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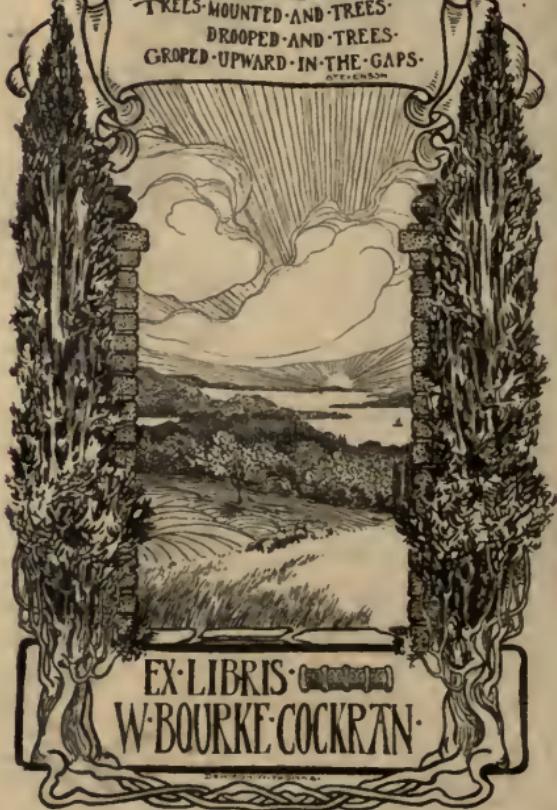
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THE CEDARS.

FROM THE ISLAND-SUMMIT TO THE SEA.  
TREES-MOUNTED-AND-TREES-  
DROOPED-AND-TREES-  
GROPED-UPWARD-IN-THE-GAPS.

O. T. E. E. N. S. O. M.

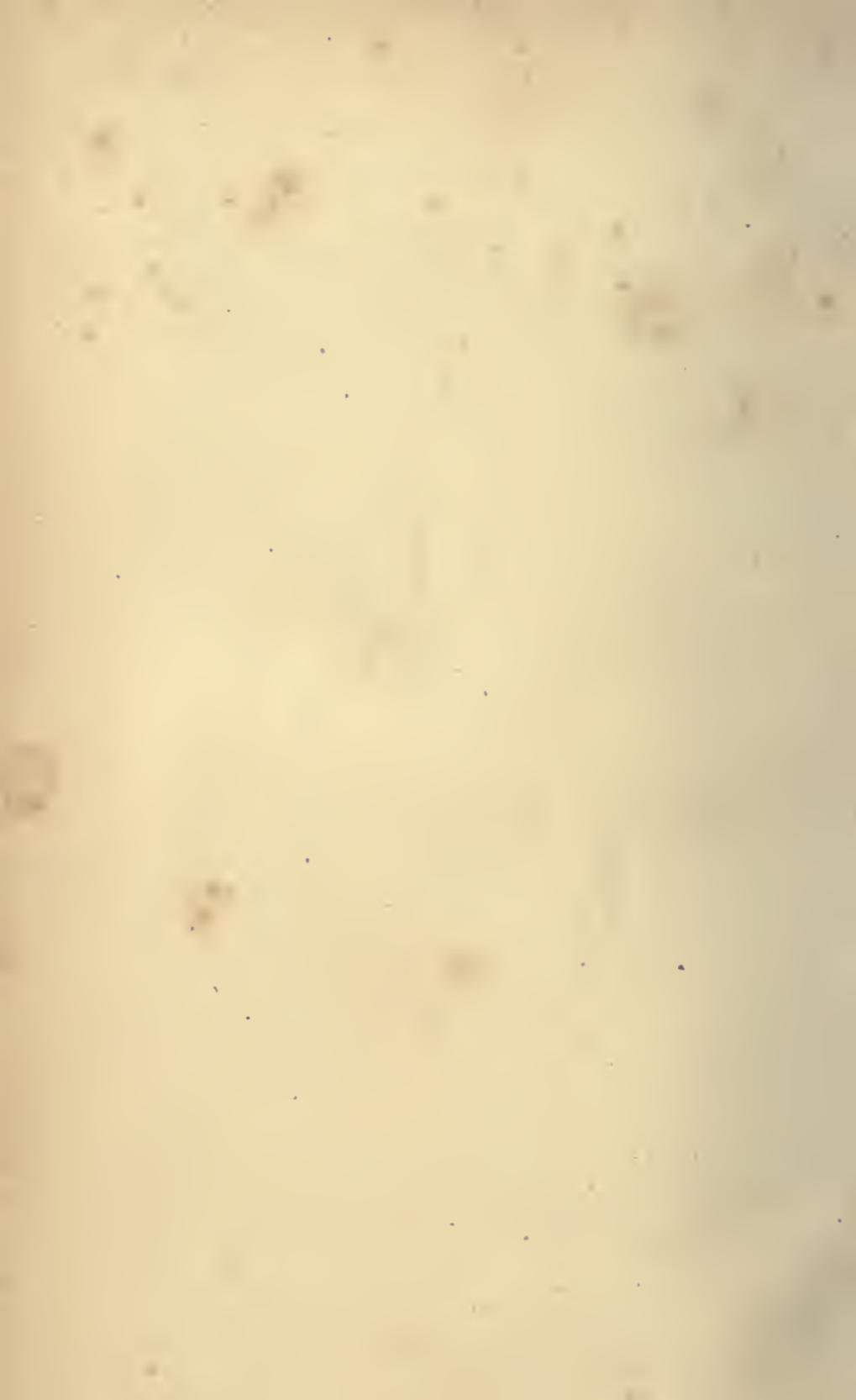


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COURT LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

VOL. II.



# COURT LIFE BELOW STAIRS

OR

## LONDON UNDER THE FIRST GEORGES

1714—1760

BY

J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY

Second Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
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# COURT LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

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THOUGH the new king had come to the throne in June, it was not until the following October that his coronation took place. He was desirous that that ceremony should be conducted with all the pomp and state possible to the occasion. George I. invariably shrank from all display, but his successor was of another way of thinking. The coronation was

therefore made a pageant from which nothing that could add to its splendour was missing. Lord Hervey tells us ‘that the dress’ of the queen on this occasion was as fine as the accumulated riches of the City and suburbs could make it; for, besides her own jewels (which were a great number, and very valuable), she had, on her head and on her shoulders, all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewellers at the other.’

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has left a racy description of the ceremony. ‘I saw the procession much at my ease,’ she writes, ‘with a house filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster Hall without much trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and give admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greater

number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and before a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this the inestimable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of Montrose crept along with a dozen black snakes playing round her face, and my Lady Portland (who is fallen away since her dismissal from Court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy, embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than anything else in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity.'

The whole town was mightily diverted by the splendour of the ceremony, and was not

easily disposed to let it pass from its mind. The management of Drury Lane seized on the opportunity of playing ‘Henry VIII.,’ having the coronation of Anne Boleyn at the close, a spectacle on which a thousand pounds was expended. All London went to see the performance, including the king and queen, who highly enjoyed the show. This scene, indeed, met with such success that it was afterwards frequently put on the stage *mal apropos* at the close of a comedy or farce. The poet of Twickenham mentions in his correspondence that the Drury Lane triumph ‘is to be succeeded by a more ridiculous one of the harlequin’s (almost as ridiculous a farce as the real state one of a coronation itself). After that the people hope for it again in a puppet-show, which is to recommend itself by another qualification of having the exact portraits of the most conspicuous faces of our nobility in waxwork, so as to be known at sight without Punch’s help, or the masters pointing to each with his wand as they pass.’

The next ceremony was the dinner given to their Majesties on the Lord Mayor’s Day at the

Guildhall, when two hundred and seventy-nine dishes were placed on the royal table. The cost of this entertainment amounted to the decent sum of £4,889 4s.

At the commencement of his reign, George II. signalled himself by an act of glaring injustice which must remain as a great stain upon a character covered with blemishes. At the meeting of the first council which he held, Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, produced the late king's will, and handed it to His Majesty, who received it in silence, and, instead of opening it before the council as his Grace expected, put it quietly into one of his pockets, and without more ado walked out of the room. The Archbishop was so much surprised at the coolness of this act that he had not presence of mind to interfere, nor did any other members of the council venture to do so. The result was that this will was never heard of again. But the late king, probably fearing that such a fate might happen to the copy entrusted to Dr. Wake, had made a second, which he left in the hands of the Duke of Wolfenbüttel ; this the honest Duke soon sold for a subsidy. The morning

after the death of George II. a package was shown to his son, the Duke of Cumberland, by Lord Waldegrave, which was endorsed ‘a very private paper.’ This was a letter from the Duke of Newcastle to the first Earl Waldegrave, then Ambassador in France, which stated that Lord Newcastle had received by the messenger the copy of the will and codicil of George I.; that he had given it to His Majesty, who had put it in the fire unopened; that a messenger was dispatched to the Duke of Wolfenbüttel, with a treaty granting him all he desired, and that by return of the messenger the original will was expected from him.

The destruction of wills seems to have been practised in this royal but dishonest family. George I. had burnt the will of Sophia Dorothea, as also those of her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Zell; all of which were believed to have been made in favour of his son; so that, when it came to that son’s turn to destroy his father’s will and exhibit what may be called the hereditary trait of dishonesty, it seems, if not a retribution, at least what might have been expected.

Prince Frederick, George II.'s son, used to accuse his father of making away with the will of the king's uncle, the Bishop of Osnaburg, who had been created Duke of York. He died the year after George II. came to the throne, and the Prince believed he had been made heir to some of his wealth. The King of Prussia, who was married to George II.'s sister, considered he had been likewise defrauded by His Majesty; but Queen Caroline, in speaking to Lord Hervey of the Duke of York's will, said his Grace left everything he had, which amounted to £50,000, to her husband, except his jewels, and these he left to the Queen of Prussia, to whom 'the king had delivered them,' after satisfying the King of Prussia (who, before the king showed him the will, had a mind to litigate it in favour of his wife) that the will would admit of no dispute. So that the king's honesty was strongly doubted even by the members of his own family.

George II. was in his forty-fourth year when he commenced his reign. The change from Prince to king seems to have altered his habits but little during the first years which he sat on

the throne. Mrs. Howard still retained her position as his mistress, and at the same time her appointment as Woman of the Bed-chamber to the queen. It was not through any affection that His Majesty had for her that she was selected for this position, but rather as a protest to the court that he was not subject to, or governed by his wife, a suspicion to which he was most sensitive. When he succeeded to the throne Mrs. Howard was in her fortieth year ; her deafness had much increased ; and though the king, with that regularity for which he was remarkable, spent as much of his time with her as before, yet those who had long paid her court began to suspect that she exercised but little influence over her royal master.

It was the king's boast that Her Majesty never meddled in his affairs, nor did she—in the presence of others ; but his very sensitiveness on this point arose from the fact that he undoubtedly began to feel that he was swayed by her influence. As when she was Princess, so it was when she became queen. She held private consultations with Sir Robert Walpole, when they both settled questions of political interest accord-

ing to mutual satisfaction. When these conclusions were arrived at, Her Majesty, with the exquisite skill that distinguished her, would afterwards impress them on the king's mind so delicately that he came to believe they were his own sentiments, arrived at from mature reflections. But, if he were anxious to seem as if he acted independently of the queen, he was yet more eager to show that his mistress had no power over him whatsoever.

In public he slighted her, and made a point of contradicting any statement she made with all the rudeness characteristic of the little domestic despot. Scarce a wish of hers was ever complied with. The only advantage which the royal mistress derived, was that of being saved from a state of indigence, to which she would otherwise probably have sunk; and the sole favour her family received from her position was a peerage given to her brother, Sir John Hobart.

The queen had not only looked complacently and tolerantly on this strange liaison of her husband's, but was even anxious to retain her 'good Howard' in the position she held, know-

ing that the king must keep a mistress, and fearing that, if Mrs. Howard left him, a younger and handsomer woman might supplant her in the power she exercised over him. When it came to pass that Mrs. Howard—then Lady Suffolk—wished to retire, the queen lent an unwilling ear to her desires, when the king complained, with a want of gallantry almost brutal, that ‘she would not let him part with a deaf old woman that he was weary of.’

A favourite with the queen, and a rival of Mrs. Howard’s (though not for the king’s favour) was Mrs. Clayton, afterwards Lady Sundon, one of the Women of the Bed-chamber to the queen. She exercised a strong influence over Her Majesty, which she used not unfrequently for her own benefit. Some of the letters addressed to her during the time she was in power are preserved in the library of the British Museum, and fill five stout volumes. The cringing tone, the sycophancy and flattery with which they overflow, would prove amusing if it were not so sad to consider the servile depths to which men and women can descend when self-interest lies at bottom. Almost everyone who looked for court favour

or official appointment, from dukes to the most humble servitors, sought her interest.

In her general distribution of good things, her own family was not overlooked. Her brother-in-law was offered a snug post under Government; her nephews obtained good military and civil appointments, whilst her nieces were made maids-of-honour. These young ladies became a kind of unpaid court spies in her service, and it is laughable to read the letters they penned to their ‘most worthy and generous of aunts,’ keeping her acquainted during her absence with the pettiest news concerning the royal family, borrowing small sums of money from her to pay their debts, and consulting her as to economical stratagems regarding their wardrobes.

These nieces were the daughters of Mr. Dyves, a poor gentleman who was arrested for debt—a not uncommon thing in those days—and who made pitiful application to his sister to free him from durance vile.

Dorothy Dyves, one of his daughters, was appointed maid-of-honour to the Princess Anne when she married the Prince of Orange. It so

happened that the Rev. Charles Chenevix was made court chaplain to Her Royal Highness, and this young gentleman took it into his reverend head to fall in love with the aforesaid fair Dorothy, not heedless, probably, of the certain promotion which his marriage with a niece of the all-powerful favourite would obtain him.

Mrs. Clayton, when asked for her consent to the union, at first refused it, as she considered a chaplain not mate for her niece, whilst she (Mrs. Clayton) held so many court preferments in her hands. Pleading for the desired consent, with an honest simplicity that treats far more of business than of love, he wrote to the court favourite : ‘ It is a difficult thing for a man to speak of himself, and, whatever he may say, his character will, and ought to, be taken from the voices of others, and not from his own. I shall therefore only say upon this subject that I flatter myself that I may safely refer my character to the testimonies of all that know me. If it is not distinguished by any merit, I hope at least it is not sullied by any blemish. The Earl of Scarborough, who has long honoured me with his protection, I believe will not scruple declar-

ing his sentiments upon this point. As to my fortune, I pretend to none. My salary as chaplain to Her Royal Highness will, I hope, be thought a reasonable earnest of some future preferment, and, could I ever be happy enough to obtain your protection, I might flatter myself that I should one day owe to your goodness what I can never expect from my own merit—such a competency of fortune as may make Miss Dyves's choice a little less unequal. My birth, I may venture to add, is that of a gentleman. My father long served, and at last was killed, in a post where he was very well known—a post that is oftener an annual subsistence than a large provision for a family, and that small provision was unfortunately lost in the year '20. One of my brothers is now in the army—I in a profession not thought below people of the first rank ; another indeed keeps a shop, but I hope that circumstance rather deserves compassion than contempt. He found an honest and advantageous settlement upon these terms, in which he is justified by the frequent practice of people much above him, who have not his excuse of a necessity.'

Mrs. Clayton gave her consent to his marriage after a little while, and then it was but a mere question of time for the chaplain to become a bishop. He was soon made Doctor of Divinity, and his virtues and learning—which, had he not married Miss Dyves, might never have been perceived, and, therefore, have been unfortunately lost to the church for ever—got him advanced to the see of Killaloe, and afterwards to the more important one of Waterford.

Mrs. Clayton seems to have held the keys of all church patronage in her hands, and wonderful was the discernment of the wily churchmen who saw her—if their letters are to be credited—endowed with wisdom, learning, virtue, and all the graces imaginable. One of these gifted with such remarkable penetration was Dr. Clayton, a kinsman of the favourite's husband. He was early in the queen's reign converted to the Arian principles made fashionable by Her Majesty, who loved to dabble in theology and delighted in controversy, and, as a result of his change of opinions, was, contrary to the wishes of the Primate of Ireland, appointed to the see of Killala, and afterwards to that of

Clogher. The opinions of this courtier-bishop on ecclesiastical preferment may be gathered from a paragraph in one of his letters to his patroness, when recommending a son of Lord Abercorn's to her notice.

‘What occurs to me at present,’ says this Right Reverend father in God, ‘is the considering of ecclesiastical preferments in a political view. It has not been customary for persons, either of birth or fortune, to breed up their children to the church, by which means, when preferment in the church is given by their Majesties, there is seldom anyone obliged but the very person to whom it is given, having no relatives either in the House of Lords or Commons that are gratified or kept in dependence thereby. The only way to remedy which is, by giving extraordinary encouragements to persons of birth and interest whenever they seek for ecclesiastical preferment, which will encourage others of the same quality to come into the church, and may thereby render ecclesiastical preferments of the same use to their Majesties with civil employments.’

Another divine who corresponded with Mrs.

Clayton was Dr. Hoadley, a weak, sickly man who went about on a crutch and knelt on a stool when he preached. In the reign of George I. he was made Bishop of Bangor, from which see he was moved to Hereford, to Salisbury, and finally to Winchester, creeping to such preferments by the back stairs, as it were. When he was made Bishop of Winchester, the richest see he could hope for, he revealed some of his principles, which, not being orthodox, he had heretofore kept safely in the background. George II. hated him, and said conscience made him lock up his work, ‘A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper,’ until he was appointed to his last see, fearing his opinions might hurt his preferment. The king called his spiritual lordship ‘a great puppy and a great rascal,’ imitated his limping gait in the queen’s apartment, and said, in speaking of him, ‘It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favour so much above their desert, to be talking and writing their stuff . . . and very modest in a canting, hypocritical knave to be crying “The kingdom of Christ is not of this world,” at the same time

that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives £6,000 or £7,000 a year.'

For a friend of hers, Dr. Alured Clarke, Mrs. Clayton obtained an appointment to a vacant Prebend in Westminster, and for Dr. Martin a prebendary at Windsor. The Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, another of her 'pets,' was offered, on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, the Mastership of the Mint, which, though not in his province, was the only appointment she had ready for him at the time; this he had the decency to refuse.

Her influence became so great that it only kept pace with her vanity. Sir Robert Walpole one day told his son Horace that she had proposed to him to unite with her in governing the kingdom, when the statesman bowed, begged her protection, but said he knew nobody fit to do that but the king and queen.

The presents that she received for her interest were numerous and sometimes remarkable. The Bishop of Cork sent her 'a suit of fine linen,' and his Grace of Kildare a dozen bottles of green usquebaugh, the fault of which, he tells her, is 'that it loses its colour if it is kept above

a year, and if it is drunk before that time it tastes fiery and hot,' Lord Pembroke sent her one of Herbini's marble tables, 'the best he had, which they call verdi antiques,' as a means of securing her friendship. But these and other offerings were lost in comparison with the splendour of Lord Pomfret's gift, when through her favour he had obtained the appointment of Master of the Horse. His grateful lordship presented her with a pair of diamond ear-rings worth fourteen hundred pounds, which she was too much of a woman not to exhibit continually, with a pride which vexed the soul of the spiteful Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, through whom, indeed, the favourite had first obtained her place as Woman of the Bed-chamber. 'How can that woman,' said the Duchess at one of the royal drawing-rooms, speaking in a loud voice for the benefit of those around her, 'how can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?' 'Madame,' replied Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was never at a loss for an answer, and who delighted in saying sharp things, 'how can people know where there is wine to be sold unless there is a sign hung out?'

There was no doubt Mrs. Clayton had far more power over the queen than Mrs. Howard had over the king, and this caused an animosity to spring up between them which was all the deeper for the trouble they took to conceal it. Occasionally Mrs. Clayton, whose temper was not the sweetest, would give vent to her ill-humour and resentment, but she met with no response from the king's mistress, who invariably maintained a well-bred indifference on such occasions, which to her rival was more mortifying than words.

Mrs. Clayton's husband was a dull man, with no talent for diplomacy or court intrigue. When he became member of Parliament he systematically voted for the Walpole Government, and at last was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury. He was made a continual butt for his want of humour and quick perception. Once when Bubb Doddington had given utterance to a witty saying in the Treasury office, Mr. Clayton laughed, on which some of the other commissioners gave him credit for his sharpness. ‘No, no,’ said Doddington, ‘he is only now appreciating a joke I made last

treasury day.' In 1735 Mr. Clayton was created Baron Sundon, when he and his wife retired from court, where she was immediately forgotten by the learned divines and ambitious courtiers who had paid her homage so long as she remained in power, and no longer.

A man who played a prominent part in the court of George II. was John, Lord Hervey, the second son of the first Earl of Bristol, and brother of the handsome and brilliant Carr, who 'was reckoned to have parts superior to his brother.' Carr died at an early age, leaving behind him a reputation for wit, and of being the father of one who afterwards excelled him in wit. After his demise, Pope, in writing of him to his brother, speaks of 'the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind in any branch of it.'

Lord (John) Hervey graduated at Clare College, Cambridge, and in the summer of 1716 he went to Paris, and afterwards made his way to Hanover, which George I. was then visiting, in order to ingratiate himself with the new king and his favourites. This he had little difficulty

in accomplishing, and his favour increased on his return to England. His mother had already been appointed a Lady of the Princess's Bed-chamber, his brother Carr a Lord of the Bed-chamber to the Prince, and there was every chance of John Hervey coming into preferment quickly. He soon became a favourite with the Princess of Wales, to whose court he attached himself, and that favour continued unbroken till her death.

The Herveys were an eccentric family, and so unlike the generality of their fellow-creatures, according to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that she divided the human race into three species, ‘men, women, and Herveys.’ John Hervey certainly upheld the family reputation for being odd. In appearance he was singularly handsome, fair, and effeminate. In his busts and pictures, his features are clearly cut and refined, the forehead lofty and intellectual, the mouth at once delicate and satirical, the eyes full of repose and thought. Not satisfied with Nature’s gifts, he strove to add to them by painting his face, a habit which the Duchess of Marlborough said was to soften the ghastliness of his features,

but that they were ghastly, no one else has ever said, and it is safe to believe that her Grace spoke with malice, as was her wont. Pope, with his bitter tongue, speaks of him as ‘the painted child of dirt,’ and again remarks that ‘his face is so finished that neither sickness nor passion could deprive it of colour.’ The poet of Twickenham called him ‘My Lord Fanny,’ from his fairness and effeminate appearance; whilst the ballads of the period styled him ‘Hervey the Handsome.’

Intellectually he was reckoned one of the most brilliant men of that most intellectually brilliant period. His satires were sharp-edged, clever, and bright, his Parliamentary speeches full of force, and his political pamphlets were ‘equal to any that ever were written,’ according to Sir Robert Walpole: moreover, he was a linguist, and had a spice of classic lore. All through his life Lord Hervey was an invalid, a fact which he sought to conceal from all eyes. In his youth his father found a cause for his debility in the use of that ‘detestable and poisonous plant—tea, which had once brought him to death’s door, and, if persisted in, would

carry him through it'; but this ill health owed its root to a deeper cause.

There is something almost pitiable in the efforts he made to hide his malady. Writing to his friend, Stephen Fox, he says, 'I have been so very much out of order since I writ last, that, going into the drawing-room before the king, I was taken with one of those disorders with the odious name that you know happened to me once when at Lincoln's Inn Fields play-house. I had just warning enough to catch hold of somebody (God knows who) in one side of the lane made for the king to pass through, and stopped till he was gone by. I recovered my senses enough immediately to say, when people came up to me asking what was the matter, that it was a cramp took me suddenly in my leg, and (that cramp excepted) that I was as well as ever I was in my life. I was far from it, for I saw everything in a mist, and was so giddy that I could hardly walk, which I said was owing to my cramp not quite gone off. To avoid giving suspicion I stayed and talked with people about ten minutes, and then (the Duke of Grafton being there to light the king) came

down to my lodgings. I am now far from being well, but better and prodigiously pleased, since I was to feel this disorder, that I contrived to do it *à l'insu de tout le monde*. Mr. Churchill was close by me when it happened, and takes it for a cramp. The king, queen, &c., inquired about my cramp this morning, and laughed at it: I joined in the laugh, said how foolish an accident it was, and so it has passed off; nobody but Lady Hervey (from whom it was impossible to conceal what followed) knows anything of it.'

In order to strive and abate this disorder, his caution with regard to diet, and his care of himself, were unflagging. He never used wine or any other liquor save water and milk-tea; he seldom ate meat, but, when he did, he could use nothing but chicken, and for days lived on nothing but bread and water and asses' milk; which gave his poetical enemy before mentioned an opportunity of styling him, 'a mere cheese curd of asses' milk.' The wretchedness he had to endure whilst trying to simulate an appearance of vigour and cheerfulness, probably gave his mind that tinge of satire which so frequently marked his words. Yet, with all his

want of health and effeminacy of bearing, he was not without courage, as was shown by his challenging Mr. Pulteney upon his writing a political satire which gave much offence to the king.

Probably in taking this step he bore in mind what His Majesty had said to Lord Scarborough when the latter acknowledged seeing some scurrilous manuscript verses in which these lines occurred :—

' You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill be all in vain ;  
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign.  
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.  
Then, if you would have us fall down and adore you,  
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.'

The king asked Lord Scarborough who it was that had shown him these verses. My lord, who was then Master of the Horse, refused to say, telling His Majesty that he had passed his word of honour, even before reading the poem, not to mention from whom it was received. The king, who could never bear contradiction, or being denied anything he desired, grew angry, and said, fiercely, ' Had I been Lord Scarborough in this situation, and you king,

the man should have shot me, or I him, who should have dared to affront me in the person of my master by showing me such insolent nonsense!' ‘I have never told your Majesty that it was a man,’ said my Lord, coolly; when his wrathful Majesty turned from him, and never spoke to or noticed him for some months afterwards.

The cause of Lord Hervey’s duel took place a few years after this. Some pamphlets were showered on the town, attacking Pulteney and Bolingbroke, which the former believed were from Lord Hervey’s pen, and in return wrote ‘A Proper Reply to a Late Scurrilous Libel.’ This abused the king, his prime minister, and, in most virulent and coarse terms, Lord Hervey. The result was that the latter sent a message to Pulteney, wishing to know if he was the writer of the pamphlet; and received an answer from that gentleman that he would not give him satisfaction on this point until he knew if Lord Hervey had written the first pamphlet. Lord Hervey sent back word that he had not, by his friend, Mr. Fox, who asked Pulteney again if he were the author of ‘A Proper Reply to a Scurril-

ous Libel ;' and was answered that, whether he was the author or not, he was ready to justify and stand by the truth of any part of it at what time or wherever Lord Hervey wished. ‘This last message,’ says Mr. Thomas Phelam, who relates the story, ‘was the occasion of the duel ; and, accordingly, on Monday, at between three and four o’clock, they met in Upper St. James’s Park’ (now Green Park), ‘behind Arlington Street, with their two seconds, who were Mr. Fox and Sir J. Rushout. The two combatants were each of them slightly wounded, but Mr. Pulteney had once so much the advantage of Lord Hervey that he would have infallibly run my lord through the body, if his foot had not slipped ; and then the seconds took an occasion to part them. Upon which Mr. Pulteney embraced Lord Hervey, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of their quarrel, promising at the same time that he would never personally attack him again, either with his mouth or his pen. Lord Hervey made him a bow without giving him any sort of answer, and (to use the common expression) thus they parted.’

It was reserved for Lord Hervey to have the bitterest vials of Pope's wrath and satire poured upon his head. It is unpleasant to think that so much petty spite and cool malignity could lurk with a genius such as this poet possessed. Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, spoke of him as a 'lampooner who scattered his ink without fear or decency,' and this statement is at least correct so far as his treatment of Lord Hervey is concerned. With this quarrel, the name of a woman, of course—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—is inextricably mixed.

She had been all her life time a friend of the Hervey family, and her natural brilliancy, her wit and talents, must have brought her in close connection with the courtier. This friendship, however, was not shared with Lady Hervey, who had but little intercourse with this distinguished woman. Both of these ladies seem to have lived on terms of well-bred indifference with their husbands, as was fashionable in those days. Lady Mary had, at the time when her quarrel with Pope occurred, returned from the Turkish capital, and her sojourn there, as well as her previous travels, and consequent

interchange of thought with some of the most famous men of the day, had given her ideas a breadth, and her speech a freedom, that permitted grounds for uncharitable surmises regarding her acts. Lady Mary, however, rather gloried in the fame she had acquired, and was no worse than those who surrounded her, though she may have laughed louder at a *double entendre*, or called a spade a spade, and not an agricultural instrument. She was some years older than Lord Hervey, and on that account may have allowed her friendship for him to become more confidential ; but there is no trace of their intimacy crossing the bounds of friendliness. In taste they thoroughly agreed. To write a lampoon or court ballad was a labour of love to both ; each was a wit, a satirist, a sceptic, and the common bond was probably strengthened between them from the fact that his delicacy, hidden from the world, gave him a claim to the strong sympathy that lay under the polished surface of her manner. They corresponded continually, and when, after Lord Hervey's death, his eldest son sealed up and sent Lady Mary her letters, she being then settled abroad, assuring

her that they had not been read or opened, she, on writing to thank him, said she almost regretted he had not looked over a correspondence which would have revealed to him what as a young man he might feel inclined to doubt—‘the possibility of a long and steady friendship subsisting between two persons of different sexes without the least mixture of love.’

Lady Mary was a woman born to attract and enjoy admiration, and amongst those who felt the fascination which she exercised was Pope, whose heart, never given to tenderness, became most susceptible to the charms of her vivaciousness, wit, and learning. There is no doubt she received his attentions with pleasure, and flattered him, as may be seen from her correspondence. In one of her letters she assures him he has discovered the philosopher’s stone, ‘since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham.’ The poet, in responding, was not less complimentary. When he wrote to her concerning her portrait, then being painted by Sir Godfrey

Kneller, he says: ‘This picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers as I am with Sappho’s. But now—I cannot say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help to me.’

Again, in another of his gallant epistles, he tells her: ‘I write as if I were drunk; the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common decency. Yet believe me, madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin on the occasion of that return—if there be any public or private ill-fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.’

No doubt Lady Mary led on the little man by those arts which even wiser members of his sex could not withstand, until at last ‘he was fool-

ishly led into making her a declaration, which she interrupted by laughing in his face,' according to Warburton's 'Memoirs of Horace Walpole.'

With all her love of romance, flirtation, and poetry, Lady Mary had an admirable amount of sound common sense, which she brought continually into active service; and on the occasion of Mr. Pope's love-making one can scarcely wonder at her outburst of hilarity. Ridicule was a thing which he, one of the most sensitive of men, as well as one of the most vindictive, could not forgive. Lord Chesterfield speaks of him as 'the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile ratum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them,' and this estimate of him was fully borne out by his conduct in this instance.

Fully believing Lord Hervey to be his rival in her affections, he sneers in his 'Letter to a Noble Lord' at '*a natural, a just and well-grounded esteem*,' which existed between his Lordship and Lady Mary. On account of this rivalry, he aimed the full force of his satire at the courtier. When questioned as to the origin of the quarrel which

afterwards followed, Pope meanly laid the blame on his late friends by declaring that ‘Lady Mary and Lord Hervey had pressed him once together to write a satire on certain persons, that he refused it, and this had occasioned a breach.’ But Mr. Pope did not invariably speak the truth when it suited him to do otherwise, and this statement has not the appearance of veracity, for surely nothing could be more agreeable to him than the writing of satires.

