On the 6th of September, 1764, the St James's Chronicle, a London newspaper, trumpeted its view that 'The King of France has not so splendid a palace in all his Dominions, as that [which] the University [of Dublin] has lately erected for its Provost [19]'.

More measured (and more general) opinion, however, would agree that the Provosts' House in this college is, by any reckoning, a notable building. Built 250 years ago as the private residence of a single gentleman, it is the only great palazzo of 18th-century Dublin to survive as a private home.

The story of the evolution of its design is yet to be clarified. We cannot be sure, for instance, who the architect was; maybe there was more than one? Nor do we do know why it was decided that its main facade should replicate exactly the front of a house built in London more than 30 years earlier. What is clear, however (as Anne Crookshank pointed out 40 years ago), is that the house was built to accommodate the convivial predilections of its builder, Provost Francis Andrews. So the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the house this year is also a celebration of the stage on which Andrews strutted (when he happened, that is, to be in the country). To understand the building, we must know the man.

But I pause to ask: is Francis Andrews a fitting alumnus for a Trinity Monday discourse? To join John Joly (2007)? And Samuel Beckett (2006)? And William Rowan Hamilton (2005)? I'm conscious that our guests from Cambridge will measure Andrews against his contemporary Master of St John's, William Samuel Powell, described as 'a man of rugged and severe discipline [56]'. And our guests from Oxford will measure Andrews against the contemporary Provost of Oriel, John Clark, the obscurity of whose fate was so decent that neither his virtues nor his vices were sufficient to get him into the Dictionary of national biography. But with Francis Andrews is it wise, in these nervous times, to be seen to celebrate 'Frank Bluff' [178-80], 'Frank with many friends [?]', 'Don Francesco Andrea del Bumperoso' [7-]? To celebrate someone memorialised thus: 'Here lies now doomed to moulder into Dust/ Andrews, A slave to Gluttony, & Lust' [207]? And there's much worse.

But let's be brave, and let our public relations people in the front of college tremble! There are, after all, no league tables of 18th-century heads of houses.

If we go back to the beginning, we find him entering the college in 1733 as the son of Alexander Andrews of Co. Antrim, gentleman [Burtchaell and Sadleir]. His important roots, however, were in Derry (where he was born and schooled) with the Gamble and Tomkins families who were prominent in the civil affairs of Derry in the early 18th century. Andrews himself represented Derry city in parliament from 1761 to his death in 1774. But before following him as politician, let's go back to his college days.

BA 1737 and MA 1740, in which year he won fellowship. To the Middle Temple in 1741, LLB 1743, LLD 1745, called to the Irish bar in 1746 [*]. Senior fellow, senior proctor and registrar in 1753; professor of laws 1756; and in 1758 the prize of provostship. Like Urban VIII and the papacy, he set out to enjoy it: he got his provost's salary increased, he entered parliament, and began building his house. One more academic honour came his way, when he was awarded an honorary LLD by Cambridge in 1769.

Academically, his principal gifts seem to have been with languages (though we have no way of knowing how good a lawyer he was: at one point, he regretted relinquishing the law for the provostship [90]). In college, for instance, he assisted the senior Greek lecturer; in Padua he 'charmed, and almost astonished, the learned professors ... by ... the uncommon quickness, purity and ease, with which he addressed ... them in ... Latin ...[89-]'. He is, his travelling companion writes from Montpellier, 'so good a grammarian [in French] that He won't speak for fear of making a false concord ... [375]'. On his way to Italy, he admitted his difficulties with Italian, but assured his correspondent that 'prima che Saro stato in Italia due mesi aspettante una lettera curiosa ed elegante' [317]. On his way to Spain in 1772, he was reported to be busy learning Spanish [225].

