is whimſical; why at leaſt 'tis like me to have imagined it. Adieu, child! We leave Bologna to-morrow. You know 'tis the third city in Italy for pictures: knowing that, you know all. We ſhall be three days croſſing the Apennine to Florence; would it were over!

My dear Weſt, I am yours from St. Peter's to St. Paul's!

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XV.

Jan. 23, 1740.

IT thaws, it thaws, it thaws! A'n't you glad of it? I can aſſure you we are: we have been this four weeks a-freezing: our Thames has been in chains, our ſtreets almoſt unpaſſable with ſnow, and dirt, and ice, and all our vegetables and animals in diſtreſs. Really, ſuch a froſt as ours has been is a melancholy thing. I don't wonder now that whole nations have worſhipped the ſun: I am almoſt inclined myſelf to be a Guebre: tell Oroſmades[1]. I believe you think I'm mad; but you would not if you knew what it was to want the ſun as we do: 'tis a general froſt delivery. Heaven grant the thaw may laſt! for 'tis a queſtion.

Your laſt letter, my dear Walpole, is welcome. I thank you for its longitude, and all its parallel lines. You have rather tranſcribed too many lines out of Virgil: but your criticiſm I agree with, without any heſitation. Whimſical, quotha: 'tis juſt and new. You might have added Ovid——

Quos rami fructus, quos ipſa—

and Statius:

At ſecura quies——

and what follows down to

Non abſunt——

[1] Mr. Gray.

But what do you think? Your obſervations have ſet me a-tranſlating, and Aſheton has told me it was worth ſending[1]. Excuſe it, 'tis a tramontane. I ſhall certainly publiſh your letters. But now I think on't, I won't: I ſhould make Pope quite angry. Addio, mio caro, addio! Dove ſei? Ritorna, ritorna, amato bene!

Yours from St. Paul's to St. Peter's!

R. WEST.

I believe you muſt ſend my tranſlation to the academy of the Gelati.

My love to Gray, and pray tell him from me—

Ψῦχος δὲ λέπτῳ χρωτὶ πολεμιώτατον[2].

LETTER XVI.

DEAR WEST, Florence, Jan. 24, 1740, N. S.

I DON'T know what volumes I may ſend you from Rome; from Florence I have little inclination to ſend you any. I ſee ſeveral things that pleaſe me calmly, but à force d'en avoir vû I have left off ſcreaming, Lord! this! and Lord! that! To ſpeak ſincerely, Calais ſurpriſed me more than any thing I have ſeen ſince. I recollect the joy I uſed to propoſe if I could but once ſee the Great Duke's gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I ſhould into St. Paul's. The ſtatues are a congregation of good ſort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel, the leſs I wonder at any thing: a few days reconcile one to a new ſpot, or an unſeen cuſtom; and men are ſo much the ſame every where, that one ſcarce perceives any change of ſituation. The ſame weakneſſes, the ſame paſſions that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exiſt here, and ſhow themſelves in the ſhapes of Jeſuits, Ciciſbeos, and Corydon ardebat Alexins. The moſt remarkable thing I have obſerved ſince I came abroad, is, that there are no people ſo obviouſly mad as the Engliſh. The French, the Italians, have great

[1] This tranſlation does not appear.

[2] "Cold is extremely inimical to thin habits of body."
A fragment of Euripides quoted by Cicero. Vide let. 8, lib. 16, Epiſt. ad Fam. E.

follies, great faults; but then they are ſo national, that they ceaſe to be ſtriking. In England, tempers vary ſo exceſſively, that almoſt every one's faults are peculiar to himſelf. I take this diverſity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the firſt is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queerneſſes to operate as they pleaſe. If one could avoid contracting this queerneſs, it muſt certainly be the moſt entertaining to live in England, where ſuch a variety of incidents continually amuſe. The incidents of a week in London would furniſh all Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumſtances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occaſion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and in a year after taking a cicisbeo. Aſk the name, the huſband, the wife or the cicisbeo of any perſon, & voilà qui eſt fini. Thus, child, 'tis dull dealing here! Methinks your Spaniſh war is little more lively. By the gravity of the proceedings, one would think both nations were Spaniard. Adieu! Do you remember my maxim, that you uſed to laugh at? *Every body does every thing, and nothing comes on't.* I am more convinced of it now than ever. I don't know whether S———'s was not ſtill better, *Well, 'gad, there is nothing in nothing.* You ſee how I diſtill all my ſpeculations and improvements, that they may lie in a ſmall compaſs. Do you remember the ſtory of the prince, that after travelling three years brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of ſilk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and every thing in the world: after many unfoldings, out ſtepped a little dog, ſhook his ears, and fell to dancing a ſaraband. There is a fairy tale for you. If I had any thing as good as your old ſong, I would ſend it too; but I can only thank you for it, and bid you good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Upon reading my letter, I perceive ſtill plainer the ſameneſs that reigns here; for I find I have ſaid the ſame things ten times over. I don't care; I have made out a letter, and that was all my affair.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Florence, February 27, 1740, N. S.

WELL, Weſt, I have found a little unmaſqued moment to write to you; but for this week paſt I have been ſo muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then? No, then I was maſqued too; I have done nothing but ſlip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morn one makes parties in maſque to the ſhops and coffee-houſes, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods, how I have danced!* The Italians are fond to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw* they only know by the tune; *Blowzy-bella* is almoſt Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizelli al buro*. There are but three days more; but the two laſt are to have balls all the morning at the fine unfiniſhed palace of the Strozzi; and the Tueſday night a maſquerade after ſupper: they ſup firſt, to eat gras, and not encroach upon Aſh-wedneſday. What makes maſquerading more agreeable here than in England, is the great deference that is ſhowed to the diſguiſed. Here they do not catch at thoſe little dirty opportunities of ſaying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuſe you becauſe they may, or talk groſs bawdy to a woman of quality. I found the other day by a play of Etheridge's, that we have had a ſort of Carnival even ſince the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if ſhe could*, they talk of going a-mumming in Shrove-tide.——After talking ſo much of diverſions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondneſs I own I contract for Florence; but it has ſo many other charms, that I ſhall not want excuſes for my taſte. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make ſeveral acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, poliſhed, like ſome other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the Engliſh. Their little partiality for themſelves, oppoſed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical inſtance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yeſterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's, word was brought by his ſecretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whoſe attire was not certainly correſpondent to the greatneſs of his

birth, entered, and informed the Britiſh miniſter that one Martin an Engliſh painter had left a challenge for him at his houſe, for having ſaid Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have ſpoke of the duel before the tranſaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his &c. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to enquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard: his fright or his nobility had cloſed his ears. But mark the ſequel; the inſtant he was gone, my very Engliſh curioſity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo; 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving about above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but croſs, with beard unſhaved and hair uncombed, a flouched hat, and a conſiderable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal ſword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, juſt ready to ſay "Your ſervant, Mr. Martin," and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew paſt the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confuſed hopes of victory, or fame, of his unfiniſhed pictures, or his ſituation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us ſtrange creatures; but 'twas a pleaſant ſight, as we knew the poor painter was ſafe. I have thought of it ſince, and am inclined to believe that nothing but two Engliſh could have been capable of ſuch a jaunt. I remember, 'twas reported in London that the plague was at a houſe in the city, and all the town went to ſee it.

I have this inſtant received your letter. Lord! I am glad I thought of thoſe parallel paſſages, ſince it made you tranſlate them. 'Tis exceſſively near the original; and yet, I don't know, 'tis very eaſy too.—It ſnows here a little to-night, but it never lies but on the mountains.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. What is the hiſtory of the theatres this winter?

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR WEST, Siena, March 22d, 1740, N. S.