Another reason he gave was that these friends ‘had too much wit for him,’ and in a letter referring to the subject he states, in speaking of Lady Mary, ‘Neither had I the least misunderstanding with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance.’ There is a pitiable shabbiness in this sentence which shows the little man in his worst, if truest light.

There can be no doubt that he was bitterly jealous of Lord Hervey, whether as a lover or a wit, and he lost no time in giving vent to his spleen. When his ‘Miscellanies’ appeared, his sneers at him were very perceptible. But this was not sufficient. In his ‘Imitation of the

Second Satire of the First Book of Horace, Lord Hervey is spoken of as Lord Fanny, and Lady Mary as Sappho, with a venom and vileness rarely, if ever, equalled in literature. In his ‘Letter to a Noble Lord,’ he denied that he had ever meant to abuse his late friends, but his meaning was too plain for this statement to find credence. In this epistle his spite seems to have gained fresh strength. It is now seldom printed in the modern editions of his works, and must be regarded as a literary curiosity. ‘I shall now give your lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant for you,’ he writes to Lord Hervey. ‘Fanny (my lord) is the plain English of Fannius, a real person, who was a foolish critic and an enemy of Horace; perhaps a noble one, so (if your Latin be in earnest) I must acquaint you the word Beatus may be construed,

“ Beatus Fannius! ultro  
Delatis capsis et imagine.”

‘This Fannius was, it seems, extremely fond both of his poetry and his person, which appears by the pictures and statues he caused to

be made of himself, and by his diligence to propagate bad verses at Court, and get them admitted into the library of Augustus. He was, moreover, of a delicate or effeminate complexion, and constant at the assemblies and operas of those days, when he took it into his head to slander poor Horace,

“Ineptus  
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli.”

till it provoked him at last to name him, give him a lash, and send him whimpering to the ladies.’

This was severe, but his lines referring to the woman whose wit and beauty he once professed to admire are, if possible, more virulent. ‘In regard to the right honourable lady your lordship’s friend,’ he goes on, ‘I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho; a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never applied that name to her in any verse of mine, public or private; (and I firmly believe) not in any letter or conversation. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation I pity,

and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs I pity still more.'

In return for this came a reply from those attacked called 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace,' in which Pope was told,

'None thy crabbed numbers can endure,  
Hard as thy heart and as thy birth obscure,'

which was quickly followed by a second, named 'Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity.'

One retort, however, seemed but to beget another, and Pope yet more bitterly painted Lord Hervey, under the name of Sporus, in the vilest colours possible. There could be no doubt but the poet had gained the battle in this war of words, but he never exercised the generosity of a victor. Wherever and whenever opportunity offered, he stung Lord Hervey with an amount of spite happily rare in the history of literature. After about ten years of silence, Lord Hervey, in a poem called 'The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue,' flung another missile at his enemy. To this came no reply, so that he had at least the satisfaction of having the last word.

No doubt the Court in general, and the queen in particular, were much incensed at the onslaught made upon Lord Hervey. The king detested 'little Mr. Pope,' but not more so than the queen. During her reign the poet continued to sneer at her; and after her death he flung sarcasms at her memory. Her Majesty was too clear-sighted not to see that beneath the effeminacy of Lord Hervey's manners and his affectation of superlative refinement he had a mind capable of giving sound judgment, and a heart that was faithful to his friends. She had need of these, and trusted them in the daily anxieties that beset her, feeling all the more confidence in both, because he opposed her opinions and maintained his own whenever he considered her in the wrong.

She showed him in return more the affection of a mother than a friend. 'It is well I am so old,' she used to say—she was fourteen years his senior—'or I should be talked of for this creature.' But if she was not talked of for this creature, her daughter Caroline was. There can be no secrets in a court but time will find out and it is now well known that the Princess

secretly loved the handsome, graceful courtier, whose office obliged him to be continually in her presence.

The queen found in him, not only an adviser, but a companion in whose society it was her delight to pass many hours of the day. In the mornings after breakfast she sent for him, when they talked not so much as sovereign to subject but as friend to friend, of politics, the king, the prince (whom they both heartily disliked), of the court, and town, and all things uppermost at the hour. If His Majesty came in to interrupt them, she would chide Lord Hervey for not having come sooner when she sent for him, so that they might have had a longer chat.

When she drove out to the chase, he rode beside her by her desire. She had presented him with a horse, and added, as a more substantial testimony of her favour, a thousand a year to his income as Vice-Chamberlain. With all this show of royal favour, Lord Hervey was not contented with his position. His ambition was to hold some office of state which would have given his talents more fitting employment than that of detailing court gossip, wiling away the

idle hours of his royal mistress with his wit, or sharing the confidences she gave him. But his desires in this direction were never gratified during the queen's lifetime.

There were reasons for this, however; the first was that Her Majesty was unwilling to spare him from the court. Her intellect was superior to, and she was far better read than, the majority of those who daily surrounded her; and in the interchange of ideas and conversation with her Vice-Chamberlain, she experienced an intellectual relief which gave her a keen sense of pleasure. When at times he had persisted in his opinions on various subjects contrary to hers, and expressed himself with but scant courtesy, she would good-humouredly say he had been impertinent and contradictory because he knew she could not do without him. This favour became the barrier to an appointment in the ministry which he would otherwise have undoubtedly obtained. There was a second reason, however, which hung by the first.

Lord Hervey was a friend of Walpole's, and the astute minister, knowing that the Vice-Chamberlain possessed the queen's private ear,

did not dare remove him from a position so valuable to himself, which might, in case of his removal, be filled by one of whom he could not make use. Yet if we may judge from some extracts from Lord Hervey's letters, notwithstanding the favour he enjoyed, he found the court occasionally dull enough, and himself sufficiently discontented.

Writing from St. James's to Mrs. Clayton, he says, 'The court removes on Monday after dinner to Hampton Court, so that I shall no longer be obliged to lead the disagreeable stage coachman's life which I have done during their stay at Richmond, and I assure you I have so little of the itinerant fashionable taste of many of my acquaintance that I look on the negative pleasure of fixing with no small comfort. It has often been matter of the utmost astonishment to me what satisfaction it can be to those people whom I see perpetually going from place to place (as others walk backwards and forwards in a room) from no other motive but merely going, for the first seem no more to prefer one corner of the world to another, than the last do this or that end of

the room ; and the only way I can account for it is that feeling an absolute cessation of thought, they keep their limbs in motion as their last resource to prevent their next heir seeing them decently interred . . . . If I knew any facts to entertain you I would launch out afresh, but there is nobody in town to furnish, invent, or relate any ; and at court I need not tell you, madam, one seldom hears anything one cares to hear, more seldom what one cares to retain, and most seldom of all what one should care to have said.'

Again he writes : 'I will not trouble you with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle ; so that by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the court. Walking, chaises, levees, and audiences fill the morning ; at night the king plays at commerce and back-gammon, the queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly

gauntlet, the queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schutz spluttering in her face, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles, all at a time. The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princess Amelia and the Princess Caroline. Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another, as Dryden says, “Like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak,” and stirs himself about as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker, which his lordship constantly does to no purpose, and yet tries as constantly as if it had ever once succeeded. At last the king comes up, the pool finishes, and everybody has their dismission. Their Majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Lifford; the Princesses to Bilderbec and Lony; my Lord Grantham to Lady Frances and Mr. Clarke; some to supper, some to bed: and thus (to speak in Scriptural phrase) the evening and the morning make the day.’

As his office of Vice-Chamberlain necessitated his presence continually at the court, Lord Hervey’s name will be found again in the following pages.

It is now time to introduce the new king's family, some of whom played an important part in the history of the court.

## CHAPTER II.

The King's Family—Prince Frederick at Hanover—His Proposed Secret Marriage---His Arrival in England—Hated by his Parents—His Popularity—The Prince and Miss Vane—Lady Archibald Hamilton—The Prince wishes to get Rid of Miss Vane—Feelings of the Royal Family towards him—His Passion for Music—His Proposed Marriage—Arrival of the Bride—The Marriage Ceremony.

DURING the residence of the Prince and Princess at Leicester House, three children were born to them, William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland, Mary, and Louisa. Of their seven children, Frederick, born in 1707, was the eldest. Since he was about seven years old, he had never seen his mother, and his father only on the occasional short visits he paid to Hanover.

When his grandfather had left the Electorate

to take possession of the English crown, it was his good will and pleasure that the usual ceremonies should be carried on in his absence at the Hanoverian Court, and that Prince Fred, then a mere boy, should hold a drawing-room daily, and receive the same attention as George Lewis had done before Fate had made him a king. Left to the guardianship of tutors, and exposed to the debasing servility of courtiers, the young Prince quickly found other employment for himself than in holding drawing-rooms. He soon learned to drink and gamble. His manners to those who were not his favourites became rough and unbearable, and his general conduct degraded. The fruits of his estrangement from his parents, and the licence he enjoyed, became visible soon after his arrival in England. This event did not take place until his grandfather had been dead about eighteen months, for neither his father nor mother desired to see him.

The king remembered what a thorn he himself had been in the flesh of his royal father, and of what use a Prince of Wales was liable to be made in the hands of courtiers and

politicians in opposition to the king's ministry; and, now that he had come to the throne, he feared his son might follow in his own footsteps. The Prince might have remained much longer in Hanover, but that the nation began to busy itself with the fact that the next heir to the throne was living away from the people, and out of the country over which they believed he would reign in the coming time. He was receiving a foreign education, it was said, and, if left longer abroad, would come to England as ignorant of English ways as his grandfather had been, and probably with the same stolid attachment to the little Electorate and its interests in preference to those of the British nation, and this was a consummation not to be desired. The king, however, closed his ears to the voice of the people, as he invariably did when it did not suit him to hear it, until the Privy Council reasoned with him, and then he felt he could no longer keep the heir-apparent out of the kingdom. Perhaps an action of Prince Frederick's at this time made His Majesty pay

more heed to the wishes of his ministers than he otherwise would have done.

In the reign of George I., a negotiation had been set on foot for the marriage of Prince Fred to his cousin, the Princess Royal of Prussia, and of the Prince Royal of Prussia to the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of George II. At first both the royal houses seemed equally anxious for the marriages, but soon a coolness on the part of George I. was caused by Frederick William's secession from the Treaty of Hanover. This coolness regarding the marriage proposal increased when the second George came to the throne; for the king hated his brother-in-law of Prussia with an intensity which found a climax in a challenge to a duel.

At this time Prince Fred was at the romantic age of one and twenty, and believed himself very much in love with his fair cousin, and his affection was much strengthened, of course, by the opposition which his father gave. On the other hand the Queen of Prussia favoured the Prince's addresses, and her royal spouse shared her sentiments, because the union would be

certain to exasperate King George. Affairs had arrived at this stage when Prince Fred secretly sent word to his aunt that he would, with her consent, travel to Prussia incognito and marry his cousin, requesting her to keep his proposition a secret. The queen was delighted, sent him word of her approval at once, and promised to keep it secret from all. The king, who was at Berlin when the message was communicated to him, was no less pleased, and hurried to Prussia that he might be present at the ceremony. But the queen, woman-like, could not keep a secret. In her excitement she told Dubourgeay, the English envoy, believing him to be sufficiently her friend to favour the design so far as he could. He did not, however, receive the communication in the spirit in which it was given, and told the queen it was his duty to send word of it to his master, King George. The queen was now in a dilemma, in vain she pleaded to him not to betray her, but the result was that a messenger was hurriedly despatched to England with news of the marriage. There was nothing left for the queen but to hope the Prince might arrive in time

before his father's interference could reach him. But this was not the case. Colonel Launay was sent from England charged with the mission of bringing the Prince from Hanover, and so the chapter of this romance ended.

When leaving the Electorate the Prince was encumbered with debts which his father refused to pay, and which were, therefore, left behind as tokens of remembrance with the Hanoverian subjects. His arrival in England was not hailed by any public rejoicing, and he was received by his family with but cold courtesy. Lady Bristol describes him, with that charming flattery which comes with wondrous ease to a courtier, as 'the most agreeable young man it is possible to imagine, without being the least handsome; his person little, but very well made and genteel; a loveliness in his eyes that is indescribable, and the most obliging address that can be conceived.'

Somerville goes further still; being a poet, he, in writing of a prince especially, took the full license allowed his craft. In a poem called '*The Chase*', Prince Fred is depicted in these lines:—

‘ Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown and fair  
As op’ning lilies : on whom every eye  
With joy and admiration dwells. See, see  
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.  
Is it Adonis for the chase arrayed,  
Or Britain’s second hope ?’

If this youth was Britain’s hope, he was certainly not the hope of his parents : between him and them there existed a dislike and distrust impossible to trace to its origin, but which widened every year of his life. That some cause existed for their hatred to him is evident. Sir Robert Walpole, who enjoyed the confidence of the king and the friendship of the queen, and was aware of the secrets of the royal household, knew the origin of the unnatural strife. Lord Hardwicke tells us he informed him ‘of certain passages between the king and himself, and between the queen and the Prince of too high and secret a nature even to be trusted to this narrative.’ Another courtier, who enjoyed even more of the royal friendship than Walpole, Lord Hervey, set down certain passages in his memoirs, consisting of several sheets, ‘that appeared to have contained additional details of the dissensions of the royal family,’ as John

Wilson Croker tells us; but these were destroyed by Lord Hervey's son, the Earl of Bristol. So that, whatever the nature of the original feud was, all traces of it are lost.

George I. hated and quarrelled with his son, and history repeated itself in the persons of George II. and his heir. Soon after his arrival in England, Frederick was made Prince of Wales. His manners were, when he pleased, agreeable enough, and bid fair to render him popular, if not with his own family, at least with the courtiers, and that share of the public with whom he came in contact. He had not so much of the German stolidity in his character as his father, but instead, he cultivated a pleasing hypocrisy, which became more and more habitual to him with advancing years. Lord Hervey says, 'he was as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other, never having the least hesitation from principle or fear of future detection in telling any lie that served his present purpose.'

When he first took up his residence in England, he could speak but little of the language, and

was totally ignorant of everything concerning the country. He also seemed to have a dread of his father, which feeling was mistaken by the courtiers for respect and obedience. But this, alas! quickly began to wear away, and no doubt those who attached themselves to his person were not slow in pointing out to him the way he should go, according to their lights. The king treated him with the uttermost coldness and indifference, and a breach widened between them every day. Lord Hervey says that, ‘whenever the Prince was in the room with him’ (the king), ‘it put one in mind of stories that one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company, and were invisible to the rest ; and in this manner wherever the Prince stood, though the king passed him ever so often, or ever so near, it always seemed as if the king thought the Prince filled a void of space.’ But this habit of utterly ignoring him was not arrived at until he had been some little time in England. Frederick had, after a few months, thrown off all dread of the king’s displeasure, and the restraint which he had felt on his first arrival. He had begun

to feel the disadvantage of relying on his royal and excessively stingy father for a due allowance, and to complain loudly of the limited sum allowed him ; this grievance was subsequently made the chief occasion of the disgraceful quarrels which ensued between them.

The queen never showed the slightest affection for her eldest son, but treated him with contempt, and her example was followed by his sisters, who seldom lost an opportunity of giving expression to their dislike.

Meanwhile his popularity increased. He was found to have a taste for arts, and immediately he became a royal patron ; it was discovered that he could appreciate wit, and soon such men as Chesterfield, Pulteney, Cobham, Doddington, and Sir William Townshend gathered round him. Then again, at times he was liberal in his expenditure, and this gained him a favourable repute amongst the public.

All this popularity, perhaps, only helped him to get into debt and difficulties, though, according to the queen, he cost his father £50,000 a year, which she considered more than sufficient for a bachelor. But he had no settled allow-

ance from the king, and this fact filled him with a discontent which he took every means of ventilating. It was in a time of need that Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, bethought her of a plan which would mortify the king and queen, whom she now detested, and which would, at the same time, re-establish her in a power fully as great as that which she enjoyed in the days of the late Queen Anne. This scheme was to marry Prince Fred to her grand-daughter, Lady Diana Spencer, to whom she was ready to give a dowry of £100,000, a bribe which she believed the Prince would not resist. In this supposition she was right. He fully entered into her arrangements, was anxious to obtain both money and wife, and take a step which would anger his parents. The wily Duchess bound him to the strictest secrecy, and appointed that they should meet at the Lodge in Richmond Park, where the marriage ceremony was to take place. However, they counted without their host. Walpole, who seems to have had a special faculty for finding out plots, discovered the Duchess's scheme, which of course rendered it impossible to carry out.

This gave fresh cause for the royal resentment against the Prince and the Duchess, and in return for her Grace's bitterness towards them and Sir Robert Walpole. This feud was afterwards strengthened by her grandson, the second Duke of Marlborough, becoming one of the Prince's friends, and one of the Prime Minister's political enemies.

So far as morals went, the Prince of Wales soon showed that he was no better than his father, or than his grandfather had been. His first intrigue at the English court was with Miss Vane, eldest daughter of Gilbert Baron Bernard, one of the queen's maids-of-honour, 'who was willing to cease to be so upon the first opportunity.'

Miss Vane one day gave birth to a male child in her apartments in St. James's Palace, and this offspring was publicly baptized and named Fitz-Frederick Vane. Lord Hervey, the queen's favourite, though he had been married some dozen years and was the father of a family, was likewise the lover of this young lady, and became violently jealous of the Prince, whom he now hated, which latter fact must have delighted

Her Majesty. The Prince on his part found no difficulty in returning the compliment. Another lover of the fascinating Miss Vane was the first Lord Harrington; each of these believed that he was the father of her child, and told Sir Robert Walpole so in private.

The Prince's right to paternity was, however, admitted by the lady, who no doubt knew that heavier claims could be exacted from him than from those who sought to share the same distinction as His Royal Highness. But, notwithstanding her ceding him this favour, he did not long remain constant to her, and in her stead selected Lady Archibald Hamilton, wife to the Duke of Hamilton's brother, and the mother of ten children. Lady Archibald was no longer either young or beautiful, but she was brilliant and clever, and showed herself a consummate actress, making her husband believe her a strictly virtuous woman with as much ease as she persuaded the Prince of her admiration for his supposed abilities and beauty of person. The intimacy of my lady and His Royal Highness was plain to all but the man most concerned by it, who by the way was old enough to be her

father. The Prince walked with her publicly in the mornings in St. James's Park, visited her frequently at her home, and when she came to the royal drawing-room, they stood whispering in the corners, apparently oblivious of all present. She ruled the weak-minded Prince readily, hated Miss Vane thoroughly, and besought him to get rid of her as quickly as possible. To this wish the queen added hers, as there was about this time some project of his marriage talked of at court.

The Prince, without much trouble, agreed to part with Miss Vane, of whom he was getting tired. He sent his friend Lord Baltimore to her with a message stating that he wished her to live abroad for a few years, during which he would take charge of the child, and that, if she did not comply with his wishes in this respect, he should withdraw the sum of £1,600 a year which he had allowed her since her dismissal from court. The exact words of his communication were that, 'if she would not live abroad, she might starve for him in England.'

Miss Vane was a clever young lady, and made no reply to Lord Baltimore, but took time

for consideration, and meanwhile sent for Lord Hervey in order to advise with him. He, as might be expected, was anxious to thwart the Prince, and so desired her to refuse the offer, and dictated a letter for her to that effect.

When His Royal Highness received this, he was wrathful indeed, not so much with his mistress as with Lord Hervey, who he knew full well had advised her to this step and written the letter. With that want of good taste which distinguished his father in a somewhat similar circumstance, he showed the communication to his mother, his sisters, and all who would read it, vowing vengeance at the same time on the villain by whom it was written. But Miss Vane's wit, ably seconded by Lord Hervey, did not end here; she told all her friends of the Prince's offer, and showed the reply she had sent him. This annoyed him so much that he boldly denied ever having made her such a proposal. His anger, indeed, reached a pitch which she did not anticipate, and she now began to fear she had gone too far. Remembering before it was too late that discretion is the better part of valour, she wrote a second time to Prince

Fred, apologising for her conduct, begging him to remember all she had sacrificed for his sake, and asking him to allow her to remain in England. This letter soothed him wonderfully, he no longer urged her to go away, but permitted her to retain her son, allowed her £1,600 a year as before, and gave her in addition a house in Grosvenor Street. She did not live long, however, to enjoy his favours ; her death took place in 1736 ; her boy had died a few weeks before her.

So much did this amour of the Prince's amuse the town, that ballads and pamphlets having Miss Vane, or, as she was called, 'Fair Vanella,' for their theme were quickly published. 'Vanella on the Straw,' 'A Trip to the Garden of Love at Vauxhall,' 'Vanella, or the Amours of the Great,' 'Vanessa, the Humours of the Court of Modern Gallantry,' were all showered upon the public, and continued to amuse them for some time. In addition to these, a print was published a few years later called 'A Satire referring to the Marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha,' which represented a room, with a throne at the

end, to which the Prince was leading his consort; close by sat Miss Vane, with her boy by her side, and underneath ran the lines—

‘The Happy pair with Mutual Transports smile,  
And by Fond Looks each other’s cares beguile.  
Backwards behold the Effects of Lawless Love,  
In silent Grief each heedless Maid reprove.  
She feels the pangs of scorn, her Lover’s hate,  
Mourns her Undoing, and grows wise too late.’

Whilst the court and public were discussing such events as these, the bitterness and discord between the Prince and his family daily increased. The queen used to curse the hour of his birth, the Princess Royal spoke of him as a nauseous beast, declared she grudged him every hour he continued to breathe, ‘that he was the greatest liar that ever spoke, and would put one arm around anybody’s neck to kiss them, and then stab them with the other, if he could.’ One of the causes of the quarrel between this brother and sister was ‘her daring to be married before him,’ when she would have a jointure from Parliament and an establishment of her own before he could taste such privileges; another was caused by the very art which is supposed to soothe savage beasts.

The Princess had a passion for music, and was not without proficiency as a performer. Her instructor had been Handel, who afterwards undertook the management of the opera at the Haymarket. The Princess patronised him, and became interested in the success of her former tutor, whose genius she had long acknowledged. Their Majesties supported her in her desire to make Handel's efforts successful; and here the Prince saw an opportunity of opposing and causing them one of those petty annoyances which are oftentimes more galling than the perpetration of greater offences. He at once set about organising a series of operas at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, where all his friends and those opposed to the king and Sir Robert Walpole repaired night after night. This opposition, which at first might have been regarded as childish, soon became a grievance, which occupied the attention of the whole court. All who appeared at the Handel operas were at once hailed as friends of the king, whilst those who lent their presence to the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre were regarded as favourites of the Prince. Their Majesties and

the Princess were stubborn in their opposition, and would patiently sit freezing in the half empty Haymarket Opera House night after night, having the dissatisfaction of knowing that the opposition theatre was crowded with the Prince's adherents. This gave Lord Chesterfield an opportunity of saying one night, when he sauntered into the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, that he had been at the Haymarket, 'but there being no one there but the king and queen, and, as I thought they might be talking business, I came away:' a piece of humour that vastly diverted His Royal Highness, and was repeated from mouth to mouth all over the town next day. 'Voting against the court in Parliament,' we are assured, 'was hardly a less remissible or more venial sin than speaking against Handel or going to the Lincoln's Inn Fields Opera,' and the Princess Royal said she 'expected in a little while to see half the House of Lords playing in the orchestra in their robes and coronets.'

Mindful of the attempts which the Prince had twice made to marry in opposition to their wishes, their Majesties now set about arranging

a marriage for him when he was almost in his twenty-ninth year. In one of the king's visits to Germany he met the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, and he immediately selected her as the future bride of the heir to the crown, and at once wrote to the queen, asking her to inform the Prince of his choice. When, however, the king came home, the union was not spoken of for some time, and it was not until early in 1736 that a formal message from the Cabinet Council was delivered to the Prince, stating that with his approval His Majesty would demand for him the hand of the Princess Augusta. His Royal Highness, with that external show of courtesy towards his parents which formed part of his policy, answered that 'whoever His Majesty thought a proper match would be agreeable to him.'

Lord Delaware was therefore despatched as ambassador to Saxe-Gotha to demand the Princess in marriage, and a month later, on the 25th of April of the same year, the bride arrived in England. On the day on which she landed at Greenwich, the Prince hurried down to see his future wife, and spent some hours with her. The

impression she made on him was favourable, and the next day found him visiting again and dining with her. Many of the good citizens likewise went, either out of curiosity to see the Princess, or out of loyalty to greet her. A quaint account of her stay at Greenwich, speaking of the citizens who went down, says : ‘The crowd of people was very great, and her Highness condescended to show herself from the gallery of the palace, which drew forth the most lively acclamations.’ The Prince proved himself a gallant little man, for after dinner he ‘gave her the diversion of passing on the water as far as the Tower and back again in his barge, finely adorned, and preceded by a concort of musick. The ships saluted their Highnesses all the way they passed, and hung out their streamers and colours, and the river was covered with boats. Their royal Highnesses afterwards supped in public.’

The Princess Augusta was little more than a child in age and manners, and between herself and her husband there was a disparity of twelve years. She could not speak a word of English, and had come from her mother’s country house,

where she had passed the greater part of her dull, monotonous life, to a nation of which she knew nothing, and to a court beset with intrigues and vice. For her age she was tall and slender, awkward in her movements, and not very well made. However, in meeting with her future husband and the royal family, she conducted herself with a self-possession and propriety which at once influenced the king, queen, and court in her favour. Sir Robert Walpole afterwards said that her winning the king's approval when he first saw her, and her gaining the Prince's esteem so quickly, 'were circumstances that spoke strongly in favour of brains that had but seventeen years to ripen.' The Prime Minister's estimate of her was correct, for it became afterwards evident that, so far as her husband allowed her to exercise it, she possessed a mind that was wise and discreet.

Her arrival and marriage were of course golden opportunities, in more senses than one, for the bards, verse-makers, and flatterers, of which they quickly availed themselves. The bridegroom was called 'a glorious Prince, Britannia's pride,' and was assured that he and his

bride were far happier than ‘the first wedded pair.’

‘That pair in Eden ne’er reposed  
Where groves more lovely grew,  
Those groves in Eden ne’er inclosed  
A lovelier pair than you.

‘You, happier than the former two,  
Have nobler tasks assigned ;  
’Twas theirs to curse the world, but you  
Were born to bless mankind.’

Poor Adam and Eve, if they had no nobler task assigned them than Fred and Augusta, must have had a wretched mission indeed.

One William Prynn, who should have had better sense, writing from Lincoln’s Inn of the Princess, whom probably he had never seen, says, ‘Her Highness is endowed with all those accomplishments which can render life agreeable, and make a prince happy, if an amiable person, a fine deportment, and a natural sweetness of temper may be esteemed such. And, as the personal qualifications of her consort have already gained him the esteem of all good men, we have the greatest reason imaginable to expect that this marriage will be as fortunate to his country as that of his illustrious progenitors.’

How fortunate that was may readily be judged.

The University of Oxford, which had been the very hot-bed of Jacobitism, now bestirred itself to show its loyalty. Every college contributed a congratulatory ode, and these were in various languages: Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German, English, and Welsh, the latter being the production of Jesus College. These odes, seventy in number, were collected and bound in a handsome volume, as an offering to the royal bride and bridegroom, which it is to be hoped they duly appreciated.

Having rested at Greenwich one day, the Princess Augusta drove on Tuesday morning in one of the royal coaches as far as Lambeth, and, there being no bridge but London Bridge then, she embarked in a state barge, and was conveyed to Whitehall, where her mode of travelling was again changed, and she was carried in the queen's chair through St. James's Park, and finally set down at the foot of the steps leading from the king's apartments, where the Prince of Wales met her, she sinking down upon her knee to kiss his hand. He

raised her up, and, having gallantly saluted her on each cheek, led her to the great drawing-room, where the king, with surly impatience, the queen, and the whole court, all wearing the clothes they had had made for the royal wedding, were waiting to receive and congratulate her.

When she approached their Majesties, she prostrated herself on the floor before them, which act was most acceptable to the king's vanity. Both of them assisted her to rise, and she was then presented to her future brother-in-law, the Duke of Cumberland, and the royal Princesses: When the reception was over, she dined with the Prince and the younger members of the royal family, who were desired to go in their ordinary undress to the table; for but scant courtesy was shown to Fred's bride, notwithstanding that he had striven hard to have the full ceremonies for such an occasion as the present carried out.

'We are just come from the court,' writes Lady Strafford, on the day of the bride's reception, 'where there was really a great deal of finery. The Princess is neither handsome nor ugly, tall nor short, but has a lively, pretty

countenance enough. The Duke of Grafton told me we were to meet in the great drawing-room at six, and the peers and peeresses to either go down into the chapel after the queen, or to sit, during the ceremony, above in the king's closet (which he said, as a friend, he thought would be the best place) then we are to see them' (the bride and bridegroom) 'sup, and then see them a-bed, and to-morrow at twelve o'clock we are to go to be presented to the Princess's rooms, and at night is a ball.'

At eight o'clock the wedding procession formed, and proceeded to the chapel, where the marriage took place, the joining of hands being proclaimed to the people by the firing of guns. A somewhat curious account is given of the ceremony in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1736, which is quoted here in part.

'Her Highness was in her hair, wearing a crown with one bar, as Princess of Wales, set all over with diamonds; her robe likewise, as Princess of Wales, being of crimson velvet, turned back with several rows of ermine, and having her train supported by four ladies, all of whom were in virgin habits of silver, like the Princess,

and adorned with diamonds not less in value than from twenty to thirty thousand pounds each. Her Highness was led by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and conducted by his Grace the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain of the household, and the Lord Hervey, Vice-Chamberlain, and attended by the Countess of Effingham and the other ladies of her household. The marriage service was read by the Lord Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel; and, after the same was over, a fine anthem was performed by a great number of voices and instruments. When the procession returned, His Royal Highness led his bride; and coming into the drawing-room, their Royal Highnesses kneeled down and received their Majesties' blessing. At half an hour after ten their Majesties sat down to supper in ambigu, the Prince and the Duke being on the king's right hand, and the Princess of Wales and the four princesses on the queen's left. Their Majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bed-chamber and the bridegroom to his dressing-room, where the Duke undressed him and His Majesty did His

Royal Highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the princesses, and, being in bed in a rich undress, His Majesty came into the room, and the Prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff, and cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in the bed surrounded by all the royal family. His Majesty was dressed in a gold brocade turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers in silver and colours, as was the waistcoat; the buttons and star were diamonds. Her Majesty was in a plain yellow silk, robed and faced with pearl diamonds and other jewels of immense value. The Dukes of Grafton, Newcastle, and St. Alban's, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Hervey, Colonel Pelham, and many other noblemen were in gold brocades of from three to five hundred pounds a suit. The Duke of Marlborough was in a white velvet and gold brocade, upon which was an exceedingly rich point d'espagne; the Earl of Euston and many others were in clothes flowered or sprigged with gold; the Duke of Montagu in a gold brocaded tissue. The waistcoats were universally brocades, with large flowers. 'Twas

observed, most of the rich clothes were the manufacture of England, and in honour of our own artists. The few which were French did not come up to these in richness, goodness, or fancy, as was seen by the clothes worn by the royal family, which were all of the British manufacture. The cuffs of the sleeves were universally deep and open, the waists long, and the plaits more sticking out than ever. The ladies were principally in brocades of gold and silver, and wore their sleeves much lower than had been done for some time.'