And if you ask what academic use he made of these gifts, the answer would be: little. These were primarily social accomplishments and they prompted his taste for sprinkling his correspondence with foreign, and classical, phrases. If we were to submit him to an academic review - McDowell and Webb thought his scholarship 'somewhat superficial' - we should remember that the same authors provide the context that for the thirty years before 1755, no one holding a fellowship published anything. The fruits of a good education, to Provost Andrews, were enumerated at the end of his life by his comment on a young man's progress: 'if he learns to speak French fluently, to ride, to fence, and dance gracefully, and escape free from the vices which disgrace the present times, his mother ought to be extremely well satisfied [96]'.

If Andrews's list of publications wouldn't have won him the attention of a modern junior promotions committee, he nonetheless directly benefited the academic life of the college. As provost, he was - as his predecessor Baldwin had been - ex officio a governor of Erasmus Smith's charity. But Baldwin had attended no Erasmus Smith meetings for 20 years. Andrews, on the other hand, saw the opportunities of endowment from a charity which had been generous to the college in the past. He came to dominate the Erasmus Smith board. He rarely missed a meeting, many of which were held in the Provosts' House; no meetings were held while he was in Italy in 1766-7; he became treasurer of the charity; while he was governor he was joined on the board by his uncle John Averill, his relative William Gamble and his great friend Robert Fitzgerald.

As a result, the college under Andrews received endowments from the charity to establish the chairs (in some cases promoting their status from lecturership to professorship) of Mathematics, of Modern History, of Hebrew or Oriental Tongues, and of Natural and Experimental Philosophy. It was, too, in the early days of Andrews's provostship that the Regius chair of Feudal and English law was established, and - in 1764 - the chair of Music (though I'm sure that this appointment was honorary). In his will, Andrews left 3,000 pounds to the college for building an observatory (that is, Dunsink), and an endowment to pay the salary of a professor of Astronomy. His gravestone in the college cemetry between the Dining Hall and the Chapel, records his founding of Dunsink as his most conspicuous achievement.

And not the least of his gifts to the college was his own house.

There are two points to be made here. The first, of course, concerns the architectural

quality of the house itself. The second is this. It had originally been intended in the 1750's to enclose Parliament Square with a fourth range joining House1 to House 10 along the line, that is, which now could be drawn from the Exam Hall to the Chapel. Abandoning plans for this fourth range, Andrews seems to have turned the builders' attention to building his own house. If this is the case, and I'm fairly sure it is, we have his domestic ambition to thank for initiating the scenic splendour of Front Square, from West Front to Rubrics. Unfortunately, the newspaper gossip in London when the Duke of Bedford died that he had left Andrews a large sum for further building in Trinity, was no more reliable than the newspaper's claim that the Provosts' House rivaled Versailles [17, and will].

Before we come back to his house there is, alas, a little more accounting to be done in assessing the college's debt to Andrews. Part of his income as provost came from the rents of estates in Galway and Meath which had been left to the college specifically for the support of the provosts. These, astonishingly, he bequeathed to his relatives. How he imagined he could get away with this is unclear. And he didn't get away with it, though the relatives managed to screw from government some compensation for their eviction [Johnston liik, 'Robert Gamble']. The whole affair did not come cheap: his arch-enemy in the college, William Clement, must have enjoyed giving evidence to a parliamentary enquiry that Andrews in this business had let the college in for costs of slightly more than 10,000 pounds [111].

Such is the background to Hely-Hutchinson's assessment of Andrews: 'He was one of the most beloved men of his time, except in his college ... Though this seminary of learning had received from this amiable man such important benefits, he was incessantly persecuted with libels during his life, nor was this virulence appeased by his death ...' [337].

I said at the start that Andrews sat in parliament for Derry city, from 1761 to his death in 1774. He sat first for Midleton in 1759, and had cherished parliamentary ambitions from the early 1750's. In 1753, for instance, he had been arrested and placed in custody by the serjeant at arms of the Parliament House for assaulting a sitting MP in the house. His grudge, according to Horace Walpole who must have picked up the gossip in England, was that Andrews's victim had renaged on a promise to get Andrews elected to the Commons. Walpole, of course, develops the gossip, adding that the master of the rolls commented 'What! would that man [Andrews] force himself into a seat here? and for what? only to prostitute his vote to [Lord George Sackville] ...' ? [199-200].