PROBABLY now you will hear ſomething of the Conclave; we have left Florence, and are got hither on the way to a pope. In three hours time we have ſeen all the good contents of this city: 'tis old, and very ſmug, with very few inhabitants. You muſt not believe Mr. Addiſon about the wonderful Gothic nicety of the dome: the materials are richer, but the workmanſhip and taſte not near ſo good as in ſeveral I have ſeen. We ſaw a college of the Jeſuits, where there are taught to draw above fifty boys: they are diſpoſed in long chambers in the manner of Eton, but cleaner. N. B. We were not *bol-ſtered*[1], ſo we wiſhed you with us. Our Cicerone, who has leſs claſſic knowledge and more ſuperſtition than a colleger, upon ſhowing us the ſhe-wolf, the arms of Siena, told us that Romulus and Remus were nurſed by a wolf, *per la volonta di Dio, ſi può dire;* and that one might ſee by the arms, that the ſame founders built Rome and Siena. Another dab of Romiſh ſuperſtition, not unworthy of preſbyterian divinity, we met with in a book of drawings: 'twas the Virgin ſtanding on a tripod compoſed of Adam, Eve and the Devil, to expreſs her immaculate conception.

You can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees, and tipped with villas or convents. We left unſeen the Great Duke's villas and ſeveral palaces in Florence till our return from Rome: the weather has been ſo cold, how could one go to them? In Italy they ſeem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are ſcarce any chimneys, and moſt of the apartments painted in freſco; ſo that one has the additional horror of freezing with imaginary marble. The men hang little earthen pans of coals upon their wriſts, and the women have portable ſtoves under their petticoats to warm their nakedneſs, and carry ſilver ſhovels in their pockets, with which their Ciciſbeos ſtir them —Huſh! by them, I mean their ſtoves. I have nothing more to tell you; I'll carry my letter to Rome and finiſh it there.

[1] An Eton phraſe.

Rè di Coffano, March 23, where lived one of the three kings.

THE king of Coffano carried preſents of myrrh, gold, and frankincenſe: I don't know where the devil he found them, for in all his dominions we have not ſeen the value of a ſhrub. We have the honour of lodging under his roof to-night. Lord! ſuch a place, ſuch an extent of uglineſs! A lone inn upon a black mountain, by the ſide of an old fortreſs! no curtains or windows, only ſhutters! no teſters to the beds! no earthly thing to eat but ſome eggs and a few little fiſhes! This lovely ſpot is now known by the name of Radicofani. Coming down a ſteep hill with two miſerable hackneys, one fell under the chaiſe; and while we were diſengaging him, a chaiſe came by with a perſon in a red cloak, a white handkerchief on its head, and black hat: we thought it a fat old woman; but it ſpoke in a ſhrill little pipe, and proved itſelf to be Seneſini.

I forgot to tell you an inſcription I copied from the portal of the dome of Siena:

Annus centenus Romæ ſemper eſt jubilenus;
Crimina laxantur ſi pœnitet iſta donantur;
Sic ordinavit Bonifacius et roboravit.

Rome, March 26.

WE are this inſtant arrived, tired and hungry! O! the charming city—I believe it is—for I have not ſeen a ſyllable yet, only the Pons Milvius and an obeliſk. The Caſſian and Flaminian ways were terrible diſappointments; not one Rome tomb left; their very ruins ruined. The Engliſh are numberleſs. My dear Weſt, I know at Rome you will not have a grain of pity for one; but indeed 'tis dreadful, dealing with ſchool-boys juſt broke looſe, or old fools that are come abroad at forty to ſee the world, like ſir Wilful Witwou'd. I don't know whether you will receive this, or any other I write: but though I ſhall write often, you and Aſheton muſt not wonder if none come to you; for, though I am harmleſs in my nature, my name has ſome myſtery in it[1]. Good-night! I have no more time or paper. Aſheton, child, I'll write to you next poſt. Write us no treaſons, be ſure!

[1] He means the name of Walpole at Rome, where the Pretender and many of his adherents then reſided. E.

LETTER XIX.

Rome, April 16, 1740, N.S.

I'LL tell you, Weſt, becauſe one is amongſt new things, you think one can always write new things. When I firſt came abroad, every thing ſtruck me, and I wrote its hiſtory; but now I am grown ſo uſed to be ſurpriſed, that I don't perceive any flutter in myſelf when I meet with any novelties; curioſity and aſtoniſhment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's ſelf; or, at leaſt, one does not remember that they do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to you to write of Weſtminſter-abbey. Beſides, as one looks at churches, &c. with a book of travels in one's hand, and ſees every thing particularized there, it would appear tranſcribing, to write upon the ſame ſubjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I uſed to take it when any body ſerved me ſo that was travelling.—Well, I will tell you ſomething, if you will love me: You have ſeen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you ſhall only hear its ſituation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there. 'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little diſtance are two ſubterraneous grottos, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Auguſtus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inſcriptions remaining; and in one, very conſiderable remains of an ancient ſtucco ceiling with paintings in groteſque. Some of the walks would terminate upon the Caſtellum Aquæ Martiæ, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, beſides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious ſpot is neglected, and only ſerves for a ſmall vineyard and kitchen-garden.

I am very glad that I ſee Rome while it yet exiſts: before a great number of years are elapſed, I queſtion whether it will be worth ſeeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the preſent Romans, every thing is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces ſo ill kept, that half the pictures are ſpoiled by damp. At the villa Ludoviſi is a large oracular head of red marble, coloſſal, and with vaſt foramina for the eyes and mouth:—the man that ſhowed the palace ſaid it was *un ritratto della famiglia*. The cardinal Corſini has ſo thoroughly puſhed on the miſery of Rome by impoveriſhing it, that there is no money but paper to be ſeen. He is

reckoned to have amaſſed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I aſſure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a teſtoon a day; eighteen pence: there are ſome extend their expence to five pauls, or half a crown: cardinal Albani is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and ſupper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: ſo far from it, they never have any company. The princeſſes and ducheſſes particularly lead the diſmalleſt of lives. Being the poſterity of popes, though of worſe families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater reſpect than my ladies the counteſſes and marquiſes will pay them; conſequently they conſort not, but mope in a vaſt palace with two miſerable tapers, and two or three monſignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deſerted. Sundays they do iſſue forth in a vaſt unwieldy coach to the Corſo.

In ſhort, child, after ſunſet one paſſes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wiſh for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many Engliſh I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! And then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations ſwarm here. You will have a great fat French cardinal garniſhed with thirty abbés roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn ſhort, and talk of the chapel of Verſailles. I heard one of them ſay t'other day, he had been at the *Capitale*. One aſked of courſe how he liked it—*Ah! il y a aſſez de belles choſes.*

Tell Aſheton I have received his letter, and will write next poſt; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time; ſo Gray finiſhes this delicately——

NOT ſo delicate; nor indeed would his conſcience ſuffer him to write to you, till he received de vos nouvelles, if he had not the tail of another perſon's letter to uſe by way of evaſion. I ſha'n't deſcribe, as being in the only place in the world that deſerves it; which may ſeem an odd reaſon—but they ſay as how it's fulſome, and every body does it (and I ſuppoſe every body ſays the ſame thing); elſe I ſhould tell you a vaſt deal about the Coliſeum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and theſe matters. A-propos du Coliſée, if you don't know what it is, the prince Borgheſe will be very capable of giving you ſome account of it, who told an Engliſhman that aſked what it was built for: "They ſay 'twas for Chriſtians to fight with tigers in." We are juſt come from adoring a great piece of the true croſs, St. Longinus's ſpear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening expoſed to view in St. Peter's.