### CHAPTER III.

The Prince courts Popularity—The King's Danger at Sea  
—Suspense of the Queen and Courtiers—Expected Birth of an Heir—The Prince carries his Wife from Hampton Court—A royal Quarrel and its Results—The Prince's Behaviour during the Queen's illness—Lady Middlesex—Reconciliation of the King and Prince—His Amusements, Illness, and Death—What the Preachers said—What the Ballad-makers said.

EARLY in the next month the king, who had been for some time anxious to get back to Hanover, left England after appointing the queen Regent in his absence, denying that honour to the Prince, as George I. had denied it to him when Prince of Wales. But history repeated itself in the affairs of this father and son yet more closely in the fact that one of the Prince's first acts after his marriage was to appoint Lady Archibald Hamilton, Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princess, just as Mrs. Howard, his father's mis-

tress, had been Woman of the Bed-chamber to his mother. The Prince's income was now raised from £50,000 to £80,000 a year; but this did not satisfy either himself, his friends, or his creditors. To the latter he gave bills and bonds payable on his accession to the throne, with a freedom that was almost reckless. Lord Hervey, when speaking to the queen of this, told her he thought there 'was danger of the king's days being shortened by the profligate usurers who lent the Prince money on the condition of being paid at His Majesty's death, and who, he thought, would want nothing but a fair opportunity to hasten the day of payment; and the king's manner of exposing himself would make it easy for the usurers to accomplish such a design.' Her Majesty said that was true. Then the favourite suggested that he would move for an act of Parliament making it capital for any man to lend money on a premium at the king's death, when the queen promised to speak to Sir Robert Walpole about the matter.

The Prince's dissatisfaction increased daily, and was, of course, fanned into flame by his friends, who detested Walpole and the ministry, and who were anxious to give them whatever

trouble they could. His Royal Highness at last declared his determination of calling the nation's attention to his affairs, by asking Parliament to interfere between himself and the king, and demanding a pension of £100,000 a year, the amount his father had enjoyed whilst Prince of Wales. This intention of his deepened—if possible—the animosity between his parents and himself. The queen was especially bitter, and spoke of him in the strongest terms. But the Prince was rather pleased at exciting their anger, and, backed up by his friends, he resolved that his intentions should be carried out, certain that his cause would have the sympathies of both Houses, and that he stood fair to win this continued battle between himself and his sire.

Meanwhile he steadily courted popularity, and never failed to use a suavity of manner when mixing with the people, which went far to gain him their good-will. He went about in the plainest way, usually unaccompanied by guards or lackeys, and made a point of attending all the popular amusements of the day. The more his favour increased with the public, the more were their Majesties displeased. On one occasion, when a fire broke out at the Temple, his efforts

to extinguish the flames were very energetic and noticeable. He remained at the spot from nine o'clock at night till five the following morning, and called to his aid a hundred and fifty men from the Savoy. His friends stated that the mob cried out several times during the night, ‘Crown him, crown him’; for at this period, as we shall see later on, the king was most unpopular with the people. The queen, when she heard of her son’s exertions and their result, elegantly said, ‘My God, popularity makes me sick; but Fritz’s’ (the name she usually called him) ‘popularity makes me vomit. I hear that yesterday, on his side of the House, they talked of the king’s being cast away with the same *sang-froid* as one would talk of a coach being overturned; and that my good son strutted about as if he had been already king. Did you mind the air with which he came into my drawing-room in the morning, though he does not think fit to honour me with his presence or *ennui* me with his wife’s of a night? I swear his behaviour shocked me so prodigiously that I could hardly bring myself to speak to him when he was with me afterwards;

I felt something here in my throat that swelled and half choked me.'

About a year after his marriage, when his popularity was ripe, the Prince put the project of applying to Parliament for an increase of income and a settlement on the Princess's jointure into execution. Their Majesties had a horror of the question being brought forward. The king feared that those whom he called 'the scoundrels of the House of Commons' would successfully carry his son's petition, and yielded to Sir Robert Walpole's suggestion of compromise. Lord Scarborough was, therefore, sent to the Prince to reason with him, but His Royal Highness was determined to strive and get a pension of £100,000 a year. Then my lord made bold to tell him that 'the dissensions between father and son in this reign as well as the last, was like to make the nation sick of a family that brought with them the curse of such internal disunion.'

The Prince's settlement was duly brought before Parliament, and, principally owing to Sir Robert Walpole's speech dwelling on the impropriety of interfering between father and

son, the motion was lost. The king, though victorious, was not the less enraged with Fred, whom, but for the Prime Minister's interference to save the family from public scandal, he would have immediately turned out of doors. One of the lampoons of the day prays God to send the Prince,

‘That babe of grace,  
A little meaning in his face,  
And money in his purse.’

And the same ballad, referring to both father and son, ironically says of the former—

‘Not he who ruled great Judah’s realm,  
Y-clyped Solomon,  
Was wiser than ours at the helm,  
Or had a wiser son.’

A few months before Prince Fred’s petition had been brought before Parliament, the king, in returning from Hanover, had encountered much danger at sea, and the public mind on the occasion was almost as much excited as the elements which threatened His Majesty. He had been detained at Helvoetsluys, unable to embark on account of the storm; but the queen, believing him to be at sea, was much alarmed,

and this feeling was increased by the Prince hastening to tell her he had got a letter, written at Harwich, in which it was said that, during the storm on the previous night, guns had been heard at sea, which must have been signals of distress, and that there was no doubt these had been fired from the Fleet accompanying the king, if not from the royal yacht on which His Majesty was.

Amongst the citizens, the question and answer: ‘How is the wind for the king?’ ‘Like the nation, against him,’ became by-words. His Majesty’s unpopularity was at its height at this period. It was openly stated that he had gone to Hanover to spend English money on foreign mistresses; and, as an example of the state of public disloyalty, it may be mentioned that a man going into an ale-house in the City, where a crowd of soldiers were assembled, cried out to them, ‘You are all brave English boys, and you will pledge me in the toast of “Here’s damnation to your master.”’ The king was supposed to have embarked on Tuesday, and for four days nothing was heard of him, the storm continuing very violent all the while. The public mind

was held in suspense ; a hundred messages passed between the Admiralty office and St. James's ; the tides, wind, and weather became the sole topics of conversation, which, in a little while, took a deeper direction, and speculated on what would happen in case of the king's death, and in this the queen and the Princess Caroline took part with true Christian calmness and resignation. The latter said, if Fred came to the throne, ‘she would run out of the house *au grand galop*, as fast as she could,’ but Her Majesty said she would not stir before her proper time.

Lord Hervey, by way of giving her comfort, told her that she would have more weight with her son than anybody in England, if he came to the throne ; when she answered, ‘The Prince was such an ass that one cannot tell what he thinks.’ ‘He is, madam, a mere bank of sand,’ says my lord, ‘and anybody may write upon him.’ To which Her Majesty replied that such writing could be easily rubbed out. Sir Robert Walpole was full of melancholy reflections during those days of suspense, and said he wished the king's safety, much less for His Majesty's sake than for the rest of the family. In any

case, he pitied the queen ‘falling into the hands of a son who hates her, or receiving a husband whom she has much reason to hate.’ He spoke of the Prince as ‘a poor, weak, irresolute, false, lying, dishonest, contemptible wretch, that nobody loves, that nobody believes, that nobody will trust, and that will trust everybody by turns, and that everybody by turns will impose upon, betray, mislead, and plunder.’ Lord Hervey told him his opinion of the queen’s probable influence over her son, if he came to be king. ‘Zounds! my lord,’ said Sir Robert, interrupting him quickly, ‘he would tear the flesh off her bones with hot irons. The notion he has of her making his father do everything she has a mind to, and the father doing nothing the son has a mind to, joined to that rancour against his mother, which those about him are continually whetting, would make him use her worse than you or I can foresee. Then the notion he has got of her great riches, and the desire he would feel to be fingering them, would make him pinch her, and pinch her again in order to make her buy her ease, till she had not a groat left.’

No one seems to have had much concern for the king for his own sake, but only for the position in which his death would place his family. His wife and daughter looked forward to his death with placidness ; the nation, if not with delight, at least without regret ; and his son with a satisfaction which he had not the decency to conceal. In the midst of the general suspense and uneasiness, Prince Fred entertained the Lord Mayor and Aldermen right merrily at dinner, on the occasion of their presenting him with the freedom of the City. This shocked the courtiers of St. James's, but did not surprise them.

At length, on Saturday night, a messenger arrived from the king to inform Her Majesty that he had not stirred out of Helvoetsluys in consequence of the bad weather ; the messenger had been delayed three days at sea, and had almost lost his life. The queen, when she had read the letter, was much relieved, and cried out to those around her that the king was safe.

On the following Monday the wind turned to a favourable direction for His Majesty's voyage, and remained so until night, when it suddenly changed, and another storm, as vio-

lent as the last, arose. There was no doubt at court that the king had embarked during the calmness, and all the fear and suspense just relieved, returned once more. Sir Robert Walpole believed His Majesty to be lost, and the queen shared his opinion, and now wept continually. No news was heard of him all through the week until Friday, the fourth day following that spell of calmness when it was supposed he had embarked. Then news was brought from a sloop which had some clerks of the secretary's office on board, who could only say they saw the king's yacht tack about when the storm arose, but knew no more of him, their sloop being parted from the fleet, and wrecked upon the English coast.

This news cast a gloom over all, but the Prince and his friends, who were much excited, whispered continually, and went constantly backwards and forwards, anxious to hear the last item of information, or the first message of the expected fatality. Two days more passed, and on Sunday intelligence came from the king, announcing that, after setting sail, he had put back into Helvoetsluys with some difficulty.

He was obliged to delay again, and finally arrived in London on the 15th of January, 1737.

In the following July a scene occurred in this royal family which, but for the danger accompanying it, and the brutality of Prince Fred, would read more like burlesque than reality. Their Majesties had conceived an idea that the Princess of Wales would never become a mother, and were heartily glad that it should be so, as, in that case, their second son, William, Duke of Cumberland, whom they both regarded with affection, would succeed his brother on the throne. But this supposition of theirs was doomed to disappointment when a rumour reached them that the Princess was pregnant; this fact the Prince announced to them after concealing it, for some reason or another, for a couple of months. Both the king and queen believed him capable of introducing a supposititious child into the family as his own, in order to disappoint them, and give himself an air of greater weight in the eyes of the nation; and this prejudice of theirs was heightened by the mystery which he sought to throw around the Princess's condition. Their Majesties knew full well the Princess had no will but that of her husband,

and would in all things do as he desired her. Her manners and ways were yet those of a child, as may be judged from the fact that a great part of her time was spent in nursing a big jointed doll, which she dressed and undressed several times a day at one of the windows of her apartments, unconscious of the staring footmen and sentinels, who were much diverted by her occupation.

The royal family were at this time staying at Hampton Court, where the king intended the Prince's child, if such really existed, should be born. But Frederick, from some foolish whim, or now unknown reason, desired the event should take place in London. It was therefore resolved that a message expressing the king's wish should be sent by Sir Robert Walpole to the Prince, but this was delayed, as it was thought the birth could not take place for some months. The queen determined to be present at it, for she was still suspicious of some trick on her son's part. 'She cannot be brought to bed,' said Her Majesty, in language that may have lacked elegance, but not force, 'as quick as one can blow one's nose, and I will be sure it is her child.'

On Sunday, the 31st of July, 1737, the Princess of Wales dined in public with the king and queen, and afterwards retired to her apartments at the opposite side of the court to that occupied by their Majesties. The king, in the evening, played at commerce, the queen at quadrille, and the Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey at cribbage, for it was a time when cards were mightily in vogue: at ten o'clock they all retired, and were in bed about eleven.

Meanwhile a different scene was being enacted in Frederick's apartments. The Princess had become ill, and it was evident that the hour of her confinement was at hand. The Prince immediately gave orders that his coach should be got ready with all despatch, in order that he might secretly carry his wife to London. She continued in great pain, but her husband, with a barbarity that scarcely seems credible, kept to his resolution, and had her assisted down-stairs and along the passage, his favourite and confidant Dunoyer, the dancing-master, having a hold of one of her arms, an equerry taking the other, whilst the Princess kept crying out for God's sake to let her stay still, as her pain

was great. This procession was brought up by Lady Archibald Hamilton, and Mr. Townshend who remonstrated with the Prince in vain. He then warned all his servants not to say that he had gone, and got into the coach; his valet, who was a surgeon and accoucheur, getting on the box, and two or three of his gentlemen-in-waiting jumping up behind. They then drove to St. James's Palace, where no preparations had been made, and where the Princess gave birth to a child, who afterwards became Duchess of Brunswick.

A couple of hours after this event happening, news reached Hampton Court that the Princess was about being confined. One of the women of the bed-chamber went to wake the king and queen; when Her Majesty, being disturbed so suddenly and at such an hour, asked if the house was on fire. Then Mrs. Tichburne, who had entered the room, gave her message. ‘My God,’ said the queen, not yet knowing of the flight which had taken place; ‘my night-gown, I’ll go to her this minute,’ to which Mrs. Tichburne replied, ‘Your night-gown and your coaches too, your Majesty, the Princess is at St.

James's.' Then the queen asked her good Tichburne if she were mad, or asleep, or dreaming; and, being assured she was neither, the king sat up in bed, flew into a right royal passion, and abused the queen in German, as that was the language which gave him the greatest scope for his eloquence. 'You see now, with all your wisdom, how they have outwitted you,' he said. 'This is all your fault. *There is a false child will be put upon you*, and how will you answer it to all your children. This has been fine care and fine management for your son William: he is mightily obliged to you.'

The queen was stunned by surprise; but, as soon as she could, drove off in the middle of the night, accompanied by two of her daughters and my Lords Grafton and Hervey, and was met by Prince Fred at the Palace, attired in his night-cap and night-gown, who told her a daughter had been born unto him. Then the queen went to see the Princess, and Lady Archibald Hamilton brought in the little morsel of humanity wrapped in a red mantle, for it had as yet no clothes. The queen kissed it, and

said, ‘God bless you, poor little creature, you have come into a disagreeable world.’ The Prince then began to tell the story of the journey, and the Princess’s illness, with great complacency, when the queen declared it was a miracle that mother and child were not killed. When she withdrew she said she had no longer any doubt of ‘this poor little bit of a thing’ being the Princess’s child: ‘though I own,’ she added, ‘I had my doubts upon the road that there would be some juggling; and, if instead of this poor little ugly she mouse there had been a brave, large, fat, jolly boy, I should not have been cured of my suspicions; nay, I believe they would have been so much increased, or, rather, that I should have been so confirmed in that opinion, that I should have gone about his house like a madwoman, played the devil, and insisted on knowing what chairman’s brat he had bought.’

She then wrote a letter to the king and sent for Sir Robert Walpole, who came presently looking vexed and out of countenance, and they both joined in hearty abuse of the Prince. The minister said this conduct was intolerable, and

Her Majesty broke out, ‘My God, there is really no human patience can bear such treatment, nor indeed ought one to bear it, for they will pull one by the nose in a little time if some stop is not put to their impertinence.’ She then went on to complain of the figure the whole family would make when the story found its way to foreign courts.

‘I swear I blush,’ she said, ‘when I think of the post going out and carrying the account of such a transaction into other countries.’

Her Majesty waited until morning and then took her departure from St. James’s. She said she was glad she had come to the Princess, ‘for, though one does not care a farthing for them, the giving oneself all this trouble is “une bonne grimace pour le publique;” and the more impertinences they do, and the more civilities we show, the more we shall be thought in the right and they in the wrong when we bring it to an open quarrel.’ When she got to Hampton Court, she found the king’s anger had in no way abated; whenever he spoke of his son, he coupled the appellation of scoundrel, puppy, and fool with his name, and refused to see him when he went to

court on the following Wednesday morning. The queen and Princess Caroline lavished curses on him, and daily prayed fervently for his death. Nothing could now exceed the bitterness which existed between parents and son, and it was evident that some outbreak must soon occur in the royal family.

When the queen went to see the Princess again about nine days after her first visit, the Prince neither spoke to her nor his sisters the whole time of their visit; but when Her Majesty was leaving, Fred made his appearance, handed her to her carriage, and, a crowd being assembled, he, with that hypocrisy which was part of his *rôle*, knelt down in the gutter and kissed her hand with an affectation of respect and affection duly appreciated by the mob. The smouldering feud was not long in bursting out, the result being that the Prince was desired to quit St. James's; moreover, the Secretaries of State signified to all foreign ministers that it would be agreeable to the king if they would forbear visiting the Prince, whilst a message in writing was sent to all peers, peeresses, and Privy Councillors that whoever went to the Prince's

court would not be received at the king's, and, as a final act of royal displeasure, the guard was taken from His Royal Highness. When the notice to quit was sent to Frederick, the king devoutly thanked God 'that to-morrow night the puppy will be out of my house,' and the queen no less religiously hoped in God that she might never see him again.

The Duchess of Marlborough, in writing to the Earl of Stair, tells him, in speaking of this quarrel, that 'there was some talk of a design to take the child away from the Princess to be under the care of Her Majesty,' and then adds, 'Among common subjects, I think the law is that nobody that has any interest in an estate is to have anything to do with the person who is heir to it. What prejudice this sucking child can do the crown I don't see; but to be sure Her Majesty will be very careful of it. What I apprehend most is,' continues the Duchess, who echoed the opinion of the day, 'that the crown will be long lost before this little Princess can possibly enjoy it.'

The Princess of Wales had no act or part in any of the quarrels which raged between her husband and his parents. Her Majesty used to

say that, if the Princess spat in her face, she would not heed her, because she would know ‘it had been done by the fool’s direction.’ She had no blame, therefore, for the Princess, and usually treated her with great kindness, though occasionally she had no objection to make fun of Fred’s wife.

One day when Her Royal Highness was walking in the garden at Kensington with two gentlemen ushers before her, her chamberlain leading her, a page holding up her train, and a crowd of maids-of-honour and other ladies following in her wake, she suddenly encountered Her Majesty, who burst out laughing, and appeared much amused. The poor Princess was amazed, and begged to know what was the cause of her mirth, when the Princess Caroline sharply told her it was ridiculous for her to walk like a queen in a tragedy when she was taking the air in a private manner.

In return for the obedience which the Princess unquestionably gave her husband in all things, he behaved to her with courtesy and kindness, if not with faithfulness, the lack of which she soon learned to overlook. In the midst of

intrigues, and the jarring interests of various cliques, she behaved with great tact and much good sense. Horace Walpole, who was not inclined to leniency, declared ‘she had never said a foolish thing, or did a disobliging one since her arrival ;’ and there is little doubt that, had the Prince lived, she would have exercised a beneficial influence over his maturer years.

About this time a project was mooted at court which would have been more astonishing, but that a precedent occurred for it in the previous reign. Lord Chancellor King, in his diary, bearing the date of June, 1725, states that ‘a negotiation had been lately on foot in relation to the two young Princes, Frederick and William. The Prince’ (George II.) ‘and his wife were for excluding Prince Fred, but that, after the king’ (George I.) ‘and the Prince, he should be Elector of Hanover, and Prince William King of Great Britain ; but that the king said it would be unjust to do it without Prince Frederick’s consent, who was now of an age to judge for himself, and so the matter now stood.’ The subject was allowed to rest for about twelve years, when the separa-

tion of the Electorate from Great Britain was again brought forward. Had such taken place, it would have been for the benefit of the country, and have given general satisfaction to the English people, but it was rather to gratify a family grudge than to serve the nation that the subject was considered by the Guelphs. Lord Hervey had heard that the Prince’s friends had persuaded him to make an offer in Parliament of giving up the succession of the Electorate to his brother on condition of receiving £100,000 a year in the present. The queen said the king had once resolved on such a project, but she, notwithstanding the Prince’s behaviour, had not thought it fair to deprive him of what he had inherited by birth, moreover, she was sure he ‘looked upon Hanover as a retreat in case the Jacobites in England ever got the better,’ and she could not believe he would ever consent to such a proposal, though there were few acts of folly for which she would not give him credit. Lord Hervey urged the Prince’s love of money as an excuse for the act which it was supposed he contemplated. ‘The mean fool!’ said Her Gracious Majesty, ‘the

poor-spirited beast! I remember you laughed at me when I told you once this avaricious and sordid monster was so little able to resist taking a guinea on any terms, if he saw it before his nose, that, if the Pretender offered him £500,000 for the reversion of this crown, he would say, "Give me the money." I thought it cruel and unjust to pull out his eyes,' she went on, 'but, if he likes to pull one of them out himself, and give it to my dear William, I am satisfied. I am sure I shall not hinder him. I shall jump at it; for though, between you and I, I had as lief go and live upon a dunghill myself as go to Hanover, yet for William it will be a very good morsel; and, for the £50,000 a year, I daresay the king will be very glad to give it; and, if the silly beast insists upon it, I will give £25,000, more than half of my revenue, and live as I can upon shillings and pennies.' However, after a while, the subject dropped, and nothing more was heard of it during this reign.

When Frederick quitted St. James's, by the king's command, he retired, with the Princess and his suite, to Kew, where he stayed ten days,

afterwards returning to town, and taking up his residence in Carlton House, Pall Mall, which he had got Lord Chesterfield to buy for him. Whilst here, he received a deputation from the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who came to congratulate him on the birth of the young Princess; this civic compliment having been delayed, at the Prince's request, in order that his consort might be well enough to receive them. When the good fathers of the City came to Carlton House, Lords Chesterfield, and Carteret, and the young Duke of Marlborough, and some other friends of the Prince stood near him, and delivered printed copies of the king's letter, ordering the heir to the throne out of St. James's, with a garbled account of the quarrel, and a commentary on the cruelty of the case: But this was not all. A little while after, some of the letters which the Prince had written to the king, full of mock submission, were translated—the originals having been written in French—and freely circulated through the town.

When His Majesty heard of these things, he was almost choked by passion, and gave orders to have the correspondence printed correctly, giving

special directions to Lord Hervey, who was appointed to undertake the task, ‘not to embellish the fool’s letters in the translation, or mend the spelling in the original.’ This the king had dispatched all over the kingdom, in order that the nation might judge between them.

Nothing daunted by this last stroke, this dutiful son looked about him, and soon found a new means of mortifying his father. He managed to secure the correspondence which had passed between George I. and his present Majesty when Prince of Wales, on the occasion of their quarrel, when the latter was dismissed from St. James’s, and this he had printed for public use, and widely circulated. The king was now more wrathful than ever; he said he ‘doubted if the beast was his son,’ and was of opinion he was ‘what in German we call a Weckselbalch—I do not know if you have a word for it in English; it is not what you call a *foundling*, but a child put in a cradle instead of another.’ The queen, of course, was not behindhand in the condemnation of her firstborn, and freely gave it as her opinion that

he was ‘the greatest ass, the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I most heartily wish he was out of it.’\*

The Prince soon moved from Pall Mall to Norfolk House in St. James’s Square, where he reduced the number of his attendants. The little court indeed was not getting on as smoothly as could be desired. Many of those in their Royal Highnesses’ service feared to incur their Majesties’ displeasure should they remain, and amongst others who left them were two of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, Jemmy Pelham, the Prince’s secretary, and Mr. Cornwallis, one of his equerries. Lady Archibald Hamilton still remained, and of course maintained her influence, and so filled the court with her kinsmen and kinswomen that it became a joke in town. Charles Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield’s brother, who was something of a wit, going to Norfolk House one day, ad-

\* For particulars of the quarrel between their Majesties and the Prince we are indebted to Lord Hervey’s ‘Memoirs of the Court of George II.’

dressed everyone he met there as Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, for which high offence he was promptly dismissed.

Lord Carteret, one of the Prince's supporters, was somewhat jealous of my lady's influence, and the regard in which they held each other did not contribute to the general harmony of Norfolk House. My lord had for long allowed his mind to hang in the balance as to which court he should attach himself; at the outbreak of the royal quarrel he, though one of the Prince's advisers, had helped in some way to hold their Majesties' good will a considerable time owing to his tact. The Princess Caroline used to say, if the queen was to see him at the Prince's court, my lord 'was capable of endeavouring to persuade her the devil had taken his figure seulement pour lui rendre un mauvais office auprès d'elle.' But, when he had at length to decide at which court he would serve, he preferred throwing his cause along with that of the dutiful Frederick.

Whilst His Royal Highness and his friends were striving to devise fresh annoyances for His Majesty, news came to them of the queen's

illness. Every day the Prince sent to make inquiries at St. James's, the king having forbidden him to come near Her Majesty, ‘for his poor mother is not in a condition to see him act his false, whining, cringing tricks now,’ quoth the king; and so he never saw her during her illness. He remained at home, waiting and welcoming every fresh messenger that came from St. James's, meeting them (as his friends the Duke of Marlborough and Henry Fox afterwards told the vice-chamberlain) with the speech: ‘Well, sure we shall soon have good news; she cannot hold out much longer.’

When she was dead the breach between him and his father widened, if possible, so much so that the king could not bear to visit the theatre on the same nights as his son, and it was arranged that the Prince should visit the opera on Tuesdays, and His Majesty on Saturday evenings.

Few events marked the remainder of Frederick’s wasted life. His mistress, Lady Archibald Hamilton, favouring his friend William Pitt, His Royal Highness sought consolation for her desertion in the society of Lady Middlesex, wife

to the Master of the Horse. The appointment of Mistress of the Robes was taken from the late favourite and given to her successor in the Prince's affections. Lady Archibald was dismissed with the pension of £1,200 a year, and her husband was allowed to retain his post of cofferer. It is worth remarking here that it was a son of this lady's who was husband of the famous Lady Hamilton, mistress of Lord Nelson.

Lady Middlesex was no beauty, being small in person and yellow in complexion. She was, however, learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, an advantage which Frederick scarcely appreciated, could paint and sing, was dexterous in the art of pleasing, and ignorant of politics, and with these combined advantages she was enabled to hold the Prince's affections.

In 1742, after the resignation of Sir Robert Walpole, the king and Prince were formally reconciled. Frederick, at the desire of his friend and adviser, Mr. Pulteney, 'a fool with great parts,' wrote his father a submissive letter. He had hesitated so long in acting on this advice that it was not until eleven o'clock on the night previous to one of the royal levees that this letter

was written and received. He went to the drawing-room next day and kissed His Majesty's hand. The king, though he had sworn never to speak to him, knowing that his silence would be made capital for a fresh grievance, broke through his resolution, and asked his son how the Princess did, after which he took no further notice of him. The reconciliation was a mere pretence; the same feelings existed between them as before, and, though the Prince visited St. James's on days when levees were held, yet His Majesty never deigned to notice his presence. 'Master sometimes comes to court,' writes Lady Strafford, 'but when he does he stands at the lower end of the room beside his spouse.'

The following year 'the Prince designed,' as an old manuscript letter written by one Mr. Hamilton states, 'to have a concord every Friday night, and desired Mr. Handel to make him one, which he readily agreed to; but it came to the king's ears, and he sent Mr. Handel an order not to go near the Prince. I did not believe it till I heard it from his own mouth,' says Mr. Hamilton. The dutiful Frederick in return found a means of repaying His Majesty for this

by forbidding his favourite, Dunoyer, the first dancing-master in England, to teach the younger princesses.

The king, indeed, never forgave his son, and an occurrence which showed how bitter his hate was not only to the Prince, but to those connected with him or friendly in any way, happened in 1749, when a young man at Oxford named Paul Wells was tried and found guilty of forgery, the so-called forgery consisting of his merely changing the date of a bond to the following year, which he had given to a Mrs. Crooke, for the sum of nine pounds. Condemnation for forgery meant death, but Willes the judge strongly recommended him to mercy, and assured him of the king's pardon. Willes was, however, a friend of the Prince's, and on this account His Majesty refused pardon to Paul Wells, who was executed and made a victim of the king's wrath.

One man, who acted as a guide, philosopher, and friend to the Prince was Bubb Doddington, who Horace Walpole said was always aiming at wit and never finding it. He was likewise a beau, a politician, and a maker of what has been

called ‘very pretty love verses.’ Mullet declared that his

‘Wit well-tim’d and sense well-reasoned  
Give Burgundy a brighter stain,  
And add new flavour to Champagne.’

Bubb Doddington was the son of an apothecary, and inherited an estate from his uncle. He lived the life of a fashionable man about town, mixed with courts and princes, with poets and men of letters, and politicians, grew ambitious for a peerage, and finally succeeded in entering the Upper House. He lived in luxury, his dinners became the talk of the town, and, as they ministered to his friends’ satisfaction, these friends in return ministered to his vanity. His *bon-mots* were echoed in the coffee-houses, and his stories were not without a sparkle of humour. Perhaps the best specimen of this latter trait was his reply to Lord Cobham, with whom he was dining one day in company with Sir Richard Temple. After dinner Doddington felt drowsy, and quietly went to sleep, whilst his lordship went on talking. On being jestingly reproached for this afterwards, Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove his word offered to

repeat all that Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him, when Doddington repeated a story which the noble lord owned he had been telling. ‘And yet,’ said Doddington, archly, as he concluded, ‘I did not hear a word of it, but I went asleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell this story.’

Men of letters looked on Doddington as a patron, and poets sang his praises—probably not unrewarded. Thomson, when dedicating his ‘Summer’ to him, assures Mr. Doddington, who it may be worth noting was one of the Lords of the Treasury, that his ‘example has recommended poetry with the greatest grace to the example of those engaged in the most active scenes in life.’ Dr. Young likewise dedicated to him one of his satires ‘On the Love of Fame,’ and Lyttelton one of his cantos on ‘The Progress of Love.’

The description of his houses at Eastberry and Hammersmith proves him to have been not merely a man of extravagance, but of tact. At the former residence, ‘in the great bed-chamber, hung with the richest red velvet, was pasted

on every panel of the velvet, his crest (a hunting horn supported by an eagle), cut out of gilt leather. The foot-cloth round the bed was a mosaic of the pockets, flaps, and cuffs of all his embroidered clothes.' At Bradenburgh House, Hammersmith, 'his crest in pebbles was stuck into the centre of the turf before the door. The chimney-piece was hung with spar representing icicles round the fire, and a bed of purple lined with orange was crowned by a dome of peacock's feathers. The great gallery, to which was a beautiful door of white marble, supported by two columns of lapis lazuli, was not only filled with busts and statues, but had an inlaid floor of marble.'

The owner of this magnificence had in the reign of George I. held office under Walpole, but when, on the king's death, it was generally believed the great minister had fallen, Doddington deserted his chief. On Walpole's restoration to his former office, a short time afterwards, this politician saw the mistake he had made, in spite of all his wariness. He was, however, a man who could turn himself round with the ease of a weathercock in all political winds; he

therefore bided his time, hung about the court, and when Prince Fred came to England, he had sufficient tact to wheedle himself into his favour, submitting to the young gentleman's caprices so far as to allow himself on one occasion to be wrapped in a blanket and rolled downstairs. In 1737 he struck up an alliance with Walpole once more, on the strength of a political epistle he had written, but soon afterwards he joined the Prince of Wales, and was dismissed from the Treasury.

Being a man of such easy principles, and with an inordinate amount of vanity and ambition, Doddington easily fell a prey to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who made him his tool. The wit's ready money sometimes supplied a need to His Royal Highness, who on one occasion, pointing to him, said to his secretary, 'That man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England, yet with all his parts I have just knicked him out of five thousand pounds,' and the Prince laughed at this proof of his own ability. Doddington's personal tastes in many ways were such as fitted in with those of the Prince. The beau was considered a poet, and

Frederick likewise laid claim to the title, and wrote verses to his wife and mistress by turns ; the Prince was fond of amateur theatricals, and had plays and charades acted in his own house, at which Doddington assisted. This versatile man had indeed written the greater part of a comedy called ‘The Wishes,’ which was given to the world under Bentley’s name ; then they both loved gambling, cards being a passion of the Prince, and at play he was considered very dexterous. Their views of morality were likewise strikingly similar.