The master of the rolls was no fool. Sackville was, after all, the son of a duke; and in Hardy's words, 'few men ever rendered themselves more acceptable to the great' [89] than Andrews. As an inveterate supporter of government he would have been ready to vote as Sackville's father, the lord lieutenant, wished. He was a busy parliamentarian, at least at the start: he was listed for 27 committees in his first session [Johnston Liik]. Towards the end, he wearied of what he called 'our puny Politicks [221]', citing - as his reason for wintering in Nice the year he died - the fatigue of 'late sittings in our House of Commons &' - he added with some self knowledge - 'the still later sittings in my own [house] [222]'.

It's difficult to trace much consistency in his politics other than unswerving support of Dublin Castle, and what we would call naked (but in those days was acceptable) clientism.

His support for the administration of the Duke of Bedford built up a rich weave of service and reward, which resulted in Bedford getting the provostship for him, and he getting the chancellorship for Bedford. With Lord Townshend as lord lieutenant, Townshend's confidante Richard Waite wrote that Andrews 'is more in His Excellency's confidence than any Person in the world [336]'. From Townshend, he got a bishopric for his uncle, and invitations to shoot in Norfolk. He was useful to the great, not because he was a statesman, but for his value as purveyor of gossip. As Townshend's 'Bacchanalian associate [7]' (the description comes from 1773), he saw himself as His Excellency's 'great friend, first Minister, slave & Blackamoor [326]'.

In 1761 he was appointed Privy Councillor, but other offices of state eluded him despite rumours at different times that he was to become Lord Chancellor [11, 334], Master of the Rolls [21A], or Speaker. Charlemont's reliable biographer Francis Hardy, however, credits him with engineering the election of his friend Edmond Sexton Pery as speaker of the commons [90]. (Pery was with Andrews when he died in Shrewsbury in June 1774, and was appointed by him in his will as a trustee of the Dunsink endowment). Perhaps his own lack of political advance was partly because of his reputation - as reported in 1773 - of being 'arbitrary, supercilious and turbulent', even if at the same time being 'a most faithful councillor to G[overnmen]t' [Johnston Liik, vol 2, p 233]. Towards the end, all he wished to retain was what he had most enjoyed, the exercise of patronage. With that pathos which characterises his final correspondence, he wrote in the year before he died of his wish to withdraw as much as possible from public business and that 'I wish just to preserve importance enough to serve a worthy deserving friend on some occasions [221]'.

What did the college get from all this, from the cooperative members whom Andrews saw returned to parliament, and for the honorary LLD's doled out to the politically useful? Paradoxically, Andrews's provostship saw much less generosity from government than did that of his predecessor Richard Baldwin.

How far have we got in understanding the man as a way of understanding the house he built for himself? Not very far yet, maybe. We have seen the Derry man make provostship, aged 40; the lawyer, the linguist, the Cambridge LLD, the provider of new professorships; and the social climber with enough self-awareness to see himself as the slave and blackamoor of the lord lieutenant. We have also seen the parliamentary tyro in the custody of the serjeant at arms, the dispenser of patronage, the provost who left to his own relatives part of the college estates. I neglected to mention the report that because of his father's improvidence he had been born in the debtors' prison in Derry; or Hardy's elegant put-down that 'his manners were not refined; Sir Robert Walpole would have relished them more than Lord Chesterfield [90]'; or McDowell and Webb's reference to his 'persistent Derry accent ...' [page 52]. And I thought it best to draw a veil over Theaker Wilder's charge that 'The treasures of the Academy ... were wasted to erect an edifice for the peculiar habitation of ...[Andrews]; and in a situation distinct and separate from the seminary, that he might be exempted from the discipline of the society ... He prostituted his prepositorial authority to pervert the publick principles of the youth ... [12]'.