In

In the ſame place, and on the ſame occaſion laſt night, Walpole ſaw a poor creature naked to the waiſt diſcipline himſelf with a ſcourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himſelf a raw doublet, that he took for red ſatin torn, and ſhowing the ſkin through. I ſhould tell you, that he fainted away three times at the fight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vaſt fiery croſs, compoſed of hundreds of little cryſtal lamps, which appears through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itſelf in the air. All the confraternities of the city reſort thither in ſolemn proceſſion, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to ſee through. Some of theſe are all black, others parti-coloured and white: and with theſe maſqueraders that vaſt church is filled, who are ſeen thumping their breaſt, and kiſſing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am deſcribing:—'tis an ill habit; but this, like every thing elſe, will wear off. We have ſent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correſpondent in a corner, who ſeems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams: I am ſorry he ſtaid ſo little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Aſheton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the admiral. Adieu!

Ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER XX.

DEAR WEST, Rome, May 7, 1740, N. S.

'TWOU'D be quite rude and unpardonable in one not to wiſh you joy upon the great conqueſts that you are all committing all over the world. We heard the news laſt night from Naples, that admiral Haddock had met the Spaniſh convoy going to Majorca, and taken it all, all; three thouſand men, three colonels, and a Spaniſh grandee. We conclude it is true, for the Neapolitan majeſty mentioned it at dinner. We are going thither in about a week to wiſh him joy of it too. 'Tis with ſome apprehenſions we go too, of having a pope choſen in the interim: that would be cruel, you know. But, thank our ſtars, there is no great probability of it. Feuds and contentions run high among the Eminences. A notable one happened this week. Car-

dinal Zinzendorff and two more had given their votes for the general of the Capucins: he is of the Barberini family, not a cardinal, but a worthy man. Not effecting any thing, Zinzendorff voted for Coſcia, and declared it publicly. Cardinal Petra reproved him; but the German replied, he thought Coſcia as fit to be pope as any of them. It ſeems, his pique to the whole body is, their having denied a daily admiſſion of a pig into the conclave for his eminence's uſe; who being much troubled with the gout, was ordered by his mother to bathe his leg in pig's blood every morning.

Who ſhould have a vote t'other day but the *Cardinalino* of Toledo? Were he older, the queen of Spain might poſſibly procure more than one for him, though ſcarcely enough.

Well, but we won't talk politics; ſhall we talk antiquities? Gray and I diſcovered a conſiderable curioſity lately. In an unfrequented quarter of the Colonna garden lie two immenſe fragments of marble, formerly part of a frize to ſome building; 'tis not known of what. They are of Parian marble; which may give one ſome idea of the magnificence of the reſt of the building, for theſe pieces were at the very top. Upon enquiry, we were told they had been meaſured by an architect, who declared they were larger than any member of St. Peter's. The length of one of the pieces is above ſixteen feet. They were formerly ſold to a ſtone-cutter for five thouſand crowns; but Clement XI. would not permit them to be ſawed, annulled the bargain, and laid a penalty of twelve thouſand crowns upon the family if they parted with them. I think it was a right judged thing. Is it not amazing that ſo vaſt a ſtructure ſhould not be known of, or that it ſhould be ſo entirely deſtroyed? But indeed at Rome this is a common ſurpriſe; for, by the remains one ſees of the Roman grandeur in their ſtructures, 'tis evident that there muſt have been more pains taken to deſtroy thoſe piles than to raiſe them. They are more demoliſhed than any time or chance could have effected. I am perſuaded that in an hundred years Rome will not be worth ſeeing; 'tis leſs ſo now than one would believe. All the public pictures are decayed or decaying; the few ruins cannot laſt long; and the ſtatues and private collections muſt be ſold, from the great poverty of the families. There are now ſelling no leſs than three of the principal collections, the Barberini, the Sacchetti, and Ottoboni: the latter belonged to the cardinal who died in the conclave. I muſt give you an inſtance of his generoſity, or rather oſtentation. When

lord

lord Carliſle was here laſt year, who is a great virtuoſo, he aſked leave to ſee the cardinal's collection of cameos and intaglios. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the perſon who ſhowed them to obſerve which my lord admired moſt. My lord admired many: they were all ſent him the next morning. He ſent the cardinal back a fine gold repeater; who returned him an agate ſnuff-box, and more cameos of ten times the value. Voila qui eſt fini! Had my lord produced more golden repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos.

Adieu, my dear Weſt! You ſee I write often and much, as you deſired it. Do anſwer one now and then with any little job that is done in England. Good-night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR WEST, Naples, June 14, 1740, N. S.

ONE hates writing deſcriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have ſeen ſomething to-day that I am ſure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of the ſubterraneous town? a whole Roman town with all its edifices remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to ſave it from the Goths: they were buried with it themſelves; which is a caution we are not told they ever took. You remember in Titus's time there were ſeveral cities deſtroyed by an eruption of Veſuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very conſiderable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has ſince been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the king has a villa. This under-ground city is perhaps one of the nobleſt curioſities that ever has been diſcovered. It was found out by chance about a year and half ago. They began digging, they found ſtatues; they dug farther, they found more. Since that they have made a very conſiderable progreſs, and find continually. You may walk the compaſs of a mile; but by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, leſt they deſtroy both one and t'other. By this occaſion the path is very narrow, juſt wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed

hollowed as they found it eaſieſt to work, and have carried their ſtreets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but ſometimes before houſes, ſometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were cruſhed together; on the contrary, except ſome columns, they have found all the edifices ſtanding upright in their proper ſituation. There is one inſide of a temple quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilaſters. It is built of brick plaſtered over, and painted with architecture: almoſt all the inſides of the houſes are in the ſame manner; and what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Beſides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre: the ſtairs, of white marble, and the ſeats are very perfect; the inſide was painted in the ſame colour with the private houſes, and great part caſed with white marble. They have found among other things ſome fine ſtatues, ſome human bones, ſome rice, medals, and a few paintings extremely fine. Theſe latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been diſcovered. We have not ſeen them yet, as they are kept in the king's apartment, whither all theſe curioſities are tranſplanted; and 'tis difficult to ſee them—but we ſhall. I forgot to tell you, that in ſeveral places the beams of the houſes remain, but burnt to charcoal; ſo little damaged that they retain viſibly the grain of the wood, but upon touching crumble to aſhes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearance of fire, but what are viſible on theſe beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reſervoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inſpection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the diſcoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs [1]. Beſides ſcrutinizing this very carefully, I ſhould be inclined to ſearch for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up ſo long. Moſt of the diſcoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ranſacked the ruins in queſt of treaſure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building; or to any circumſtances that might give light into its uſe and hiſtory. I ſhall finiſh this long account with a paſſage which Gray has obſerved in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:

[1] Pompeia was not then diſcovered.

Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, ſonabam
Littoribus, fractas ubi Veſtius egerit iras,
Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.
Mira fides! credetne virûm ventura propago,
Cum ſegetes iterum, cum jam hæc deſerta virebunt,
Infra urbes populoſque premi?

SYLV. lib. iv. epiſt. 4.

Adieu, my dear Weſt! and believe me

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR WEST, Florence, July 31, 1740, N. S.

I HAVE adviſed with the moſt notable antiquarians of this city on the meaning of *Thur gut Luetis*. I can get no ſatisfactory interpretation. In my own opinion 'tis Welſh. I don't love offering conjectures on a language in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will truſt you with my explication. You know the famous Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwalladhor, was renowned for her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal ſpouſe. I conclude this medal was ſtruck in her regency, by her expreſs order, to the memory of her lord, and that the inſcription *Thur gut Luetis* means no more than *her dear Llewis or Llewellin.*

In return for your coins I ſend you two or three of different kinds. The firſt is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device a horſe; the motto, *Equitas regni.* This curious pun is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a ſecond. Another is, a ſatirical medal ſtruck on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, burſting; the motto, *Se ipſiſſimo.* The laſt, and almoſt the only one I ever ſaw with a text well applied, is a German medal with a rebellious town beſieged and blocked up; the inſcription, *This kind is not expelled but by faſting.*

Now I mention medals, have they yet ſtruck the intended one on the taking

ing Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon will ſhine in our medallic hiſtory. We have juſt received the news of the bombarding Carthagena, and the taking Chagre. We are in great expectation of ſome important victory obtained by the ſquadron under ſir John Norris: we are told the Duke is to be of the expedition; is it true? All the letters too talk of France's ſuddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a ſeaſon, or one ſhall be obliged to return through Germany.