One fair object of Doddington’s choice, about whom a story was rife in those days, was Mrs. Strawbridge, a lady over fond of pleasure, if report spoke truly. She lived in Saville Row, Piccadilly, where the beau visited her frequently, for the purpose of expressing his undying affection. The lady had much experience of the world in general and beaux in particular, and was anxious to put Doddington’s protestations to the test ; so on one occasion, when he declared his love for her with more ardour than usual, she told him he would soon forget and desert her ; this he denied indignantly, and the

end of their little discussion was that he gave her a bond, promising to pay her the sum of £10,000 if he should ever marry another woman whilst she lived. This, he probably thought, would bind his fancy if it were ever liable to stray; women see farther in such things, and Mrs. Strawbridge proved correct in her surmises regarding his unfaithfulness, for soon afterwards he transferred his affections to Mrs. Behan, whom he was anxious to marry, but the dreaded bond stood between him and his wish. For seventeen years he remained Mrs. Behan's lover, and made her his wife when death at length charitably removed the object of his former passion from his path.

Another friend of Frederick's, though of a very different type, was Edward Walpole, the minister's son, who assisted His Royal Highness in carrying out his more harmless amusements. The Prince strove to make him absent himself from the House of Commons on one occasion when a question in which His Royal Highness was interested was passing, but this his friend refused to do. The Prince asked him why, and Edward Walpole replied, 'You will never forgive

me, if I give you my reasons.' 'By G—d I will,' said Frederick, who had his arm round Walpole's shoulder as they both walked up and down the room. 'By G—d you will not, and yet I will tell you,' said Walpole. 'I will not stay away because your father and mine are for the question.' At which answer the Prince flung his friend away from him angrily. His Royal Highness was at this time giving weekly concerts, at which Edward Walpole was wont to perform. Though the concerts were mainly conducted by amateurs, professional assistance was sometimes had; and when Edward Walpole next came with his violoncello, his royal friend, through petty revenge, pretended to believe he was a hired fiddler; at which slight Walpole stormed, called out to his servants, had his violoncello removed, and, refusing to be pacified, left the house in a rage.

When a little time had elapsed, the Prince apologised, Walpole returned, and was as friendly as of yore. By-and-by, however, Frederick teased him to join the opposition and vote in his favour, when he wrote the Prince a plain letter, refusing to comply with his wishes,

and asking him how he would like him to behave when he came to be king; in that way, he said, he would behave whilst George II. reigned. ‘He is an honest man, and I will keep his letter,’ said the Prince. He did keep it, and years after his death, his widow, pointing to a Cremona violoncello which Edward Walpole had given Frederick, said to her eldest son, ‘George, that instrument was given to your father by a man from whom I will show you a letter. When you are king, get him about you, if you can; you cannot have an honester man.’

The Prince down to the last days of his life continued to amuse himself with gambling, private theatricals, music, planting, and gardening. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, writes that she hears there is a deal of company at Norfolk House, and that ‘the Princess of Wales, though so very young, behaves so as to please everybody; and I think,’ adds her Grace, with a touch of that acrimony for which she was famed, ‘her conversation is much more proper and decent for a drawing-room than the wise Queen Caroline’s was, who never was half an hour without saying something shocking to somebody or an-

other, even when she intended to oblige; and generally very improper discourse for a public room.'

The Prince was a patron of operas and opera singers, some of whom he occasionally brought home in a friendly way to dine or sup with him: he carried out his friendship further still for Cuzzoni, for whom he went into the court and stood bail. He was a born *dilettante*; he wrote songs and sang them, and played in private theatricals, making an excellent Paris, when Congreve's mask, 'The Judgment of Paris,' was performed at his house, Lady Middlesex being one of the goddesses. He had a musical clock, which Lady Gower pointed out to a niece of hers whom she had brought with her to be presented at the Prince's court. 'Lord, child, what are you afraid of?' says her ladyship to the girl, who was nervous. 'Can you be afraid of a man who has a musical clock?'

His Royal Highness was a gallant little gentleman, and did not wholly confine his admiration to my Lady Middlesex, or my Lady Archibald Campbell, Miss Granville, or the beauties of the opera. · The wife of the Venetian

ambassador, who was a remarkably handsome woman, came in for some share of his fickle fancy, and Horace Walpole gives us a very pretty picture, in which the two central figures are Madame l'Ambassadrice and the Prince. Horace was going away to Vauxhall when he was ‘overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hill to see what it should be. Then came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz’s footmen in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches, and after them the Prince of Wales himself, in a new sky-blue tabby-coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat fringed, leading Madame l'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sack, with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley, Wall, the private Spanish agent, and the two Miss Molyneux, and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales’s barges; he had another filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the *fêtes des adieux*. The nymph weeps all the morning, and says she is sure she shall be

poisoned by her husband's relations when she returns, for her behaviour with the Prince.'

His Royal Highness patronized Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and visited them in semi-state, with his gentlemen of the household, maids-of-honour, and favourites following in his wake. He went to Bartholomew Fair, and mingled among the crowd to see the fun, dressed in a ruby-coloured frock-coat, richly guarded with gold lace, ornamented with the blue ribbon of the Star and Garter; his light hair being 'curiously curled over his forehead and at the sides, and finished with a very large bag, and courtly cue behind, all surmounted by a small three-cornered, silk court hat,' whilst Rich, the manager, walked beside him, pointing out, with many gesticulations, the humours of the scene.

Bubb Doddington kept a diary 'carefully copied,' we are informed, 'from rough drafts, and scarcely a blot or correction is to be seen throughout the whole. The month also, and each day of the week, is accurately inscribed on the margin, with his own pen, in printed characters;' from which it may be gathered

that the diary was evidently intended for publication. But, alas, its editor, Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, did not publish it in its complete form, and by way of apology says, ‘it would be no entertainment to the reader to be informed who daily dined with his lordship, or whom he met at the tables of other people.’ But here Henry Penruddocke Wyndham made a vast mistake. It would have been deeply interesting to the present generation to sit in spirit at the table of this clever man amongst clever men, to hear the passages of wit they exchanged, to learn their opinions on the topics of the day, and of the courtiers and favourites prominent at St. James’s or Norfolk House, for the records of their daily lives were stranger than all fiction.

As the entries in the diary stand they are dry, uninteresting, and futile; a few lines taken at random from the book may serve to show its present value.

‘Went in private coaches with their Royal Highnesses, Ladies Middlesex and Howe, Lord Inchiquin and Sir Thomas Bootle to Mr. Glasse’s, when we sent for a conjurer.’

‘Supped at Lady Middlesex’s. It being Twelfth Night, she staked seventy-five guineas and I one hundred and twenty with the Prince, who sent us word that we had lost eight guineas between us. Spent the week at Kew, when we had plays every day.’

‘In the afternoon I met their Royal Highnesses, by order, at Lady Middlesex’s, where came Madame de Munchausen and Mr. Breton. We went in our own coaches to a fortuneteller’s, who was young Dunoyer, disguised and instructed to surprise Madame de Munchausen, which he effectually did. From the fortune-teller’s we went to supper at Carlton House.’

On another occasion, he, with their Royal Highnesses and some others, ended the day ‘by supping with Mrs. Cannon, the Princess’s midwife.’

As the records of a day, a single line is sometimes left, such as :

‘Worked in the new walk at Kew.’

The Prince, amongst his other accomplishments, added that of a gardener; he took great pride in the grounds attached to his house at

Kew which he had planted. He had also cut a new walk there, which he and his friends worked at for amusement and health ; and it was whilst engaged at this labour that he caught a cold which led to his unexpected death. At first it was regarded as merely a passing indisposition, and taken little heed of. Whilst he was yet suffering from its effects, he insisted on attending the king to the House of Lords; the weight of his robes made him feel uncomfortably hot, and coming home he threw them aside, put on a light frock, and went to Kew ; after a little while he returned to town feeling tired, when he lay down to rest before an open window.

The following day his cold was much worse, and it rapidly increased ; he continually shivered and complained of pain in his stomach. Three doctors and a surgeon were called in, but came too late to be of any service to him. A few hours before his death he had a fit of coughing, <sup>when</sup> one of the medical men named Wilmot said, wisely, ‘Sire, you have brought up all the phlegm ; I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your Royal Highness will have a good night.’ On the evening of

the 20th of March, 1751, whilst his friends were playing cards in the room next to that in which he lay, and Dunoyer the dancing-master—his friend to the last—was playing the fiddle beside him, the Prince suddenly placed his hand on his stomach and said, ‘*Je sens la mort.*’ Dunoyer laid down his fiddle and rushed to his support, when he felt a shiver pass through his frame, and he cried out, ‘Good God, the Prince is going!’ The Princess, who was at the end of the room, snatched up a candle, but, before she had reached the bed, her husband lay dead in the dancing-master’s arms.

In this manner came the end of that poor, pitiful, scheming, dishonourable life, stained by many grievous faults, and unrelieved by one noble action. ‘I am of opinion from experience,’ said the old Duchess of Marlborough, ‘that from flattery and want of understanding most princes are alike; and therefore it is to no purpose to argue against their passions, but to defend ourselves, at all events, against them.’

For four hours the Princess remained beside the dead body of her husband, refusing to believe that his life had gone out. When at last

she was persuaded to go to bed, she arose after two hours' rest, and took the precaution of burning all the Prince's papers. A short time after His Royal Highness had breathed his last, Lord North went to announce the intelligence to the king, whom he found placidly enjoying a game of cards. His Majesty immediately stood up and went to his mistress, Lady Yarmouth, looking pale and shocked, but the only expression he gave utterance to was, 'Il est mort.' When he was called next morning he was already up, dressed, and walking about his room, silent and agitated. He afterwards went to pay a visit of condolence to the Princess, when he embraced her, wept, and told his grandsons they must be brave boys, obedient to their mother, and deserve the fortune to which they were born. His Majesty's grief, however, was of a fleeting nature ; so fleeting, indeed, that before a month had passed he was able to go and see the '*Beau's Stratagem*' played at Drury Lane. The Prince left eight children behind him, and the Princess gave birth to a ninth a few months after his death. She was wise enough in her generation to fling herself on the protection

of the king; and he, pleased with this act, behaved with kindness both to her and her children.

When the Duke of Cumberland was told of his brother's death, he remarked satirically, 'It is a great blow to the country, but I hope it will recover it in time.' Laments on the Prince's fate were soon written and printed, long-winded elegies were sold in the streets, and funeral orations were preached from the City pulpits. One of the most singular pieces of oratory which the event called forth was delivered at Mayfair Chapel, when the preacher said, His Royal Highness 'had no great parts, but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices; he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then his condescension was such that he kept very bad company.' This was much nearer to truth than Dr. Newton's statement made in St. George's, Hanover Square, that 'never was there in a person of such eminénce more humanity and condescension to the lowest, more pleasing courtesy and engaging address to the highest, more beneficent to all within his

sphere, or more benevolent to all without it.' The reverend doctor, in his oration, looked beyond the present to the bright and glorious future when a mitre might repay his eloquence.

The lampooners were likewise busy, and on this occasion saw an opportunity of having a hit at the reigning family. One of the verses set afloat at the time took the form of an epitaph, and ran as follows :—

'Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead ;  
Had it been his father,  
We had much rather ;  
Had it been his brother,  
Still better than another ;  
Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her ;  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Still better for the nation ;  
But, since 'tis only Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead,  
There's no more to be said.'

The Prince's funeral, Doddington says, 'was far short of that for any son of a king.' The heralds had orders to form it on the plan of the funerals of the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George of Denmark ; but private orders were

afterwards given, and Prince Fred was carried to the grave with but little ceremony. With the exception of the lords who were appointed pall-bearers and attendants on the chief mourner, and those of his own domestics, there was but one English and one Irish lord present, whilst the bishops were conspicuous by their absence. Moreover, the service was conducted without either anthem or organ.

In this way Frederick, Prince of Wales, was laid in mother earth.

## CHAPTER IV.

William Duke of Cumberland—His first Campaign—Made Commander of the Forces—Battle of Fontenoy—Defeat at Laffelt—Culloden—‘Billy the Butcher’—His Last Battle—Indignation of the Nation—His Amusements—The Princess Royal—Her Marriage with the Prince of Orange—Curious Court Custom—Her Reception in Holland.

THE Duke of Cumberland, born in 1721, was the second surviving son of George II. When six years old he was created Baron of Alderney, Viscount Trematon in Cornwall, Earl of肯nington in Surrey, Marquis of Berkhamsted, and Duke of Cumberland. The history of his life may be said to be written in the records of war. When quite young he exhibited an interest in everything connected with the army, and soon became a soldier by profession, serving his first campaign when he was two and twenty.

He was said to have shown such courage at the battle of Dettingen, where he received a wound, that two years later he was made commander of the British forces in Flanders, a post for which he soon proved himself utterly incompetent. In 1745 he fought the famous battle of Fontenoy, commanding the allied forces, when, by his want of generalship, he sacrificed the lives of ten thousand men, and suffered a memorable defeat. So prominent, indeed, was his want of ability that the enemy soon perceived it; and when an English soldier, who had been made prisoner by the French, told them they had barely missed making the Duke prisoner, a French officer answered, with a laugh, ‘We took good care not to do so, for he does us much more service at the head of your army.’ At Laffelt he met with another defeat in the same year, when General Lagonier, by his skill and courage, prevented the total destruction of the English troops: from that day, however, the Duke never afterwards liked General Lagonier, or treated him fairly.

In the following year the battle of Culloden was fought, when, by the gallant Duke’s orders,

horrible barbarities and cold-blooded murders were practised on the unfortunate rebellious Highlanders, which must for ever stain the pages of English history. From this time William, Duke of Cumberland, was known to the populace as ‘Billy the Butcher.’ Lord Waldegrave, who is a lenient biographer, says, ‘the severe treatment of Scotland after the defeat of the rebels, was imputed to his’ (the Duke’s) ‘cruel and sanguinary disposition, and he became an object of fear;’ this dread of him was shown when, on the death of his brother Frederick, it was believed he would be nominated Regent, in case of the king’s death, before Prince George came of age.

When the Prince of Wales was dead, the sturdy citizens said, ‘O that it was his brother!’ his soldiers cried out against the unnecessary strictness of his discipline, and declared they were treated more like Germans than Englishmen, and this complaint with such a comparison was quickly taken up by the people. So far, indeed, did his unpopularity go that Mrs. Pitt, with whom he was in love, was on that account mobbed in the Park, and with difficulty rescued

by some of her friends. He bore all this with a stolidity that had a striking resemblance to patience, and so far was he from resenting it that when he spoke of the subject he said he 'should always with gratitude remember the behaviour of the English, who received him with transports after the battle of Laffelt instead of impeaching him.'

However, when, contrary to his expectations, the king appointed the Princess of Wales as Regent, the Duke felt the slight deeply. The Lord Chancellor, at His Majesty's request, communicated to His Royal Highness the plan of the regency, and was afraid to ask if there was any message in return; but the Duke begged him to return his duty and thanks to the king for the communication he had made him, adding, 'As for the part allotted to me, I shall submit to it because he commands it, be that regency what it will.' Though he sent this answer, his feelings were so keen as to make him wish 'the name of William could be blotted out of the English annals.' Throughout his life his obedience to his father had been a remarkable trait in his character, and he said that, had

his brother lived to be king, he would have borne anything from him out of the same spirit of obedience rather than set the example of defiance to the royal authority. He had an unfaltering belief in the dignity of his royal house, and, so far as he personally represented it, he expected to receive the most complete submission to his will from all beneath him in rank.

The last battle which the Duke fought was in 1757, when the French threatened Hanover; on this occasion he once more took command of the allied forces, and one of his first acts was a blunder, from which he never recovered. He retired with his army beyond the Weser, leaving the passage of the Rhine open to the French, who attacked him at Hastenbech, when an engagement followed. The contest was even, the armies on either side fought bravely, and D'Estrées, the French general, despairing of victory, was about to retire, when the Duke of Cumberland, for some reason never afterwards explained, gave the signal for his troops to withdraw, when the English were defeated.

The indignation of the British nation at this loss, and the consequences which followed it,

were so great that on his return the Duke retired from the army, and spent the remainder of his days in private life. He had little ambition, though he liked war, not so much for the sake of any glory it might bring him as for the desire of carnage, for it was said ‘he loved blood like a leech.’ His severity at all times was extreme, even in cases of small offences; one instance of this was in the case of a young soldier who counterfeited a furlough for a day. This was made a subject for court-martial, when the offender was ordered two hundred lashes; the Duke insisted that this was not enough, and made the court-martial sit three times, though each member adhered to the first sentence, and he swore that they should sit there six months till they increased the punishment.

Like his father and brother, his character was tainted with immorality, which even exceeded theirs in its grossness and publicity.

One of his mistresses was a certain Peggy Banks, to whom he gave a ball on one occasion, in order to spite my Lady Rochford, who had smiled upon another prince. The entertainment given to Mistress Peggy was held at Vauxhall,

and was almost made a public demonstration. The Duke and his gay company got into their barges at Whitehall stairs, and went down the Thames, passing the City companies that were out for the day in their great barges, who laid by to play ‘God save the King,’ and cheer this noble son of so good a monarch. When His Royal Highness came to Vauxhall, there were twenty-five hundred people already collected in the gardens, who cheered lustily, it being some time before his retirement—whilst he took his way to the great ball-room. Vauxhall was a favourite place with him, and once a laughable accident happened when he was going from thence to Ranelagh. Lord Cathcart stepped on the side of the boat which was to convey him to lend him his arm, overset it, and both stood up to their chins in water in another instant. How the Duke, with his savage temper, must have sworn! When he retired, he lived in Windsor Great Park, and from the inactive life he led became excessively stout, when his weight became the subject of a wager. ‘There has been a droll cause in Westminster Hall,’ writes Horace Walpole. ‘A man laid another a wager that he

produced a person who should weigh as much again as the Duke. When they had betted, they recollect not knowing how to desire the Duke to step into a scale. They agreed to establish his weight at twenty stone, which, however, is supposed to be two more than he weighs. One Bright was then produced (who is since dead), and who actually weighed forty-two and a half. As soon as he was dead the person who had lost, objected that he had been weighed in his clothes, and, though it was impossible to suppose that his clothes could weigh above two stone, they went to law. There were the Duke's twenty stone bawled over a thousand times, but the righteous law decided against the man who had won.' Another anecdote told of his obesity was that, whilst he was dancing at a ball given by Lord Sandwich, he slipped and fell forward. 'They imagined he had beat his nose flat, but he lay like a tortoise on the top shell; his face could not reach the ground by some feet.' The Duke lived to survive his father.

Of the five daughters born to George II., Anne was the eldest. Her complexion was

fair, like that of her mother, and like her, too, her face was marked by that curse of the age—smallpox; her figure was unshapely, and even at an early age was inclined to stoutness. In disposition she was haughty and ambitious. A few years after her father's succession, a suitor was found for her in the person of the Prince of Orange, who was deformed in figure, dwarfish, and almost revolting in general appearance. The king thought it fair to warn his daughter of the husband selected for her before she saw him, adding that she need not marry unless she pleased. ‘I would marry him, even if he were a baboon,’ she said. ‘Then,’ replied His Majesty, with a satisfied air, ‘he is baboon enough for you.’

Lord Hervey says that ‘the true reason for this match was that there was indeed no other for the Princess in all Europe, so that Her Royal Highness’s option was not between the Prince and any other, but between a husband and no husband—between an indifferent settlement and no settlement at all ; and whether she would be wedded to this piece of deformity in Holland, or die an ancient maid, immured in her royal convent at St. James’s.’

To a woman of her ambitious disposition, it was an unpleasant consideration, that if the king died, she would be left dependent on the mercy of a brother who hated her as fully as she detested him, and from whom she might expect not only illiberality, but injustice.

When the Prince of Orange came over from Holland to be married he was lodged at Somerset House, to which Lord Hervey was dispatched as Vice-Chamberlain to present the king's compliments. Before starting he had received a message from the queen, telling him, on his return, to come to her and 'let her know without disguise what sort of hideous animal she was to prepare herself to see.' When, in obedience to this command, he had described him to Her Majesty, he said he supposed the Princess Royal was suffering from anxiety. The queen told him he was mistaken, that the Princess was 'in her own apartment at her harpsichord, with some of the opera people.' The fact was she had made up her mind to accept her fate, and remained strictly indifferent to all connected with its execution. This was yet more noticeable when the Prince caught fever the day

before that appointed for the marriage, and was considered in imminent danger. During his illness the Princess Royal betrayed not the slightest shade of suspense or hope, regret or joy. Her sister Amelia said, ‘Nothing on earth would induce her to marry this monster,’ and the Princess Caroline owned ‘it was bad.’

Though the income of the Prince scarcely amounted to £12,000 a year free of debts and encumbrances, yet the greater part of the nation hailed the alliance with satisfaction. The people were given to understand it was for the sake of the country the king consented to this union, in order to strengthen a connection with a family beloved by all upholders of the Protestant cause, and to secure a Protestant succession, should the Princess Royal ever come to the English throne. Believing this, the public looked on Her Royal Highness as a sacrifice offered up to their religious interests, and she was in reward voted a jointure of £80,000, just double the sum that had ever been granted on a similar occasion.

When after some months the Prince recovered, he was sent to Bath to drink the waters, and a day was fixed for his marriage.

‘The Prince of Orange went to Bath yesterday,’ writes Lady Strafford to her lord. ‘He gave the Princess Royal in the morning the fine pearl necklace that was Queen Mary’s, and the largest pearl drops that ever I see, for she came into the drawing-room with them on, and the queen said to me and everybody else that came in her way, “Pray look at Anne’s necklace ; ’tis that which was Queen Mary’s. The Prince of Orange gave them this morning.” . . . He’ (the Prince) ‘is so feeble he walked across the room with two sticks, and he tottered so he had like to have fallen, and the Prince’ (of Wales) ‘ran and held him under one arm till he got a chair.’

On the 14th of March, 1734, just four months after his arrival in England, the Prince of Orange was married to the Princess Royal. The king spared no expense that could add to the display made on the occasion. He had a gallery built from his own apartments, round the palace garden to the French chapel adjoining St. James’s, where the ceremony took place. Through this gallery, which held four thousand people, and which was handsomely illuminated, the bridal procession passed. This

temporary structure became an eyesore to the Duchess of Marlborough, who could see it from her windows, and who became impatient of its unsightliness during the months the wedding was postponed. ‘I wonder,’ said her Grace one day, ‘when my neighbour George will remove his *orange chest?*’ which ‘in fact it did resemble,’ says Horace Walpole.

But all the splendour of the day could not help to diminish the hideousness of the bridegroom, though he dressed himself in gold and silver brocade, and wore a long peruke like hair that flowed over his back and helped to hide the ugliness of his deformity. For all the glitter and parade of the occasion, ‘it looked more like the mournful pomp of a sacrifice than the joyful celebration of a wedding.’ According to the custom of the period, the court went to pay its respects to the bride and bridegroom in the nuptial chamber; when ‘the Prince came in his night-gown and night-cap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back,

he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs.'

A month after his marriage the Prince and his bride left for Holland ; in parting, the king gave her a thousand kisses, but never a penny, and the queen wept bitterly. ‘The bride affected to put on a vast gaiety, but the poor Princess Caroline had cried her eyes out, and the tears ran down her face.’ The Princess of Orange arrived at Harlingen on Saturday, but, the public reception not being quite ready, she had to wait in her yacht before landing until the following Tuesday. On that morning, everything being in readiness for the public entry, a procession came to conduct her to her new home, headed by the carriage of the ministers. The Princess drove in an open coach drawn by eight horses, followed by the Prince’s empty chariot, and five other coaches full of English maids-of-honneur. There was great firing of cannon and musketry right under the royal noses, which had the effect of frightening the processional horses and smashing innumerable windows ; soldiers lined the streets, and the people shouted lustily. The next evening a Drawing-room was held, when ‘really

very fine-looking people, and as fine in clothes and lace as could be without gold or silver,' came to pay their respects to their Highnesses.

The Princess, however, soon grew tired of these very fine people amongst whom her lot was cast, and at the end of six months hastened back to England, where she remained as long as she could, and until both her father and husband strongly urged her to return. When the queen died, she, believing she could exercise the same influence as her mother had done over the king, and by the same arts, returned once more to England. Her great love of power made the project most agreeable to her, and she had little doubt but that she should succeed in controlling the helm of government. His Majesty, however, being made aware of the project, became incensed at the mere idea of anyone presuming to govern him, quite ignorant of the fact that he had been governed all his life. His indignation at this attempt of his daughter's was so great that he would not allow her to remain more than two nights in London,

but ordered her off to Bath, from which place she soon returned to Holland, indignant and defeated.

## CHAPTER V.

The Princess Amelia—Her Love for Horses and Hunting—  
The Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton—The Princess  
at Bath—Society at the Wells—The Princess Caroline  
and Lord Hervey—The Princess Mary and Prince  
Frederick of Hesse—The King's youngest Daughter.

THE Princess Amelia, or, as she was more often called, Emily, was the king's second daughter; she was possessed of a greater share of personal charms than her elder sister, and her manners were far more lively. In early life she had a great passion for horses, hunted two or three times a week, visited the royal stables if her horses were ill, and carried her sporting proclivities so far (according to Horace Walpole) as to shock the good people at Hampton by going to church one Sunday in riding clothes, with a dog under each arm. In her later years

cards and snuff supplied the place that dogs and horses had held in her affection. She lived and died unmarried, refusing the hands of some petty German princes, because she preferred enjoying liberty in England. The scandal of the time, indeed, connected her name with the Duke of Newcastle, who was twenty-eight years her senior, and also with his Grace of Grafton, who was obnoxious to the queen. The Duke was the grandson of Charles II., a distinction of which he was extremely proud ; from being in this way a connection of the reigning house, he considered everything which affected its members touched him likewise. This opinion made him freer in his manner with the queen and the Princess Emily than Her Majesty quite liked ; but he had an established right of saying what he pleased, and used to talk to the king on all subjects, sometimes touching on very tender points as no one else dared.

Her Majesty's dislike to him principally originated because of his attentions to the Princess Emily, and this was strengthened by the fact that, when she and his Grace were one day out hunting, as was their wont, they, losing their

attendants, sought shelter in a private house in Windsor Forest, and were kept out unusually late. Being Lord Chamberlain, the Duke lived at court, and had many opportunities of private intercourse with the royal family. His appearance was handsome, and he had always an air of great dignity ; he was recognised as an able courtier and a man of much common sense, though thoroughly illiterate, and fond of turning politics into ridicule. In his conduct towards Her Majesty he usually adopted a plan of plain speaking by no means agreeable to her. He told her once that he believed she could not love anybody. Some one had told him a story of her being enamoured of a German prince before her marriage, and this he used to tell her in order to vex her, usually ending by saying, ‘God, madam ! I wish I could have seen the man you *could* love.’

The year after her father came to the throne, the Princess Amelia, being in ill-health, was ordered to drink the waters and went to Bath, which city was known for centuries as a place beneficial to health, according to a column that stood in those days over the principal spring,

on which an inscription was traced to the founder, who was none other than Bladud, the son of Lud, who lived three hundred and thirty years before Christ. Bath, under the reign of George II., was in the heyday of all its glory. Those who suffered from the time-honoured complaints of gout, dissipation, or rheumatism, or the general exhaustion of town life, or imaginary illnesses, all flocked here to kill time as agreeably as they could, and consult the fashionable physician Dr. Bave, who was somewhat of a man of fashion, dressed in black velvet, and was ‘strangely powdered and perfumed.’ Here the fine beaux came from town, powdered, patched, and be-wigged, with the last witticism fresh from Wills’ coffee-house, or the last *bon mot* which Doddington had made, on the tip of their tongues. Here it was that the famous Beau Nash strutted in all the fulness of his glory; and here it was that the yet more famous Duke of Marlborough, who ‘was eminently illiterate; wrote bad, and spoke it worse,’ was to be seen in those later years of his life, when grown parsimonious and infirm, he would walk on a dark night from the public rooms

to his lodgings in order to save the sixpence a hackney coach would cost him. Here, too, came Lady Bristol and her witty daughter-in-law, Lady Hervey, who ironically speaks of the former as ‘a poor lady who abounds with peccant humours, and has a complication of dis tempers; for she has frequently had ruptures, is subject to inflammations, false conceptions, diseases of the tongue, and indeed I believe there is no hopes of her ever being better, and, in my opinion, the best things that can be given her are repeated quieting draughts.’ Here also came Mrs. Barber, the poetess, ‘a strange, bold, disagreeable woman,’ made famous by the letter of introduction to the queen purported to be written by Dean Swift, whose name she forged. Here, too, walking slowly in the garden made for people of rank and fashion, might be seen the brave Northumbrian earl, Lord Widdrington, a little bowed, and somewhat worn by time and evil fortune. He had been one of those who led the unhappy insurrection of 1715, and had been thrown into the Tower to suffer much, and have sentence of death passed upon him, but he was afterwards reprieved under the

general Act of Grace. He had been deprived of his estates, and of those of his wife, and on his liberation had come to Bath, where he quietly endured a poverty that sometimes reached privation. Here also came Congreve in the wake of the beautiful and imperious Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of the sharp-tongued Sarah. The liaison between the younger Duchess and the Playwright vastly diverted the town. He had written his first play at the age of nineteen, when he had come to London from Trinity College, Dublin, ‘just to amuse myself during a slow recovery from a fit of sickness,’ as he said. This play gave him more than fame; it brought him into contact with my Lord Halifax, who got him a place in the Pipe Office, and another in the Customs, with the sum of £600 per annum; and so he abandoned the Muses in order to become a man of fashion, just as he, later on, abandoned his mistress for the sake of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, to whom he left at his death a handsome memento in the shape of £10,000.

Bath was indeed a gay place in those days. The pump-room was elegantly fitted up, and

had a band in attendance. The male sex came to drink its waters in the comfortable *deshabillé* of night-gowns and caps, being conducted from their lodgings in chairs, and the ladies came in much the same fashion. When they got into their respective baths, they were presented by the attendants with a little floating tray, on which they placed their snuff-boxes and coffee. The large assembly-room was built by Harrison at the Beau's desire, where dances were held nightly, a rule being made by Nash 'that no gentleman should give his ticket for the balls to anyone but gentlewomen. N.B.—Unless he has none of his acquaintance.' These balls commenced at the primitive hour of six o'clock, and under his direction and superintendence were carried on in the most systematic manner. At eight o'clock the country dances began, and, after an hour allowed for the drinking of tea and coffee by way of refreshment, dancing recommenced, and was kept up with spirit until eleven o'clock. When the first stroke of that hour sounded, Beau Nash made a sign to the musicians, when the music instantly ceased, and the dancers, even if in

the middle of a figure, were obliged to stop.

This rule was peremptory, and not to be infringed on even by royalty; for once when the Princess Amelia asked him to allow another dance, Beau Nash declared that his rules resembled those of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without a subversion of all authority.

Lady Pomfret, writing from Bath in 1728, describes the Princess Amelia as ‘the oddest, or, at least, one of the oddest princesses that ever was known; she has her ears shut to flattery,’ says this courtier, who, perhaps, spoke from experience, ‘and her heart open to honesty. She has honour, justice, good nature, sense, wit, resolution, and more good qualities than I have time to tell you, so mixed that (if one is not a devil) it is impossible to say she has too much or too little of any; yet all these do not in anything (without exception) make her forget that she is the King of England’s daughter, which dignity she keeps up with such an obliging behaviour that she charms everybody.’