It's McDowell and Webb who, in implying that poor Andrews was ultimately the victim of hospitality, bring us back to the question of how far his convivial predilections formed the

Provosts' House. Andrews was no hermit, so to answer this, we should meet his friends. After all, on the road from Madrid when he packed ten bottles of claret and ten of Graves for the ten-day journey to Seville - he was travelling alone - he noted '... I never thought I should wish to drink by myself [215]'. If to understand his house we should consider the man, in considering the man we must understand the friends.

Three stand out above others, Richard Rigby, Dorothea Monroe and Robert Fitzgerald. He remembered Rigby and Dorothea (or Dolly) in his will: Rigby on account 'of my great regard & Respect for him', and Dolly on account of 'my great respect & Regard for her many amiable Qualities [350]'. Robert Fitzgerald was, to Andrews as to Rigby, 'My dear little Bob'. Fitzgerald and Andrews were friends from their student days, and Fitzgerald testified that ' ... when in the same Kingdom we were generally inseparable ... it is impossible that two Men could be more thoroughly acquainted with each other's Minds than he and I were [110]'.

Rigby was the right-hand man of the 4th Duke of Bedford: he was 'Bloomsbury Dick' to the Duke's 'Bloomsbury Jack' [77]. For our story, the Duke was important as lord lieutenant in Ireland from 1757 to 1761. As chancellor of the university from 1765 he presented the college with this wonderful portrait by Gainsborough which hangs in the Provosts' House. Rigby had, in Horace Walpole's phrase, an 'absolute ascendant' over the Duke [201]. The satirist in 1763 had Rigby say, viv-a-vis Bedford, 'you shall be vice-roy, but I will be vice-roy over you [195]'.

Bedford deserves, at this point, a purely speculative digression. I believe that he was much more important for the artistic history of the college than we realise. He and his architects were connected, in ways which I don't yet understand, with the design of the West Front and Parliament Square. There is more to be discovered, in the as yet incompletely sorted archive in Woburn, about his, and perhaps Rigby's, contribution to the college. The jibe from the 1770's - that under Bedford and Andrews the university and college had a gambler for chancellor and a libertine for provost [25] doesn't sum things up comprehensively. But back to Rigby.

A letter from Rigby to the Duke telling him of his selection as chancellor shows us Rigby at full Mandelsonian stretch. The Duke, he says, will be pleased at this honour from 'the most respectable society in Ireland'; he, Rigby, always knew that Andrews was anxious to show his gratitude to Bedford for getting him the provostship, so Andrews will be pleased that he can repay the debt in this, the only way open to him. The appointment is welcome, firstly, as a snub to the present administration in Dublin Castle. Further it is the first time in the century, Rigby continues, that a chancellor has been chosen from outside the royal family, so there is additional satisfaction from the annoyance it will cause the court in St James's. He ends by reminding the Duke that the vice-chancellorship is in the gift of the chancellor, so further opportunities open up for Bedford to exercise some additional and advantageous patronage [373].

The honorary LL.D, with its diploma presented in a gold box [344], and the chancellorship laid Bedford under a final obligation to Andrews in the late 1760's. In the general election of 1768, the provost's meddling over the university seats, with both candidates and electors, led him into trouble.

All could have been well. Thomas Conolly controlled the constituency of Ballyshannon and could have returned his brother-in-law there; the Bishop of Clogher could have returned his own brother-in-law for Clogher; and our provost could, perhaps, have returned his own relative William Gamble for the university. Uncharacteristically, he feared that this might be carrying nepotism too far; realistically he accepted the strength of opposition to him on the board.

So he arranged a three-pronged movement resulting in his relative Gamble moving into Conolly's seat, Conolly's brother-in-law moving into the bishop's, and the bishop's man - Capel Molyneux - taking the university seat. And once his relative Gamble was elected for some constituency, Andrews was untroubled that Molyneux's voting habits were directly opposed to his own: after all, he would have been exercising them in Clogher otherwise.