The Conclave ſtill ſubſiſts, and the diviſions ſtill increaſe; it was very near ſeparating laſt week, but by breaking into two popes; they were on the dawn of a ſchiſm. Aldovrandi had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requiſite two more; the Camerlingo having engaged his faction to ſign a proteſtation againſt him, and each party were inclined to elect. I don't know whether one ſhould wiſh for a ſchiſm or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been ſo far decaying.

On Wedneſday we expect a third ſhe-meteor. Thoſe learned luminaries the ladies P—— and W—— are to be joined by the lady M—— W—— M——. You have not been witneſs to the rhapſody of myſtic nonſenſe which theſe two fair ones debate inceſſantly, and conſequently cannot figure what muſt be the iſſue of this triple alliance: we have ſome idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, ſentiment, hiſtory, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphyſics; all, except the ſecond, underſtood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You ſhall have the journals of this notable academy. Adieu, my dear Weſt!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Though far unworthy to enter into ſo learned and political a correſpondence, I am employed pour barbouiller une page de 7 pouces et demie en hauteur, et 5 en largeur; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy; and the capital of Tuſcany: the latitude I cannot juſtly tell, but it is governed by a prince called Great-duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal ſenſations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have ſtruck a medal upon myſelf: the device is thus O, and the motto *Nihiliſſimo*, which

I take in the moſt conciſe manner to contain a full account of my perſon, ſentiments, occupations, and late glorious ſucceſſes. If you chooſe to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you ſhall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfaſt till three, dine till five, ſleep till ſix, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, ſup till two, and ſo ſleep till twelve again.

Labore feſſi venimus ad larem noſtrum,
Deſideratoque acquieſcimus lecto:
Hoc eſt, quod unum eſt, pro laboribus tantis.
O quid ſolutis eſt beatius curis?

We ſhall never come home again; a univerſal war is juſt upon the point of breaking out; all outlets will be ſhut up. I ſhall be ſecure in my nothingneſs, while you, that will be ſo abſurd as to exiſt, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble ſcience of defence. Don't you ſtart ſtill at the ſound of a gun? Have you learned to ſay Ha! ha! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiſkers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble captain!

T. GRAY.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR WEST, Florence, Oct. 2, 1740, N. S.

T'OTHER night as we (you know who *we* are) were walking on the charming bridge, juſt before going to a wedding aſſembly, we ſaid, "Lord, I wiſh, juſt as we are got into the room, they would call us out, and ſay, Weſt is arrived! We would make him dreſs inſtantly, and carry him back to the entertainment. How he would ſtare and wonder at a thouſand things, that no longer ſtrike us as odd!" Would not you? One agreed that you ſhould have come directly by ſea from Dover, and be ſet down at Leghorn, without ſetting foot in any other foreign town, and ſo land at *Us*, in all your firſt full amaze; for you are to know, that aſtoniſhment rubs off violently; we did not cry out Lord! half ſo much at Rome as at Calais, which to this hour I look upon as one of the moſt ſurpriſing cities in the univerſe. My dear child, what if you were

were to take this little ſea-jaunt? One would recommend ſir John Norris's convoy to you, but one ſhould be laughed at now for ſuppoſing that he is ever to ſail beyond Torbay. The Italians take Torbay for an Engliſh town in the hands of the Spaniards, after the faſhion of Gibraltar, and imagine 'tis a wonderful ſtrong place, by our fleet's having retired from before it ſo often, and ſo often returned.

We went to this wedding that I told you of; 'twas a charming feaſt: a large palace finely illuminated; there were all the beauties, all the jewels, and all the ſugar-plums of Florence. Servants loaded with great chargers full of comfits heap the tables with them, the women fall on with both hands, and ſtuff their pockets and every creek and corner about them. You would be as much amazed at us as at any thing you ſaw: inſtead of being deep in the liberal arts, and being in the Gallery every morning, as I thought of courſe to be ſure I would be, we are in all the idleneſſes and amuſements of the town. For me, I am grown ſo lazy, and ſo tired of ſeeing ſights, that, though I have been at Florence ſix months, I have not ſeen Leghorn, Piſa, Lucca, or Piſtoia; nay, not ſo much as one of the Great Duke's villas. I have contracted ſo great an averſion to inns and poſtchaiſes, and have ſo abſolutely loſt all curioſity, that, except the towns in the ſtraight road to Great Britain, I ſhall ſcarce ſee a jot more of a foreign land; and truſt me, when I return, I will not viſit Welſh mountains, like Mr. Williams. After Mount Cenis, the Boccheto, the Giogo, Radicofani, and the Appian Way, one has mighty little hunger after travelling. I ſhall be mighty apt to ſet up my ſtaff at Hyde-park-corner: the alehouſeman there at Hercules's Pillars[1] was certainly returned from his travels into foreign parts.

Now I'll anſwer your queſtions.

I have made no diſcoveries in ancient or modern arts. Mr. Addiſon travelled through the poets, and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the deſcriptions, and not from the reality. He ſaw places as they were, not as they are. I am very well acquainted with doctor Cocchi; he is a good ſort of man, rather than a great man; he is a plain honeſt creature with quiet

[1] The ſign of the Hercules' Pillars remained in Piccadilly till very lately. It was ſituated on part of the ground now occupied by the houſes of Mr. Drummond Smith and his brother. E.

knowledge,

knowledge, but I dare ſay all the Engliſh have told you, he has a very particular underſtanding: I really don't believe they meant to impoſe on you, for they thought ſo. As to Bondelmonti, he is much leſs; he is a low mimic; the brighteſt caſt of his parts attains to the compoſition of a ſonnet: he talks irreligion with Engliſh boys, ſentiments with my ſiſter [1], and bad French with any one that will hear him. I will tranſcribe you a little ſong that he made t'other day; 'tis pretty enough; Gray turned it into Latin, and I into Engliſh; you will honour him highly by putting it into French, and Aſheton into Greek. Here 'tis:

Speſſo amor ſotto la forma
D'amiſtà ride, e s'aſconde;
Poi ſi miſchia, e ſi confonde
Con lo ſdegno e col rancor.

In pietade ei ſi trasforma,
Par traſtullo e par diſpetto;
Ma nel ſuo diverſo aſpetto,
Sempre egli è l'iſteſſo amor.

Riſit amicitiæ interdùm velatus amictu,
Et benè compoſitâ veſte fefellit amor:
Mox iræ aſſumpſit cultus faciemque minantem,
Inque odium verſus, verſus & in lacrymas:
Sudentem fuge; nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti;
Idem eſt diſſimili ſemper in ore deus.

Love often in the comely mien
Of friendſhip fancies to be ſeen;
Soon again he ſhifts his dreſs,
And wears diſdain and rancour's face.

To gentle pity then he changes;
Thro' wantonneſs, thro' piques he ranges;
But in whatever ſhape he move,
He's ſtill himſelf, and ſtill is love.

[1] Margaret Rolle, wife of Robert Walpole, eldeſt ſon of ſir Robert Walpole, created lord Walpole during the lifetime of his father. E.

See how we trifle! but one can't paſs one's youth too amuſingly; for one muſt grow old, and that in England; two moſt ſerious circumſtances, either of which makes people grey in the twinkling of a bedſtaff; for know you, there is not a country upon earth where there are ſo many old fools, and ſo few young ones.

Now I proceed in my anſwers.