When it was known that she had arrived, all the men and women of fashion staying at Bath

called upon her to pay their court, and sat simpering in her rooms, telling each other the last new scandal, or retailing the last echo from St. James's. The Princess in the mornings went out to drink the waters like the common humanity around her, and between every glass she drank she walked in Harrison's Gardens to take the air, where all the people of fashion went and walked after her, and others who were not known to her walked at a certain distance. Whilst here Her Royal Highness saw Lady Wigtown, a warm adherent of the Stuart cause, who hated the House of Hanover heartily; her husband, the sixth earl of his name, had followed James II. to St. Germain, and was afterwards taken and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. One day when the Princess Amelia was in the public garden my Lady Wigtown came in and pushing aside the ladies-in-waiting, to their great vexation, swept by the Princess without taking the slightest notice of her.

Lady Pomfret writes, ‘Lady Frances Manners asked me if I knew my Lady Wigtown (a Scottish Countess). I said I had never heard of her in my life, and believed she had not yet

sent to the Princess, upon which she and the Duchess of Portland both smiled, and said, "No, nor will, I can tell you, for seeing the Princess coming to the pump the morning before, she had run away like a fury for fear of seeing her, and declares so public an aversion for the king, &c., that she would not go to the ball made on the queen's birthday; and, some of the subscription money remaining, the company had another ball, which she denied going to, and told all the people it was because the queen's money had made it."

Bath seems to have continued a favourite place with the Princess Amelia during her life, possibly because her favourite amusement was carried on here almost without restraint. As late as 1752 Doddington mentions in his diary, that the Princess of Wales assured him it was highly improper the way the Princess Amelia behaved at Bath, 'that she played publicly all the evening very deep.' Doddington asked with whom, and he was told the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The Princess of Wales went on to say it was prodigious what work her offending sister-in-law made with Lord Chester-

field. When his lordship was at court, she said, the Princess Amelia would hardly speak to him, but when at Bath she sent to inquire of his coming before he arrived, and when the veteran gamester came she sent her compliments to say she expected him at her parties to play, and the Princess said ‘he should always sit by her in the public rooms, and that he might be sure of a warm place.’

The Princess Amelia’s temper and manners did not improve with time ; she became inquisitive, mischievous, and oftentimes impertinent. She gave a proof of this latter trait one night in the public card-rooms at Bath, when a general officer ventured to take a pinch of snuff from her box, which stood beside her on her table. She made no remark, but instantly turning to one of her attendants, ordered the contents of the box to be thrown into the fire.

Another story, illustrating her want of courtesy, is told by Horace Walpole in a letter to Horace Mann. ‘The second time she saw Madame de Mirepoix,’ he says, speaking of the Princess, ‘she cried out, “Ah, Madame, vous n’avez pas tant de rouge aujourd’hui ; la pre-

mière fois que vous êtes venue ici, vous aviez une quantité horrible." This the Mirepoix herself repeated to me,' says Horace.

At one period of her life the Princess contrived to make herself unpopular with the public. The king had made her Ranger of Richmond Park, and it became her good will and pleasure to assert an exclusive right of egress and ingress to it, a liberty which the people were quick to resent as an encroachment on their liberties. First they petitioned her to allow them the use of the park, but she ungraciously refusing to hear them, they carried the case into the law courts. It was twice tried, and finally a verdict was given in favour of the people, at which she was so indignant that she resigned the rangership. After her father's death, she retired, and seldom visited the court. With increasing years she became deaf and near-sighted, gave no drawing-rooms, saw little of the world, practised charity, took snuff, played cards, and died at the age of seventy-six at her house in Cavendish Square, little regretted.

Her next sister, Caroline, was her parents' favourite; her manners and disposition were

grave and sensitive, and her love and practice of truth were so notable in an atmosphere where such a virtue was rare, that when their Majesties wished to find out the truth of any occurrence of which she was cognisant, it was their habit to send for her, and rely upon her statement. It is no secret now that Caroline became unhappily attached to Lord Hervey, who was continually thrown into association with her, but no breath of scandal ever sullied the name of this Princess, whom Horace Walpole calls ‘the most excellent of women.’ She more than any of the family enjoyed the greatest share of the queen’s affection, and was frequently present at her councils with Lord Hervey when he acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to Her Majesty. In this way she came to have opportunities of seeing much of this peculiar man, who ‘handled the weapons of the court with skilful dexterity.’ When the queen died, this Princess retired as much as possible from court; she had been suffering from ill health before and during Her Majesty’s illness, and the queen assured her she would follow her in less than a year; but this prophecy was not fulfilled. After Lord Hervey’s

demise, the Princess never again appeared in public during the twenty years she survived him ; and one of the chief pleasures of her life was in having his children with her, and bestowing kindnesses on them. Though living in retirement her sympathies with the poor were active ; her charities were wide-spread and numerous, and given so privately that in many cases the very recipients were ignorant, until after her death, of whose hand it was that supplied their necessities.

Her youngest sister, the Princess Mary, was married by proxy to Frederick, Hereditary Prince of Hesse, before she reached the age of seventeen. The Prince was tall and handsome, but, like most of the German princes of the period, he was both profligate and brutal, and rendered his wife miserable. When he came to England, in 1746, he was made much of by his father-in-law, who thought but little of matrimonial infidelities, and by the people, who were anxious to see what manner of man had married one of the king's daughters.

' By seeing him with the Prince of Wales, people think he looks stupid,' says Horace Walpole,

‘but I daresay in his own country he is reckoned very lively, for though he don’t speak much he opens his mouth very often. The king has given him a fine sword, and the Prince a ball. He dined with the former the first day, and since with the great officers. Monday he went to Ranelagh, and supped in the house ; Tuesday, at the opera, he sat with his court in the box on the stage next the Prince, and went into theirs to see the last dance, and, after it was over, to the Venetian ambassadress, who is the only woman he has yet noticed. To-night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh for him ; a play at Covent Garden on Monday, and a ridotto at the Haymarket, and then he is to go. His amours are generally very humble and very frequent, for he does not much affect our daughter, and he is a little apt to be boisterous when he has drunk.’

The Princess Mary survived him by a few years, and died in 1771.

The Princess Louisa was the youngest of George II.’s children, and was little more than a child at the time of her mother’s death. When nineteen she was married by proxy to Frederick,

Prince of Denmark, who three years afterwards succeeded to the Danish throne. Both in appearance and character she strongly resembled her mother, and a close coincidence existed between their lives, inasmuch that, though the King of Denmark proved an affectionate husband, he was not a faithful one, from the same reason which actuated George II. The young king would not have the world think that he was ruled by his wife, or was so unfashionable as to love her; and for the purpose of protesting his independence he publicly maintained a mistress. The Queen of Denmark, however, differed from her mother in not only withholding her approval from this arrangement, but in letting it become a source of unhappiness to her. She, however, never complained, as she had promised never to do so, no matter what her wrongs might be, when she was leaving England. She died when but twenty-seven years old; her last hours were painful, she having an operation for rupture performed, which proved ineffectual. When the news of her demise reached England, the king was greatly grieved, and lamented her bitterly. ‘This has been a fatal year’ (1751) ‘to my

family,' he said. 'I lost my eldest son, but I am glad of it; then the Prince of Orange died, and left everything in confusion. Poor little Edward' (his grandson) 'has been cut open' (for an imposthume in his skull), 'and now the Queen of Denmark is gone. I know I did not love my children when they were young; I hated to have them running into my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers.'

And the king, grown affectionate in his old age, wept for his loss.

## CHAPTER VI.

Social Life at Court—The King's Love for Hanover—The Queen made Regent—The Court at Claremont—Mrs. Howard resigns her Appointment—The King visits Hanover again—Madame Walmoden—The Royal Letters—His Majesty returns—The Queen seeks Advice—Royal Birthdays—The Town becomes Dull—The King's Anxiety to leave England—Madame Walmoden and the Garden Ladder—A 'Hard Lesson'—The Archbishop of York congratulates Her Majesty on her Sense.

THE social life of George II. and his queen presents us with one of the most curious chapters in the history of the English court. The glimpses given us through the diaries, letters, and memoirs of the times afford a strange study, always interesting, and not seldom without a moral. Here is, to commence with, a very fair etching of a court scene, by a poor relation of my Lord Strafford. 'I stay very often to the

night drawing-rooms,' he writes, ' which are kept in the little room between the presence-chamber and the queen's gallery, where I have generally the honour to stand very conspicuous, alone, full in all their view, so that by this time they must know every button on my coat. Poor old Mercmon, indeed, is often puffing and blowing by the queen's ears. The quadrille-table is well known, and there is the large table surrounded by my master' (the Prince of Wales), 'the Princesses, the Duke of Cumberland, the Bed-chamber ladies, Lord Lumley, Mr. Lumley, Mr. Campbell, Lord Carnavon, Lord Middlesex, and all the belle-assemblée at a most stupid game—in my mind—lottery ticket. A hundred pounds are sometimes lost at this pastime. The maids play below with the king, in Mrs. Howard's apartment, and the moment they come up, the queen starts up and goes into her apartment. The drawing-room is quite over generally at ten o'clock. On the coronation day they saw company in the king's gallery, which was pretty full. Count Skinsby was exceedingly fine in self, wife, and equipage. He had a bright scarlet velvet coat, embroidered richly with

gold and fine point lace, which I think he generally has. At night the little room was crowded, but nothing extraordinary. T'other night Lord Grantham and the queen had a dispute about going to a room without passing by the back stairs ; she bid him go and see, he did, and came back as positive as before. "Well," says she, "will you go along with me if I show you the way?" "Yes, madam," says he. Up she starts, and trots away with one candle, and came back triumphant over my Lord Grantham. The belle-assemblée was in an uproar, thinking the king was ill, when I told them it was a wager between the queen and Lord Grantham. Were I to tell you I had the honour to turn the dog called Chance out of the room, and that the queen bid me not beat him, and that I had the same honour in the drawing-room, and once was so happy as to take a thief out of the queen's candle by the Princess Royal's orders, you will immediately think I imagine my fortune to be made ; but I take all this as it is—nothing.'

George II. had little love for his English courtiers, or the people over whom he reigned.

His heart was in Germany, just as his father's had been in his lifetime; so long as he was in Hanover, surrounded by his favourites, he was happy, and when by the representations of his ministers or the murmurs of his people he was forced to return to his wife and kingdom, he took no pains to conceal his royal ill-humour, which it took all Her Majesty's art and patience to soothe. In the second year of his reign, he went to his beloved Electorate, and remained there two years, making the queen regent in his absence, to the great mortification of the heir to the throne. Her Majesty retired to Kensington with the court, where the fine gentlemen and maids-of-honour amused themselves, principally by riding after the chase in Richmond Park and Windsor Forest, the Princesses on horseback in hunting-suits of blue, richly trimmed with gold and faced and lined with red, the queen following in her coach. During this absence of the king, Her Majesty visited some of the nobility at their country houses.

‘Yesterday the queen and all the royal family dined at Claremont,’ writes the Hon. Peter

Wentworth, one of the Grooms of the Bed-chamber to the Duke of Cumberland, ‘and I dined with the Duke and Sir Robert Walpole. His Royal Highness’ (the Prince of Wales) ‘came to us as soon as his and our dinner was over, and drank a bumper of rack punch to the queen’s health, which you may be sure I devoutly pledged, and he was going on with another, but Her Majesty sent us word she was going to walk in the garden; so that broke up the company, and we walked till candlelight, being entertained with very fine French horns, then returned into the great hall, and everybody agreed never was anything finer. Her Majesty, the Princess Caroline, Lady Charlotte Rousey, and Mr. Shutz played there at quadrille. In the next room the Prince had the fiddles, and danced, and did me the honour to ask me if I could dance country dances. I told him yes, and if there had been a partner for me I should have made one in that glorious company. The Prince danced with the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duke of Newcastle with the Princess Amelia, Sir Robert Walpole with Lady Catherine Pelham. They danced but two dances; the queen came

from her cards to see that sight, and before she said it I thought that he' (Walpole) 'moved surprisingly genteel and easy; dancing really became him, which I should not have believed if I had not seen. Lord Lifford danced with Lady Fanny Manners; when they came to an easy dance, my dear Duke' (of Cumberland) 'took her from my lord, and I must confess it became him better than the man I wish to be my friend, Sir Robert, which you'll easily believe. Mr. Henry Pelham danced with Lady Albemarle, Lord James Cavendish with Lady Middleton, Mr. Lumley with Betty Spence. I paid my court sometimes to the carders, and sometimes to the dancers. The queen told Lord Lifford that he had not drunk enough to make him gay—"and there's honest Mr. Wentworth has not drank enough." I told her I had drunk Her Majesty's health. "And my children's too, I hope?" I answered, "Yes;" but she told me there was one health I had forgot, which was the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle's, that had entertained us so well. I told her I had been down among the coachmen to see they had obeyed my orders to keep themselves

sober, and I had had them all by the hand, and could witness for them they were so ; and it would not be decent for me to examine them about without I had kept myself sober, but, now that that grand duty was over, I was at leisure to obey Her Majesty's commands ; and there stood at the farther end of the room a table for bottles of wine for the dancers to drink, and I went and filled a bumper of Burgundy, and drank the Duke and Duchess's health to Mr. Pelham, and I told him I did it by Her Majesty's command, and thus went to the dancers, and he to the queen, who saw me, to tell her I had done so. When I came to her again, she told me she was glad I had obeyed her commands, and I thanked Mr. Pelham for the justice he had done me in telling of it to the queen, which drew the compliment from him that he should be always ready to do me justice, or any service in his power. The queen and Prince have invited themselves to the Duke of Grafton's hunting seat, that lies near Richmond, on Saturday. He fended the offer a great while by saying his house was not fit to receive them, and was so old, he was afraid it would fall upon their

heads; but His Royal Highness, who is very quick at good inventions, told him he would bring tents and pitch them in his gardens. So his Grace could not get off: the thing must be on Saturday. My Lord Lifford got drunk at Richmond,' continues the Hon. Peter, who was fond of gossiping of the court and courtiers. ' His manner of getting so was pleasant enough. He dined with my good Lord Grantham, who is well served at his table with meat, but very stingy and sparing with his drink ; for, as soon as his dinner is done, he and his company rise, and there are no rounds of toasts. So my lord made good use of his time whilst at dinner, and before they rose the Prince came to them, and drank a bumper to my Lord Lifford, which he pledged, and began another to him, and so a third. The Duke of Grafton, to show the Prince he had done his business, gave him a little shove, and threw him off his chair upon the ground, and then took him up and carried him to the queen. Sunday morning she rallied him before the company upon his getting drunk in her company, and upon his gallantry and coquetry with the Princess Amelia, running

up and down the slopes with her, and when somebody told him the queen was there, she said his answer was, “what did he care for the queen.” He stood all her jokes, not only with French impudence, but Irish assurance.’

Her Majesty had no doubt a freer and much happier time when the king was away. When he returned from his long visit, his manner, always gruff, became now almost unbearable, and the chief victims of his irascibility were his wife and mistress. The Princess Royal complained of her father giving himself airs of gallantry, of his behaviour to the queen, of his affectation of heroism, and of the difficulty of entertaining him. He never read a book, and detested to see the queen reading ; he insisted on the conversation to which he listened being always new, whilst his own was a repetition of the same subject over and over again—Hanover.

Then it became whispered at court that His Majesty’s visits to Lady Suffolk had grown much shorter than of yore, and were far from being constant ; that he slighted her in public, and that there was no doubt that, after almost twenty years, the king had grown tired of his

mistress. She had for long borne the brunt of all his ill-humours, ungallant treatment, and contradictions uncomplainingly, and at last resolved to leave him. This resolution of hers made a stir in the court, and the reasons for her withdrawal and its probable effect became matter of conversation for the town for months. The queen was not, however, quite willing to let her take her departure, as she feared the king would adopt a younger mistress, whose influence might interfere with her own; and, in speaking of Lady Suffolk's retirement to Lord Hervey afterwards, Her Majesty told him she had said, 'My good Lady Suffolk, you are the best servant in the world, and I should be most extremely sorry to lose you.' She added persuasion to kind words, but all were useless; and when she told the king she had striven to keep his mistress, he replied, angrily, 'What the devil did you mean by trying to make an old, dull, deaf, peevish beast stay and plague me when I had so good an opportunity of getting rid of her?'

Before her final retirement, Lady Suffolk got permission to visit Bath for the benefit of her

health, where she remained for six weeks; when she returned, the king continued to treat her with neglect and coldness, and, after remaining a fortnight at the court, she resigned her post as Mistress of the Robes and left.

‘ You will see by the newspapers,’ writes the Duke of Newcastle to Sir Robert Walpole, ‘ that Lady Suffolk has left the court. The particulars that I had from the queen are, that last week she acquainted Her Majesty with her design, putting it upon the king’s unkind usage of her. The queen ordered her to stay a week, which she did, but last Monday had another audience, complained again of her unkind treatment from the king, was very civil to the queen, and went that night to her brother’s house in St. James’s Square.’

It is curious to learn the feelings with which the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal looked on the retirement of their father’s mistress. The former was glad of it because the king’s line of conduct in openly slighting and discarding Lady Suffolk would make her friends become his enemies, and so strengthen the opposition to the ministry; the Princess Royal

on the other hand was sorry, and ‘wished with all her heart he’ (the king) ‘would take somebody else that mamma might be a little relieved from the *ennui* of seeing him for ever in her room.’

Shortly after her retirement, Lady Suffolk married Mr. George Berkeley, whom she outlived.

In the summer of 1735, the king resolved to visit Hanover again, though his ministers, who were then engaged in foreign negotiations, pressed him to stay at home, as his presence in England might be necessary, and would certainly be a vast convenience to them; reminding him at the same time of the way in which his subjects looked on his absence from the kingdom. But His Majesty proved quite as stubborn as his father had done on a similar occasion, and to all Sir Robert Walpole’s entreaties answered, doggedly, ‘You think to get the better of me, but you shall not.’ He had made up his mind to go, and nothing could keep him back; so the queen was made Regent, and he departed.

At this time there was at the Hanoverian court a certain Madame Walmoden, a young

married woman of whom the king quickly became enamoured. In his absence he wrote continually by post to the queen, and once a week sent a courier with a letter, generally numbering sixty pages, and never less than forty. He was an excellent correspondent, at once lively, entertaining, and gracious. Sir Robert Walpole once said that if he ‘only wrote to women, and never strutted and talked to them, he believed he would get the better of all the men in the world with them,’ and Lord Hervey, adding his testimony, says that in the gift of writing love-letters, he did not believe any man surpassed the king. In the epistles he wrote Her Majesty during this time he gave her full details of the manner in which he passed his time, ‘crammed,’ says the Vice-Chamberlain, ‘with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, to whose perusal few were not committed.’

Inconceivable as it seems, yet it is given on the authorities of Lord Hervey, Lord Chancellor King, and Horace Walpole that these letters

were largely taken up with a description of the new favourite who soon became his mistress. ‘It is certain,’ writes Lord Hervey, ‘that, from the very beginning of this new engagement, the king acquainted the queen by letter of every step he took in it, of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success, of every word as well as of every action that passed—so minute a description of her person that, had the queen been a painter, she might have drawn her rival’s picture at six hundred miles’ distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, and what he gave her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser and the merits of the purchase, as he set them forth, I think he had no great reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats—a much greater proof of his economy than his passion.’

Another proof of this brutal indelicacy is given in Lord Campbell’s ‘Lives of the Lord Chancellors,’ vol. 4, p. 633. The Chancellor speaks of dining with Sir Robert Walpole, and goes on to say: ‘On this occasion he let me into several secrets relating to the king and queen.

That the king constantly wrote her long letters of two or three sheets, being generally of all his actions, what he did every day, even to minute things, and particularly of his amours, what women he admired . . . and that the queen, to continue him in a disposition to do what she desired, returned as long letters, and approved even of his amours; not scrupling to say that she was but one woman, and an old woman, and that he might love more and younger women . . . by which perfect subserviency to his will she effected whatever she desired, without which it was impossible to keep him in bounds.' Lord Campbell adds that he has put asterisks in lieu of 'expressions imputed to Her Majesty too coarse to be copied.' But notwithstanding how she may have written to her husband, or what freedom she declared herself willing to concede him, yet she looked anxiously forward to his return, and for six weeks expected to hear it announced by every post. At last he came back in October, after about six months' absence, arriving at Kensington Palace on a Sunday afternoon, where he was met by the queen and the court

at the great gate. The king alighted, the queen curtsied profoundly, and then kissed the hand which the ill-tempered, red-faced little man held out to her, after which they embraced. He had no smiles or pleasant words either for her or any of those present, but was evidently sulky at being obliged to return to the people who hailed him as their king, and by the haste with which he journeyed to get back, in order to reach London before his birthday. Crossing the courtyard beside the queen, he offered her his hand, when she insisted on ‘gluing her lips to it’ once more.

Poor Queen Caroline had to listen to much abuse that day, and for many days to come. The memory of Madame Walmoden was fresh in her husband’s mind, and the fatigue of his journey, which he had purposely hurried, that he might afterwards brag of the speed of his movements, rendered him irritable and intolerable. He openly abused everything English. No English cook could dress a dinner, no English player could act, no Englishman could ride or drive properly, nor for that matter were there any English horses fit to be ridden or driven ; no

Englishman could talk of anything but dull politics, nor was his conversation to be borne; no Englishwoman knew how to dress, or could chatter of anything but her ugly clothes, nor were there any diversions in England either public or private; but in Hanover all that was changed. In that happy land the men and women did everything well, and were themselves models of perfection; the men were brave, polite, gallant, the women beautiful, interesting, witty; the army in that country was the bravest in the world, the ministers the wisest, the manufacturers the most ingenious, the subjects the happiest. Everyone who approached him he enlightened with these facts, and they in turn fell in for a share of his biliary temper.

He told Lady Sundon one day, as she waited at dinner, that he was forced to distribute his favours very differently in England from what he did at Hanover. There he rewarded people for doing their duty and serving him well, whilst here he was obliged to enrich people for being rascals, and bribe them not to cut his throat. During his absence the queen had some wretch-

ed attempts at painting removed from the drawing-room at St. James's, and genuine works of art placed in their stead. On his return he, who knew nothing of painting, merely for the sake of contradiction, declared he would have every picture replaced ; and, whilst his family were talking over this decision of his at breakfast, he came into the room in a surly humour, scolded the queen ‘for always stuffing herself,’ the Princess Amelia for not hearing, the Princess Caroline for growing fat, the Duke of Cumberland for standing awkwardly, and Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine (German chronology being a craze with the king). He had brought back with him some coach horses, which he said were superior to any in England, and these he presented to Her Majesty, as he had done with several pairs before ; so that, being nominally her property, the expense of keeping them should come out of her private purse.

Since his return his manner continued both rough and uncivil towards the queen, who felt it keenly, but made no complaint. What she

feared most was that much of her old influence over him had gone, and for consultation and advice she had recourse to Sir Robert Walpole, whom she treated with the greatest confidence, and spoke to on the most delicate topics. The minister was plain of speech, and, though far-seeing and judicious, was without tact. So he told Her Majesty that, after thirty years' acquaintance with the king, she must not expect to have the same influence over him, and that for any she might have she must no longer, at her age, depend on the charms of her person, but on her head. He added that it would be well to send for Lady Tankerville, who was then in the country, and to whom the king had shown signs of preference some months before. She was a safe fool, and a good-natured woman, and would give the king some amusement without giving trouble to Her Majesty, he said, and advised that she should be placed in the king's way, as it would be better to have some one chosen by Her Majesty than by the king. Sir Robert indeed feared that the royal favour might be bestowed on Lady Deloraine, to whom His Majesty liked to talk

'a little indecently' (according to Lord Hervey). Her ladyship was an attractive, clever woman, a trifle ambitious in her aims, and therefore calculated to give the queen and the minister some trouble. She had been suspected of poisoning a certain Miss M'Kenzie, who had once been her rival, and this is hinted at in a line of Pope's :

‘Slander or poison dread from Delia’s rage.’

Yet, extraordinary as it may appear, she was for some time governess to the younger Princesses, in whose apartments the king was in the habit of playing at quadrille with her. Though this advice of Walpole’s must have been bitter and humiliating to the queen, yet she took it in the spirit of friendliness in which it was meant.

After His Majesty had spent a couple of days in Kensington, the court moved to London to prepare for the celebration of the king’s birthday. This was always kept with much splendour, and those who went to the court that day, as every loyal lady and man of quality was expected to do, almost invariably had new clothes made for the

occasion, which were, as a rule, excessively rich and handsome; even the servants who drove the courtiers to St. James's were arrayed in new liveries. The king and queen, the Princess and maids-of-honour, and gentlemen of the household, all went in splendid attire to the drawing-room on such days, and must have formed a brilliant group, so far, at least, as colour went. ‘There was His Majesty in scarlet and gold,’ writes a correspondent of Lady Anne Campbell, who was anxious to supply her friend with court news; ‘the Duke of Cumberland in blue, trimmed with silver; the Princess Anne in silver, and colours upon yellow; the Princess Louisa in a dark green velvet embroidered with gold; my Lady Browne in scarlet, with great roses, not unlike large silver soup plates, made in an old silver lace, and spotted all over her gown: not to forget Lord Mark. I saw a bit of his body and waistcoat in the crowd, but had not the pleasure of a full view of either. He told me before that his waistcoat was to be fine, and his coat plain, upon which we foretold to him that he would catch cold with keeping his waistcoat open too

long; but he, always prudent, thought proper to unbutton his coat a night or two before the birthday, that he might harden himself a little, and practised the art of keeping a coat open with a good grace, to show a fine waistcoat to advantage.'

Their Majesties on these occasions were ushered into the drawing-room by the Lord High Treasurer, the Master of the Household, the Comptroller, and the Lord Chamberlain, wearing his gold key of office suspended by a blue ribbon at his side, and all carrying white staffs. Then the favourites gathered round the royal circle, the courtiers paid their homage, the queen made audible comments on the fine company, not always complimentary, but uttered for the purpose of keeping His Sacred Majesty in good humour by some lucky stroke of wit; the place-seekers watched their chance of meeting the king's glance, the politicians gathered together in groups, and the fine ladies, with thickly-painted faces and necks, talked scandal to the fine gentlemen, and told stories under the shelter of their fans. There was usually a concert going on the while in one of the

smaller drawing-rooms at the end of the suite, and at night there was always a ball, when the same company assembled again, the town being illuminated, and bonfires blazing in the streets.

The queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Cumberland had their birthdays also celebrated, but not with the same splendour. My Lady Strafford, in writing to the Earl, in 1735, gives a quaint description of his son's (Lord Wentworth) attendance at St. James's on the birthday of the Duke of Cumberland. ‘My love,’ commences her ladyship, ‘is perfectly well and vastly delighted with his court ball. I must begin to tell you all our proceedings. I took him to court in the morning, and the queen cried out, “Oh, Lord Wentworth, how do you do? you've mightily grown. My Lady, he is most prodigiously well-dressed. I hope you'll let him come to our ball to-night.” After the drawing-room was over, the Duke had a levée in his own room, so I desired my brother to take him there, and the Duke told him he hoped he would do him the favour to come at night; but, as a great misfortune, Lady Deloraine fell in labour, and was just brought to bed of a dead son, so

they could not have the room they used to dance in (it being next to hers), so they had a bad little room, and they did not dance French dances. Princess Emily asked Lord Wentworth to dance one with her, and afterwards the Duke gave him Lady Caroline Fitzroy for his partner. They had a supper of cold chicken, tongue, jelly, and sweetmeats, but they were' (served) 'in an odd manner, for they had neither knives nor plates; so that, well as my love loves eating, he says he ate but a leg of chicken, for he says he did not' (think) 'it looked well to be pulling greasy bones about in a room full of princesses. The way of getting rid of the bones was, the children threw them out of the window. The king was to see them dance, but not the queen. The ball ended about half an hour after ten; the Duke was quite free and easy, and extremely civil. As Lord Wentworth danced with the Princess Emily, I thought it civil to carry him yesterday to know how she did, so the queen came directly up to me, and said, "My Lady Strafford, all my children are quite charmed with Lord Wentworth; he is

so civil and well-bred, and not like a child.' (And, by what I hear, Lord Pomfret's sons were vastly rude.) My love, to look like a man, did not stand by me, but at the other end of the room; but as soon as the queen saw him, she called him to her, and told' (him) 'she heard he was a very good dancer, and that he was very well-bred.'

On the celebration of the king's birthday in this year, the drawing-room was not so full as usual, and the town was rather thin as the 'families of quality' had not yet returned from the country, and this state of things ruffled the king's temper exceedingly. Sir Robert Walpole, when His Majesty came back, went down to his family seat in Norfolk, in order to throw off the cares of state, which weighed heavily on him in the king's absence, and enjoy those rural sports in which he most delighted. Here he followed the hounds, and entertained troops of his friends and partisans at dinners, where 'mountains of roast beef, that only seem roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the great rock at Pratilino, was the staple food, washed down by flagons

of home-brewed ale.' Many of the other courtiers were inclined to follow the Prime Minister's example, and the king was in dread of having to endure a dull season. When the Duke of Grafton announced his intention of going down to the country for some hunting, his wrathful Majesty told him it was 'a pretty occupation for a man of quality and at his age to spend his time in tormenting a poor fox that was generally a better beast than any of those that pursued him.' His Grace made reply that he took this exercise for sake of his health, when the king said, 'With your great corps of twenty stone weight, no horse, I am sure, can carry you within hearing, much less within sight of your hounds.' Then His Majesty delicately referred to the other 'puppies and fools' who were running out of town when they had had the whole summer to amuse themselves, and do their silly business in the country.

In order to divert himself during this dull period, he very much wished to get up some public assemblies. 'The king is resolved to have a masquerade,' writes Captain Powell, in a private letter to a friend, 'which the queen

is much against, and many others, for fear he should be affronted; for indeed they are hellishly rude with pamphlets and songs.’ These obnoxious compositions referred principally to his absence from England, his love for Hanover, and his new mistress; all of which were more or less gross and abusive. But King George did not heed them so long as they did not actually interfere with his pleasure, and this, at the present time, lay outside the nation. All through the winter he never recovered from his ill-temper; he wrote continually to Madame Walmoden, whom he had left with a promise of returning next year. At a supper on the night before his departure from her, the object of his royal love had, with a mixture of bewitching smiles and melting tears, drunk a toast to the 29th of the coming May, the date the ancient Lothario had fixed for their next happy meeting. Sir Robert Walpole, when he came to hear of this, stoutly declared that the king should not go, and that, though ‘he thought himself devilish stout, and never gave up his will or his opinion, yet he never acted in anything material according to either of them but when

I had a mind he should.' But this boast of the great minister's proved idle on the present occasion.

In the spring he began to grow impatient to visit Madame Walmoden, who in his absence had given birth to a son, a fact that added to the tenderness with which he regarded her. But the session in this year was somewhat prolonged on account of the Quaker's Bill, in which the lords spiritual were vastly interested, being before Parliament. The continued debates irritated His Majesty more and more, until his anxiety for the conclusion of the session, before which he could not leave the kingdom with any show of decency, rose almost to fever pitch. 'I wish with all my heart,' he said to the queen, who, as usual, had to bear the full brunt of his temper, 'that the devil may take all your bishops, and the devil take your minister, and the devil take the Parliament, and the devil take the whole island, provided I can get out of it and go to Hanover.'