This was the background to a scene on election day with Andrews presiding as returning officer in the Dining Hall. A scholar James Johnston accused Andrews publicly of sharp practice and was, accordingly, expelled from the college by the provost. Johnston appealed to the visitors who - having observed that 'The dangerous consequences to Discipline from the Introduction of Lawyers on such occasions, are too obvious to be pointed out [366]', found that Johnston should be restored to his scholarship as he had been censured by an incompetent judge [366]', that is the provost. The two visitors, however, deferred to Bedford, as chancellor. Andrews was nervous, as he explained to Fitzgerald, that Bedford might agree with the visitors thus leaving Andrews 'at the mercy of the Senr Fellows, nay indeed of every petulant lad in the University [324]. He needn't have worried. Bedford, and no doubt Rigby, looked after their old friend, however 'incompetent'. Bedford overruled the visitors in Andrews's favour. What was seen as Andrews's injustice was long remembered.

And so again, back to Rigby.

Here he is, in a wonderful bust once owned by Andrews, and now in the Provosts' House. Here, then, is Andrews's great pal, with whom he spent most summers in Essex, with whom he went to the south of France in 1764, and to whom he left his Piranesis. Here is the 'Monarch of the Mohocks' [139], one of the monks of Medmenham Abbey, a hell fire club for dilettanti [*, Baratariana]. Here is the man whose heart, said Horace Walpole, 'was naturally good, [but] grew to think it sensible to laugh at the shackles of morality [201]'. Here is the one reminded by Richard Waite that 'you touch a cool Thousand for the Provostship, and ... for Peerages, Bishoprics, commissions in the army, and Robinson's appointment to be a Judge, you carried with you from hence near Seven Thousand Pounds [332]'. Here is the one who gambled away the night of the 21st of December 1758 in White's, undisturbed by the earthquake that was shaking London [254]. Here is the one who, judging merely from the index to Lewis's correspondence of Horace Walpole's letters, beat up clergymen, tricked custom house officers, insulted Henry Fox, defied the Oxford proctors, impersonated press gang officers, and betrayed Rockingham and Grafton. But here, too, is the man who, it was said, wept 'like a child' at the news of our provost's death [90].

It's difficult to know how cultivated Rigby's tastes were. He employed Robert Adam to design a church on his estate in Essex. He had Horace Walpole redesign his park, and titivate

the interiors of his house. He lived in very great style, next door to Spencer House in London, and in the Horse Guards in Whitehall, which Andrews presumed to refer to as 'my old apartments [219]'. He sat to Reynolds [81] and, as we know from the bust in the Provosts' house, to Christopher Hewetson. But few other likenesses are known. Abroad, with or without Andrews, he dined with the bon ton, gorged on figs and peaches in Toulon, and doesn't seem to have talked much like a connoisseur (in Antwerp, for instance, he admits that 'I was tired of Rubens's great bubbies & enormous legs & arms [374]'). It's tempting to say that, like the provost, his artistic tastes did not extend beyond the gentlemanly.

He was unmaried. Or rather, in anonymous words from 1788, he was not 'known to have experienced any violent inclination to the bonds of wedlock [3]'. 'In the prime of life Mr. Rigby sacrificed pretty freely to conviviality; - and it were vain to contradict it, when he has left behind him two or three such stubborn evidences of the fact [2-3]'. A daughter, Sarah Lucas, was one such stubborn fact. No such stubborn facts are associated with Andrews. All we can quote is his comment to Fitzgerald that 'I don't think that either You or I are likely to have any children that we shall own ... [320]'.