I made but ſmall collections, and have only bought ſome bronzes and medals, a few buſts, and two or three pictures: one of my buſts is to be mentioned; 'tis the famous Veſpaſian in touch-ſtone, reckoned the beſt in Rome except the Caracalla of the Farneſe: I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at cardinal Ottoboni's ſale. One of my medals is as great a curioſity: 'tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in braſs; this reverſe is extant on medals of his, but mine is a *medagliuncino*, or ſmall medallion, and the only one with this reverſe known in the world: 'twas found by a peaſant while I was in Rome, and ſold by him for ſixpence to an antiquarian, to whom I paid for it ſeven guineas and an half: but to virtuoſi 'tis worth any ſum.

As to Tartini's muſical compoſitions, aſk Gray: I know but little in muſic.

But for the Academy, I am not of it, but frequently in company with it: 'tis all diſjointed. Madam ——, who, though a learned lady, has not loſt her modeſty and character, is extremely ſcandalized with the other two dames, eſpecially with Moll Worthleſs, who knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with lady W. for a certain Mr. ———, whom perhaps you knew at Oxford. If you did not, I'll tell you: he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by conſtitution; a ſhallow creature by nature, but a wit by the grace of our women here, whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toaſts. He fell into ſentiments with my lady W. and was happy to catch her at Platonic love: but as ſhe ſeldom ſtops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his ſenſes, when ſhe ſhall break the matter to him; for he never dreamt that her purpoſes were ſo naught. Lady Mary is ſo far gone, that to get him from the mouth of her antagoniſt, ſhe literally took him out to dance country dances laſt night at a formal ball, where there was no meaſure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plaſtered perſonage. She played at pharaoh two or three times at princeſs Craon's, where ſhe cheats horſe and

foot. She is really entertaining: I have been reading her works, which ſhe lends out in manuſcript, but they are too womaniſh; I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good anſwer of lady P—— to Mr. ——, who aſked her if ſhe did not approve Platonic love? Lord, ſir, ſays ſhe, I am ſure any one that knows me, never heard that I had any love but one, and there ſit two proofs of it; pointing to her two daughters.

So I have given you a ſketch of our employments, and anſwered your queſtions, and will with pleaſure as many more as you have about you.

Adieu! Was ever ſuch a long letter? But 'tis nothing to what I ſhall have to ſay to you. I ſhall ſcold you for never telling us any news, public or private, no deaths, marriages, or miſhaps; no account of new books: Oh, you are abominable! I could find in my heart to hate you, if I did not love you ſo well; but we will quarrel now, that we may be the better friends when we meet: there is no danger of that, is there? Good night, whether friend or foe! I am moſt ſincerely

Yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIV.

From Florence, Nov. 1740.

CHILD, I am going to let you ſee your ſhocking proceedings with us. On my conſcience, I believe 'tis three months ſince you wrote to either Gray or me. If you had been ill, Aſheton would have ſaid ſo; and if you had been dead, the gazettes would have ſaid it. If you had been angry,—but that's impoſſible; how can one quarrel with folks three thouſand miles off? We are neither divines nor commentators, and conſequently have not hated you on paper. 'Tis to ſhow that my charity for you cannot be interrupted at this diſtance, that I write to you; though I have nothing to ſay, for 'tis a bad time for ſmall news; and when emperors and czarinas are dying all up and down Europe, one can't pretend to tell you of any thing that happens within our ſphere. Not but that we have our accidents too. If you have had a great wind in England, we have had a great water at Florence. We have been trying to ſet

out every day, and pop upon you[1] * * * * * It is fortunate that we ſtaid, for I don't know what had become of us! Yeſterday, with violent rains, there came flouncing down from the mountains ſuch a flood, that it floated the whole city. The jewellers on the Old Bridge removed their commodities, and in two hours after the bridge was cracked. The torrent broke down the quays, and drowned ſeveral coach-horſes, which are kept here in ſtables under ground. We were moated into our houſe all day, which is near the Arno, and had the miſerable ſpectacles of the ruins that were waſhed along with the hurricane. There was a cart with two oxen not quite dead, and four men in it drowned: but what was ridiculous, there came tiding along a fat hay-cock, with a hen and her eggs, and a cat. The torrent is conſiderably abated; but we expect terrible news from the country, eſpecially from Piſa, which ſtands ſo much lower and nearer the ſea. There is a ſtone here, which when the water overflows, Piſa is entirely flooded. The water roſe two ells yeſterday above that ſtone. Judge!

For this laſt month we have paſſed our time but dully; all diverſions ſilenced on the emperor's death, and every body out of town. I have ſeen nothing but cards and dull pairs of cicisbeos. I have literally ſeen ſo much love and pharaoh ſince being here, that I believe I ſhall never love either again as long as I live. Then I am got into a horrid lazy way of a morning. I don't believe I ſhould know ſeven o'clock in the morning again, if I was to ſee it. But I am returning to England, and ſhall grow very ſolemn and wiſe! Are you wiſe? Dear Weſt, have pity on one, who have done nothing of gravity for theſe two years, and do laugh ſometimes. We do nothing elſe, and have contracted ſuch formidable ideas of the good people of England, that we are already nouriſhing great black eye-brows, and great black beards, and teaſing our countenances into wrinkles. Then for the common talk of the times we are quite at a loſs, and for the dreſs. You would oblige us extremely by forwarding to us the votes of the houſes, the king's ſpeech, and the magazines; or if you had any ſuch thing as a little book called the Foreigner's Guide through the city of London and the liberties of Weſtminſter; or a Letter to a Freeholder; or the Political Companion: then 'twould be an infinite obligation if you would neatly bandbox-up a baby dreſſed after the neweſt Temple faſhion now in uſe at both play-houſes. Alack-a-day! We ſhall juſt arrive in the tempeſt of elections!

As our departure depends entirely upon the weather, we cannot tell you to

[1] A line of the manuſcript is here torn away. E.

a day when we ſhall ſay, Dear Weſt, how glad I am to ſee you! and all the many queſtions and anſwers that we ſhall give and take. Would the day were come! Do but figure to yourſelf the journey we are to paſs through firſt! But you can't conceive Alps, Apennines, Italian inns and poſtchaiſes. I tremble at the thoughts. They were juſt ſufferable while new and unknown, and as we met them by the way in coming to Florence, Rome, and Naples; but they are paſſed, and the mountains remain! Well, write to one in the interim; direct to me addreſſed to monſieur Selwyn, *chez monſieur Alexandre, rüe St. Apolline à Paris.* If Mr. Alexandre is not there, the ſtreet is, and I believe that will be ſufficient. Adieu, my dear child!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR WEST, Reggio, May 10, 1741, N.S.

I HAVE received the end of your firſt act[1], and now will tell you ſincerely what I think of it. If I was not ſo pleaſed with the beginning as I uſually am with your compoſitions, believe me the part of Pauſanias has charmed me. There is all imaginable art joined with all requiſite ſimplicity; and a ſimplicity, I think, much preferable to that in the ſcenes of Cleodora and Argilius.

[1] The firſt act of a tragedy called Pauſanias, begun by Mr. Weſt. We ſee the fate of this firſt act, all that was probably ever written, in a ſubſequent letter. Of the tranſcript he ſent to Mr. Walpole, as only the latter part is to be found, it was judged not expedient to print what could only be conſidered as the fragment of a fragment, and which beſide is certainly liable to all the criticiſms of his friend, while it ſeems hardly to deſerve the praiſe his partiality beſtows upon it. It was accompanied by a letter from Mr. Weſt, in which he thus expreſſes himſelf on the ſubject of his tragedy: E.

My dear Walpole, March 29, 1740.