He did get out of it on the 22nd of May, just in time to keep his appointment with Madame Walmoden, and the royal circle, released from

his presence, were at peace once more. Some time after his landing, a circumstance occurred concerning his mistress which caused much amusement at both courts. Whilst he was staying at Herrnhausen, his country palace, and Madame Walmoden at the Hanoverian palace, it happened one night that a ladder was found placed against her window. The man who made this discovery was a gardener, who, probably being innocent of the ways of court intrigues, concluded at once that the ladder had been placed there with a burglarious design, and, in a state of great excitement, made search for the robber. He had not proceeded far when he found a man hiding behind a large espalier, whom, with the assistance of some servants that he had hastily called to his aid, he seized and brought before the Captain of the Guard; but the captive, proving to be an officer in the Imperial service, was immediately released.

The affair made a great sensation, but Madame Walmoden, being a very clever woman, was determined not to lose the royal favour by this unfortunate blunder; therefore, at six o'clock next morning, she ordered her coach, and,

driving to Herrnhausen, went at once to the king's room, where she flung herself on her knees beside His Majesty's bed, and, weeping bitterly, besought him either to protect her from insult or give her permission to retire. The king woke from his sacred slumbers, and was astonished at her supplications. Madame unfolded her tale of woe, and denounced the ladder incident as a base trick arranged to effect her ruin by her enemy Madame d'Elitz, whom the king's most excellent Majesty had forsaken and turned out of his affections and his home with equal ease last year. It was an awkward little fact that the said Madame d'Elitz was then, and had been for some time, in England; but Madame Walmoden was so certain that the plot had been concocted by that very wicked woman, and carried out by her friends, and, moreover, her protestations of affection for her royal master, merely as a lover, and not at all as a king, whose affection she valued more than all other pleasures, were so demonstrative that his amorous Majesty did not hesitate in believing her. His royal wrath against her supposed enemies was great indeed. He ordered that the

Captain of the Guard should be immediately arrested for suffering the Imperial officer to escape, and at the same time he commanded that the latter should likewise be apprehended ; but the Romeo of the Herrnhausen garden had wisely taken flight, and was not to be found. The whole affair caused great amusement amongst the king's subjects in England, and became an oft-told tale in drawing-rooms, coffee-houses, and at card-tables.

The king wrote a letter to Her Majesty, telling her the story at full length, asking her what she thought of it, and adding that perhaps his passion for the Walmoden had made him see it in a partial light. He desired her, moreover, to consult Sir Robert Walpole about it, ‘qui à plus d'experience, ma chère Caroline, que vous dans ces affaires, et moins de préjugé que moi dans celle-ci.’

Madame Walmoden was, however, clever enough to retain the king's affection, and His Majesty gave no indication of returning home this year in time for the birthday. Once more the queen became uneasy, and the people began to express their discontent loudly and freely;

but His Majesty could not drag himself away from his mistress, and cared little for what the English nation thought or said concerning him. Then Sir Robert Walpole was again called in to advise with the neglected and insulted wife, and his words, from the very purport of his kindness, must have been hard to bear. He said, if he had a mind to flatter her, he might talk to her as if she were five and twenty years old, but, as he spoke as a friend, he advised her to press the king to bring his mistress back with him to England ; and if Her Majesty would do this, and trust to him, he would engage that she should get the better of her rival and retain her influence over her husband. ‘He taught her this hard lesson till she wept,’ says Lord Hervey, ‘and Her Majesty, instead of reproaching him for the liberty he had taken, promised to do everything he had desired, and thanked him for the friendship he had shown her.’ It certainly was a hard lesson, one which she deeply felt, but which she considered inevitable that she should learn, though it wounded her woman’s heart and humbled her woman’s pride.

A few days afterwards she wrote a submissive

letter to the little tyrant, assuring him she had nothing but his interest and his pleasure at heart, that such was only her duty, and she hoped (poor soul!) that she had proved this to him by her conduct ever since he had known her; she ended by requesting he would bring Madame Walmoden to England, assuring him his wife's conduct to his mistress 'should be everything he desired when he told his pleasure, and everything she imagined he wished when she was left to guess it.' In answer to this came a letter from the king, expressing his sense of her goodness and his gratitude. He told her she knew him to be just, and wished he could be everything she would have him. 'Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline,' he adds, with a brutality which shocks as much as it surprises. 'Vous connaissez mes foiblesses, il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous, et plût à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez ! Plût à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer.' He added that

Madame Walmoden relied on Her Majesty's goodness, and had consented to go to England, and desired that Lady Suffolk's apartments might be prepared for her. Accordingly, the rooms were made ready for her reception, the queen even enlarging them by adding two closets to them in which her books were stored. But, though she did this, it was with a sense of pain that she could not conceal.

‘The great lady sheds tears incessantly,’ writes the Countess of Strafford, ‘and now people talk that the other lady has consented to come over.’ Sir Robert Walpole told the Archbishop of York, Launcelot Blackburn, of the queen’s having written to invite the Walmoden over, and his Grace, being a very earthly man, visited the queen to congratulate her on being ‘so sensible as to like that her husband should divert himself.’

## CHAPTER VII.

The King's Unpopularity—His Return—Court Reception on Sunday—The Poet Gay—The Duchess of Queensbury and the King—Dean Swift and her Grace—Her Majesty the Patroness of Poets—The Queen's Illness—‘An Ill that Nobody knows of’—Her Majesty’s Farewell—Her Death—The King’s Grief—Sir Robert Walpole and ‘Moll Skerrett.’

MEANWHILE the populace grew more and more dissatisfied at the king’s prolonged absence. They said Parliament had given him a greater civil list than any previous monarch had enjoyed, in order that he might spend the money on his German mistress; the citizens complained that his remaining from the capital injured trade because the nobility stayed away likewise, and there was no court.

‘Nothing is talked,’ writes Lady Harriet Wentworth to her father, ‘but the people’s im-

patience for the king's arrival. The Prince was at the play two or three nights ago, and the people called out, "Crown him, crown him!" (as they did once before), upon which he went directly out of the house.'

On the Royal Exchange a notice was posted stating, 'It is reported that His Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British Dominions for three months in the spring,' whilst on one of the gates of St. James's Palace the following advertisement was found :

'Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish. Whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N.B.—This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown.' The whole town in fact was filled with satirical pamphlets and lampoons ridiculing His Sacred Majesty and his new mistress, and abusing him in terms that correspond with the grossness of his conduct.

After seven months' absence the king embarked for England ; this was the occasion of

his home-coming when it was feared he was lost at sea during the storm which overtook and compelled him to return to Helvoetsluys. However, he landed at Lowestoft on Friday the 14th of January, 1737, and, borrowing six horses of Lord Strafford, drove towards London until met by his own coach. He reached town on Saturday morning, unaccompanied by Madame Walmoden, who, at the last hour, had refused to trust herself to the queen's expressed generosity and goodness, preferring to remain in safety at Hanover. On his arrival at St. James's, Her Majesty and all the royal family received him as he alighted, and he greeted them all with great show of affection and delight. With the queen his conduct was as gentle as it had been ill-humoured on his former return ; he told her no man ever had so faithful and meritorious a wife, or so able a friend ; his smiles were all sunshine, his speeches courteous, his manner unusually agreeable, and the poor queen's delight was as great as its cause was unexpected. He assured his minister that he was a great and a good man whom he should always love ; this Sir Robert received with a smile, but he after-

wards said he knew His Majesty loved nobody.

The day after his arrival a Drawing-room was held. ‘A Sunday after church all the ladies was to be presented in the great drawing-room,’ writes Lady Strafford, ‘and there was a greater crowd than ever I see at a birthday, that the king began at the bottom and only kissed away as fast as he could without saying one word ; but when the Duchess of Manchester said, “My Lady Strafford,” he made a full stop and said, “My Lady Strafford, I can tell you I left my Lord Strafford in health, and he was so good as to lend me his horses.” As soon as the queen could squeeze into the drawing-room (for she never got but a little within the door), Lady Charlotte told me she said to somebody, “Pray is my Lady Strafford here ?” so somebody said yes, and pointed to the upper part of the room, where I stood, and the queen called quite out aloud, “My Lady Strafford, come, come to me, for I must speak with you,” I was a good while before I could possibly get to her, but begged people’s pardon and crowded away as fast as I could. So she said, “My Lady Strafford, I am, as well as the king, prodigiously obliged to my

Lord Strafford for being so good as to lend the king his horses." So I told her the same speech as I made the king. "I was sure you were extremely happy that you happened to be in the country, if you could be of any service to the king. I wished her joy of His Majesty's safe arrival, and said I was very agreeably waked by the going off of the guns." She said (in quite an easy way), "To tell you the truth, I had the news at four o'clock in the morning, and they told me the king could not be here before ten; so I resolved to go to sleep again, but I found I couldn't for my life, so I got up at seven." I think I never see so much joy in any face as in the queen's, and she said to me, "You have put on your best clothes, so have I, in respect to the king." They dined in public, and they say there was a vast crowd. I was sorry to hear it, but I was told that on Saturday, when the king came upstairs, and vast joy was showed by his family on his arrival, "one person stood in the corner of the room, spoke to nobody, and looked quite glum." This 'one person' was of course the Prince of Wales.

Madame Walmoden's name was never heard

of more during the queen's life, save on one occasion, when the king ordered Sir Robert Walpole to buy ten lottery tickets of £100 each for him, which he would send to Germany, and, to save making the disbursement of £1,000 (their cost) out of the Privy purse, he ordered the minister to charge the money to the secret service.

Very early in this reign an incident occurred which caused a sensation in court and town, and became the topic of conversation for longer than the traditional nine days.

When the queen was Princess of Wales, the poet Gay had sung her praises in flattering strains, and paid court to her in a right loyal manner, and she in return looked kindly on this child of the Muses, extended her patronage to him, and gave him hopes of being appointed to some office when she came to the throne. But, meanwhile, Gay unwisely sought the patronage and friendship of Mrs. Howard ; for he, in common with some others, made the mistake of believing the mistress to have more influence with the king than his wife. He therefore paid the former fine compliments, helped her to write her

elegant letters to her numerous correspondents, flattered her in prose, and styled her ‘a wonderful creature’ and ‘an angel’ in flowing verse. The result of this was that, when Caroline became queen, the poet, whose expectations had risen to a height by this time, was merely offered the place of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa, then a child of five years, with a salary attached of £200. This he rejected with great indignation, and Pope, Swift, and other of his friends congratulated him on his spirit. He therefore left the court, believing himself wronged. Pope, who was no lover of kings or courts, told him he was ‘happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ills and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection who are hackneyed and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and peers (the lackeys of Princes), and ladies (the fools of peers) will smile on you the less,’ continued the poet, ‘but men of worth, and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing, which kings and queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give), liberty, and which is worth all

they have ; which as yet, thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that.'

Gay, it is to be feared, was scarcely comforted by this advice of one who had never addressed Her Majesty in panegyric, or other strains, and who never lost a chance of having a slap at the king or court ; and, smarting with indignation and resentment, he wrote the famous '*Beggar's Opera*,' ridiculing the court and Sir Robert Walpole (to whom he ignorantly imputed his want of success with the queen) in pointed and humorous satire. When he showed the manuscript to Congreve, that author said, 'it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly,' and its fate was looked forward to with much suspense. 'We were all at the first night of it,' says Pope, 'in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by our hearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, "it will do—it must do. I see it in the eyes of the people." This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon ; for that Duke (besides his own good taste) has as particular a knack as anyone

now living in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual. The good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause.' The opera contained songs sparkling with satire, that hit the public taste and passed at once into popularity. It had a run of sixty-three consecutive nights, which, at that time, was considered a wonderful triumph. Selections from its ballads were written on ladies' fans, and on screens, and were sung in drawing-rooms, and handed about in coffee-houses; whilst the success of the opera in Dublin and the English provinces was equally remarkable.

Elated by its popularity, Gay determined to write a sequel, which he called 'Polly,' the satire of which was less disguised and more personal, and in which Sir Robert Walpole was made to figure as a highwayman, whilst his various amours were hinted at in no very delicate manner. No sooner did the Prime Minister hear of this than he caused the Lord Chamberlain to exercise his right of prohibiting its performance. This only rendered Gay more bitter,

and he determined to publish it by subscription, after the fashion of the day; whilst the charming and somewhat eccentric Duchess of Queensbury, the poet's latest patroness, freely canvassed for subscriptions of everyone who came in her way, until at last her zeal carried her so far as to prompt her to ask the courtiers to add their names to her list in the presence of royalty.

Whilst she was engaged in this manner, it happened that the king noticed she was talking earnestly to some of the officers of the household, and, with his usual curiosity, felt anxious to know what was the subject of their conversation. Hearing him inquire, she answered, ‘What must be agreeable to anyone so humane as your Majesty, for it is an act of charity, and one to which I do not despair of bringing your Majesty to contribute.’ The king at once understood the purport of her words; his round, blond face became suddenly crimson with anger. He, however, made her no reply, but, on consulting with the queen, he resolved to forbid her Grace coming to the court in future, as a punishment for her advocacy in Gay’s behalf. Accordingly, one of the vice-chamberlains was

sent to the offending Duchess with a message, which was to be delivered verbally, forbidding her presence at the court. Her Grace was a woman of high spirit, and, whilst the royal messenger yet waited, she sat down and wrote, ‘for fear of mistakes,’ as she said, the following answer to his gracious Majesty :

‘ The Duchess of Queensbury is surprised and well pleased that the king hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the king and queen ; she hopes by such an unprecedented order as this is that the king will see as few as he wishes at his court, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, nor ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment that I could possibly pay the king to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house, particularly when the king and queen had both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay’s play. I have certainly done right then to stand by my own word, rather than his Grace of Grafton’s, who has neither made use of truth, judgment, nor

honour through the whole affair either for himself or his friends.'

The Duchess remained away from court, her husband resigned his post of High Admiral of Scotland against the king's desire, and their Majesties felt that they had been somewhat impolitic in sending their hasty orders to her Grace. The only person for whom this royal ill wind blew fair was Gay, whose book was now eagerly subscribed for by all who had a grudge against the court or Parliament, and which realised for him the handsome sum of over eleven hundred pounds. He still continued to correspond with Mrs. Howard, and she, as far as lay in her power, continued to act in a friendly manner by him, one proof of which was the hint she gave him in these words : 'Your head is your best friend ; it would clothe, lodge, and wash you ; but you neglect it, and follow that false friend your heart, which is such a foolish, tender thing that it makes others despise your head that have not half so good upon their own shoulders.' His good heart gained him the friendships of such men as Swift and Pope, and he treasured them through his life. To the former

he wrote of the occurrence, which was then affording delightful gossip to the town : ‘ You must undoubtedly have heard that the Duchess took up with the king and queen in defence of my play, and that she hath been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune by the publication of it without being acted. The Duke, too, hath given up his employment, which he would have done if the Duchess hath not met with this treatment upon account of ill-usage from the ministers ; but this hastened him to what he had determined. The play is now almost printed with the music, words, and basses engraved on thirty-one copper plates, which by my friend’s assistance has a possibility to turn greatly to my advantage. The Duchess of Marlborough has given me a hundred pounds for one copy, and others have contributed very handsomely. For writing in the cause of virtue and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person in England. Mr. Pope tells me that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. Mrs. Howard has declared herself strongly both to

the king and queen as my advocate. The Duchess of Queensbury is allowed to have shown more spirit, more honour, and more goodness than was thought possible in our times. I should have added too, more understanding and good sense. You see, my fortune (as I hope my virtue) will increase by oppression. I go to no courts, I drink no wine, and am calumniated even by Ministers of State, and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refuse to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of England take my part very warmly, and I am told the best of the citizens will give me proof of it by their contributions.'

Gay, like a true son of the Muses, was rather lavish of his money, so much so indeed that his patron, the Duke of Queensbury, at last took charge of his purse, and the result of this was that the poet died worth £3,000. Dean Swift did not think that a sufficient sum for him to lay by, and in these his palmy days wrote to Gay that he 'would not allow' him rich enough till he was worth £7,000, which would bring him an annuity of £300. 'This will maintain

you,' says the Dean, 'with the perquisite of sponging whilst you are young; and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country.'

When the laureateship became vacant, Gay, who would most probably have had that honour conferred on him, if he had not quarrelled with the court, was overlooked for Colley Cibber. The play-writer had striven to rival the 'Beggar's Opera' by a production of his named 'Love in a Riddle,' but the performance was, as he says, 'so vilely damned and hooted at, as so vain a presumption in the idle cause of virtue could deserve.' On the appointment of Cibber, who could possibly lay no claim to the bays, Gay grew more bitter against the court, and had a large share in the composition of a poem satirizing their Majesties, which appeared shortly after the laureateship had been filled up. It was styled, 'An Ode for the New Year (1731), written by Colley Cibber, Esq.,' and, as the poem does not permit of its being reprinted in full, selections only are given.

'This is the day when right or wrong,  
 I, Colley Bays, Esquire,  
 Must for my sack indite a song,  
 And thrum my venal lyre.

Then comes a reference to the king :

'His head with wisdom deep is fraught,  
 His breast with courage glows ;  
 Alas, how mournful is the thought  
 He ever should want foes !

'For in his heart he loves a drum  
 As children love a rattle ;  
 If not in field, in drawing-room  
 He daily sounds to battle.

'The queen I also pray God save !  
 His consort plump and dear ;  
 Who just as she is *wise* and *brave*  
 Is *pious* and *sincere*.

'She's courteous, good, and charms all folks,  
 Loves one as well as t'other ;  
 Of Arian and of Orthodox,  
 Alike the nursing mother.

'Oh ! may she always meet success  
 In every scheme and job,  
 And still continue to caress  
 That honest statesman Bob.'

Many satirical ballads like this were concocted by Pope, Swift, and Gay, three men of genius united by a common bond of friendship. The Dean, like most disappointed men, was occasion-

ally out of humour with the world, and his eccentricities increased with time. ‘I have been sixteen years in Ireland since Queen Anne’s death in 1714,’ he writes, ‘with only an intermission of two summers in England, and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen’s death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose.’ One night, when Pope and Gay called on the Dean during one of his visits to England, they found him in one of his eccentric moods, when he was much inclined to be governed by the moroseness which he mentions.

‘Hey day, gentlemen, what’s the meaning of this visit?’ he asked, when his friends presented themselves. ‘How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of, to come here and see a poor Dean?’

‘Because,’ said Gay, simply, ‘we would rather see you than any of them.’

‘Ay, anyone that did not know you so well as I do might believe you,’ answered Swift, nothing softened by his friend’s expression of regard; ‘but since you are come,’ he continued, ‘I suppose I must get you some supper.’

They both assured him they had already supped, but this statement only aggrieved their host the more.

‘Supped already! That’s impossible!’ he said. ‘Why, it’s only eight o’clock; that’s very strange. But, if you had not supped, I must have got you something. Let me see, what should I have had?—a couple of lobsters, two shillings; tarts, a shilling. But you will have a glass of wine with me,’ he went on, in his quaint manner, ‘though you have supped so much before your usual time, only to spare my pocket?’

They assured him they would rather talk than drink with him, but this did not seem to have the desired effect of soothing him.

‘If you had supped with me,’ he said to them, ‘as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drunk with me—a bottle of wine, two shillings. Two and two are four, and one is five, just two and sixpence a-piece. There, Pope, is half-a-crown for you, and there is another for you, sir, for I won’t save anything by you, I am determined,’ and he compelled them both to take the money.

Swift, who hated living in Ireland, had for years desired a preferment in England, and a position in the Church which his talents, if not his morals, certainly entitled him to expect.

‘ You think as I ought to think,’ he wrote to his friend, Lord Bolingbroke, from Dublin, ‘ that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage like a rat in a hole.’

The poor Dean, whose bitterness and discontent are so keenly expressed in these lines, had years before made the fatal mistake of paying his court to Mrs. Howard, through whom he sought to gain the king’s favour. During his visits to town he had called on her frequently, flattered her, told her his wittiest stories, and when absent he kept up a correspondence with her, in which he expressed his admiration for her talents and person in no measured terms. This friendship was sufficient to prove a barrier towards his desires in the queen’s sight, until at last, Swift, sick with waiting, turned his expressed admiration for Mrs. Howard to words of reproach. When his hopes were in the ascend-

ant, he had presented her with an Irish poplin dress, to which the queen (then Princess of Wales) took a fancy, and on this the Dean presented her with a robe of the same texture. But even this act did not touch her woman's heart, as he probably expected.

'As for Mrs. Howard and her mistress,' he writes some years afterwards, 'I have nothing to say but that they have neither memory nor manners, else I should have had some mark of the former from the latter which I was promised about two years ago; but since I made them a present, it would be mean to remind them.'

When he did visit the court, shortly after the Princess of Wales became queen, he was by no means in a gracious mood with Her Majesty, who had not helped him to an English living—the goal of all his desires. The queen had sent for him, and, when after some hesitation he made his appearance, he told Her Majesty he had been informed she 'loved to see odd persons, and that, having sent for a wild boy from Germany, he supposed she had a curiosity to see a wild dean from Ireland.' Upon which

Caroline, with her practised graciousness, smiled, and appeared amused; but this remark did not tend towards forwarding his desires.

The Duchess of Queensbury, knowing that Swift hated the court and was a friend of Gay's, invited him to come over from Ireland and stay with her. The eccentric woman wrote to the dean, at the bottom of one of Gay's letters: 'I would fain have you come. I cannot say you will be welcome, for I do not know you, and perhaps I shall not like you; but, if I do not (unless you are a very vain person), you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.' No doubt Mr. Dean felt flattered, and he loved flattery better than all things in life. His answer to her Grace is remarkable and strikingly characteristic of the man. 'Madam, my beginning thus low' (his reply was written at the end of his letter to Gay) 'is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty, for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England that the first advances have been constantly made me by all

ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakness I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person ' (the queen) ' sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit ; I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say perhaps you shall not like me ; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate ; for I have certain intelligence that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it is needless ; for Diogenes himself would be vain to have received the honour of

being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.'

The Dean fully intended visiting the Duchess, and spending a month with her at Amesbury, and whilst making preparations writes to her: 'Your Grace shall have your own way in all places except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind, which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.'

The Dean was, however, never destined to visit the Duchess, or to see England after this letter was written; the dread blankness of mental disease overtook him and shut out the lights of his sparkling wit and brilliant

humour; his health broke down, and in this life he saw his English friends no more. ‘If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey,’ he wrote to Pope, after his last visit to London which he had terminated so abruptly, in order that he might hasten to the dying Stella. ‘If not,’ he continues, pathetically, ‘we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and, if I were to write an utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes.’

‘This letter affected me so much,’ said little Mr. Pope, ‘that it made me feel like a girl !’

Though Her Majesty behaved unfriendly towards Swift and Gay, she showed favour to other men of letters and followers of the Muses. One of these latter was Stephen Duck, a field-labourer, commonly called ‘The Thresher,’ who

had developed a knack of rhyming, and was brought to the notice of the court by Dr. Alured Clarke, through Mrs. Clayton's representations to the queen. Duck's first poem was a description of his life, which was called 'The Thresher's Labour.' This met with some success, not on account of its merit, but from the circumstance of the versifier. His next attempt was 'The Shunamite.' 'We have some people of taste for such performances,' writes Dr. Clarke, 'who think none but a thresher could write "The Thresher's Labour," and that the author of "The Shunamite" must be the best poet of the age.' Her Majesty became interested in this child of nature, who could write poems and thresh corn with almost equal skill and ease, and deigned to make him her gardener at Richmond, allowing him twelve shillings a week, perhaps a sufficient sum for so humble a follower of the Muses in those days. Stephen therefore became a neighbour of Pope's, and Dr. Clarke, who displayed great interest in him, wrote to Mrs. Clayton. 'As Stephen is to be his neighbour, and the friendship and assistance of Mr. Pope would be very serviceable to him, or

at least it would be prudent not to expose him to the malice of the Dunciad Club, which might perhaps be the case if some little court be not paid,—I believe on these conditions you will think there can be no harm in his carrying my letter, in which I have avoided anything that might look like a recommendation of him in Her Majesty's name, which is an honour I cannot think Mr. Pope has any claim to.' In these lines the Rev. doctor's subserviency to the court favourite is clearly expressed.

The Thresher went on writing verses and Dr. Clarke warns Mrs. Clayton not to 'suffer any copies of his future poetry to go out of her hands, considering the ill use that has been made by the publication of his verses in a surreptitious manner.' This shows that Stephen's name had become of market value to the publishers. Indeed a sad and needy literary hack rejoicing in the name of Erasmus Jones, who gathered news for the *Evening Post*, smuggled some of the Thresher's verses through the press, an act which brought the publisher the decent sum of £100. Those who disliked Pope and were anxious to ignore the existence of the offending

Gay, declared Duck the greatest poet in England, hearing which Dean Swift wrote the following lines, which have a fine full flavour of satire about them :—

'The Thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,  
The proverb says, "No fence against a flail,"  
From threshing corn he turns to threshing brains,  
For which Her Majesty allows him grains.  
Though, 'tis confessed, that those who ever saw  
His poems, think them all not worth a straw.  
Thrice happy Duck employed in threshing stubble,  
'Thy toil is lessened and thy profits double!'

The poet's next step in the social scale was his becoming a Yeoman of the Guard. He was also appointed keeper of Her Majesty's private library at Richmond, and it was probably whilst engaged in the duties of this office that he imbibed that little learning which became so terribly dangerous a thing to him; for the good Thresher first flung himself into the bosom of the Church and got ordained, and then into the middle of the Thames and got drowned; such being the various tastes of this one man.

Another poet to whom Her Majesty acted as patroness was Richard Savage, son of the in-

famous Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, and step-sister of Miss Brett, whose name occurs in the first volume of this work. Savage was, as Johnson says, ‘born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, was in two months illegitimated by the Parliament and disowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obscurity, and launched upon the ocean of life, only that he might be swallowed by its quick-sands or dashed upon its rocks.’ When Savage was accused and condemned for the murder of Mr. Sinclare during a tavern brawl which took place in a house of more than doubtful reputation, the queen, hearing of it, exerted her influence and saved him from the gallows. Lord Tyrconnell then became his patron, but the poet’s habits and extravagance quickly disgusted this nobleman, and he was soon adrift once more on the world. Savage then bethought him of writing a birthday ode to the queen, and she, coming to learn that the man whose life she was instrumental in once saving was again in danger of death by starvation, granted him a pension of fifty pounds a year during her life. In return he called himself the ‘Volun-

tary Laureate,' and annually addressed a poem to Her Majesty on her birthday.

To the granddaughter of John Milton, who, as became the offspring of a poet, had grown acquainted with poverty, the queen likewise extended her clemency, and even in so small a measure helped to pay a nation's debt of gratitude ; and when the noble poet Lansdowne, and Carte the historian were in exile because of their political opinions, the queen obtained their pardon, and enabled them to return to England.

Early in November, 1737, a rumour ran through the court that Her Majesty had been taken ill. All the members of the royal family had a nervous horror of being considered invalids, and it sometimes happened that, when the king and queen were really unwell, they purposely appeared in public, in order to divert suspicion from their condition. The first day on which Her Majesty suffered in this month, she was obliged to go to bed, sorely against her will, chiefly because she knew it would displease His Majesty ; but, when the usual hour came for her to attend the drawing-room, she

told the king she was better, and got up and received the guests, looking ill and pale the while. After a little time she complained to the Vice-Chamberlain that she was unable to entertain people, and he replied, ‘Would to God the king would have done talking of “The Dragon of Wantley,”’ (a new burlesque), ‘and release you.’

When the drawing-room was at length over, Her Majesty went at once to bed, from which she never rose again. Through the early part of the night her favourite daughter, Caroline, sat alone with her, whilst the king, as was his wont, amused himself by playing cards. When he returned, he was much alarmed at the queen’s sufferings, which neither nostrums administered to her nor bleedings had relieved, and, to mark his anxiety, lay all night outside the counterpane on her bed. Next day those about Her Majesty considered her much better; but she knew it was otherwise; she felt some suspicion that her life was approaching its close, and said to the Princess Caroline, who had been unwell for some time past, ‘Poor Caroline, you

are very ill too ; we shall soon meet again in another place.'

The king resolved to hold a levee that day, and, notwithstanding his anxiety for the queen, was much concerned about having his new ruffles sewn on the shirt he was to wear for the occasion. The day wore slowly away, and the queen grew no better. She complained of having an 'ill that no body knew of ;' and this was the first hint she gave of some secret complaint which the doctors had not up to that time discovered. Days passed, and no relief came. His Majesty, now full of anxiety, tenderness, and grief, sat up with her some of the nights, and refused to see any ministers or courtiers. The Prince of Wales sent Lord North to inquire after his mother, and request permission to see her. When his message was delivered to the king, he flew into a great rage. 'This,' he said, 'is like one of the scoundrel's tricks. It is just of a piece with his kneeling down in the dirt before the mob to kiss her hand at the coach-door when she came from Hampton Court to see the Princess, though he

had not spoken one word to her during her whole visit. I always hated the rascal, but now I hate him worse than ever. He wants to come and insult his poor dying mother; but she shall not see him. All my daughters have heard her very often, this year at Hampton Court, desire me, if she should be ill and out of her senses, that I would never let him come near her; and, whilst she had her senses, she was sure she should never desire it. No, no; he shall not come and act any of his silly plays here.'

The queen was not then aware that her son had sent to inquire after her, and said one evening she was sure, sooner or later, he would send some message, because it would look well in the eyes of the world; and 'perhaps he hopes,' she added, 'I shall be fool enough to let him come, and give him the pleasure of seeing my last breath go out of my body, by which means he would have the joy of knowing I was dead five minutes sooner than he could know it in Pall Mall.'

The king, hearing her say this, told her the message he had already had delivered to the

Prince, but said she could see him if she so desired ; when she replied nothing but His Majesty's absolute commands should ever make her consent to it. If anything she could say would make him alter his behaviour, she would say it with all her heart, but she knew that was impossible. 'Whatever advice I gave him,' she said, 'he would thank me for, *pleureroit comme un veau*, all the while I was speaking, and swear to follow my directions, and would laugh at me the moment he was out of the room, and do just the contrary of all I bid him the moment I was dead. And therefore, if I should grow worse, and be weak enough to talk of seeing him, I beg you, sir, to conclude that I doat or rave.'

The 'ill which no body knew of' was a rupture that she concealed as long as possible from the physician's knowledge. It was only discovered indeed by Dr. Ranby, and then at too late a stage to save her life, though painful surgical operations were performed continually from the time Ranby became aware of her condition almost to the day of her death. Before each one she inquired if it were with the king's approbation, and when once assured

it was, bore her sufferings with great patience. In His Majesty's manner to her during her last illness there was a strange mixture of brutality and tenderness. He sat up with her a great part of the night, kissed her affectionately, told her she was the best and wisest wife, mother, and friend that ever was born ; that God had never given anyone such a heart and temper ; that her death would be an irreparable loss, and would put an end to all the brilliancy and enjoyment of the court. To those around him, he spoke unceasingly of her virtue, courage, prudence, and understanding, and of his affection for her, yet in some ways he was as rough in his manner as of yore. Once, when her constant weariness and pain made her shift her position in bed, continually, though vainly, hoping for rest, he asked her, 'how the devil should she sleep if she would not lie still a moment !' In his solicitude for her he was continually forcing her to eat something or another, which, though it gave her pain, and did her no service, she never refused. When she had swallowed whatever he desired he would thank her, and she, striving to con-

ceal her pain, would reply. It was the last service she could do him.