Here is Rigby's, and the provost's, friend, their 'dear little Bob', Robert Fitzgerald, painted by Anton von Maron to whom Andrews also sat. Bob though no prude was altogether more respectable than Rigby (who seems to have nominated Fitzgerald as his second when Rigby challenged Lord Clanrickard). Fitzgerald was more cultivated than Andrews. To Lord Charlemont's biographer, Fitzgerald was ' one of the few gentlemen in Ireland, who at that time cultivated polite literature, and the fine arts, and was much respected by Lord Charlemont ... [85]'. Andrews, writing to him from Rome, telling him that he accepted Fitzgerald's portrait and promising him his own bust in exchange, exclaims in surprise at Fitzgerald being both 'A dilettante & [a member] of White's! [318]'. Fitzgerald was a distinguished traveller, to Constantinople, Greece and Asia Minor. In Asia Minor he recorded an inscription on an aquaduct [316] which may yet help to identify the only known building by Vitruvius. In Rome he engaged the famous antiquary and dealer James Byers to acquire for him engravings of Herculaneum, Piranesi's Albano, and marble tables [315]. In Paris his agent bought classic authors which might suit 'your friend Mr Provost' [322]'. No image of Bob, alas, survives in the provost's house today.

Nor does an image survive there of the third intimate of Provost Andrews, Dorothea, or Dolly, Monroe. That there was an intimacy is implied by the affectionate reference to her in Andrews's will: ' I entreat Miss Dolly Monro to accept my colour'd prints (a fitter ornament for her dressing room than my Library) as a Mark of my great respect & Regard for her many amiable Qualities [350]'. Here is Dolly, all the way from the County Down, the niece of Lady Ely [*check] of Rathfarnham. Lady Ely had high hopes for Dolly: with the lord lieutenant Townshend recently widowed, why should not Dolly - in the words of Baratariana - marry Townshend, and thus 'embellish ... the vacant chair in the chamber of carousals [8]'. Lady Ely managed to move herself and Dolly into rooms in Dublin Castle 'wherein to adjust and reconcile the violences of travel, whensoever Dorothea should be led forth from the fields [of Rathfarnham], to grace the carousals of the King of the island' [8]. Soon, however, the viceroy's eye was caught by one of the Montgomery girls, and Dolly was laid aside, her 'many amiable Qualities' to be the delight of others. We can't say much about the Provost's

coloured prints which ended up in her dressing room; can they have been among what Barratariana described, during the lifetime of the provost, as 'among the chief ornaments in the Provost's house ... [namely] portraits of that celebrated courtesan [Peg Woffington] in various characters and attitudes [12]'? Here is one well-known portrait of Peg, in a most peculiar character or attitude; can this once have been in Andrews's collection?

Peg herself is sufficiently famous, and sufficiently diverting, a figure, and sufficiently involved in Andrews's life, to merit a small digression this morning. As the world knows, she was a celebrated actress, famous in at least one of her roles as a male impersonator. Invariably known as Mrs Woffington, she was, as Patrick Geoghegan so felicitously put it, 'resolutely unmarried, but never unattached [59]'. She was the mistress of David Garrick, of Lord Darnley, and of Charles Hanbury-Williams whose verse declared her to be, without her clothes, more lovely than the sun [209]. She was also, it was believed, the mistress of the provost. Described as a 'jovial, witty Bottle-Companion [191]', she was the spirited president and only woman member of Thomas Sheridan's Beef Steak Club. This was a theatrical assembly of senior supporters of government, including the lord lieutenant, his son Lord George Sackville ('the soul of the party [177a]'), and Andrews [169].

These friends, variously as spirited, as amiable, as affectionate, and as rough as Andrews was himself, were close to him. But we also know him as 'Frank with many friends'. He wouldn't like us to forget that the empress has spoken most kindly of him in Vienna [94]; that George III is concerned at his undertaking a hazardous trip to Spain [214]; that he has received a Sallust from the Spanish Infante. The Duke of Newcastle is 'my good friend [326]'. Back home he made Lord Mornington his professor of Music, and no doubt enjoyed Mornington's salacious catches ('A jolly fat friar said to a lovely nun, Come, my dear, let us have a little fun ...' [A Johnstone e-mail]). Then there was Buttermilk Jack Magill. But we should be strictly fair to Magill. He was acquitted of the rape of the 12-year old [Johnston Liik]. And since Andrews did incautiously borrow 1,600 pounds from this ' very false shabby fellow' (the words are Townshend's) [345, 307], perhaps Magill did have some claim to the honorary LLD he picked up in 1760.