SINCE I had finiſhed the firſt act, I ſend you now the reſt of it. Whether I ſhall go on with it is to me a doubt. I find you all make the ſame objections to my ſtyle: but change my manner now I can't, for it would not be all of a piece, and to begin afreſh goes againſt my ſtomach; ſo I believe I muſt even break it off and bequeath it to my grand-children to be finiſhed with other old pieces of family work. I have another objection to it, and that is, the unlucky affair of an impeachment in the play. For, ſuppoſing the thing public, which it was never intended to be, every blockhead of the faction would ſwear Pauſanias was Greek for ſir Robert, though it may as well ſtand for Bolingbroke. But the truth is, the Greek word ſignifies neither one nor t'other, as you may find in Scapula, Suidas, and other lexicographers.

Forgive me, if I ſay they do not talk laconic but low Engliſh; in her, who is Perſian too, there would admit more heroic. But for the whole part of Pauſanias, 'tis great and well worked up, and the art that is ſeen ſeems to proceed from his head, not from the author's. As I am very deſirous you ſhould continue, ſo I own I wiſh you would improve or change the beginning: thoſe who know you not ſo well as I do, would not wait with ſo much patience for the entrance of Pauſanias. You ſee I am frank; and if I tell you I do not approve the firſt part, you may believe me as ſincere when I tell you I admire the latter extremely.

My letter has an odd date. You would not expect I ſhould be writing in ſuch a dirty little place as Reggio: but the fair is charming; and here come all the nobility of Lombardy, and all the broken dialects of Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, &c. You never heard ſuch a ridiculous confuſion of tongues. All the morning one goes to the fair undreſſed, as to the walks at Tunbridge: 'tis juſt in that manner, with lotteries, raffles, &c. After dinner all the company return in their coaches, and make a kind of corſo, with the ducal family, who go to ſhops, where you talk to 'em, from thence to the opera, in maſk if you will, and afterwards to the ridotto. This five nights in the week. Fridays there are maſquerades, and Tueſdays balls at the Rivalta, a villa of the duke's. In ſhort, one diverts oneſelf. I paſs moſt part of the opera in the ducheſs's box, who is extremely civil to me and extremely agreeable. A daughter of the regent's[1], that could pleaſe him, muſt be ſo. She is not young, though ſtill handſome, but fat; but has given up her gallantries cheerfully, and in time, and lives eaſily with a dull huſband, two dull ſiſters of his, and a dull court. Theſe two princeſſes are wofully ugly, old maids and rich. They might have been married often; but the old duke was whimſical and proud, and never would conſent to any match for them, but left them much money, and penſions of three thouſand pounds a year apiece. There was a deſign to have given the eldeſt to this king of Spain, and the duke was to have had the Parmeſan princeſs; ſo that now he would have had Parma and Placentia, joined to Modena, Reggio, Mirandola, and Maſſa. But there being a prince of Aſturias, the old duke Rinaldo broke off the match, and ſaid his daughter's children ſhould not be younger brothers: and ſo they mope old virgins.

[1] Philip duke of Orleans.

I am going from hence to Venice, in a fright leſt there be a war with France, and then I muſt drag myſelf through Germany. We have had an imperfect account of a ſea-fight in America; but we are ſo out of the way, that one can't be ſure of it. Which way ſoever I return, I ſhall be ſoon in England, and there you will find me again

As much as ever yours,

H. W.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR WALPOLE,

I HAVE received your letter from Reggio, of the 10th of May, and have heard ſince that you fell ill there, and are now recovered and returning to England through France. I heard the bad and good news both together; and ſo was afflicted and comforted both in a breath. My joy now has got the better, and I live in hopes of ſeeing you here again. The author of the firſt act of Pauſanias deſires his love to you; and, in return for your criticiſm, which ſeems ſo ſevere to him in ſome parts, and ſo prodigious favourable in others, that if he were not acquainted with your unprejudiced way of thinking, he ſhould not know what to ſay to it, has ordered me to acquaint you with an accident that happened to him lately, on a little journey he made. It ſeems, he had put all his writings, whether in proſe or rhyme, into a little box, and carried them with him. Now, ſomebody imagining there was more in the box than there really was, has run away with them; and, though ſtrict inquiry has been made, the ſaid author has learnt nothing yet, either concerning the perſon ſuſpected, or the box. Since I am engaged in talking of this author, and as I know you have ſome little value for him, I beg leave to acquaint you with ſome particulars relating to him, which perhaps you will not be ſo averſe to hear.

You muſt know then, that from his cradle upwards he was deſigned for the law, for two reaſons: firſt, as it was the profeſſion which his father followed, and ſucceeded in, and conſequently there was a likelihood of his gaining many friends in it: and ſecondly, upon account of his fortune, which was

ſo inconſiderable, that it was impoſſible for him to ſupport himſelf without following ſome profeſſion or other. Nevertheleſs, like a rattle as he is, he has hitherto fixed on no profeſſion; and for the law in particular, upon trial he has found in himſelf a natural averſion to it: in the mean while, he has loſt a great deal of time, to the great diminution of his narrow fortune, and to the no little ſcandal of his friends and relations. At length, upon ſerious conſideration, he has reſolved that ſomething was to be done, for that poetry and Pauſanias would never be ſufficient to maintain him. And what do you think he has reſolved upon? Why, apprehending that a general war in Europe was approaching, and, therefore, that there might be ſome opportunity given, either of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, or being knock'd of the head; being convinced beſides, that there was little in life to make one over fond of it; he has choſen the army; and being told that it was a much cheaper way to procure a commiſſion by the means of a friend, than to buy one, to do which he muſt ſtrip himſelf of what fortune he has left, he deſired me to uſe what little intereſt I had with my friends, to procure him what he wanted.

At firſt I objected to him the weakneſs of his conſtitution, which might render him incapable of military ſervice, and ſeveral other things; but all to no purpoſe. He told me, he was neither knave nor fool enough to run in debt; and that he muſt either abſcond from mankind, or do ſomething to enable him to live as he would upon a decent rank, and with dignity; and that what he choſe was this [1].

I perceived there was nothing to reply; ſo I ſubmitted: and as I have ſome ſort of regard for the man, I promiſed him I would uſe what intereſt I had, and frankly told him, I would venture to aſk for him what I ſhould hardly aſk for myſelf.

Excuſe my freedom, dear Walpole; and whether I ſucceed or not, aſſure yourſelf, that I ſhall always be

Yours moſt affectionately,

R. WEST.

London,
June 22, 1741.

[1] The anſwer to this letter does not appear; but Mr. Weſt's increaſing bad health muſt probably have obliged him to drop all thought of going into the army. E.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR WEST, London, May 4, 1742.

YOUR letter made me quite melancholy [1], till I came to the poſtſcript of fine weather. Your ſo ſuddenly finding the benefit of it, makes me truſt you will entirely recover your health and ſpirits with the warm ſeaſon: nobody wiſhes it more than I: nobody has more reaſon, as few have known you ſo long.

Don't be afraid of your letters being dull. I don't deſerve to be called your friend, if I were impatient at hearing your complaints. I do not deſire you to ſuppreſs them till their cauſes ceaſe; nor ſhould I expect you to write cheerfully while you are ill. I never deſign to write any man's life as a ſtoic, and conſequently ſhould not deſire him to furniſh me with opportunities of aſſuring poſterity what pains he took not to ſhow any pain.

If you did amuſe yourſelf with writing any thing in poetry, you know how pleaſed I ſhould be to ſee it; but for encouraging you to it, d'ye ſee, 'tis an age moſt unpoetical! 'Tis even a teſt of wit, to diſlike poetry; and though Pope has half a dozen old friends that he has preſerved from the taſte of laſt century, yet I aſſure you, the generality of readers are more diverted with any paltry proſe anſwer to old Marlborough's Secret hiſtory of queen Mary's robes. I do not think an author would be univerſally commended for any production in verſe, unleſs it were an ode to the ſecret committee, with rhymes of liberty and property, nation and adminiſtration.