When at last the surgeons declared they could do no more for her, there occurred in that royal chamber, already darkened by death, one of the strangest scenes which history has ever recorded. The queen took leave of all her children in England save the Prince of Wales. ‘I have always,’ she said to the king, who cried with great vehemence, ‘told you my thoughts of things and people as fast as they rose; I have nothing left to communicate to you. The people I love, and those I do not, the people I like and dislike, and those I would wish you to be kind to, you know as well as myself, and I am persuaded it would therefore be a useless trouble both to you and to me at this time to add any particular recommendations.’ His Majesty sobbed aloud, kissed her hands and face over and over again, and was much affected. Then the dying wife advised him to marry again, to which he replied, in a voice broken by the force of his grief, ‘Non, j’aurai des maîtresses.’ ‘Ah, mon Dieu, cela n’empêche pas,’ replied the queen. He con-

tinued to sob, as did also the children and those around him. Her Majesty then took off a ruby ring he had given her on the coronation day and handed it to him. ‘This is the last thing I have to give you,’ she said. Presently she asked for her watch, which hung by the chimney-piece, in order to give him the seal on which her arms were engraved, when in the midst of his tears the king burst out ill-temperedly, ‘Let it alone: who should meddle with your seal? Is it not as safe there as in my pocket?’

The queen lingered for almost a fortnight. She had a firm belief that she should die on the first Wednesday after she was taken ill, because all the remarkable occurrences of her life had happened on that day. She had been born, married, had given birth to her first child, had heard of the late king’s death, had been crowned, and had taken ill on a Wednesday, and now she believed her death would happen on that day also. The king believed in this likewise, and was uneasy and anxious when Wednesday came round. When she fell into a sleep on that day, he believed her dying, and said it

was all over with her, that she would suffer no more ; but she woke presently, feeling better. ‘I wish it was at an end, but my nasty heart will not break yet,’ she said, quietly, and she lived until the following Sunday.

Once, when, after a sleepless night, the queen lay exhausted, with her eyes staring at vacancy, the king came into the room and said to her, ‘Mon Dieu ! qu'est ce que vous regardez ? Comment peut-on fixer ses yeux comme ça ? Vos yeux ressemblent à ceux d'un veau à qui on vient de couper la gorge !’

For a considerable time during her illness she had neither a chaplain nor bishop to visit her, and some of those about the court began to speculate as to whether she should die without receiving the sacrament. She had not at any time proved herself very religious, and probably her love for hearing controversy left her with little faith in the tenets of any particular creed. It had been her habit in the mornings to have her chaplain read the prayers in one room, whilst she was being dressed, and whilst she listened to the newest *bon-mot* or the latest court scandal in another. One of

her chaplains, Dr. Dunster, used to give exhortations which occasionally exceeded the time devoted to dressing, and which were then discovered to be ‘dull to the degree of an opiate.’ In the ante-room where the prayers were read, a large picture of a naked Venus hung on the wall. When Dr. Maddox (afterwards Bishop of Worcester) was once waiting to read the morning prayers for Her Majesty’s benefit, Mrs. Selwyn put her head out of the royal bed-chamber and ordered him to commence. ‘And a very proper altar piece is here, madam,’ he replied, glancing at the goddess of beauty. This was not, however, so good an answer as that made by one of the royal chaplains in the reign of Queen Anne, who had the same irreverent habit as her successor. One day whilst she was being dressed and the service proceeding, the bed-room door was closed for a few minutes, when the chaplain ceased to pray. The queen sent out to know why he did not go on. ‘Because,’ he answered, stoutly, ‘I would not whistle the word of God through the key-hole.’

Another irreverent habit of Queen Caroline’s

was that of talking during the services at chapel. She had commenced it with George I., with whom she had many squabbles in the royal pew, and continued it with her husband, if he was not inclined to doze ; so that whenever they were not chatting, a sonorous snore from the royal nose was sure to be heard as the unappreciated accompaniment to the discourses of learned divines in St. James's Chapel.

Fearing the whisperings and murmurings of the religious people who busied themselves about the queen's frame of mind, might act prejudicially towards the Defender of the Faith and his family, Sir Robert Walpole asked the Princess Amelia to consult the king about sending for the Archbishop of Canterbury to read prayers for Her Majesty. Years before, one of the spiritual lords, on learning the queen's views of religion, had waited on her, and sent word that he considered it his duty to place himself at her service, in order to satisfy any doubts and explain any principles she did not comprehend. When the message was conveyed to her she said, 'Send him away civilly, though he is very impertinent to suppose that I, who have

refused to be an empress for the sake of the Protestant religion, don't understand it fully.' But this reason would not now hold good for her not seeing a clergyman, and, therefore, the Prime Minister thought it proper to make this request to the Princess Amelia, who was not, however, anxious to comply with his wishes. 'Pray, madam,' said Sir Robert, 'let this farce be played; the Archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the queen no hurt, no more than any good, and it will satisfy all the wise and good fools, who will call us all atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are.'

After taking this view of the case the Princess asked the king, and he consulted the queen about having the Archbishop. Her Majesty consented, and his Grace came morning and evening to pray by the dying woman, a service in which he was joined by her family, except the king, who used to walk out of the room before the Archbishop was admitted. The queen, however, declined to receive the sacrament, and on the occasion of his Grace's last visit, when it was known the queen was sink-

ing, the courtiers, who met him retiring from the royal chamber, crowded round him with eager curiosity, asking him if the queen had received. That wily man, with the subtlety for which Walpole had given him credit, replied, ‘Her Majesty is in a heavenly disposition.’

On Sunday evening, the 20th of November, 1737, the queen, yet suffering, asked one of her physicians how long her pains would last. ‘It will not be long before your Majesty will be relieved,’ he answered. ‘The sooner the better,’ she said, and gave no other sign of impatience. About ten o’clock that night, whilst the king was dozing on a bed placed on the floor at the foot of the queen’s, and the Princess Amelia lying on another in the same room, Her Majesty’s last struggle began. One of the Bed-chamber Women gave the alarm, when those in the room jumped up, and the Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey were sent for. The dying woman was yet conscious, and asked in a feeble voice that the window might be opened; then she said, ‘Pray:’ it was her last word; her agony was brief. In the solemn hush that followed, the Princess Caroline held a mirror to her mother’s

lips, but no damp came upon it : she was dead.

Then the king flung himself on her bed and kissed the lifeless body over and over again, crying bitterly all the while. When at length he was led away sobbing and had gone to bed, he sent for the Vice-Chamberlain to sit with him, when he talked of the queen and of her death at great length. Then dismissing him he directed that one of the pages should sit in his room all night, and for some time after the queen's death one of them was required to sit or sleep in his apartment, as His Majesty was nervous and superstitious. He showed indeed a much deeper sense of feeling than those who knew him previously gave him credit for possessing ; he talked of Her Majesty incessantly, told anecdotes of his first seeing her, of his marriage and of their life in Hanover, and his affectionate behaviour to her when she had small-pox, and he had refused to leave her though he caught the disease. He said the whole nation would feel her loss, and for weeks continued much dejected ; he became so changed that he did everything Sir Robert Walpole desired without question, signing all papers and docu-

ments brought him in a listless way, without enquiring their purport.

When he saw Her Majesty's women-servants, he tried to speak to them, but became so affected that he had to leave the room hastily in order to recover himself. He ordered that all the salaries of the queen's officers and servants should be continued, and all her charities to benevolent institutions, in order, he said, that, if possible, nobody should suffer by her death but himself.

The queen was buried on the 17th of December, in a new vault in Henry VII.'s Chapel ; and a few months afterwards a very odd story of His Majesty is mentioned in a private letter of Lord Wentworth's to his father. 'A Saturday night,' he says, 'between one and two a clock the king waked out of a dream very uneasy, and ordered the vault where the queen is to be broke open immediately, and have the coffin also opened; and went in a hackney-chair through the Horse-guards to Westminster Abbey and back again to bed. I think it is the strangest thing that could be.' It was so strange that at first my lord was inclined to

discredit the tale, but in a subsequent letter he again refers to it. ‘The story about the king was true, for Mr. Wallop he heard of one that saw him go through the Horse-guards on Saturday night, with ten footmen before the chair, and he went towards Westminster Abbey.’

Whilst His Majesty was in retirement, the courtiers, ministers, and politicians were busy in their speculations as to who would rule the king in the future; for it was unanimously admitted that some one should govern him. My Lords of Grafton and Newcastle were certain much of the queen’s power over him would pass to the Princess Amelia; but Sir Robert Walpole openly declared, ‘I’ll bring Madame Walmoden over, and I’ll have nothing to do with your girls; I was for the wife against the mistress, but I will be for the mistress against the daughters.’ For some time after the queen’s death he hesitated in tendering this advice to his sovereign; for the king’s grief lasted longer than was expected and bubbled up to the surface on unexpected occasions. One evening when playing cards with his daughters, some queens happened to be dealt out to him, a fact

that reminded him so forcibly of his loss that he burst into tears, and to prevent such a re-occurrence the Princess Amelia ordered all the queens to be taken out of the pack.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The King's Sorrow abates—Lady Deloraine—Madame Walmoden comes to England—Is created a Peeress—His Majesty's Horror of Old Age—Gaiety of the Town—The King and Miss Chudleigh—The Opera—‘Gentlemen Directors’—Musical Parties—Some Ladies of Quality—Opera Singers and their Amours—Handel’s Oratorios.

HOWEVER, in a little time his grief became less poignant, and the Prime Minister suggested to him that he should send for his mistress to Hanover, and that he must not injure his health, for his own and his family’s sake, by indulging in vain regrets; the king listened to him placidly, and though he did not act at once on the advice, he was not the less grateful for it to Sir Robert. The minister’s almost brutal coarseness went so far as to advise the Prin-

cesses to try to divert their father's melancholy by bringing Lady Deloraine to his notice in the meanwhile; 'for people must wear old gloves till they get new ones,' said he; a counsel they, as was to be expected, never forgave.

An event about this time happened in Sir Robert's domestic life which much diverted the town. Lady Walpole had died a short time before the queen, and the Prime Minister, after remaining for about six months a widower, made Miss Skerrett, with whom he had openly lived for ten years, his wife. This lady was the daughter of a merchant, and one of *des amis choisis* of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, from which one may conclude her to have been a woman of some wit and accomplishments. Miss Skerrett had given birth to a daughter many years before her marriage to Sir Robert, and this young lady obtained the rank of an earl's daughter when her father was made a peer on his retirement in 1742. Horace Walpole pities his sister, 'who must be *created* an earl's daughter, as her birth would deprive her of the rank. She must kiss hands,' he adds, 'and bear the flirts of impertinent real quality.' She was not

long allowed to remain without suitors after her ‘creation.’ Amongst those who declared themselves enamoured of her were Prince Caron, Lord Hartington (the Duke of Devonshire’s son), Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Churchill, the natural son of General Churchill and Mrs. Oldfield the actress, whom she eventually married.

The Prime Minister’s *liaison* was the common talk of the town during his wife’s lifetime, but not the common wonder; and in this scandal the Muses more than once, through the medium of the Grub Street rhymers, found a theme on which to expend any superfluous scurrility with which they may have been overburdened. Her Gracious Majesty, when once speaking of Sir Robert’s amour, said, with the exquisite freedom of those days, she ‘was glad if he had any amusement for his leisure hours, but wondered how a man could be very fond of a woman who was only attached to him—as she believed—for his money; nor could she imagine how any woman would suffer him as a lover for any consideration or inducement but his money. She must be a clever woman,’ continued Queen

Caroline, ‘to have made him believe she cares for him on any other score ; and to show you what fools we all are in some point or other, she has certainly told him some fine story or other of her love and her passion, and that poor man “avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enfleées, et ce vilain ventre,” believes her. Ah ! what is human nature ?’ With which philosophic reflection she dismissed the subject.

In February, 1738, the Church pronounced its benison on Sir Robert and his mistress, whom the old Duchess of Marlborough calls ‘Moll Skerrett. ‘Monday next is fixed for presenting her at court,’ writes her Grace, ‘and there has been great solicitation from the court ladies who should do it, in which the Duchess of Newcastle has succeeded, and all the apartment is made ready for Sir Robert’s lady, and at his house at the Cockpit. I never saw her in my life but at auctions, but I remember I liked her as to behaviour very well ; and I believe she has a great deal of sense. I am not one of the number that wonder at such a match ; for the King of France married Madame de Maintenon, and many men have done the same thing.’

The Duchess, who was terribly fond of gossipping, and hated Walpole, writes of his wedding a month after the former letter. ‘It was celebrated,’ she says, ‘as if he had been the King of France, and the apartments were furnished in the richest manner, crowds of people of the first quality being presented to the bride, who is the daughter of a clerk that sung psalms in a church where Dr. Sacheverell was.’ After the struggle among the court ladies who should have the honour of presenting her, which the Duchess of Newcastle obtained, it was thought more proper to have her presented by one of her own family, otherwise it would look as if she had no alliances; and therefore that ceremony was performed by Horace Walpole’s (the elder) wife, who was daughter to my tailor Lumbar.

‘The Duke of Dorset waited on my Lady Walpole to congratulate her on her marriage with the same ceremony as if it had been one of the royal family, with his white staff, which has not been used these many years, but when they attend the crown. But such a wretch as he is I hardly know.’ (The letter, which is worth quoting

for its vigorous style, continues), ' And his wife, whose passion is only for money, assists him in his odious affair with Lady Betty Jermyn, who has a great deal to dispose of, and who, notwithstanding the great pride of the Berkeley family, married an innkeeper's son. But indeed there was some reason for that; and by that match she got money to entertain herself all manner of ways. I tell you these things which did not happen in your time of knowledge, which is a melancholy picture of what the world is come to.'

The new Lady Walpole did not, however, live to enjoy her new honours long, as she died three months after her marriage; and her husband was once more a widower.

The king was not slow in acting on the advice which Sir Robert Walpole had tendered him regarding Madame Walmoden and Lady Deloraine. To soothe his grief in the present he looked with kindly eyes on the latter, and after a little while invited the former to take up her residence in England. Lady Deloraine was an exceedingly pretty woman, lively, amusing, flippant, and not overburdened with brains.

She had been a maid-of-honour to the queen when Her Majesty was Princess of Wales, and was now governess to the younger Princesses. She it was who had complained one day in the royal drawing-room that she had not had a good dinner at her pupils' table, whereon the proverbially disagreeable Lord Delaware replied, 'Time was that her ladyship had not so good, and he was sure she had often sat down to a worse.' Whereon she burst out crying, and the Princesses burst out laughing to her great chagrin. This lively lady had been twice married, first to old Lord Deloraine, and afterwards to Mr. Windham, sub-governor to the Duke of Cumberland, who was living at the time when she was regarded with favourable eyes by the king. Her morality was courtly to a degree, and admirably suited to the disposition of His Majesty and the times; and her character partook of a strange mixture of simplicity and cunning.

'Lord! the king has been in love with me these two years,' she said, 'but I am not of an age to act like a vain or a loving fool; and if I do consent to become his mistress I shall bo

well paid for it; as for love I have had enough of that, as well as a younger man at home.' This latter piece of information she gave to Sir Robert Walpole, probably with the intention of having it conveyed to His Majesty's ears. Whether it was repeated to the king or not, Lady Deloraine soon became his mistress, and even during Madame Walmoden's reign continued to maintain her position at court, until she was guilty of a breach of etiquette which sent her into disgrace. When she was playing cards with the king one night at Kensington Palace, one of the Princesses pulled her chair from under her and she came to the ground, at which piece of drawing-room diversion the king laughed heartily, to her great annoyance; my lady however cherished her revenge, watched her opportunity, and quickly snatching the chair from her royal master left his fat and sacred Majesty sprawling on the ground. This act she was never forgiven.

Seven months after the queen's death Madame Walmoden arrived in England. 'She is at present in a mighty mean, dirty lodging in St. James's Street,' writes the old Duchess of

Marlborough. ‘Her husband came with her, but he is going away ; and that house that was Mr. Seymour’s in Hyde Park, which opens into the king’s garden, is fitted up for her ; and the Duchess of Kendal’s lodgings are making ready for her at St. James’s. There is nothing more known at present as to the settlement, but that directions are given for one upon the establishment of Ireland. Perhaps that mayn’t exceed the Duchess of Kendal’s, which was three thousand pounds a year. But ’tis easy for the Prime Minister to increase that as she pleases.’

Shortly after her arrival she was presented at the drawing-room, when the king went up to her, and kissed her affectionately on each cheek ; and my Lord Harrington presented the ministry and foreign ministers to her, who vied with each other in doing her honour. The people began to murmur at having another German mistress at court, for the remembrance of Kendal and Darlington and their infamous rapacity was still in their minds ; but Madame Walmoden was in some ways different from the mistresses of George I. ‘She is a married woman,’

writes a courtier, whose loyalty seemed to have been stronger than her sense of morality, ‘and the count her husband holds himself highly obliged to His Majesty for the regard he has for his wife, whom he always loved so well, but now better than ever since he has discovered more virtues in her. She must be a very ingenious woman to give such entire satisfaction to so great a man ; she keeps him always in good humour, and that’s good for his health, and all that love him must rejoice in that.’

Madame Walmoden employed her influence over the king, not against, but in assisting the ministers. In 1739 she was raised to the Peerage under the title of Countess of Yarmouth, and received an annual pension of £4,000 a year on the Irish establishment. She was of course courted, flattered, and sought after by all who desired place or favour, and she frequently sold her patronage at a goodly price. For the sum of £12,000 she got Sir Joseph Bouverie created Baron of Longford and Viscount Folkestone, and the vanity and greed of other courtiers enabled her from time to time to net an occasional heavy prize ; but she was much

less ostentatious in her mode of trafficking than her obnoxious countrywomen had been in the former reign. She became His Majesty's guide, philosopher, and friend; held in her hands all the power which Queen Caroline had so carefully and jealously guarded and exercised over her royal master; went backwards and forwards to Hanover with the king, and even accompanied him on his campaign, and held his favour till death.

The routine of the last years of the monarch's life was gone through with great regularity: he had always practised punctuality, but now this habit increased until his movements resembled clockwork in their monotonous exactitude. Every night at nine o'clock he played cards with his mistress and his daughters, for they never entertained an objection to treat her on most friendly terms; and on every Saturday in summer she, with some of the queen's ladies and officers of the royal household, was taken by His Majesty to Richmond, where they dined, walked for an hour in the garden, and then returned as they came, in coaches and six, with great parade, when the little man 'thought him-

self the most gallant Prince in Europe.' He had always affected airs of gallantry, and continued them in his advancing years, to the amusement of his courtiers. Signs of age or illness were things which he loftily ignored. When he suffered even from a cold, those around him were far too wise in their courtly ways to ask him how he did. On one occasion Lord Dunmore ventured, when His Majesty was laid up, to hope he was better; but the monarch did not graciously vouchsafe him any reply, but when he had turned his back sent for Lord Pembroke, and told him as Groom of the Stole to say that he would take that week's waiting instead of my Lord Dunmore, in order that he (the king) 'might not see any more of those troublesome inquisitive puppies who were always plaguing him with asking impertinent, silly questions about his health like so many old nurses.'

It happened that one night when he visited Drury Lane the play of the 'Intriguing Chamber-maid' was played, which His Majesty liked pretty well until the interesting heroine of the piece said to an aged gentleman, 'You are villainously old—you are sixty-six and cannot

think of living many more years—’ ‘What damn stuff is this?’ said his sacred Majesty, aloud, bouncing up in a passion and looking at the poor actress with a brow more ruffled than the imperial Jove’s.

Neither the court nor the town became less brilliant after the queen’s death, as the king in his grief had prophesied. The world went on just the same, and the ladies and men of quality ate, drank, and made merry, sinned as easily and grievously, and enjoyed themselves as fully as before. At the royal drawing-rooms the king, grown more chivalrous in his late years, was gracious and polite to the fairer sex, and particularly familiar and cheerful with those who were good-looking, or with those of his old acquaintance who had been beauties in his younger days. A form of amusement which the king enjoyed and which speedily revived after the queen’s death was the masquerade ball. Her Majesty had disliked and set her face against them for the liberties they allowed, the Bishop of London had preached against their continuance, and finally a royal proclamation was issued forbidding them. But all that was long

ago, and now a new order of things commenced. The king and Prince of Wales it was known enjoyed them thoroughly, and the courtiers were not slow in gratifying the royal taste, especially when it so fully agreed with their own.

At a grand masquerade that the Duchess of Norfolk gave, all the town was present; courtiers and politicians of various factions met and mingled as if politics was an unheard-of subject. The Prince and Princess of Wales were there, the latter as Mary Stuart, vastly bejewelled, with diamonds worth £40,000, which she had borrowed from a jeweller named Frankz, who being a shrewd man in his generation, that knew the value of an advertisement, would accept no money for the hire, on condition that Her Royal Highness would tell her friends whose they were. There were a dozen other Mary Stuarts present, amongst them the charming Isabell Fitzroy, Lady Conway. The Duke of Richmond and his handsome Duchess—née Sarah Cadogan—went as Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, in all the splendour of cloth of gold, silver tissue, and heirloom jewels; and my Lord

and Lady Pomfret as pilgrims with great staffs in their hands; and Lord and Lady Euston as man and woman hussars. The nephew of the King of Denmark was present in armour, and his governor as Don Quixote ; and there amongst the dazzling throng garbed in bewildering colours was the beautiful Lady Sophia Fermor in a Spanish dress, followed by her lover, my Lord Lincoln, who the king said was the handsomest man in England, and who was also (merely by accident, of course) attired in a Spanish dress. His Majesty was present too at this merry gathering of his loyal subjects, and his entrance was the signal for the Faussans, two celebrated opera dancers, to commence their performance ; the royal man did not heed them much, but sat down by Mrs. Selwyn, and told her with tears in his eyes that ‘the Whigs should find he loved them.’

All around His Majesty there were several kings and queens more royally apparelled than he, and several quaint and curious figures wonderful to behold. There was a staid Quakeress dancing with a Turk, and a chimney-sweep in black velvet promenading with no less a per-

sonage than Diana. Vandycks were to be found in numbers, and clowns in motley groups, and it seemed as if many old pictures had taken it into their heads to step from their frames for the purpose of dancing a minuet. ‘It was an assemblage of all ages and nations,’ says Horace Walpole, who was there in an Aurengzebe dress, ‘and would have looked like the day of judgment, if tradition did not persuade us that we are all to meet naked, and if something else did not tell us that we shall not meet then with quite so much indifference, nor thinking quite so much of the becoming.’ Horace was fond of masquerades, and gossips about them pleasantly. He was present at another of these assemblies a few weeks after, dressed as an old woman, when he took what he calls ‘the English liberty of teasing whomever he pleased,’ General Churchill being one of his victims in particular. To this gallant son of Mars he said he was quite ashamed of being there until he met him, but was now comforted at finding one person in the room older than himself. The Duke of Cumberland was present, and, being told who the old woman was, went up to him,

and said, ‘Je connois cette poitrine.’ Walpole pretended to take him for a Templar, and replied, ‘Vous, vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées.’ The next night at the drawing-room the Duke asked him who was the old woman who had teased everybody at the masquerade, at which those near him laughed ; and His Majesty crossed the room to inquire of my Lady Hervey what was the cause of the merriment, when she told him Mr. Walpole had said he was so awkward in undressing himself that he had stood for an hour in his stays and under-petticoat before his valet. At one of these masquerades Miss Jenny Conway, with whom the Prince of Wales had been in love, drank some lemonade, which resulted in her death. The sad event was celebrated in these four lines—

‘Poor Jenny Conway,  
She drank lemonade  
At a masquerade,  
So now she’s dead and gone away.’

Miss Chudleigh, who was maid-of-honour to the Princess of Wales, an honour secured her by her admirer and supposed lover, Mr. Pulteney,

went to a masquerade on one occasion as Iphi-genia, dressed, or rather undressed, for the sacrifice ; so naked, indeed, that the Princess of Wales threw a veil over her, and the maids-of-honour refused to speak to her. But Miss Chudleigh, who was a remarkable young lady, did not care much for their slights. Both the king and Prince of Wales were in love with her ; to prove his affection, His Majesty at one of the booths of a jubilee masquerade gave her as a fairing a watch which cost him thirty-five guineas, a sum disbursed out of his private purse, and not charged on the civil list. He gave her on another occasion an indication of his royal favour, when, having appointed her widowed mother housekeeper at Windsor, the corpulent little lover, then nearing his seventieth year, waddled up to the beauty in the drawing-room, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward ; and, against all precedent, he then kissed her. Though he admired her, it is doubtful if she ever became his mistress. Probably she would not have objected to take Lady Yar-

mouth's position. When she was once speaking of Miss Murphy, an Irish beauty, who reigned for a short time as mistress of Louis XV., and was then discarded, Miss Chudleigh said there was some sense in belonging to a king who turned off an old mistress when he had got a new one. But she did not lack lovers or husbands; and for that matter had during one part of her strange career two of the latter living at the same time.

After Ranelagh was opened, it became a favourite spot for amusements of this kind. Here His Majesty gave a masquerade, and sat with his mistress in a box decked out with red damask, looking at the crowd in the gardens, and laughing at Lady Bel Finch dressed as a nun, who for coolness had cut the nose off her mask. At one of these balls which the king attended, an incident happened which caused him much amusement. Some time before the Duke of Montagu invited Heidegger, the director of these entertainments, to a tavern, where he made him drunk, and whilst insensible he caused a plaster cast of his face to be taken, from which a mask was afterwards made. The

Duke then got a man of the same height and figure as Heidegger to wear the mask and appear in a similar dress to his at the next masquerade. When His Majesty, who was made aware of the joke beforehand, came in, Heidegger ordered the musicians to play 'God Save the King,' but scarcely had he turned his back when his representative stepped forward, and, assuming his voice and manner, ordered them to play 'Charley over the Water.' On this the director came back in a violent rage, stamped and swore, and once more gave orders for 'God Save the King'; but no sooner had he retired when his representative again returned, and, countermanding the last order, bade the men again play 'Charley over the Water.' The musicians considered him drunk, but dared not disobey; and whilst the cry of 'shame, shame,' rose from those present, who considered this a public insult to the king, Heidegger rushed to His Majesty, but to his surprise saw his representative, who unhesitatingly approached the king and said, 'Sire, the whole fault lies with that devil in my likeness.' Heidegger turned pale at this accusa-

tion and could not speak, when, thinking the joke had gone far enough, his second self unmasked and the mystery was solved.

Another fashionable amusement at this time was the opera, which had a company of gentlemen directors, among whom were Lords Middlesex, Dorset, and Brooke, and five other men of quality and fashion, who were generous enough to allow Monticelli and Viconti a thousand guineas, and Amorevolio eight hundred and fifty guineas for the season. Everyone in London talked of the opera, and the merest details connected with it formed subjects of interest for the whole town. When ‘Scipione in Cartagine’ was about being produced, it was intended to have a large elephant introduced that was to have carried Monticelli on a throne surrounded by twenty soldiers who were likewise to have found room on the animal’s back, but during the first rehearsal the elephant fell through the stage, which was unable to bear such a weight, and it was thought judicious that he should not make his appearance in public. Vast sums were expended on the operas, which were conducted on the French system as to the scenes, dresses, and dances.

Curious times these were ; fine ladies and men of quality are making love in the pit, my Lord Middlesex and his friends are waiting to applaud his mistress Muscovita, whilst my Lord Lincoln is being foully abused by a drunken officer whom he kicks in return, and on whom he would have drawn his sword but that his friends rushed between them. His Majesty is in the royal box watching Bettina's movements in the mazy dance with great eagerness, for the celebrated danseuse has a halo of romance thrown round her person from the fact that her Neapolitan footman has striven to poison her at the instigation of a jealous and wicked Italian Prince whom she had left love-lorn. Opposite His Majesty is Miss Edwards, the heiress, in her box, with Lord William-Anne Hamilton whom she, in the face of the world, maintains as her lord and master ; close by her is my Lady Walpole, daughter-in-law to the great minister (now Lord Orford) who is half mad and wholly bad. She is listening to Lord Stair's protestation of his passion with calmness and without encouragement, because she does not care for him, but yet with attention, for she will

rehearse this scene when she gets home, for the benefit and amusement of her husband and his father.

The passion for music did not end at operas ; it became fashionable to give musical parties for which Italian singers were duly engaged. ‘There’s nobody allowed to say “I sing,” but an eunuch or an Italian woman,’ Gay says in writing to Swift, ‘everybody is grown now as great judges of music as they were in your time of poetry, and folks that could not distinguish one tune from another now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, and Bononcini and Attilio.’ The correspondence of the time is full of details of the favourite singers. ‘Amorevolio is much liked, Viconti scarce at all, Monticelli pleases almost equal to Farnelli. We have a new opera by Pescetti, but a very bad one ; however, all the town runs after it, for it ends with a charming dance. They have flung open the stage to a great length, and made a perfect view of Venice, with the Rialto and numbers of gondolas that row about full of masks, who land and dance,’ and so on.

'Last night I had a good deal of company to see and hear Monticelli and Amorevolio, particularly the three beauty-Fitzroys, Lady Euston, Lady Conway, and Lady Caroline,' writes Horace Walpole. 'My father liked the singers extremely; he had not heard them before. I forgot to tell you all our beauties. There was Miss Hervey, my Lord's daughter, a fine black girl, but as masculine as her father should be; and Jenny Conway, handsomer still, though changed with illness; then there were the Fitzroys. I made the music for my Lord Hervey, who is too ill to go to operas; yet, with a coffin face, is as full of his little dirty politics as ever. I dropped in at my Lord Hervey's the other night, knowing my lady (Molly Lapell) had company: it was soon after our defeats. My Lord, who has always professed particularly to me, turned his back on me, and retired for an hour into a whisper with young Hammond at the end of the room. Not being at all amazed at one whose heart I knew so well, I stayed on to see more of his behaviour, indeed, to use myself to it. At last he came up

to me and begged the music, which I gave him and would often again, to see how many times I shall be ill and well with him within the month.' My Lady Denbigh, who was supposed to be the 'produce of some French valet de chambre,' but who was mighty entertaining, gave musical assemblies on Sunday nights, and also set up card-tables in her drawing-rooms, which were filled with all the fashionable world.

My Lady Townshend was a great patroness of the Italian singers, and gave private concerts, being a woman of fashion in all things, even to parting with her husband, Charles, the third viscount of his name. One of her lovers was Mr. Winnington, a wit, remarkable alike for his good humour and his bad morals. He deserted the Tories and laughed at the Whigs with equal ease, and was much inclined to take life easily. When my Lady Townshend's brother-in-law Augustus made some remark concerning her and her lover, he challenged him to a duel, which they fought one Sunday morning in Hyde Park, where they scratched each other's fingers, fell into a ditch, embraced,

and then walked home comfortably to breakfast together. My Lady Townshend's gallantries were the talk of the town, for they were usually conducted in a manner that scorned secrecy: and were found so entertaining by her friends that it is stated Fielding, under the name of Lady Bellaston in '*Tom Jones*,' presented her character to his readers. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says that, whilst Lord Townshend was spitting up his lungs at the Gravel-pits, she 'is diverting herself with daily rambles in town. She has made a new friendship, which is very delightful, with Madame Pulteney, and they hunt in couples from tea-drinking till midnight.' Lord Townshend went abroad, and, as the same correspondent says, 'renewed his lease of life by his French journey, and is at present situated in his house in Grosvenor Street in perfect health. The good lady is coming from Bath to meet him, with the joy you may imagine. Kitty Edwin has been the companion of his pleasure there. The alliance seems firmer than ever between them after the Tunbridge battles, which served for the enter-

tainment of the public. The secret cause is variously guessed at; but it is certain Lady Townshend came into the room gently behind her friend, and tapping her on the shoulder with her fan, said aloud, "*I know where, how, and who.*" These mysterious words drew the attention of the company, and had such an effect upon poor Kitty that she was carried to her lodgings in strong hysterics. However, by the intercessions of prudent mediators, peace was concluded; and, if this conduct of these heroines was considered in a true light, perhaps it might serve as an example even to higher powers by showing that the surest method to obtain a lasting and honourable peace is to begin with vigorous war.