There is one more source which helps us to understand our hero, Anton von Maron's portrait of him in his late 40's, painted in Rome, and still hanging in the Saloon of the Provosts' House.

Rigby characterised him as a 'burly personage' [374]. So does Maron. Counting his blessings in the year before he died, he says 'I have a library & a Cellar extremely well furnished ... [221]'. We know a little about his books; we know a great deal about his cellar. At Bologna he complained, surprisingly, that 'he can't get a good glass of wine [74]'. In Montpellier, he noted that 'good Muscadet is no despicable Wine [218]', adding 'I have bought large quantities of Spanish & Languedoc Wines ... [219]'. In Nice he had the foresight to send 'some excellent Hermitage & Champagne here before me & I daily expect a Hogshead of Claret from Bordeaux ... [222]'.

I'm sure that it was for the sake of the wine, and the operas, and the society, and the carnivals that he travelled. Here he is in Venice, in May 1767, characteristically busy name-dropping: he has dined with the Duke of Wurtemberg (and some 'de nos autres Anglois

[318]'). 'Tis now Ten O'Clock' he continues '& I am just going to mask for the Opera - The Regatta is fixed for next Wednesday ... [318]'. But as to his interest in virtu, more than a year later the British Resident in Venice was wondering what to do with 'several [uncollected] Cases of Pictures &c belonging to the Provost ... [290]'. It was, perhaps, as connoisseur that he attended the lord lieutenant to the exhibition of entries for the Royal Exchange competition, a display which generated the most learned architectural controversy in mid-century Dublin [16]. On the other hand, it's not clear that he was a discerning observer. His response to the Alhambra, for instance, was uncomprehending, and he furnished it in his imagination, not with Moorish luxury, but with the trappings of medieval British chivalry, 'tilting furniture, emblazoned shields, Impresses quaint, Caparisons ... tinsel trappings, gorgeous Knights at Joust & Tournament [217]'. Too much Strawberry Hill.

But he was an intrepid traveller. In Gibraltar surrounded by the pleasures of '...Theatre ... assemblies, Cards & Dancing hearty Meals & laughs [217]' he hopes the Emperor of Morocco will allow him to get to Africa.

His travelling was done in some style, armed, of course, and with three servants [214], and a carriage bought in Paris [317]. For the Roman portrait, Maron - in the manner of the photographers Lafayette - provided his own props such as the table which appears in Maron's other portraits; and also, perhaps the academic gown which I can't believe Andrews brought all the way with him to Rome. But the cascade of Brussels bobbin lace, and the gorgeous waistcoat embroidered with gold and -this the very height of fashion - fur trim, are Andrews's own. On his way south, he had spent a fortnight in Paris 'to provide myself wth some cloaths [317]'. Complaining in an undated letter of his Italian valet Antonio, he bemoans damage to 'three or four rich suits of cloaths to cut a figure with ... [317]'. What we would give to see Maron paint him in his 'Vigonia [*] suit [which] has been much admired . The French say - "c'est un drap superbe, Magnifique, mais Diablement cher [219]" '!

Unlike other Grand Tour portraits, here are no Colosseums, no Corinthian fragments, no antique statuary. You begin to suspect that when he speaks of his 'tantus amor Romae [317]', the good classicist Andrews is thinking as much of bobbin lace and fur trim as of the true rust of Caesar's wars.