Wit itſelf is monopolized by politics; no laugh but would be ridiculous if it were not on one ſide or t'other. Thus Sandys thinks he has ſpoken an epigram, when he crinkles up his noſe, and lays a ſmart accent on *ways and means*.

We may indeed hope a little better now to the declining arts. The reconciliation between the royalties is finiſhed, and 50,000*l.* a year more added to the heir apparent's revenue. He will have money now to tune up Glover, and Thomſon, and Dodſley again.

[1] This letter from Mr. Weſt does not appear.

Et

Et ſpes et ratio ſtudiorum in Cæſare tantum.

Aſheton is much yours. He has preached twice at Somerſet-chapel with the greateſt applauſe. I do not mind his pleaſing the generality, for you know they ran as much after Whitfield as they could after Tillotſon; and I do not doubt but St. Jude converted as many honourable women as St. Paul. But I am ſure you would approve his compoſitions, and admire them ſtill more when you heard him deliver them. He will write to you himſelf next poſt, but is not mad enough with his fame to write you a ſermon. Adieu, dear child! Write me the progreſs of your recovery[1], and believe it will give me a ſincere pleaſure; for I am

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Mr. Weſt died in leſs than a month from the date of this letter, in the 26th year of his age. E.

INDEX

OF THE

NAMES OF ENGRAVERS,

Ranged according to the Times in which they lived.

	Page
THOMAS GEMINUS	4
Remigius Hogenbergh	6
Francis Hogenbergh	ib.
Humphrey Lhuyd	ib.
William Cunyngham	ib.
Ralph Aggas	7
Humphrey Cole	8
John Bettes	ib.
Chriſtopher Switzer	9
William Rogers	ib.
Chriſtopher Saxton	ib.
Nicholas Reynold	ib.
Auguſtine Ryther	ib.
George Hoefnagle	10
Theodore de Brie	ib.
Robert Adams	11
Reginald Elſtracke	12
Francis Delaram	14
Criſpin Paſs	16
Criſpin Paſs, jun.	19
William Paſs	ib.
Magdalen Paſs	21
Simon Paſs	ib.
John Payne	25
John Barra	26
John Norden	27
Thomas Porter	ib.
Charles Whitwell	ib.
C. Boel	ib.
William Hole	ib.
Jodocus Hondius	28
Henry Hondius	ib.
A. Bloom	ib.
Thomas Cockſon	29
Peter Stent	ib.
Thomas Cartwright	30
William Dolle	ib.
—— Deodate	ib.
R. Meighan	ib.
Thomas Cecill	31
Robert Vaughan	ib.
J. Hulett	32
William Marſhal	ib.
G. Glover	33
Henry Peacham	34
Robert de Voerſt	ib.
Luke Voſterman	36
Wenceſlas Hollar	37
Martin Droeſhout	38
H. Stock	ib.
H. Vanderborcht	ib.
T. Slater	ib.
William Delff	39
George Gifford	ib.
Thomas Croſs	ib.
S. Savery	40
J. Goddard	ib.
J. Dickſon	ib.
A. Hertocks	ib.
J. Chantry	41
F. H. Van Hove	ib.
—— Rotermans	ib.
Francis Barlow	ib.
R. Gaywood	42
—— Dudley	43
—— Carter	ib.

	Page
Robert Pricke	43
Francis Place	ib.
J. Savage	45
William Lodge	ib.
William Sherwin	47
Joſeph Nutting	48
William Faithorne	49
William Faithorne, jun.	58
John Fillian	60
Peter Lombart	ib.
James Gammon	62
Robert Thacker	ib.
——— Morgan	ib.
William Skillman	ib.
John Dunſtall	ib.
J. Brown	63
Prince Rupert	ib.
Wallerant Vaillant	67
John Evelyn	ib.
David Loggan	71
Peter Williamſon	75
Abraham Blooteling	ib.
Gerard Valck	76
Edward le Davis	ib.
William Lightfoot	77
Michael Burghers	ib.
Peter Vanderbank	78
Nicholas Yeates	81
John Collins	ib.
R. Collins, jun.	82
William Clarke	ib.
John Clarke	ib.
R. Tompſon	ib.
Thomas Dudley	ib.
Paul Vanſomer	ib.
John Vanſomer	83
Robert White	ib.
George White	95
Arthur Soly	ib.
Hamlet Winſtanley	ib.
—— Burnford	96
Iſaac Oliver	ib.
John Drapentiere	97
William Elder	ib.
John Sturt	ib.
Robert Jackſon	ib.
Francis Bragge	ib.
——— Lutterel	98
Iſaac Becket	ib.
John Smith	99
Simon Gribelin	101
Sir Nicholas Dorigny	ib.
Charles Dupuis	103
Claude du Boſc	ib.
——— Beauvais	ib.
Lewis du Guernier	104
George Bickham	ib.
S. Coignard	ib.
T. Johnſon	ib.
John Kip	ib.
George King	105
Daniel King	ib.
S. Nichols	ib.
Joſeph Simpſon	ib.
Peter Van Gunſt	106
Robert Williams	ib.
W. Wilſon	ib.
Michael Vandergutch	ib.
John Vandergutch	ib.
Claud David	107
——— Chereau, jun.	ib.
Bernard Lens	ib.
Samuel Moore	108
——— Scotin	ib.
Mr. Engliſh	ib.
Henry Hulſberg	109
John Faber	ib.
John Faber, jun.	ib.
Edward Kirkall	ib.
James Chriſt. le Blon	110
John Simon	111
L. Boitard	ib.
B. Baron	112
Henry Gravelot	ib.
John Pine	113
Arthur Pond	ib.
Henry Fletcher	ib.
Carey Creed	114
Joſeph Wagner	ib.
Thomas Preſton	ib.
John Laguerre	ib.
Peter Fourdriniere	ib.
John Green	115
Vertue	119

INDEX

OF THE

NAMES OF ENGRAVERS,

Ranged Alphabetically.

	Page
ADAMS, Robert	11
Aggas, Ralph	7
B.	
Barlow, Francis	41
Baron, B.	112
Barra, John	26
Beauvais, ——	103
Becket, Iſaac	98
Bettes, John	8
Bickham, George	104
Blon, J. Chriſtopher le	110
Bloom, A.	28
Blooteling, Abra.	75
Boel, C.	27
Boitard, L.	111
Boſc, Claude du	103
Bragge, Francis	97
Brie, Theodore de	10
Brown, J.	63
Burghers, Michael	77
Burnford, ——	96
C.	
Carter, ——	43
Cartwright, Thomas	30
Cecill, Thomas	31
Chantry, J.	41
Chereau, jun.	107
Clarke, John	82
Clarke, William	ib.
Cockſon, Thomas	29
Coignard, S.	104
Cole, Humphry	8
Collins, John	81
Collins, Richard	82
Creed, Carey	114
Croſs, Thomas	39
Cunyngham, William	6
D.	
David, Claud	107
Davis, Edward le	76
Delaram, Francis	14
Delff, William	39
Deodate, ——	30
Dickſon, J.	40
Dolle, William	30
Dorigny, ſir Nicholas	101
Drapentiere, John	97
Droeſhout, Martin	38
Dudley, ——	43
Dudley, Thomas	82
Dunſtall, John	62
Dupuis, Charles	103
E.	
Elder, William	97
Elſtracke, Reginald	12
Engliſh, Mr.	108
Evelyn, John	67
F.	
Faber, John	109
Faber, John, jun.	ib.
Faithorne, William	49
Faithorne, William, jun.	58
Fillian, John	60
Fletcher, Henry	113
Fourdriniere, Peter	114
G.	
Gammon, James	62
Gaywood, R.	42
Geminus, Thomas	4
Gifford, George	39
Glover, G.	33
Goddard, J.	40
Gravelot, Henry	112
Green, John	115
Gribelin, Simon	101
Guernier, Lewis du	104
H.	
Hertocks, A.	40
Hoefnagle, George	10
Hogenbergh, Francis	6
Hogenbergh, Remigius	6
Hole, William	27