Though my Lady Townshend figured prominently in the society of the day, her actions were quite eclipsed by those of Lady Walpole, and the beautiful wife of the second Viscount Vane. These ladies, indeed, serve to illustrate the morals of the period. Lady Vane was the daughter of a country squire named Francis Hawes; she, being sent early in life to court,

met there my Lord William Hamilton, who fell in love with and married her, she being then at the age of seventeen. They were both poor in all but good looks, a fact which made Her Majesty term them ‘the handsome beggars.’

Little more than a year after their marriage, Lord William was obliged to go to Scotland, and in making desperate haste home to his wife, overheated himself, caught cold, and died. Ten months afterwards the youthful widow married Lord Vane, who settled £1,500 a year jointure upon her, and £400 pin money. Not only was she an exceedingly handsome woman, but she had also a reputation for wit, and was one of the finest minuet dancers in England, an art duly appreciated by the court. The result of such beauty and accomplishments was to gather a crowd of worshipful gallants around her, her tastes became extravagant, until they gradually outstripped her husband’s means, and she then commenced a series of intrigues, beginning with Lord Berkeley, with whom she went away. My Lord Vane’s feelings were

not quite so outraged at this fact as one might suppose. He was a passionate lover and a great fool, and, in order to induce his wife to return to him, he consented to cut off the entail of the Newcastle estate for the sum of sixty thousand pounds. Then he wrote to my lady, imploring her to return to him, as they ‘could now live comfortably.’

To this request she turned a deaf ear, yet, when she and her husband met in public, they behaved as good friends, he making love to her as if the matrimonial tie never bound them, she listening to him with pleased attention. When tired of my Lord Berkeley, she returned to her husband, but soon parted from him again for another lover, and came back once more to Lord Vane, he receiving her with open arms whenever it was her good will and pleasure to live with him.

‘She did not pride herself on her fidelity to any one man, which was but a narrow way of thinking,’ as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said, ‘but she boasted that she was always true to her nation, and, notwithstanding foreign

attacks, always reserved her charms for the use of her countrymen.'

Lady Vane was so proud of her conquests that she dictated her history to Smollett, and paid him for including it in 'Peregrine Pickle,' under the heading of 'Memoirs of a Lady of Quality.' When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu read them, she wrote to her daughter that they contained 'more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of her acts being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks so herself, as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because whatever they get on the road they always spend at the next ale-house, and are still as beggarly as ever. Her history rightly considered would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know; I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortune she has gone through.'

These memoirs, full of the details of her

amours, she gave her husband to read on one of the occasions when she returned to his house. My lord read them carefully, but made no remark when he had finished, on which my lady was tempted to ask him what he thought of them. ‘I hope, madam,’ replied this most well-bred of husbands, ‘they will not occasion any difference between your ladyship and me.’

During the absence of his wife he was apt to console himself for his loss after the manner of the times. ‘Lord Vane keeps a lady in the country,’ writes young Lady Lucy Wentworth to her father, ‘so he’s now easy without my lady; but she’s coming from Bath, and says she’s sure she can behave in a manner that will make her be esteemed as well as ever.’

When my Lady Walpole gave birth to a son, she left her lord and master and went abroad, from whence the reputation of her deeds travelled homewards from time to time. On the occasion of one of her returns to England, she lived with the Hon. Sewellis Shirley in a villa near Richmond. Her husband had at the time for his

mistress Miss Norris, whom he had taken off the stage with the free consent of her parents, to whom he gave a bond, promising to marry her on the death of his wife. My lady, however, outlived him, and married Mr. Shirley, from whom she separated three years afterwards.

It is no wonder that George Selwyn, when ‘High Life Below Stairs’ was first put on the boards, said he would certainly go and see it, for he was sick of low life above stairs.

The mistresses of the men of quality seem to have been largely recruited from the operatic stage. My Lord Middlesex, whilst his wife was mistress of the Prince of Wales, maintained Nardi the famous dancer; Lord Holderness was enamoured of Giuletta, who was supposed to have a voice like an angel singing out of heaven; and to her and her particular friends, including the hautboy and the prompter, my lord gave charming little suppers in his saloon, lighted with coloured lamps, scented with delicate odours, and filled with the music of violins.

Barberina, the little opera-dancer, became the object of another fine gentleman's passion, but this was not returned, as her heart was probably engaged elsewhere. One night when this possessor of a light fantastic toe was tripping her way home, she was waylaid by four men, muffled and masked, who would have run away with her to her rejected lover's arms, but that she screamed at the pitch of her voice, when the guards came to her rescue, and the chairmen and link-boys from the neighbouring streets gathered round, to find that the four villains had fled like shadows.

In opposition to the operas, Handel commenced a series of oratorios, which had some success, though he had hired as singers ‘all the goddesses from farces and singers of “Roast Beef” from between the acts, of both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever an one, who sang and made brave hallelujahs and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune.’ The general effect can scarcely have been harmonious. ‘For my

part,' says Horace Walpole, 'they give me an idea of heaven, where everybody is to sing, whether they have voices or not.'

## CHAPTER IX.

The Rising in Scotland—Jacobite Toasts—Lord Lovat's Execution—George Selwyn's Jokes—Whitefield's Preaching—‘Those of Cæsar's Household’—The Earthquake and its Effects—Pictures of Social Life—Robberies—A Fashionable Vice—The King's Death—His Will and Funeral.

SO the people went on enjoying themselves and making merry, whilst Charles Edward Stuart landed in Scotland with seven brave followers, and gathered the faithful Highland clans around him. The news of the rising in the North, followed by rumours of a French invasion, came to the ears of the Londoners, but caused them little consternation. ‘It is quite the fashion,’ says Horace Walpole, ‘to talk of the French coming here. Nobody sees

it in any other light but as a thing to be talked of, not to be precautioned against. Don't you remember a report of the plague being in the city, and everybody went to the house where it was to see it? You see I laugh about it, for I would not for the world be so un-English as to do otherwise. I am persuaded that when Count Saxe, with two thousand men, is within a day's reach of London, people will be hiring windows at Charing Cross and Cheapside to see them pass by. 'Tis our characteristic to take dangers for sights, and evils for curiosities. Lord! 'tis the 1st of August' (the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover), 'a holiday that is going to be turned out of the almanack.'

Not only in Scotland, but in England the Jacobites were still abroad. Their club was named the 'Mourning Bush,' and here they assembled to plot against the reigning house, and strengthen each other in the hope of some ultimate chance of a Stuart restoration. Their toasts expressed loyalty to those over the water, and hostility to the king, but were cautiously expressed by signs or initials. At convivial

meetings they repeated the alphabet, drinking in silence to every three letters, which indicated a toast, as :—

- ‘A B C—A blessed change.
- D E F—Damn every foreigner.
- G H J—Get home, Jemmy.
- K L M—Keep loyal ministers.
- N O P—No oppressive Parliaments.
- Q R S {Quickly return, Stuart, and  
Quell Rebellious Subjects.
- T U W—Tuck up, Whelps (Guelphs).
- X Y Z—Exert your zeal.’

A ‘treasonable practice’ of these Stuart adherents, of which information was given before a Committee of the House of Commons, was that, on the king’s health being drunk, every man held a glass of water in his left hand, and waved a glass of wine over it with his right, indicating that he drank to the king over the water. John Byrom, of Manchester, who in his day had some fame as a poet, and much as a good citizen, and was withal a Jacobite, on one occasion, when he was anxious to ‘allay the violence of party spirit,’ delivered himself, extempore, of these lines, remarkable for their subtlety :—

'God bless the king—I mean the faith's defender ;  
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender.  
Who the Pretender is—and who the king,  
God bless us all—that's quite another thing.'

A story is told of one of the Jacobites turning over a current coin in his hand, and, looking at the robe of Britannia, which, being well rubbed by wear, assumed the appearance of a rat climbing on her knees. 'There's the Hanoverian rat,' he said, pointing it out to one of the adherents of the Guelphs. 'Then,' said the latter, turning over the coin, which bore on the other side the impression of George II., 'there's the cat to catch him;' for, by the same process of wear, the resemblance of a cat was said to be discernible, the leaves of laurel forming the ears, and a small hole beneath, the eye, whilst the outline of the back of the head made a fair resemblance to a cat's back.

The rising in the north was soon suppressed, and, when the Scottish lords who had taken part in it were on their trial in Westminster Hall, the place was crowded by peers, peeresses, and other spectators. George Selwyn

saw fit to make a jest on the occasion, in order to sustain his reputation. ‘What a shame it is,’ he said, directing his eyes towards Mrs. Bethel, a lady remarkable for her hatchet-shaped countenance, ‘to turn her face to the prisoners before they are condemned !’ When Lord Lovat was executed, a vast assembly went to see the spectacle, which one of the Italian singers, Panciatichi, who was present, declared, ‘triste, mais qu’il ne lassoit d’être beau.’ Every available spot was crowded, but to accommodate an additional number of sightseers platforms were erected, one of which, holding four hundred people, fell with a great crash on the heads of those below, killing twenty-two persons, and maiming many others. Old Lord Lovat was perhaps far more unmoved than those who had come to witness his death. When he came on the platform, he sat down quietly on a chair, and chatted with those about him, telling them that he had loved his country, though he did not know why ; that he had never swerved from his principles, and that this was the character of his family,

who had been gentlemen for five hundred years. Then he put his head on the block, and one blow severed it from the body. Among others present on the occasion was George Selwyn, who, with his great wit, possessed a strong love for all that was morbid. When he was subsequently accused by some of his fair friends of going to see the poor Jacobite lord's head cut off, he answered that he made full amends, for he afterwards went to see it sewn on again.

The executions of the Scottish lords did not interfere with the general gaiety; neither did Whitefield's denunciation of the folly and immorality of the age. He preached with an enthusiasm and fervour that was regarded as fanatical; but as Lady Huntingdon, styled 'the Queen of the Methodists,' was his patron, it became fashionable to go and hear him in her drawing-rooms. My Lord Chesterfield, who was an infidel, and my Lord Bath, who was no better than he should have been, and my Lady Townshend, whose amours created amusement for the town, and Lady Thanet and many others

flocked to hear him, but without much profit to their souls. The preacher saw with gratification ‘those of Cæsar’s Household, as he called the courtiers, gather round him, and prayed that they might be awakened; but they laughed at the good man’s threats of fire and brimstone when they turned their backs on him. His language was occasionally vivid and stirring, and had a wonderful magnetic effect on his hearers; at other times it was extravagant, egotistical, and bordered on the blasphemous. ‘I have a garden near at hand,’ he told his friends, ‘where I go particularly to meet and talk with my God at the cool of every day.’ The weakness shown in sentences like this was readily seized on by the worldlings who heard, but did not heed him. One of the fine beaux is ready to lay a wager that he will be run after instead of Garrick; and my Lady Townshend, when asked if it was true the preacher had recanted, replied smartly, ‘No, sir, he has only canted.’

Lady Huntingdon, whom Whitefield dignified with the title of the ‘Lady Elect,’ was sincere in her conversion; she had once been of the world

worldly, but becoming religious she was missed from the royal drawing-rooms. When the Prince of Wales asked where she had gone, one of the courtiers replied she ‘was probably praying with her beggars;’ then the Prince said, ‘When I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon’s mantle to lift me to heaven.’

The shock of earthquake which happened in 1750 had far more effect than Whitefield’s preaching on the citizens. The first shock occurred on the 8th of February, and the second exactly on that day month. This continued longer, was much more violent, and taking place in the night intensified the alarm already felt. The people were suddenly awokened, some of them being flung out of their beds, most of them ran stricken with fright into the streets in their night clothes; chimneys fell, bells rang, women screamed, and the greatest alarm was felt. On the morning after this occurrence a parson going into White’s Club heard some of the members betting as to whether it had been an earthquake, or the blowing up of

a powder mill, which horrified the good man so much that he said he believed these impious set of people ‘would let a puppet show against judgment.’ When the second shock was felt, people began to regard the fact with more seriousness ; especially when a wild enthusiast prophesied that, as the second had happened exactly a month after the first, so in four weeks later a third shock would lay waste the iniquitous city. This rumour quickly spread amongst the people, who thought it a significant fact that, at a distance of ten miles from London, no disturbance had been felt ; and that it was merely confined to the town. The Bishops seized upon this opportunity to write denunciatory pastorals, and the clergy to preach repentance to the people, who had at last been brought to a sense of their sinfulness ; balls were postponed, theatres shut, and masquerades heard of no longer. When the king asked Lady Coventry—one of the beautiful Gunnings—if she was not sorry that all amusements were stopped, she told His Majesty she was tired of them and surfeited with most

sights, but what she best desired to see was a coronation.

The panic continued to increase as the 8th of April approached, and the people quickly began to abandon the city; the roads were thronged with the coaches and carriages of people of quality hurrying to their country seats. The towns and villages within twenty miles of the city were so crowded that lodgings were obtainable only at most extortionate prices. In the midst of this alarm two of the *jeunesse dorée* of the period, Dick Levison, and one Master Rigby, after having supped right merrily at Bedford House, knocked at all the doors as they came home in the early morning, and cried out, in imitation of a watchman's voice, 'Past four o'clock and a dreadful earthquake.' When the evening of the dreaded night came, those who remained in their homes sat up till morning; many people got into boats, and passed the time on the river, whilst others collected in crowds in the fields outside the town. When the night passed, and the city was not destroyed, according to prophecy, the people re-

turned, feeling angry with themselves, ashamed of their credulity, and immediately had the false prophet committed to a place of confinement, fearing that he might again exercise what he called his spiritual gift: and so once more the old course of life went on as before.

Ladies and men of quality in those days went to fairs, and dined in coffee-houses, and allowed themselves many liberties in such places. ‘I was sent for the other day by Madam Lansdowne to usher her to the fair,’ writes Captain Powell. ‘There was a party of Lord and Lady Southwell, Mr. Southwell, and all that family; Lady Molesworth, Sir John Shadwell, and his family, Lord Inchequin, and several other beaux to the number of twenty, who, after dining at the coffee-house, went to the fair. But I had the grace to slip from that overgrown company, and entertained poor humble Phillis with more satisfaction than those great ladies; for ambition, everyone knows, was never my crime.’ But not only the diversions, but sometimes the manners of the times were curious, according to our modern views. At one of my Lady

Cobham's fine assemblies, George Hervey (son of Lord Hervey) was leaning over a chair, with his hat in his hand, talking to some ladies, when his host, Lord Cobham, came up and spat in it, and then, turning to his friend Nugent, said, 'Pay me my wager.' The latter had bet him a guinea that he would insult Hervey in this manner, and that it would not be resented. Hervey asked him if he had further occasion for the hat. 'Oh, I see you are angry,' said my lord. 'Not very well pleased,' he answered. Next morning the fine gentlemen who had made the bet called on Hervey, but he refused to see them, and wrote asking to which of them he was to address himself for satisfaction; when both sent him humble letters of apology. The Hon. Peter Wentworth gives an amusing account of a dinner to which he was invited by the Duke of Cumberland, which affords another sample of the manners of the times. 'When His Royal Highness retired, the young lords and gentlemen got up and cast a wistful eye upon a fine dessert of twenty dishes,' this gossip writes. 'I told them I was

sure they were welcome to take what they pleased ; upon which they began modestly to nibble at some, but when Mr. Pointz came into the room, and confirmed what I had told them, and called for sheets of paper, they fell more boldly on, and soon demolished it all, sending their servants away with their packets. Mr. Pointz and I were well pleased to see how busy and nimble the young gentlemen were in making up and sending away their packets, for it was too much for them to carry.'

Another scion of the noble house of Strafford, writing to the earl, also gives us a picture of social life. 'I am got into the newspapers,' he says, 'and I think it my duty to tell you how it came about. Several ladies of quality were dancing in a row by agreement, and would dance no lower than their own acquaintance. When Lady Grace and I came down, we stopt at one Mr. Turner, who very boisterously thrust into my place. I could do no less than tell him he might dance anywhere but in my place ; he told me he knew how to deal with me. "If you do," says I, "pray say no more of it here :

I'll dispute it anywhere and in what manner you please, but make no disturbance at present." After this I thought myself bound in honour to ask the spark privately what he meant by saying he knew how to deal with me. He was upon the *qui vive*, so I desired we might very quietly meet in a private place, which the next day we did in a field by Chelsea, when I had the good fortune to come off victor by running him into the sword-arm. He dropt his sword, and said he could hold it no longer, upon which all our enmity was at an end.'

A less bloodthirsty and more jovial account is given of Lord Denbigh, Lord Craven, and Sir Fuller Shipworth, who, in attending the races at Rugby, got so drunk that they were forced to lie there all night. The next day these merry gentlemen, feeling an inclination to enjoy themselves furthermore, did so forthwith in a right hearty and honest fashion by hiring a hay-cart, in which they, with eleven of their friends, drove to Lord Denbigh's, with fiddles playing all the way before them; and when they arrived at my lord's house, there was great firing of

guns, and dancing, and much merry-making.

Curious events happened at the play-houses sometimes; amongst others was Lord Marchmount's adventure, which vastly diverted the town. My lord was an ambitious and impetuous politician, little devoted to the fairer sex, and all unskilled in the ways of love; but being one night at the play, he espied a lady fair to see in a box, and, without knowing even her name or interchanging a word with her, he became immediately enamoured. My lord's raptures were so undisguised, and his passion so expressive, that they were plainly seen by those around him. He lost no time in finding out her name, 'which was Crampton,' and her station, which was that of a merchant's daughter, and in a very few days she became Countess of Marchmount.

Lady Harriet Herbert, daughter of the Marquis of Powes, was another victim of love in a theatre, for her lover was none other than a bard that sang at farces in Drury-Lane play-house, and was, moreover, a scapegrace; but my Lady Harriet cared little for that, and went

to a parson to get him to marry her. He, knowing her station, refused, and hastened to tell her relative, Lady Gaze, who rushed for advice to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her ladyship behaved on this occasion like one of Job's comforters in telling her friend '*honestly* that, since the lady was capable of such amours, she did not doubt, if this was broke off, she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney-coachman or chair-man ;' and the end of the matter was that Lady Harriet and the farce-singer were made man and wife.

Another 'great lady' invariably attended the theatre with her favourite footman, Richard, whom she always kept in her box, in order that he might enjoy the play with comfort. One night three gentlemen sought admission to my lady's box, there being no room in any other part of the house, when Richard, with some impertinence, declined to let them in, on which one of the gallants caught him by the hair of his head, dragged him into the passage, and thrashed him soundly. My lady was outrageous at such conduct being used towards her favourite, and

sent for a warrant for the arrest of the beaux, which the Justice declined to grant.

Robberies continued to be the terror of this reign, as of the former. A wit of the day said, ‘One is forced to travel at noon as if one were going to battle.’ *Read’s Weekly News* of July 24th, 1756, mentions that ‘On Saturday last, about six in the afternoon, David Garrick, Esq., was attacked by four or five fellows on foot within twenty yards of the “Swan” at Waltham Green; but Mr. Garrick’s horse, taking fright at their sudden and tremendous bursts of oaths, ran away with him, by which means he escaped being robbed, and perhaps being very ill-treated.’

Here are two extracts, similar to hundreds of others to be found in the columns of the same journal. ‘Wednesday morning, about one o’clock, Mr. Green, on his return home to his house in Upper Moorfields, was attacked by a fellow who presented a pistol to his head, and robbed him of his hat and peruke: it’s supposed, as the fellow did not take his money, he saw some people near at hand, on which account he made off.’

‘On Tuesday morning, early, as Mr. Lopez, only son to Mr. Lopez, an eminent Jew merchant, was coming from Stoke Newington, he was attacked in Cut-throat Lane by some villains, who robbed him of eighty pounds. These merciless ruffians, not satisfied with robbing the gentleman, cut and mangled him in such a cruel manner that he died of his wounds the same evening.’

Poor Miss Pelham, on coming home in a hired chair from the drawing-room on the night of one birthday celebration, was afraid of wearing her diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the occasion, lest they should be stolen from her: in order to secure them from such a fate, she placed them under the seat, completely forgot them in getting out, and never saw them again. When she remembered her loss next morning she ‘was like to faint,’ and a friend ran for hartshorn. ‘Pho!’ said Mrs. Selwyn, ‘give her brilliant drops.’

General Wade was at a gambling house one day, when he suddenly missed his snuff-box, which was both handsome and valuable.

Everyone present, of course, denied taking it; but he insisted on searching them, and did so until he came to the last man in the room, who refused to be searched unless the General would go into a private room alone with him. When there he told him he had been born a gentleman, but was reduced, and lived by what bits he could pick up, and by the fragments he sometimes received from the waiters. ‘I have now half a fowl in my pocket,’ he said, ‘and I was afraid of being exposed: now, sir, you may search me.’ The military man was touched, and gave him a hundred pounds. In return the needy gentleman made him discover his snuff-box, which he had believed lost, lying safely in one of his pockets.

Gambling was also common in those days, and was, indeed, a fashionable vice, much practised in the court circle. The king and the royal family played almost nightly; and on one occasion there was the sum of £11,000 on the table before His Majesty; when the king won three guineas, and the Duke of Cumberland £3,400 pounds. This was on a Twelfth Night,

when the court always played for high stakes. It was also on this festival that, some years before Queen Caroline died, Lord Chesterfield having won a larger sum than he thought safe to carry home, left it with Mrs. Howard, then Lady Suffolk. The queen, watching him through an obscure window looking on to a dark passage lighted by a single lamp, inferred that an intimacy existed between them, and Lord Chesterfield, for years afterwards, lost all chances of preferment or royal favour. It was also on a Twelfth Night that Sir John Bland and a friend of his named Offey played; when the king paid them considerable attention, and they lost the sums of £1,400 and £1,300 respectively; but were, perhaps, recompensed by His Majesty's unusually agreeable manner to them at his levee next morning. Sir John, indeed, gambled away the whole of his fortune at hazard, and one night lost to Jansen, the famous player, the sum of £32,000; though he regained the greater part of it before standing up.

With the Duke of Cumberland gambling became a passion, and it was said that, when Lord

Sandwich wanted to make his court to him, he carried a box and dice in his pocket, when they went out hunting, so that they threw amain if opportunity permitted. Some of the members of White's Club, amongst others Lords Bath, Lonsdale, and Coke, used to go down to Richmond, where they played for high stakes, on Saturdays and Sundays. When the latter became engaged to Lady Mary Campbell, much against that young damsel's will, she cried her pretty eyes out, and declared her future Lord loved none of her sex except the four queens in a pack of cards ; hearing which he promised, for her sweet sake, to abandon White's ; and so they were married, and lived as unhappily as might be.

After a reign extending over forty and a life of seventy-seven years, the king, whose sight and hearing had begun to fail, died suddenly and without pain. On the night previous to his death he had gone to bed in perfect health, and, as was his habit, rose next morning at six o'clock and called for his chocolate. Soon after he had drunk it, his valet-de-chambre, hearing a noise,

went into his room and found him on the floor. He had cut his face in falling against a bureau, the venticle of his heart had burst, and, with a gasp, he expired. Lady Yarmouth, the Princess Amelia, and the surgeons were immediately sent for, but His Sacred Majesty had departed, and there was only left so much clay before which a courtier would bend his knee, and tremble, and smile, and fawn never more. When his will was opened, it was found that he had left £50,000 between the three children who survived him—the Duke of Cumberland, the Princess Amelia, and the Princess of Hesse. The interest of this sum was to be paid to the two Princesses during their lives, and the survivor was to have the principal. The rest of his private fortune he left to the Duke of Cumberland, among which was his jewels, which the Duke soon after sold to the new king for £50,000. To his mistress, Lady Yarmouth, His Majesty left ‘a strong box,’ which was estimated to contain £11,000. The royal mistress retired with her gains to Hanover, where she died five years afterwards. At the time of her death in 1765, she had drawn her

pension of £4,000 a year for twenty-six years, which, with the sum stated to have been left her in the strong box, amounted to £115,000 paid her since her elevation to the peerage.

His Majesty left orders that one side of his coffin and one side of the queen's should be removed, so that their ashes might mingle together, a desire that must have been begotten of much tenderness for her whom he loved so well and treated so shamefully. These directions were, it appears, faithfully carried out. Mr. Millman, the Prebendary of Westminster, when superintending in 1837 the removal of the body of a child of the King of Hanover from the vault in which George II.'s family were buried, saw laid against the wall the two sides of their Majesties' coffins which had been withdrawn.

It was only a day or two before his death that the king was by accident brought close to one whom, had he seen her, must have reminded him of earlier days. It happened that his old mistress, Lady Suffolk, had gone to Kensington to pay a visit, and suddenly found herself hemmed in by a number of coaches that had

brought their occupants to a review which she was not aware was being held. She passed close to the royal carriage, and saw the king sitting by her successor, Lady Yarmouth, but His Majesty neither saw her, nor was made aware of her presence.

Now that the king was dead, after a long life wasted in grossness and self-indulgence, there remained nothing to be done, so far as he was concerned, save to take the body and lay it in the grand old abbey, where the remains of so many kings, and queens, and princes, and royal and noble dames, and great warriors and illustrious men have slowly and silently crumbled into dust. For days and nights His late Majesty rested in his coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, the chamber being lighted by silver lamps and vast chandeliers also of silver.

Whilst he lay there, the world went on as usual ; the new king was proclaimed, the courtiers and politicians were busy with fresh schemes of hope and favour, my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury at their head. The good man was scarcely ever seen out of the circle

round the young king. In his haste to get there one day, he trod on the Duke of Cumberland's foot. 'My lord,' said His Royal Highness, hastily, 'if your Grace is in such a hurry to make your court, that is the way.' The wits made puns and *bon-mots* regarding the king's death and Miss Chudleigh's tears for his loss; and the Lord Mayor laid the first stone of Blackfriars Bridge. Poor Lady Coventry, who had told the king that she most wished of all sights to see a coronation, died a few days before the opportunity of gratifying her wishes occurred. Then came the king's funeral, a very graphic account of which Horace Walpole has left us. He walked as 'a rag of quality' in the solemn procession, being anxious to see it, and considering this the best way of doing so. To lend more solemnity to the occasion, the funeral took place at night, moving 'through a line of Foot Guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the Horse Guards lining the outside, their officers, with drawn sabres and crape sashes, on horseback, the drums muffled, the bells tolling, and minute-guns—all this was very

solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches, the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly and with the happiest *chiaro-scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. When we came to the Chapel of Henry VII., all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the Yeomen of the Guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read, and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances.

He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth with a train of five yards.

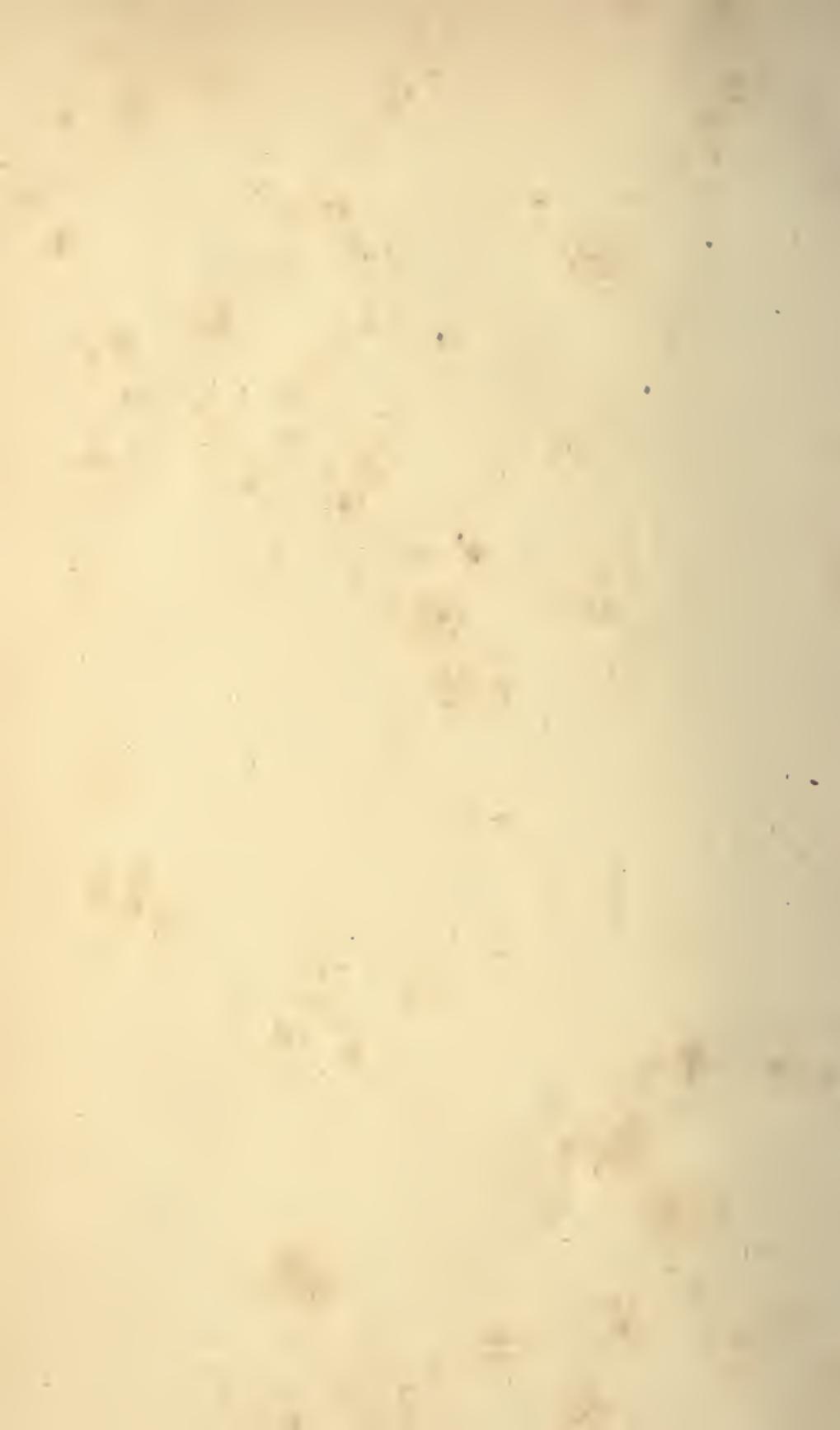
Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours, his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or was not there; then returned for fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and, turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble.'

In this manner His Majesty was laid at rest. - As a king he was little more than a lay figure, as his ministers ruled the nation, which, as a foreigner, he disliked. Sir Robert Walpole said he was ‘as great a political coward as ever wore a crown, and as much afraid of losing it.’ And Lord Chesterfield declared that, ‘If the people had a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining the crown, he should be made Elector of Hanover; for the English people would never fetch another king from thence.’

THE END.









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