This nearly, but not quite, completes our own portrait of Andrews: vain, bibulous and intrepid; affectionate, scheming and toadying; unpolished, gifted , ribald and gallant. And confident? Yes, in Maron's portrait, and also in his own great house, which he built for the entertainment of himself and his friends, some of whom - thanks to Maron, Gainsborough, Hewetson and Nollekens - still linger there.

It is a true party-giving house, with its partying room - the Saloon - disproportionately large for the house. And the approach to this partying room, from forecourt for carriages, to outer and inner halls, to grand staircase, is the processional route prepared for his guests. He was proud enough of his busts and lustres to leave them, not to the college, but to his provostial sucessors [350]. Here stayed the Duke of Bedford, when he came for his installation as chancellor (on which occasion the Duke thought Andrews's Latin oration 'the most elegant ... ever ... uttered [41]' while in the college library 'I ... was harangued by the public orator, in a short English speech ...'). Here Andrews entertained Lord Townshend in 1773. By this time Townshend had married Ann Montgomery. The provost gave the pair dinner together with 'a select Party of Two dozen [221]'. One hopes Dolly, if disappointed, was of the party.

It is dear little Bob Fitzgerald who gives us some details of the domestic economy of the Provost's House in Andrews's time. Before his election as provost, Andrews 'with one or two servants at the most' [110], had lived extravagantly in college rooms. But in the Provosts' House, Bob thought, Andrews managed relatively prudently. He had his half-sister [?*] and her husband (another Gamble) to look after him. Gamble was indefatigable in looking after 'the great number of [the provost's] horses and Carriages [110]'; the sister was thrifty and, Bob tells us 'always went to Market herself at an early Hour, in all Weathers'. Notwithstanding all this thrift, it cost Andrews 900 pounds a year to run the house. At 8 per cent of the cost of building the house, it's not quite clear where Bob saw the economies.

And yet, surrounded by vice-regal glamour, and the Madden pictures which had come to the house in 1766, and his coloured prints of Peg, and his busts and lustres, and his well-stocked cellar, the provost is restless, even a little driven.

1772 - he's 54, and two years from death - sees him off to Spain for almost a year. The winter of 1773-4 was spent in Nice. And although in Nice he and the Bishop of Clogher, according to his own acount, kept the two best tables [97], he wasn't well. It's not easy now to diagnoise his symptoms though he listed them: they are consistent with gastritis, gallstones, diabetes mellitus, porphyria (how that regal malady would have consoled him!) and Lyme disease. For completeness, my consultant added that 'without in any way meaning to cast aspersions, Syphilis would also fit the clinical picture' [David McGrath, 26/3/10].

There's a new tone in his letters. 'Since I recd yr last letter I have been much indisposed. I assume a chearfullness & partake of those frivolous amusements wh generally engage the time of Valetudinarians ... [222-3]'. He rallies, and plans to spend the autumn of '74 with Lord Townshend in Norfolk shooting 'for I love shooting passionately, & he has the best in England ... [and] I must be very ill indeed if I neglect my annual visit to England [224]'. But at the back of his mind is the question 'and what is it I am pursuing?'. He rarely fooled himself,

and answers: 'I flatter myself it is health, but I fear it is long life. I am running as hard as I can from Death [97]'. Poor Andrews! 'The minced Turkey, so white, the broiled legs so brown, the cold beef & hot punch I must not look for now, but in their stead, Pills purgative, carminative & diuretick ... [223]'.

And in envisioning the end three months before he dies, still resilient, he invokes a characteristic metaphor which Anna Chahoud has identified for me as from Horace: 'I past almost half a century in robust health, have had my full share of what are called the good things of this life, & whenever I am summoned I shall rise from the table uti conviva satur (that is, like a friend who has eaten enough). I can't help considering it as one of the most benevolent dispositions of Providence, that the irreperable dilapidations, w[hic]h our mortal Tenements daily suffer, render our parting wth them less uneasy ....A few days ago I rec'd a hogshead of excellent wine from Bordeaux ...[223]'. I have traced no subsequent letter from Don Francesco Andrea del Bumperoso.