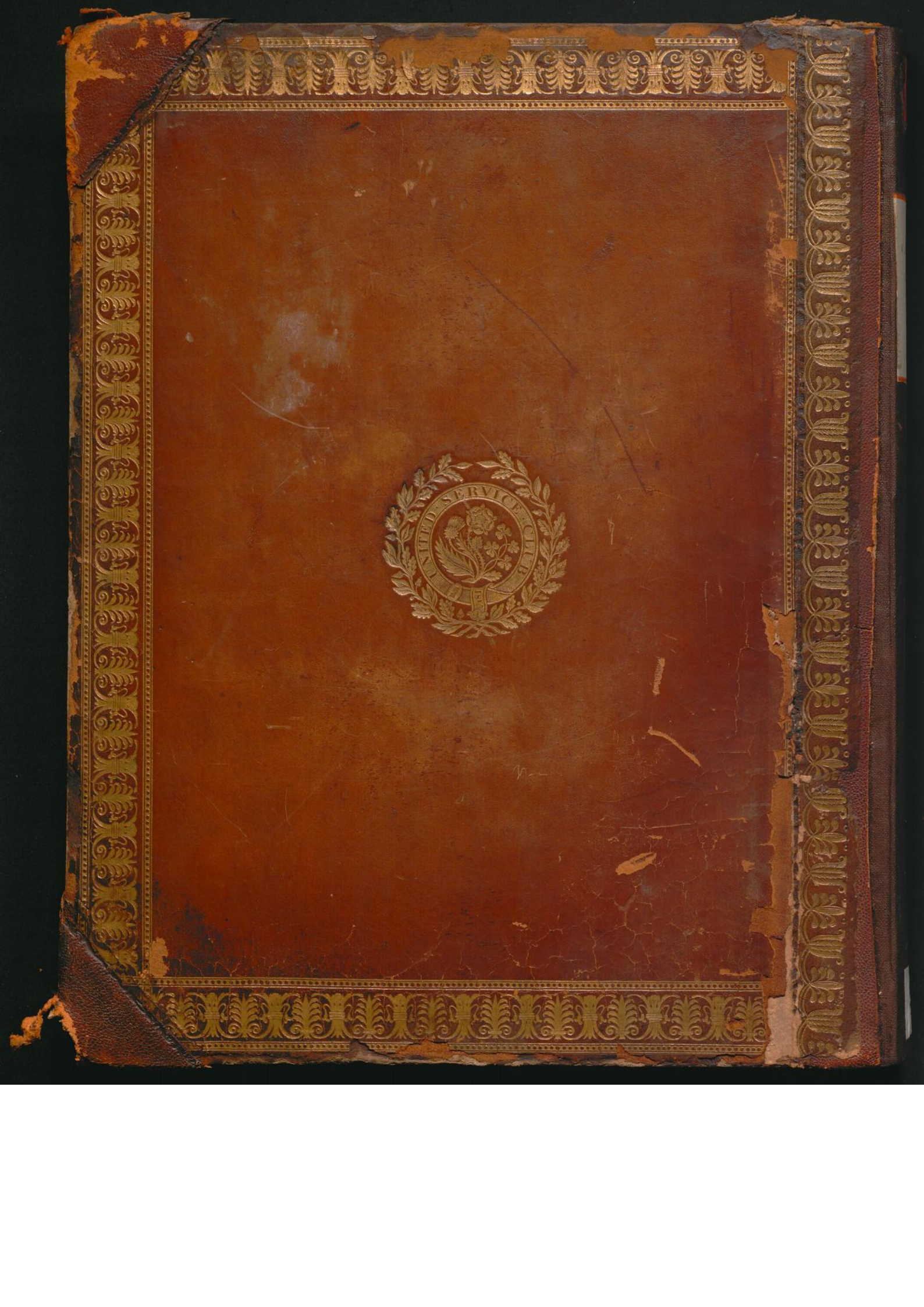
	Page
Hollar, Wenceſlas	37
Hondius, Henry	28
Hondius, Jodocus	ib.
Hulett, J.	32
Hulſberg, Henry	109
J.	
Jackſon, Robert	97
Johnſon, T.	104
K.	
King, Daniel	105
King, George	ib.
Kip, John	104
Kirkall, Edward	109
L.	
Laguerre, John	114
Lens, Bernard	107
Lightfoot, William	77
Lodge, William	45
Loggan, David	71
Lombart, Peter	60
Lhuyd, Humphrey	6
Lutterel, ——	98
M.	
Marſhall, William	32
Meighan, R.	30
Moore, Samuel	108
Morgan, ——	62
N.	
Nichols, S.	105
Norden, John	27
Nutting, Joſeph	48
O.	
Oliver, Iſaac	96
P.	
Paſs, Criſpin	16
Paſs, Criſpin, jun.	19
Paſs, Magdalen	21
Paſs, Simon	ib.
Paſs, William	19
Payne, John	25
Peacham, Henry	34
Pine, John	113
Place, Francis	43
Pond, Arthur	113
Porter, Thomas	27
Preſton, Thomas	114
Pricke, Robert	43
R.	
Reynold, Nicholas	9
Rogers, William	9
Rotermans, ——	41
Rupert, Prince	63
Ryther, Auguſtine	9
S.	
Savage, J.	45
Savery, S.	40
Saxton, Chriſtopher	9
Scotin, ——	108
Sherwin, William	47
Simon, John	111
Simpſon, Joſeph	105
Skillman, William	62
Slater, T.	38
Smith, John	99
Soly, Arthur	95
Stent, Peter	29
Stock, H.	38
Sturt, John	97
Switzer, Chriſtopher	9
T.	
Thacker, Robert	62
Tompſon, R.	82
V.	
Vaillant, Wallerant	67
Valck, Gerard	76
Vanderbank, Peter	78
Vanderborcht, H.	38
Vandergutch, John	106
Vandergutch, Michael	ib.
Van Gunſt, Peter	ib.
Van Hove, F. H.	41
Vanſomer, John	83
Vanſomer, Paul	82
Vaughan, Robert	31
Vertue	119
Voerſt, Robert de	34
Voſterman, Luke	36
W.	
Wagner, Joſeph	114
White, George	95
White, Robert	83
Whitwell, Charles	27
Williams, Robert	106
Williamſon, Peter	75
Wilſon, W.	106
Winſtanley, Hamlet	95
Y.	
Yeates, Nicholas	81

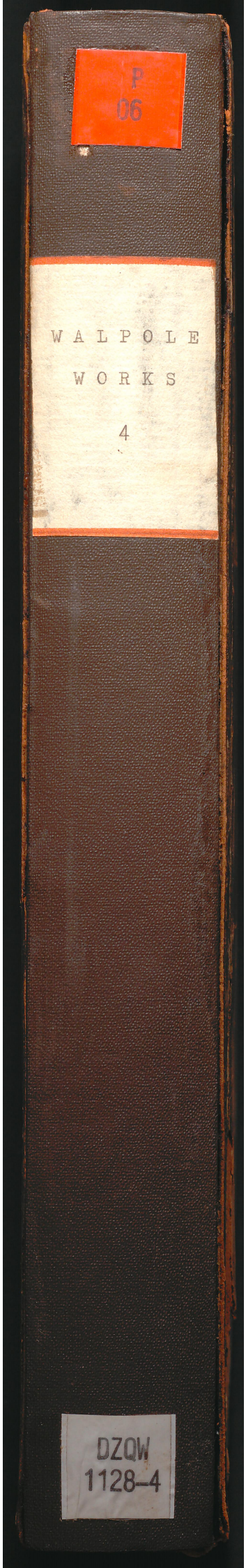
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